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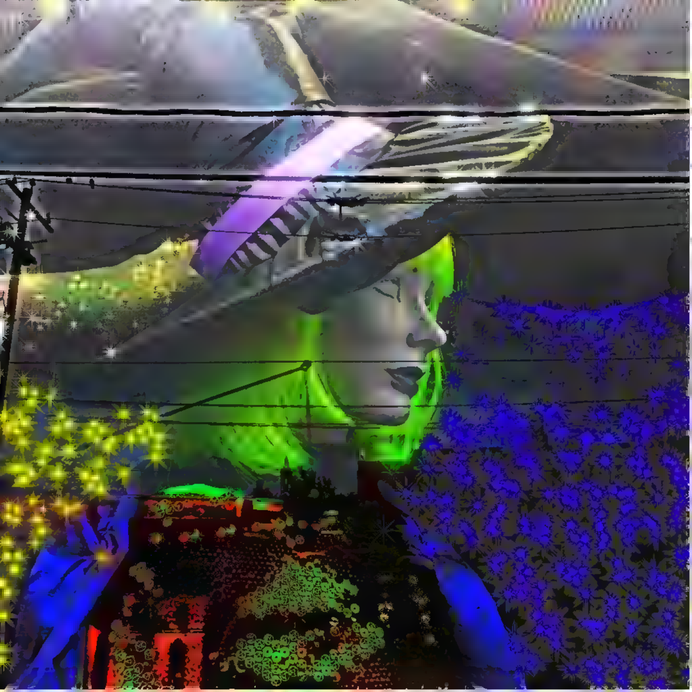
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD



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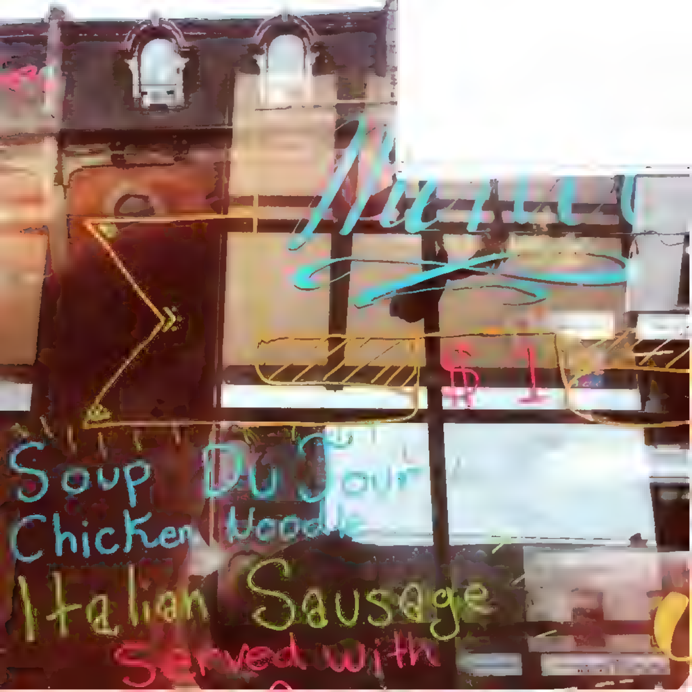
Menu
$ 1
Soup Du Jour
Chicken Noodle
Italian Sausage
Served with

DO NOT PARK
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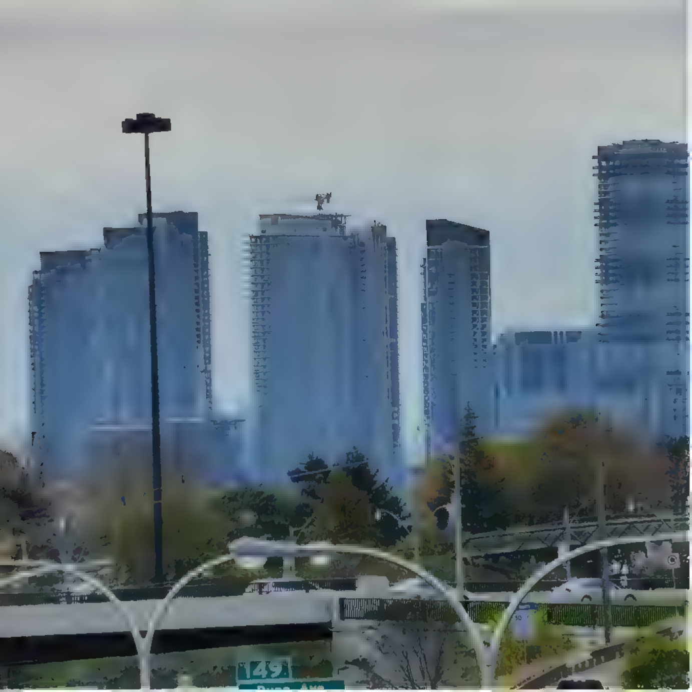
WE FIGHT FOR
HOUSING FOR ALL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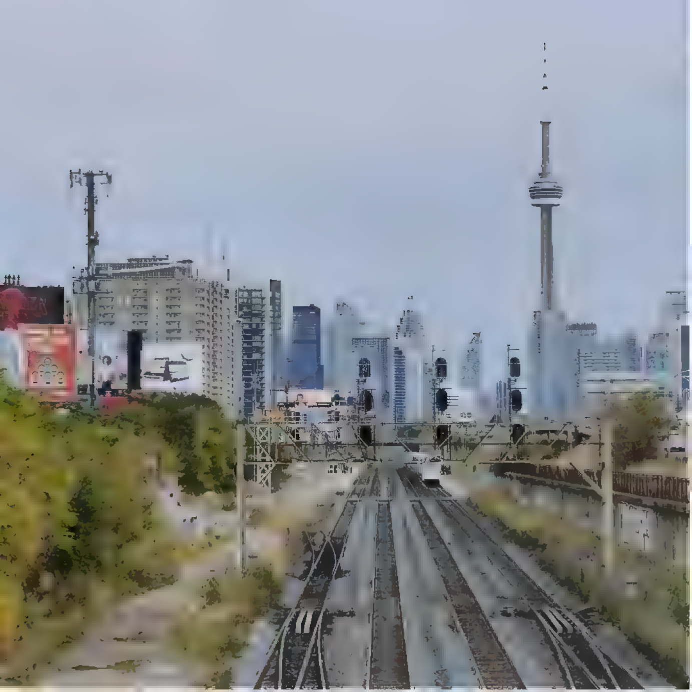

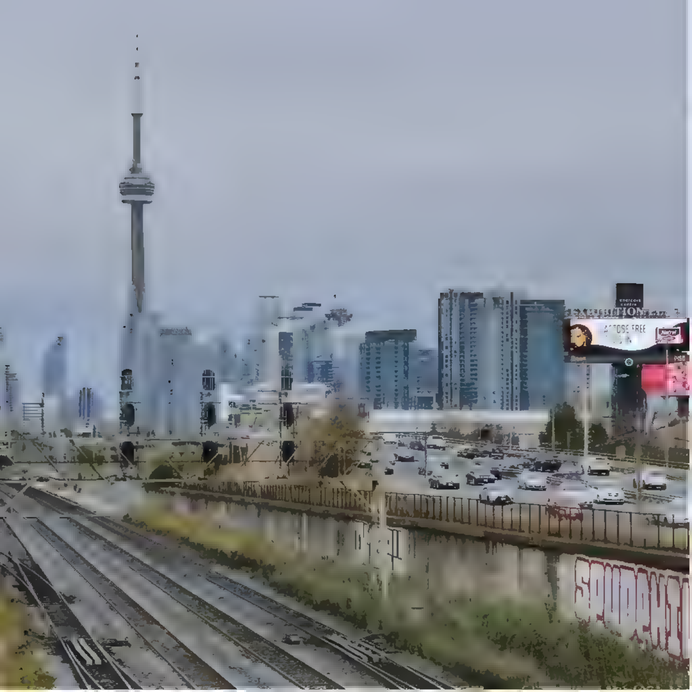
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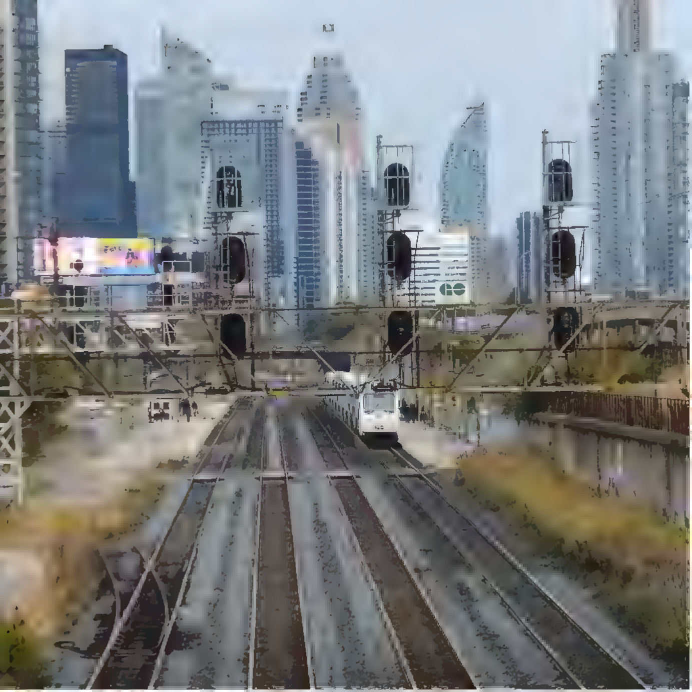

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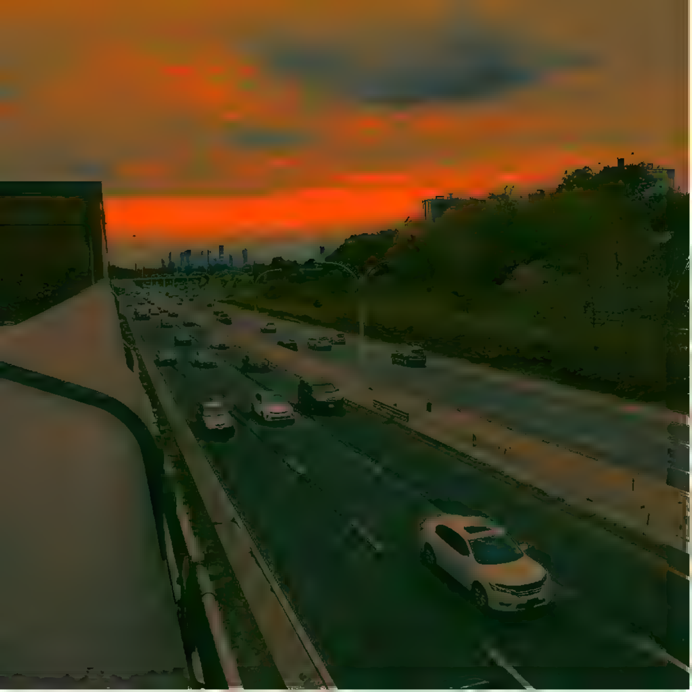

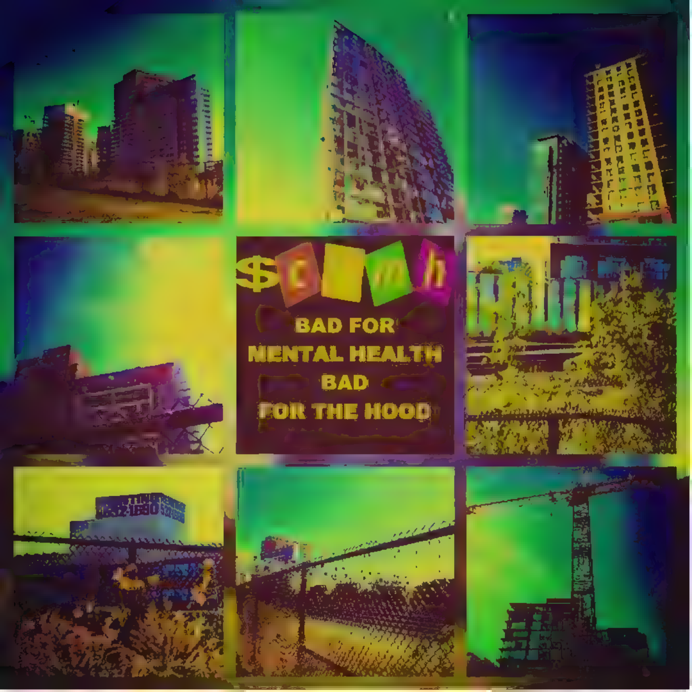
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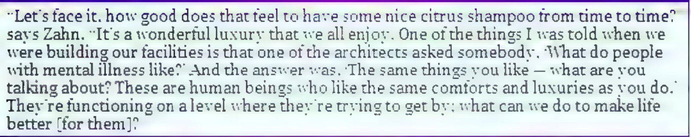
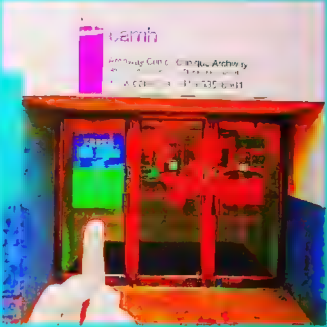


"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like — what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Urban Myth No. 9:
Somebody told her somebody said
we like
citrus shampoo.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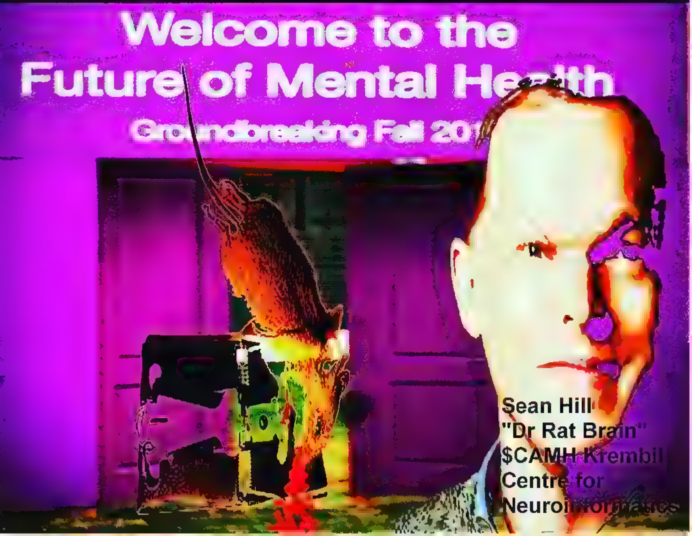
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: A BIGGER BETTER MOUSE TRAP: "TO MAKE PREDICTIONS ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE ARE MAYBE MORE VULNERABLE AND NEED SOME EXTRA HELP.... TO PREVENT THINGS FROM DEVELOPING FURTHER...."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Groundbreaking Fall 201
Sean Hill
"Dr Rat Brain"
$CAMH Krembil
Centre for
Neuroinformatics

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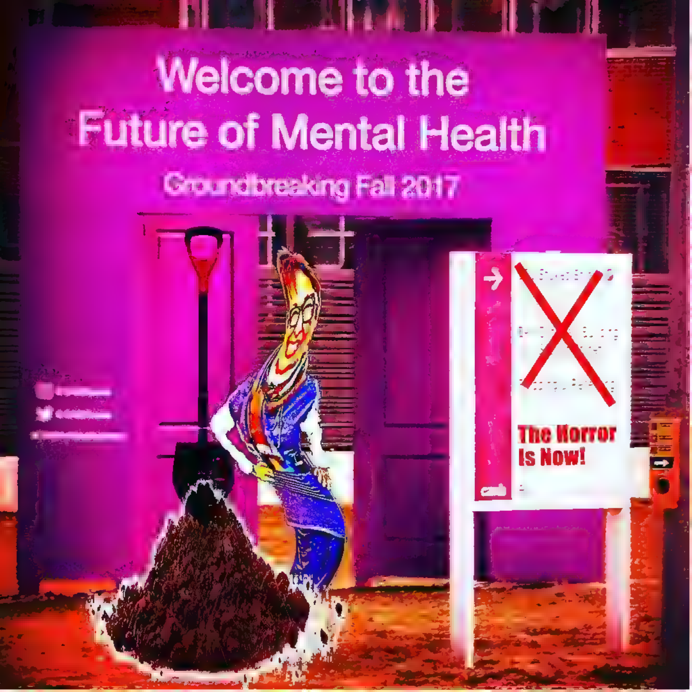
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Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!

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Parkdale Legal Aide

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INCOME SECURITY

There's none!

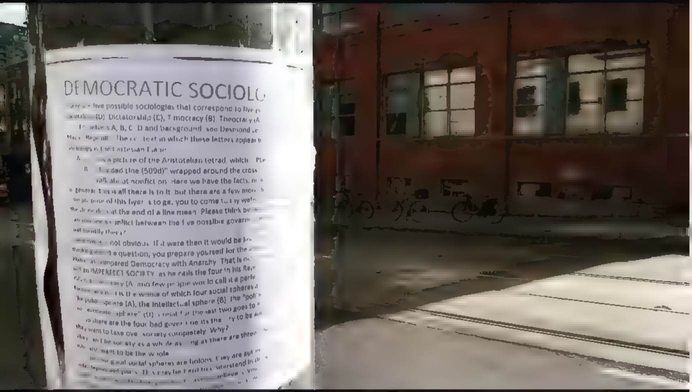
Parkdale Legal Aide

WE FIGHT FOR
HOUSING FOR ALL

There's none!

Parkdale Legal Aide

There's none!



DEMOCRATIC SOCIOLO

[illegible] five possible sociologies that correspond to five
[illegible] (D) Dictatorship (C), Timocracy (B) Theocracy (A
[illegible] letters A, B, C, D and background see Desmond
[illegible] Republic. The context in which these letters appear
[illegible] Cartesian Plane
A [illegible] a picture of the Aristotelian tetrad, which Pla
B [illegible] Divided Line (509d)" wrapped around the cross
[illegible] about nonfiction. Here we have the facts.
[illegible] This is all there is to it. But there are a few more
[illegible] purpose of this flyer is to get you to come to my web
[illegible] at the end of a line mean. Please think
[illegible] conflict between the five possible govern
[illegible] really there?

[illegible] not obvious. If it were then it would be
[illegible] question, you prepare yourself for the
Plato [illegible] compared Democracy with Anarchy. That is
[illegible] IMPERFECT SOCIETY as he calls the four in his Rep
[illegible] (A) and few people would call it a perfe
[illegible] is the whole of which four social spheres
The public sphere (A), the intellectual sphere (B), the "poli
[illegible] economic sphere" (D) [illegible] for the last two goes to
[illegible] there are the four bad governments [illegible] try to be
they want to take over society completely. Why?
[illegible] society as a whole [illegible] there are three
[illegible] want to be the whole.
[illegible] good social spheres are holons. They are
[illegible] This may be hard to understand

KARMA REWARD

AUKEE

BATMAN
Mill
IGH L
REW
AUKEE

BAT MAN
Miller
IGH LIFE
REW
AUKEE

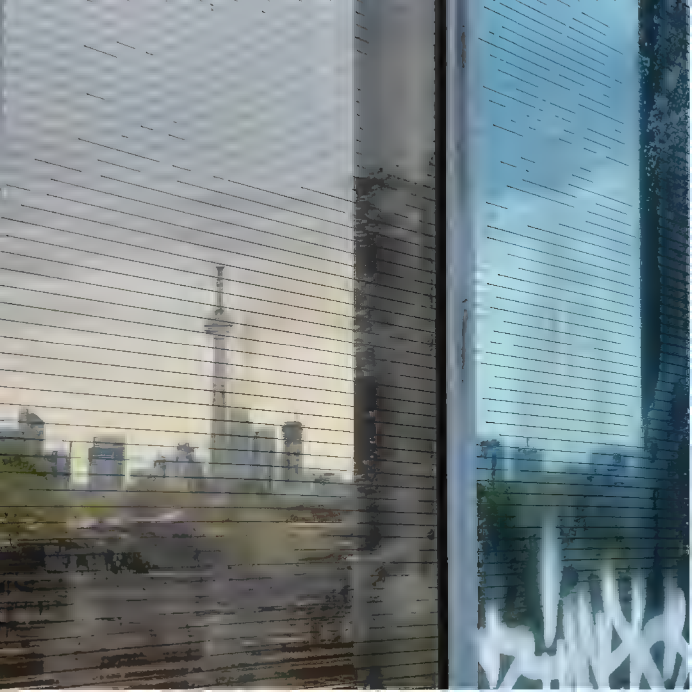
BAT MAN
I Love Lucy
Miller
IGH LIFE
REW

that shit”

"I Love Lucy"
Miller
High Life
BREW
AUKEE
BATMAN

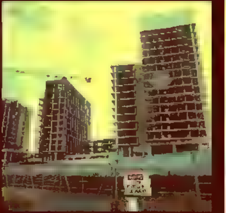
BATMAN
IGHT LIFE
REW

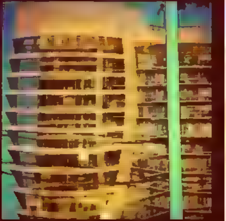
KRAK

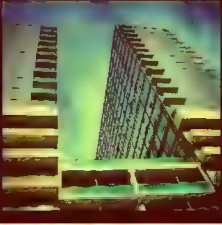


OTTO

"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"







"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
building a future in which everyone
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVIN
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

- $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
to CMCK after event
REALLY SCARY SHIT

OPERATION PAPERCLIP 2017

$CAMH Brain Diseased Fascism: Transforming NOTHING
Changing NOT ONE BIT!

Recruiting "Dr. Rat Brain" Sean Hill

OPERATION PAPERCLIP 1945

Recruiting "Dr." Strange Love" Wernher [illegible]

OPERATION PAPERCLIP 2017

SCAMH Brain Diseased Fascism: Transforming NOTHING Changing NOT ONE BIT!

Recruiting "Dr. Rat Brain" Sean Hill

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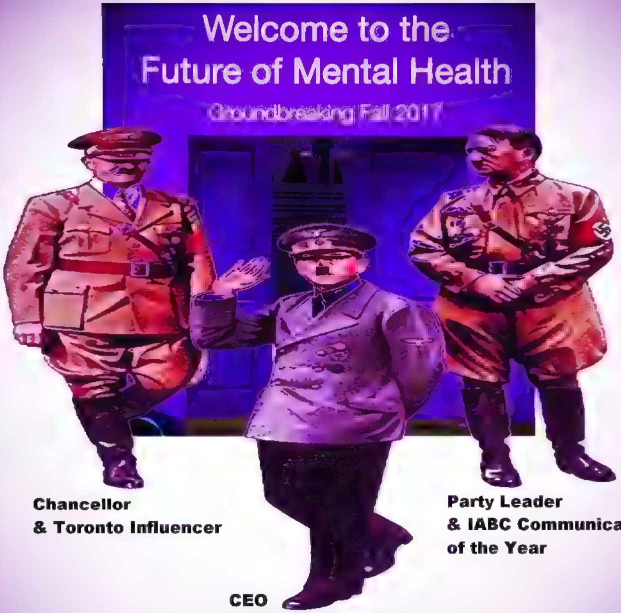
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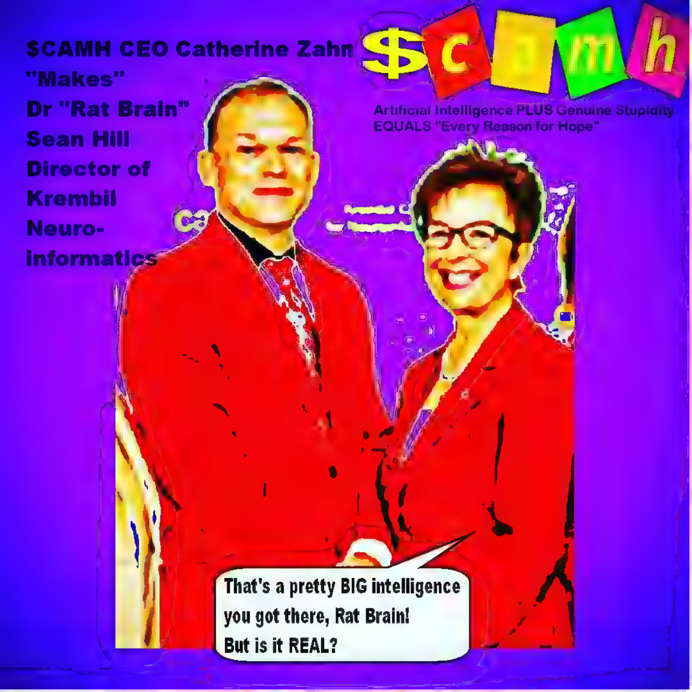
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

Chancellor
& Toronto Influencer

Party Leader
& IABC Communicator
of the Year

CEO
& Nuanced Crusader


$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn "Makes" Dr "Rat Brain" Sean Hill Director of Krembil Neuro-informatics
$camh
Artificial Intelligence PLUS Genuine Stupidity EQUALS "Every Reason for Hope"
That's a pretty BIG intelligence you got there, Rat Brain! But is it REAL?

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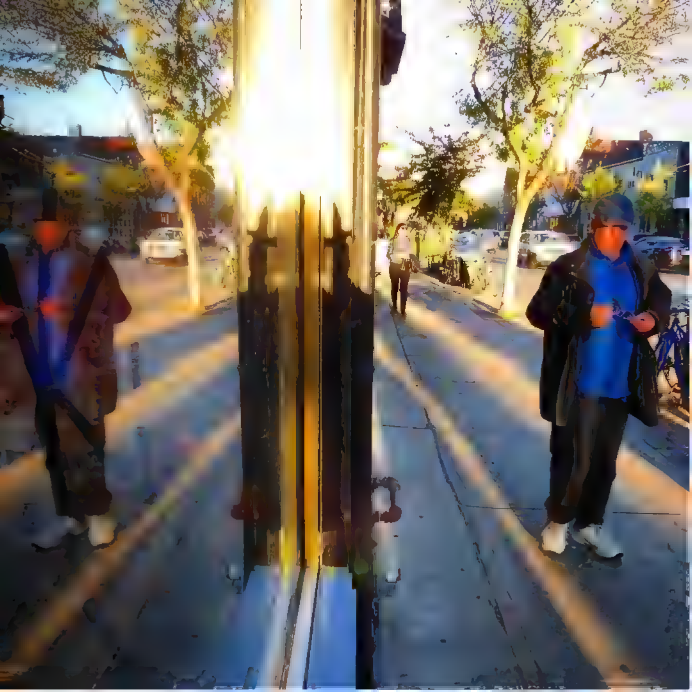
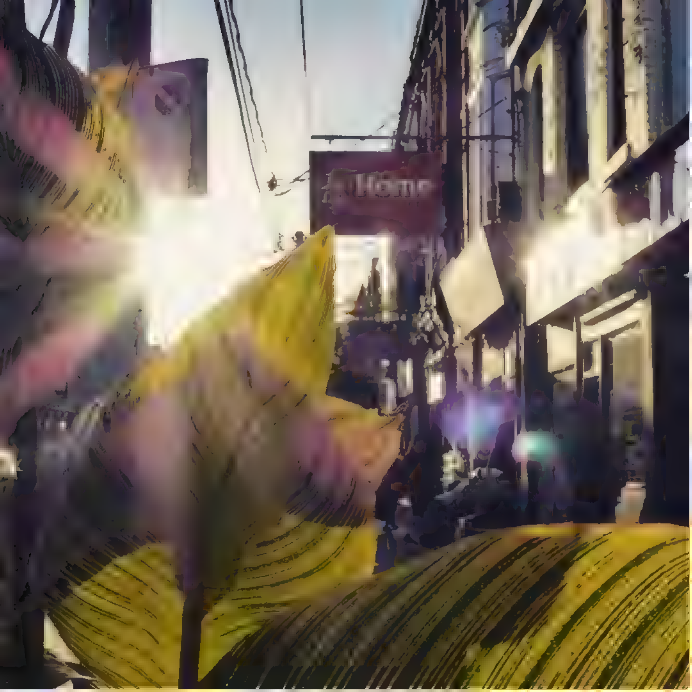
Service

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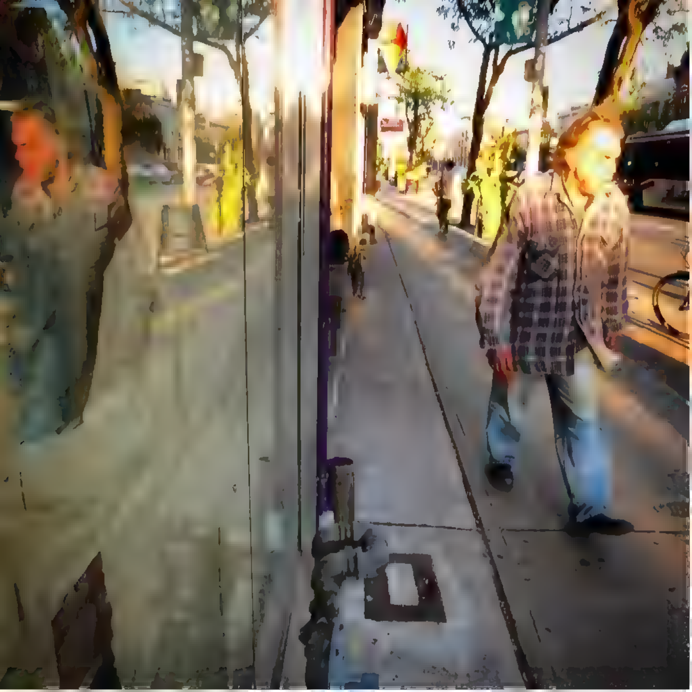
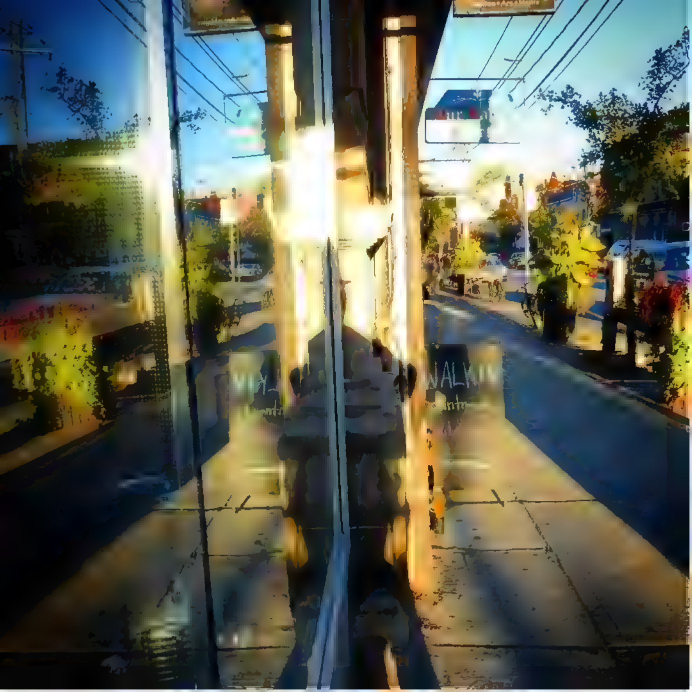
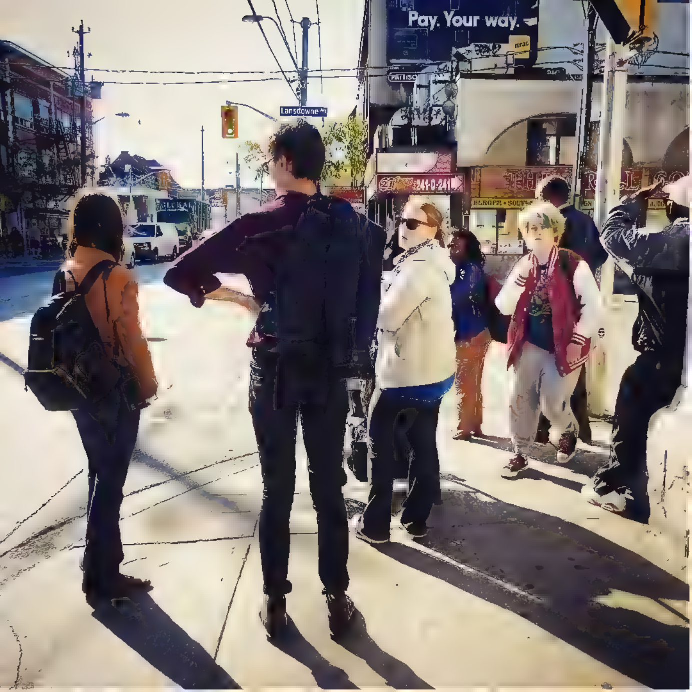



WALK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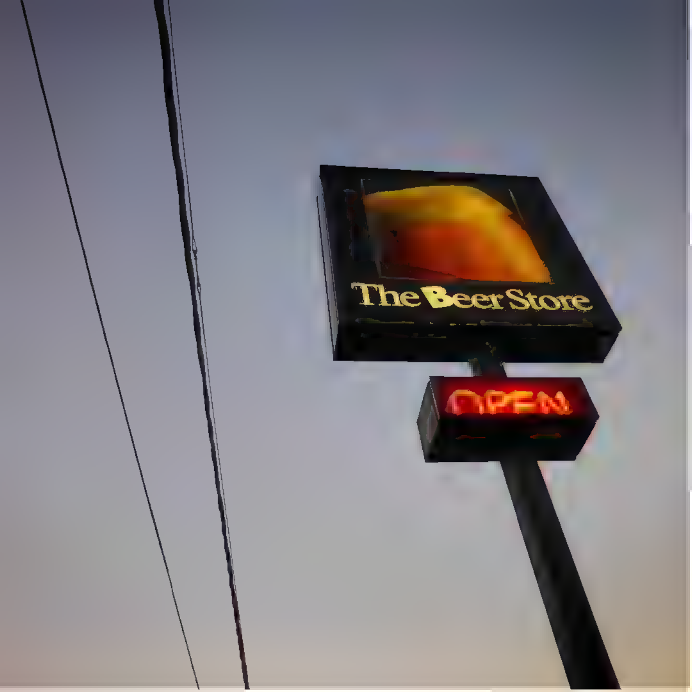
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STUPID TITS for BRAIN DISEASE!

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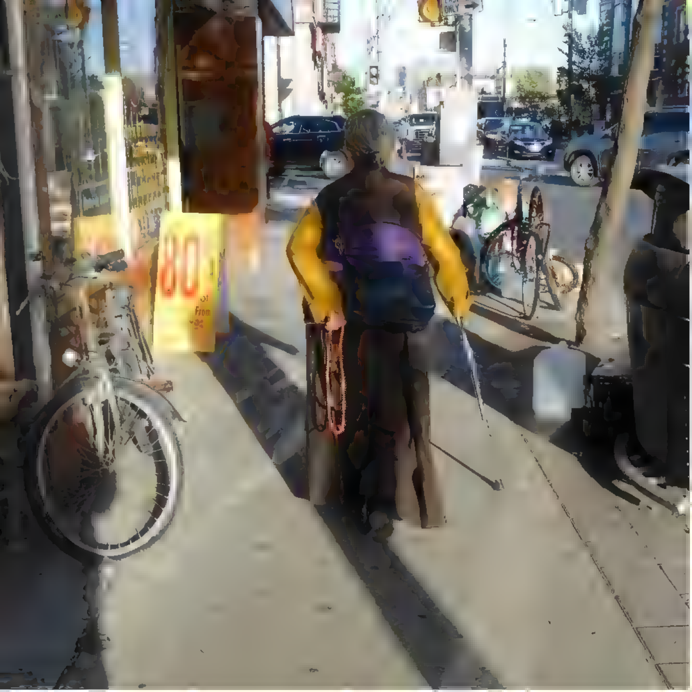
ONLY
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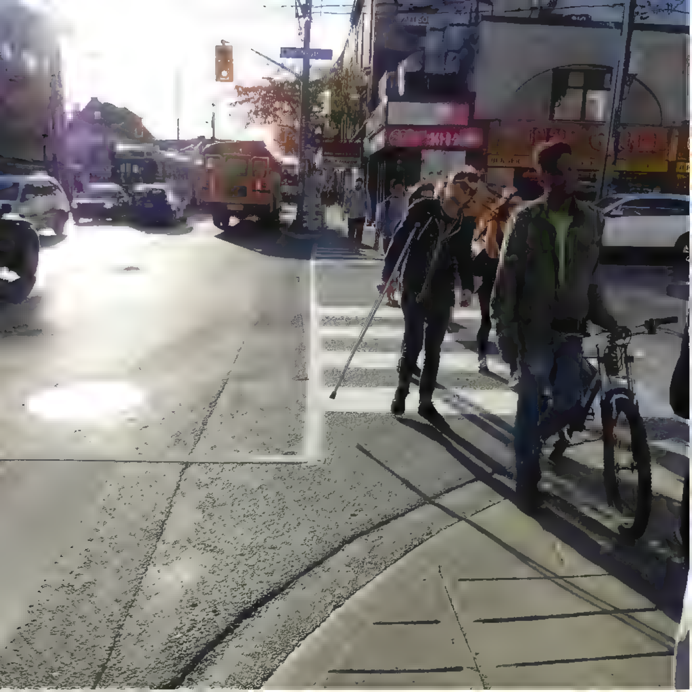
From



21

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ORANGE JUICE
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STOP

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$5,000.00
SPEED BUMP
BUMP AHEAD

Th
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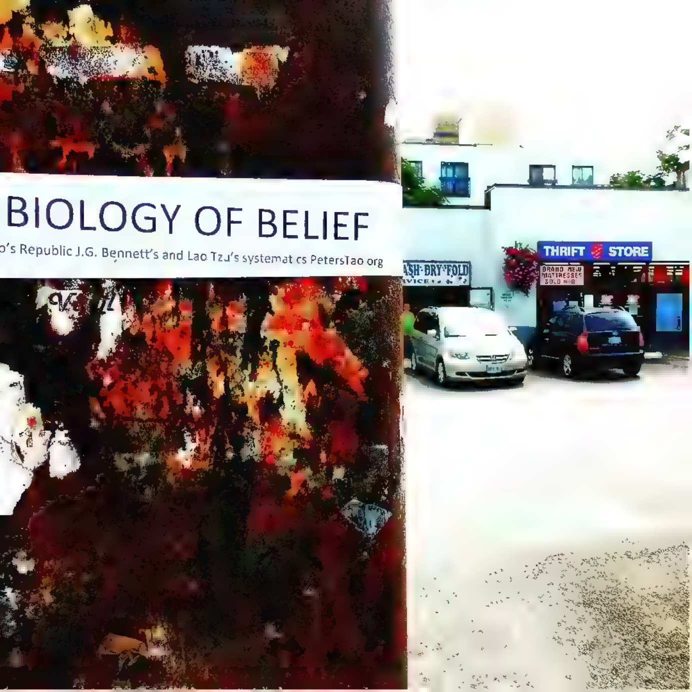
STOP



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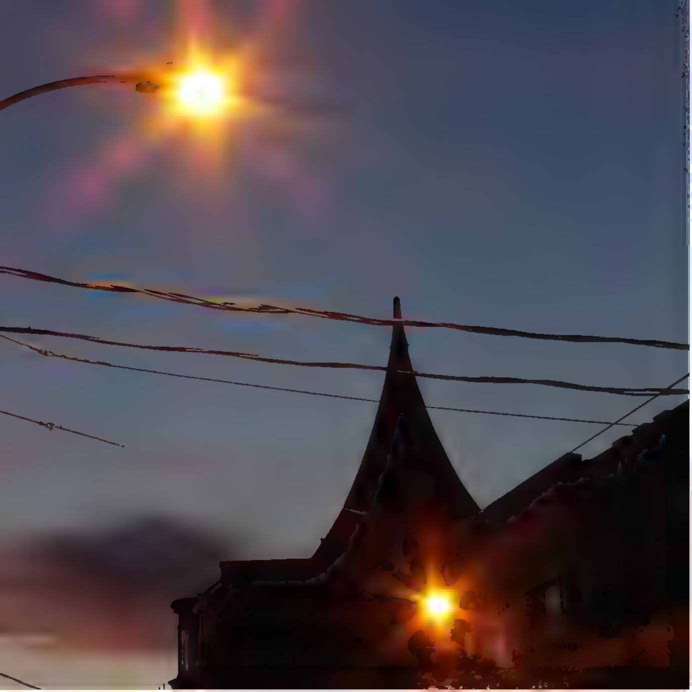

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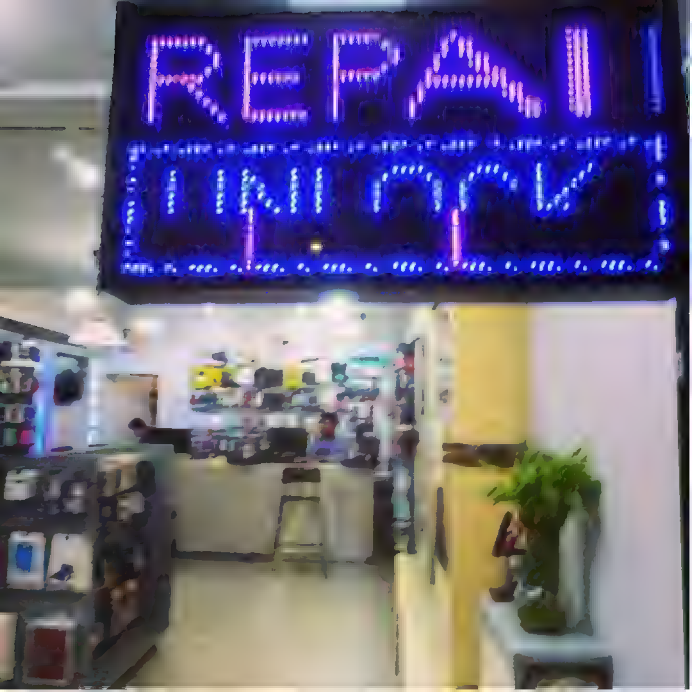
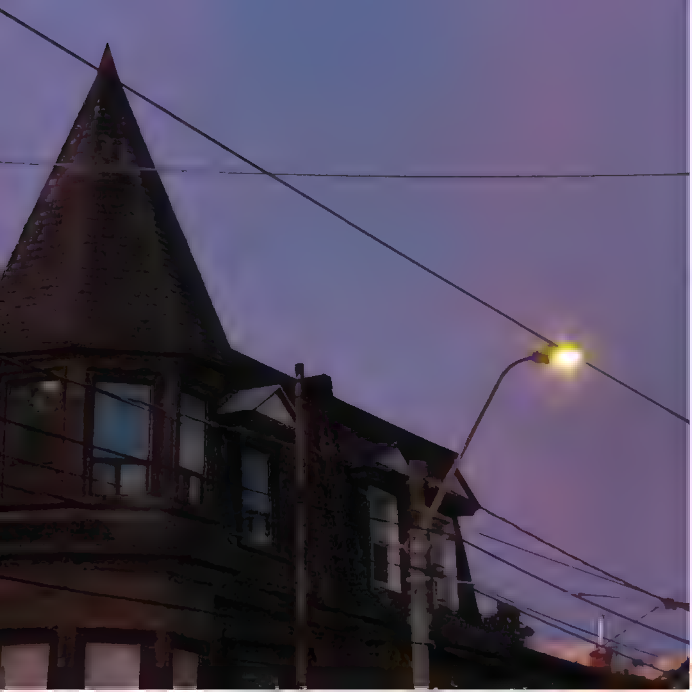
G.W: 23 KGS
N.W: 21 KGS
Cubic Feet:7.5
Quantity:4PCS
DESCRIPTION: DINING CHAIR
COLOR:BLACK


REPAI
UNLOCK

PROTES
TIBETANS WANT FREEDOM
NOT 5 MORE YEARS OF



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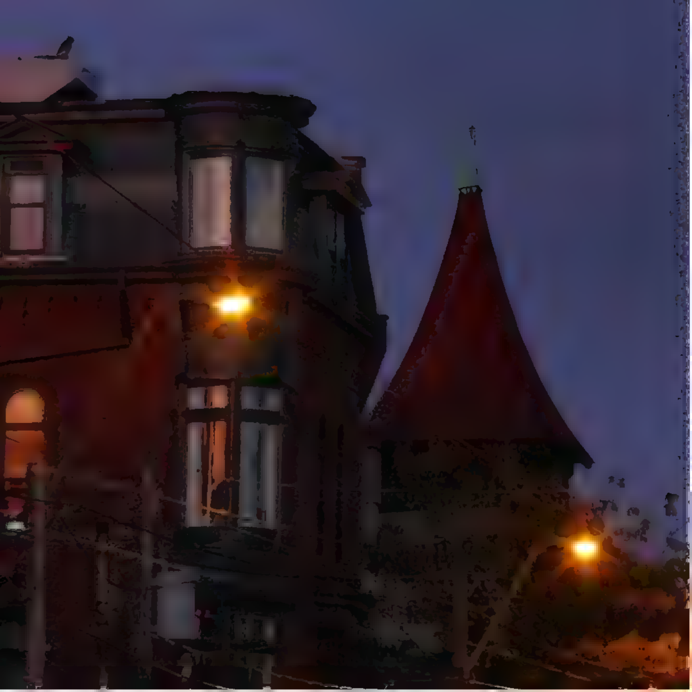

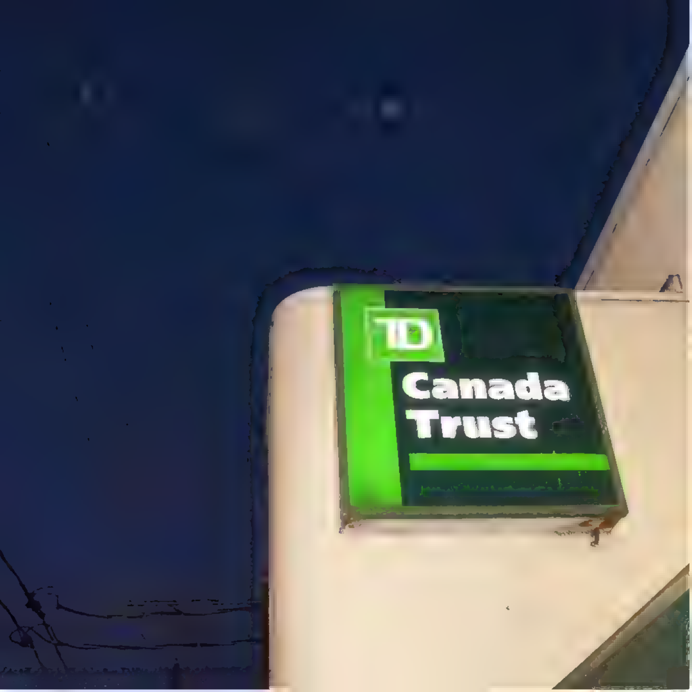
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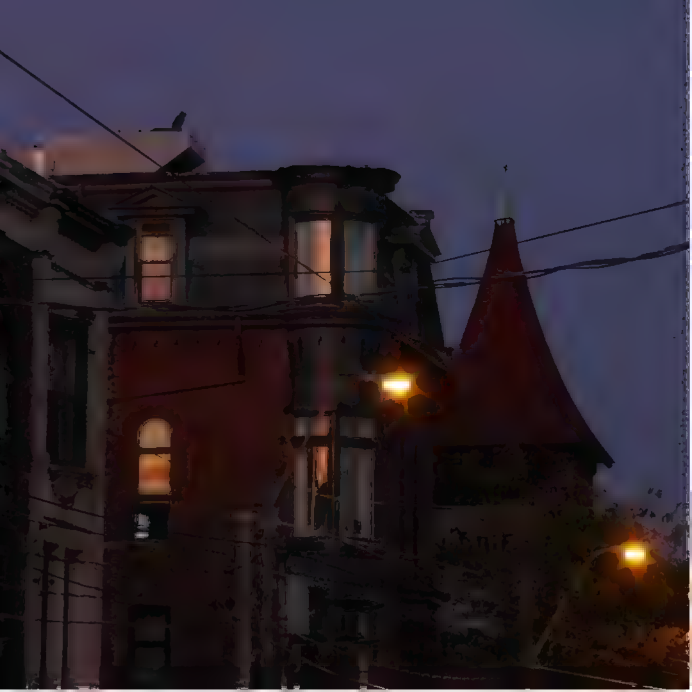
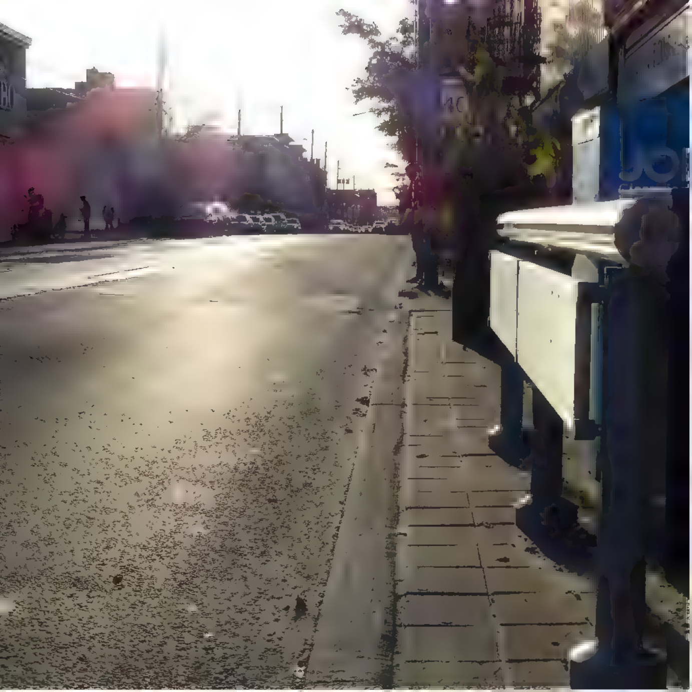


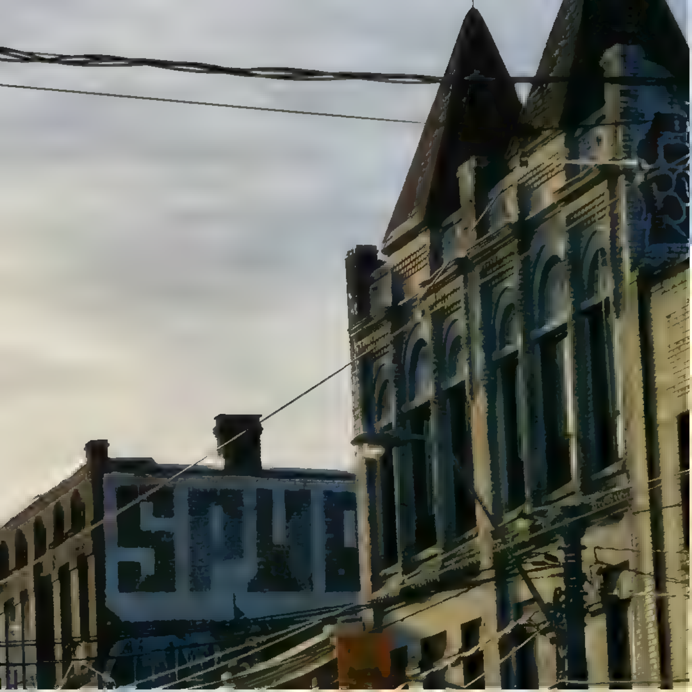
LCB

coffee
coffee


10

BETTER INGREDIENTS. BETTER PIZZA.
PAPA JOHNS
BETTER INGREDIENTS.
ALWAYS HAD THEM. ALWAYS WILL.
THIRTY YEARS AGO, I STARTED THIS COMPANY WITH ONE GOAL IN MIND: BETTER PIZZA.
Papa John
Malnorished
&
HONGRY &
BROKE
HELP
PLAIN

camh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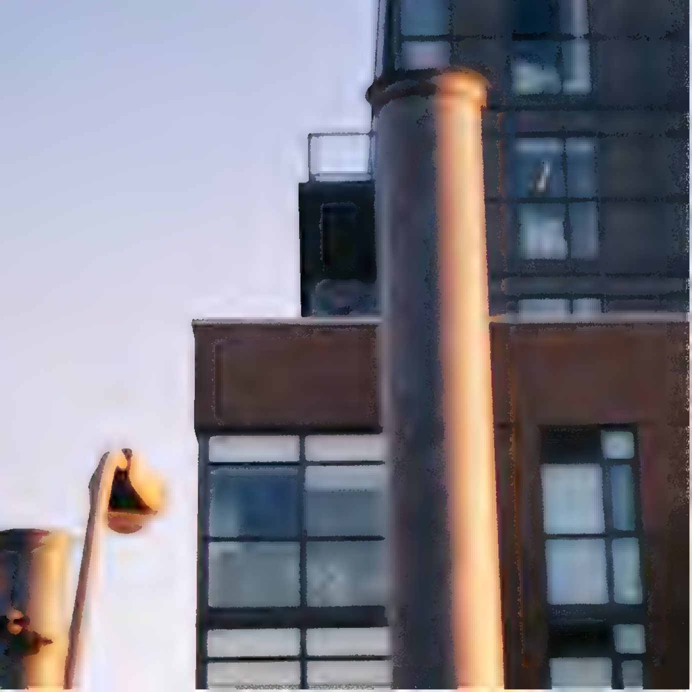

Our Lady of
Loretto

Our Lady of
Loretto

Parkdale

Parkdale
village

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Sun King Cleaners

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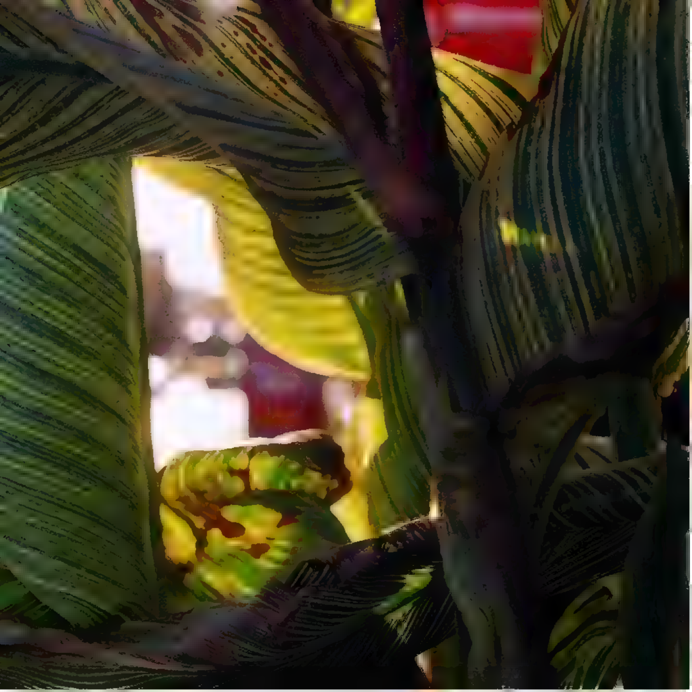
Appointments



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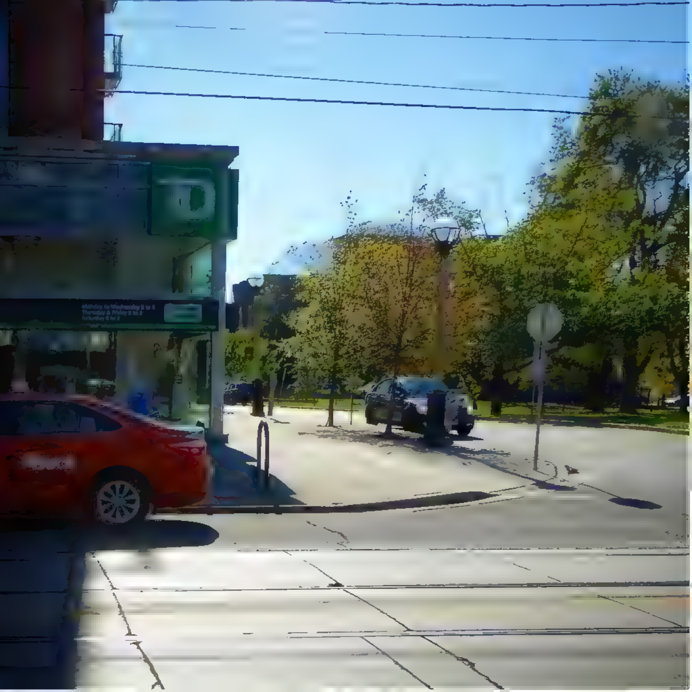

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Elaine Fleck Gallery
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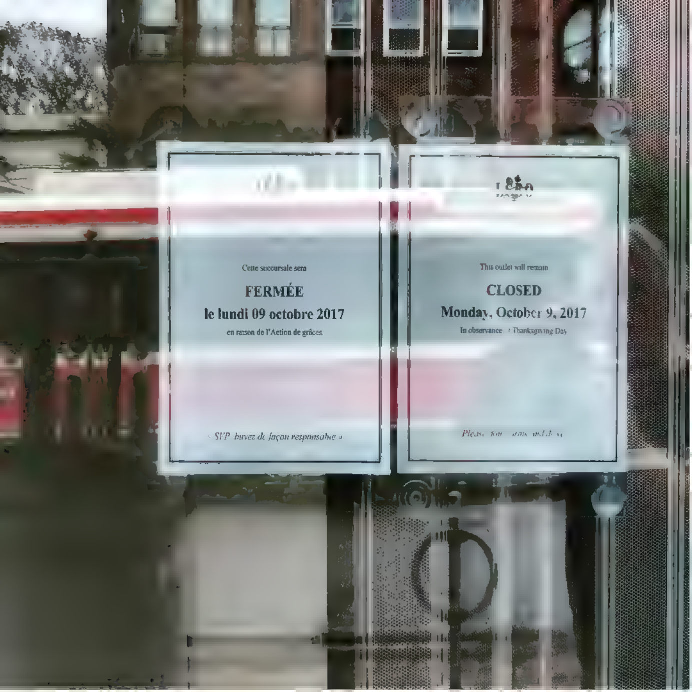
OST NEW
AGEMENT



Cette succursale sera

FERMÉE

le lundi 09 octobre 2017

en raison de l'Action de grâces

« SVP, buvez de façon responsable »

This outlet will remain

CLOSED

Monday, October 9, 2017

In observance of Thanksgiving Day

Please [illegible]

THE MERCENARIES
SUNDAYS
THE DAKOTA TAVERN
THEMERCENARIESBAND.COM
cbc.ca/watch

SPUD

PROUDLY
PARKDALE
WELCOME
PASS
PHARMACY FAIR
1518 KING W
JUNE 20/17
JUNE 8/16

Event Board
YOUTH MATTERS

PARKDALE
COMMUNITY
COOKS!

Want to learn how to cook?
Need volunteer hours?
e a Cooking Peer Leader!

PEDESTRIAN
X
STOP FOR
PEDESTRIANS

EDESTRIAN
X
STOP FOR
PEDESTRIANS
MELBOURNE AV.

306 KING ST. WEST
CLOSED
ENTEQ
CLOSING
SALE
FOR REAL, FOR REAL

If you are reading this,
This place is not open.

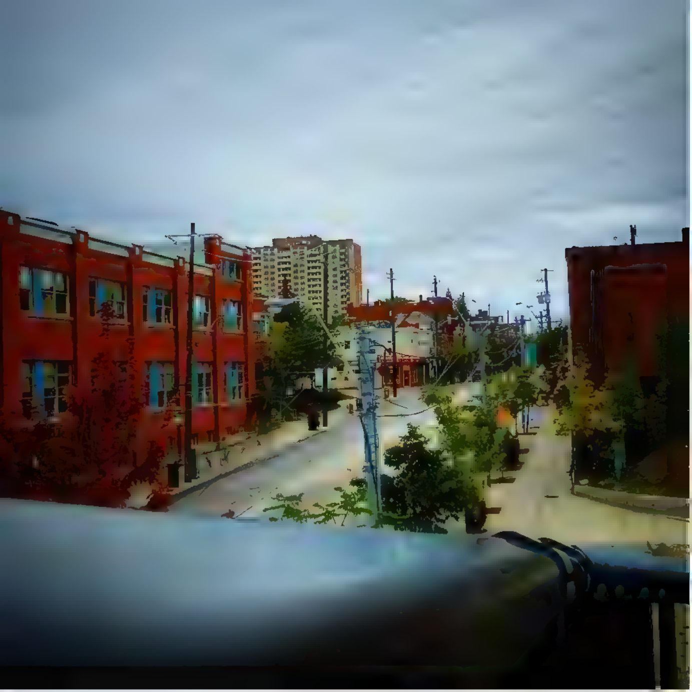
SORRY, WE'RE
NOT
A SECOND
HAND STORE
BRAND NEW, BRAND NAME
HOURS-
12 PM - 6 PM EVERDAY*
*"LATE" TILL 8 PM THURSDAY
CLOSED
ENTER

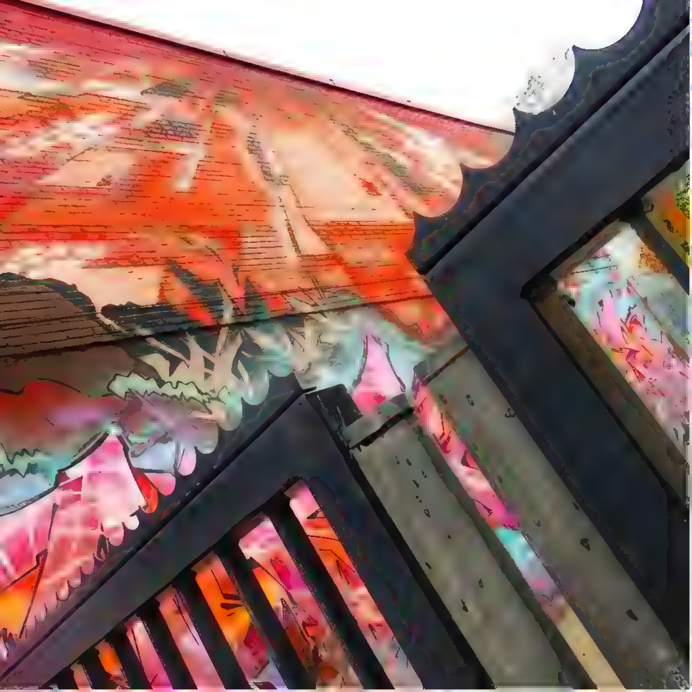
PUBLIC
BUTTER

Astro
ORIGINAL
100% NATURAL
INGREDIENTS
Astro
HARGM

NTING
690

340





ALTHCARE
dical centre
YOUR NE HOOD HEALTH TEAM
w thcareplu .ca

1290

Roti Shop

Drinking
FOOD LOVER'S
Recommended in
GUIDE TO TORONTO
Best of the City
BUDGET ONE STOP

DOLLARAMA

Boreal Gelato Café
All Natural Handmade Eco-Friendly

JLIL-504
$249
REG. $360

JLIL-505

JLIL-506

YOUR CHOICE
$199
REG. $280

"TOGETHER FOREVER" TRIOS

JLIL-507
0.304 CT
$3[illegible]
REG. $510

JLIL-509
0.304 CT
$359
REG. $510

JLIL-510
1.00 CT
$799
REG. $1,140

Roti Shop

Parkd
Skyline
RESTAURANT
pizza pizza
967-11-11
OLD MILWAUKEE

camh
Downtown West Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501

Skyline
RESTAURANT
pizza pizza
TAURANT

RESTAURANT
Ali Baba's

PARKDALE
VARIETY &
416
530-4141
5 Queen St. West
CONVEN

4248
STOP

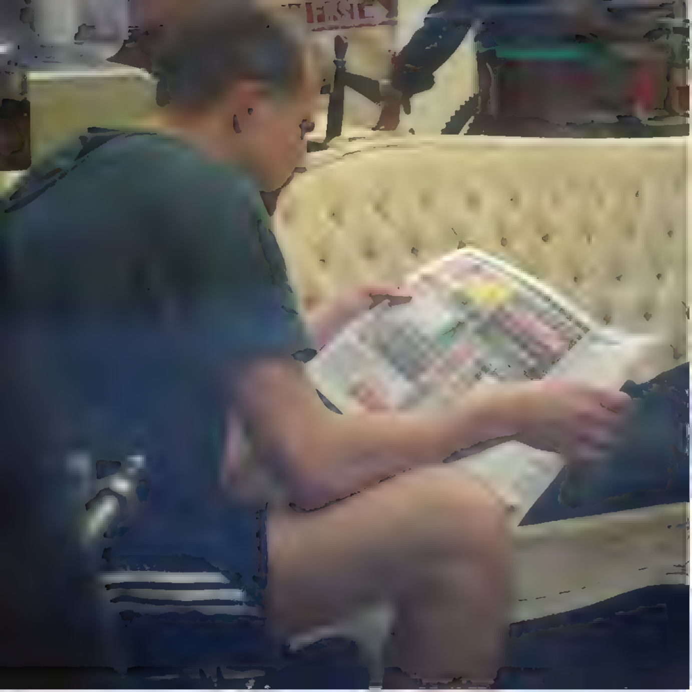
Glory India
647-349-5679
ROTIS
COMBOS
TAKE OUT
OPEN
LUNCH S
$6.9

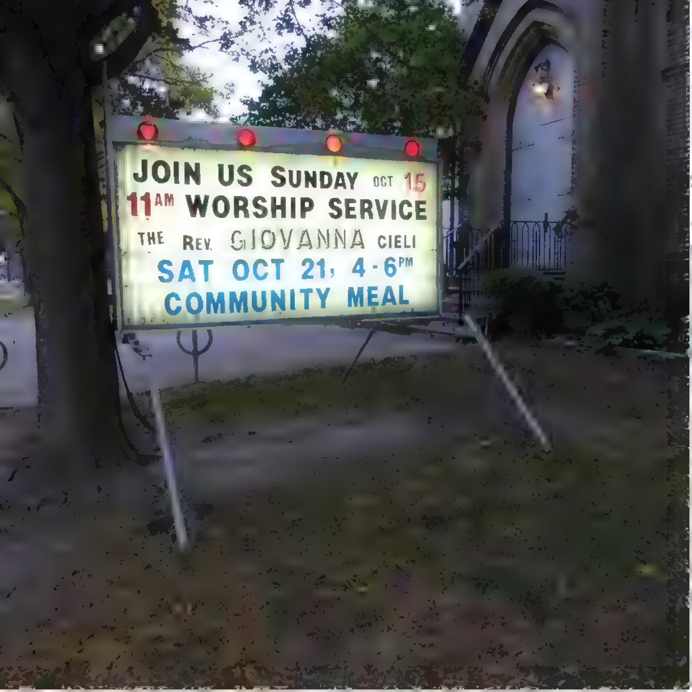
MENT
RECORDS
99¢
CAUTION

Skyline
RESTAURANT
All Days
pizza pizza
STAURANT

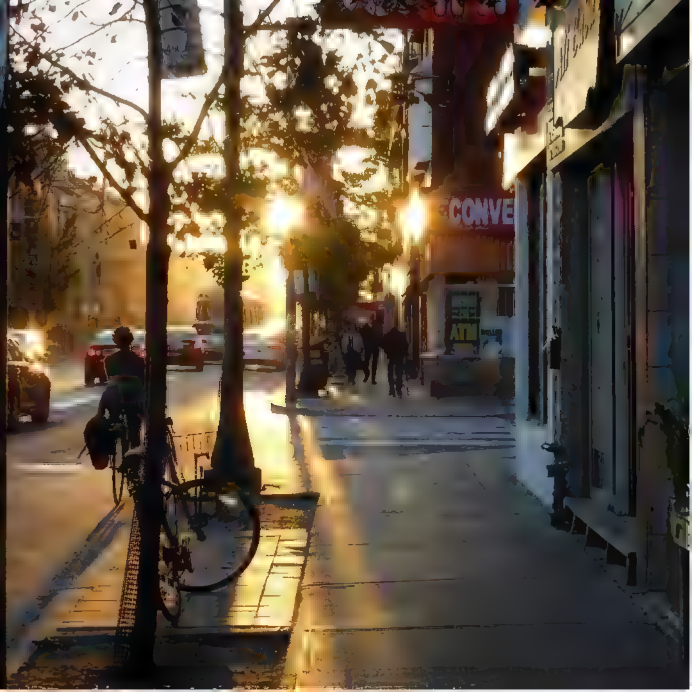
Lansdowne Ave
THRIFT STORE
Best

Thanks to our customers for over 40 years!
iness 4 Sale
-248-6683
RECOR
99
PRAYER
IS THE BEST
WAY TO MEET
THE LORD
TRESPASSING
IS FASTER
THOUG




JOIN US SUNDAY OCT 15
11AM WORSHIP SERVICE
THE REV. GIOVANNA CIELI
SAT OCT 21, 4-6PM
COMMUNITY MEAL

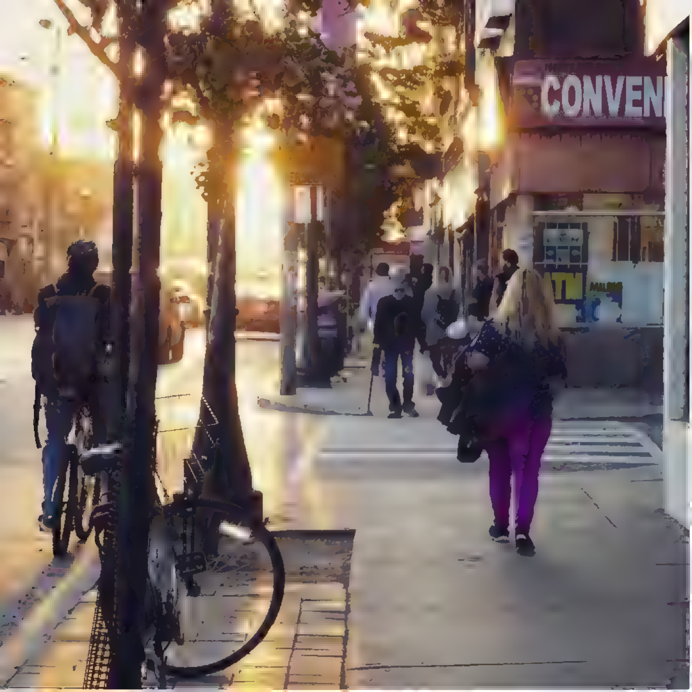
SJHC
14-23

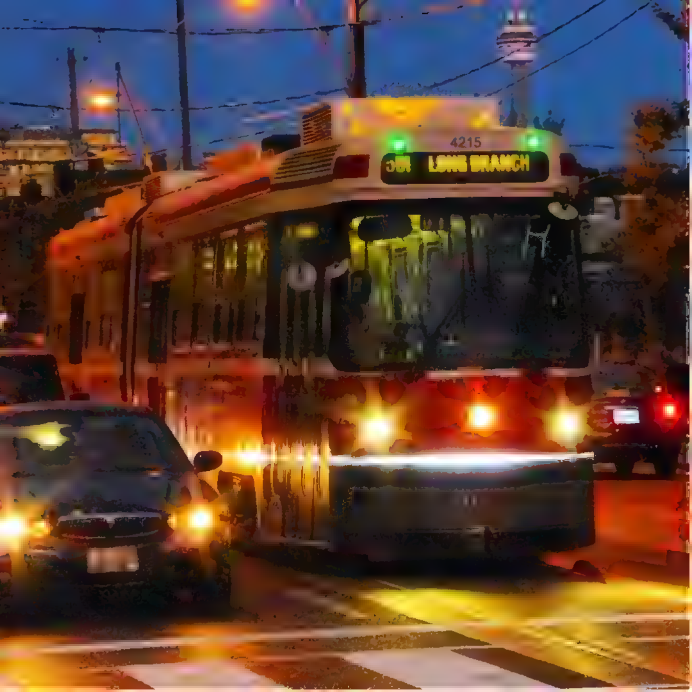


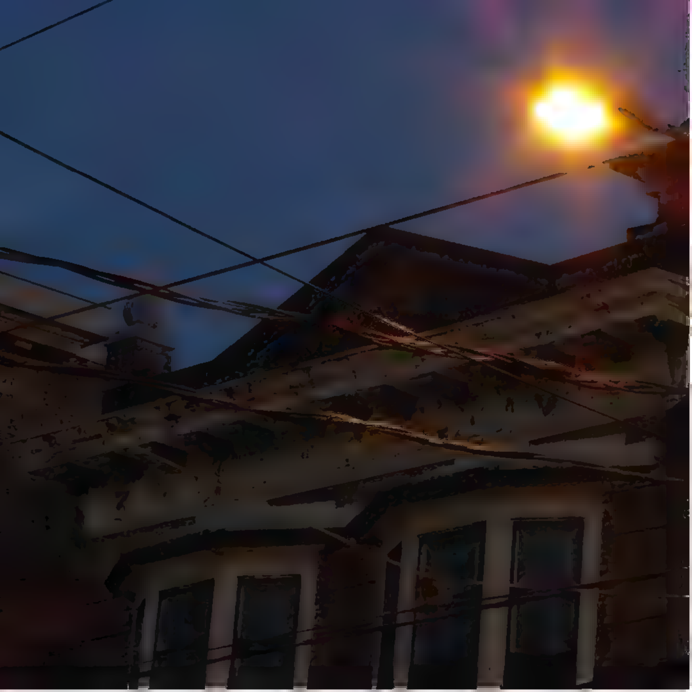
CONVE
ATM

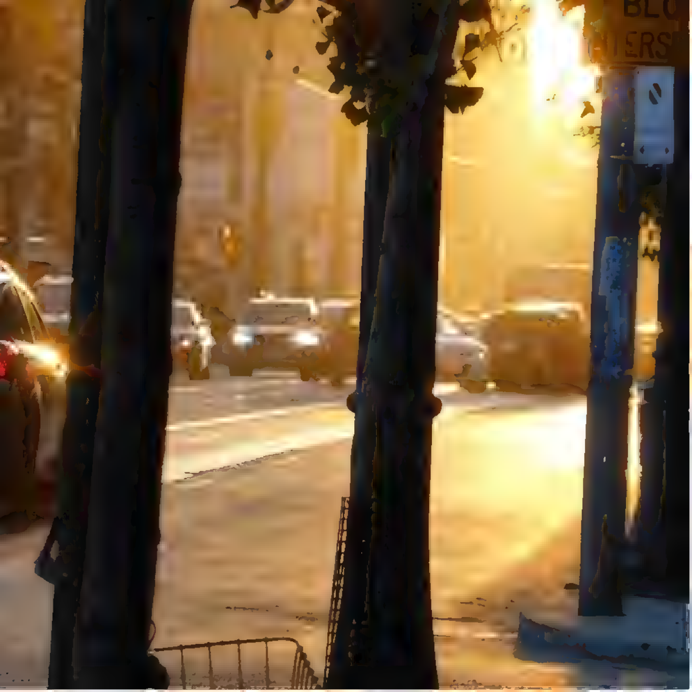
RESCUE BOOM
55
55

SACHA DISTEL
THE GOOD LIFE
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
KAPP RECORDS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022


CONVEN
ATM

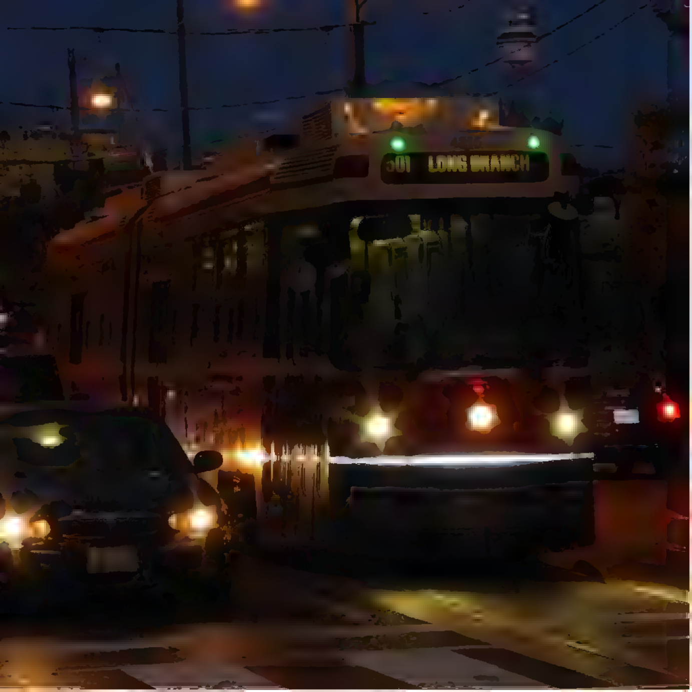

4215
501 LONG BRANCH



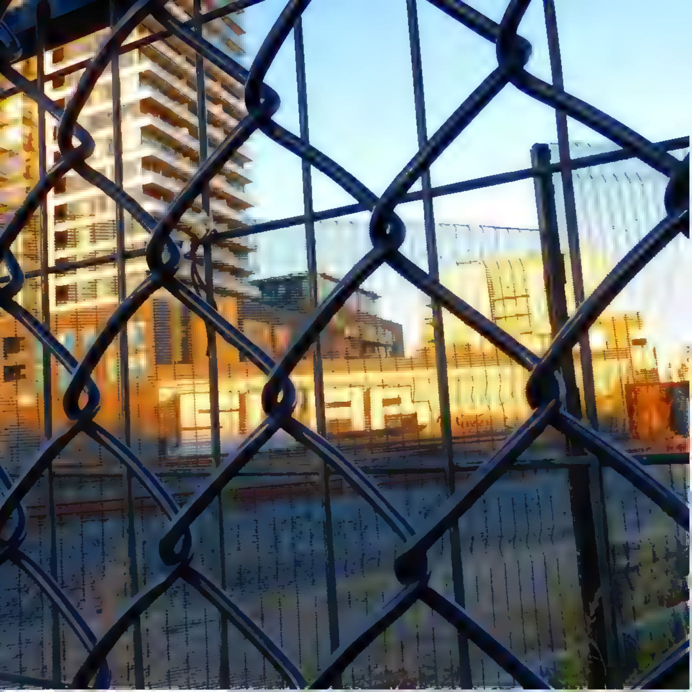


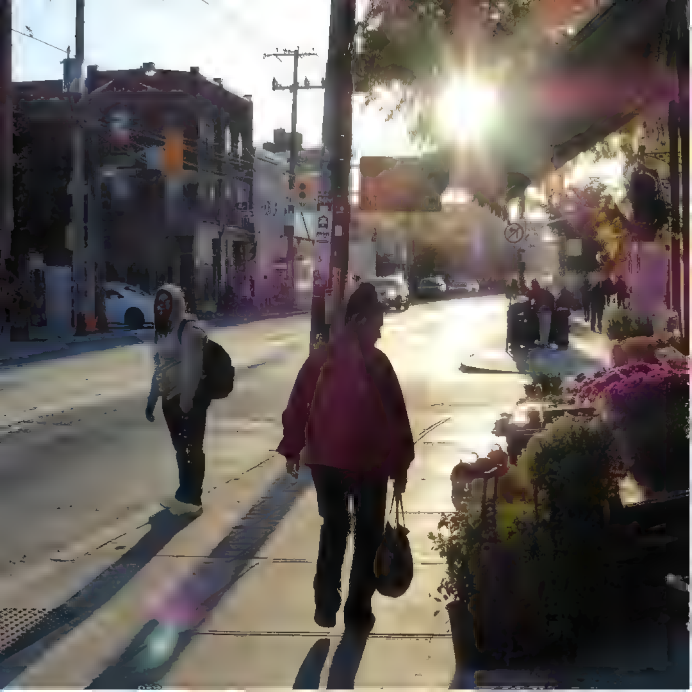
OM RESTAURANT
TIBETAN & INDIAN CUISINE
OPEN

PATHETIC
SLOGAN


501 LONG BRANCH

NO
FUN
NOFUNPRESS



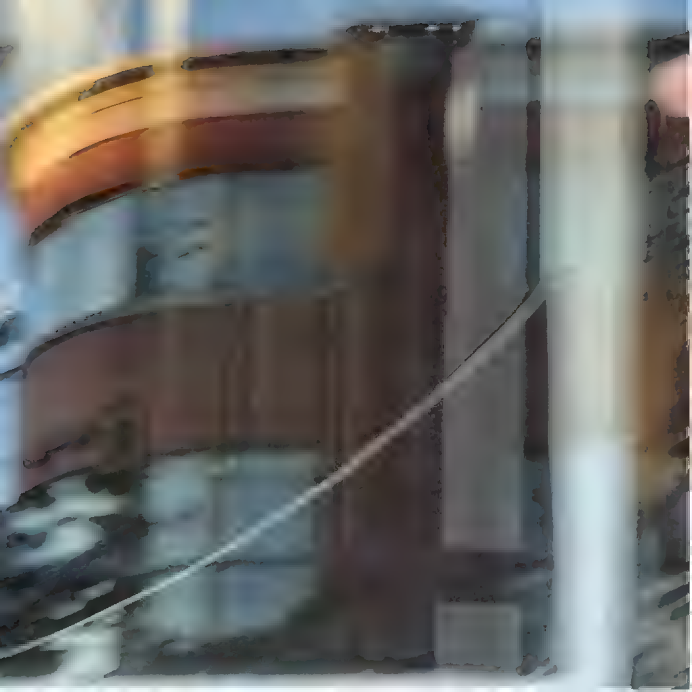


1398
DELIVERIES TO MANKIND

ROKKOR 2.8/45
MVL

minolta "A-2"
887738
27 3 33 4 5 7 10
56 4 28
4 8

BEER

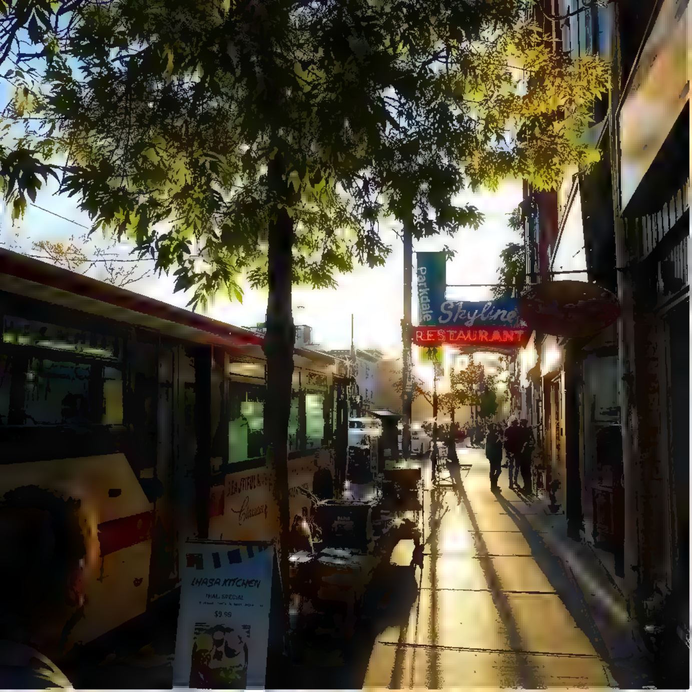


INDIE88 FM
Y PASSWORD
HAS NO NUMBERS
OR SYMBOLS
STOP
STOP
STOP
STOP

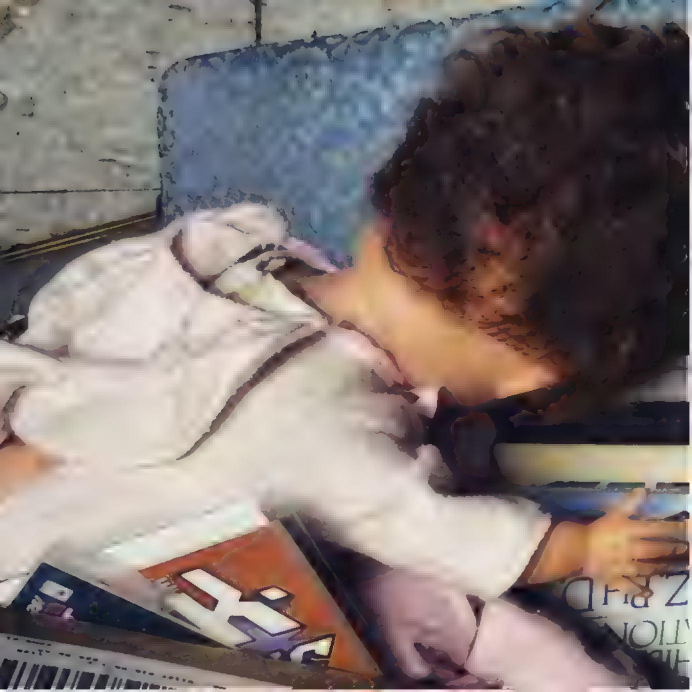
The Night We Turn

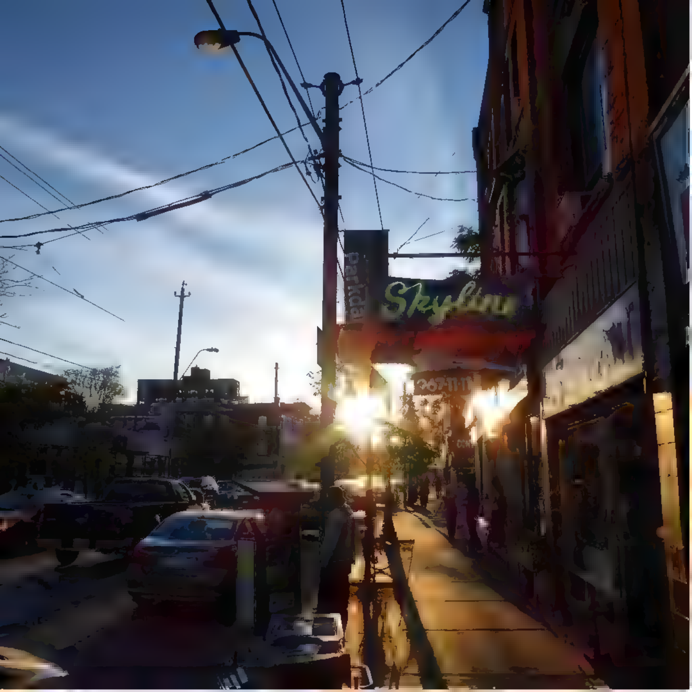
Dear
Mr. Trudeau,
S.O.B.
e Our Businesses
OL
Sun King
Custom T
Order Now
Rep

DOLLARAMA

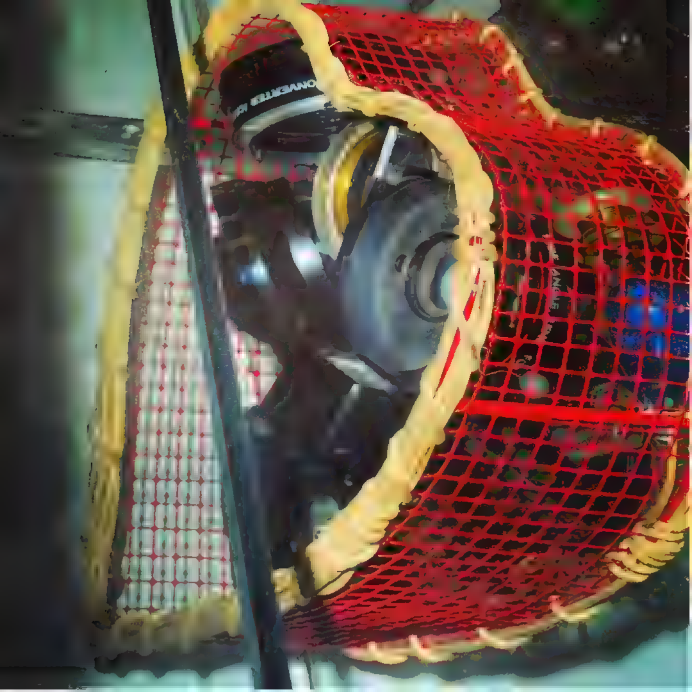

Parkdale
Skyline
RESTAURANT
LHASA KITCHEN
THAL SPECIAL
$9.99

UR CRAZY WORLD
LISTEN NOW!
OR ONLINE AT CLASSICALFM.CA




Parkdal
Skyline

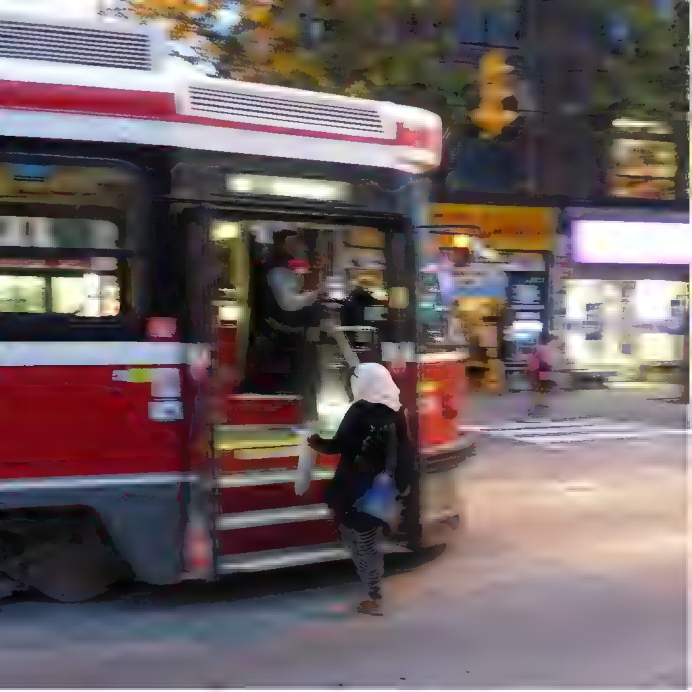
POLAROID



SPORT

DIATOR

EYES
MANR
2017
STILL
ALIVE



80%
OPEN

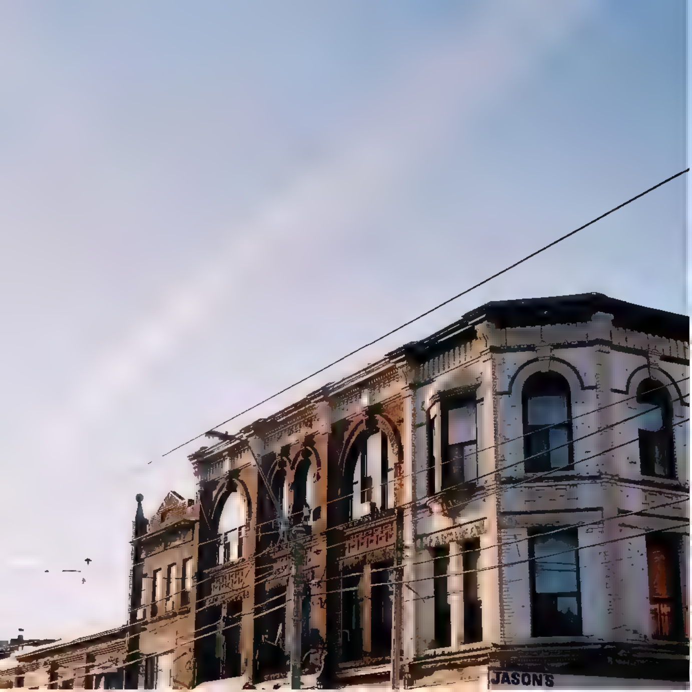
WALTMAN'S
DRUG STORE
PRESCRIPTIO

IMAGE CHECK SYST
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO
PEDESTRIANS CROSS AT EAST SIDE ONLY

PHOTOGRAPHY
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO

PASS
5-3

JASON'S


JASON'S

iKlick
PORTABLE INTERNET LOUNGE
OUR SERVICES:

iKlick
RKDALE INTERNET LOUNGE
OUR SERVICES:

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TORONTO ST
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JASON
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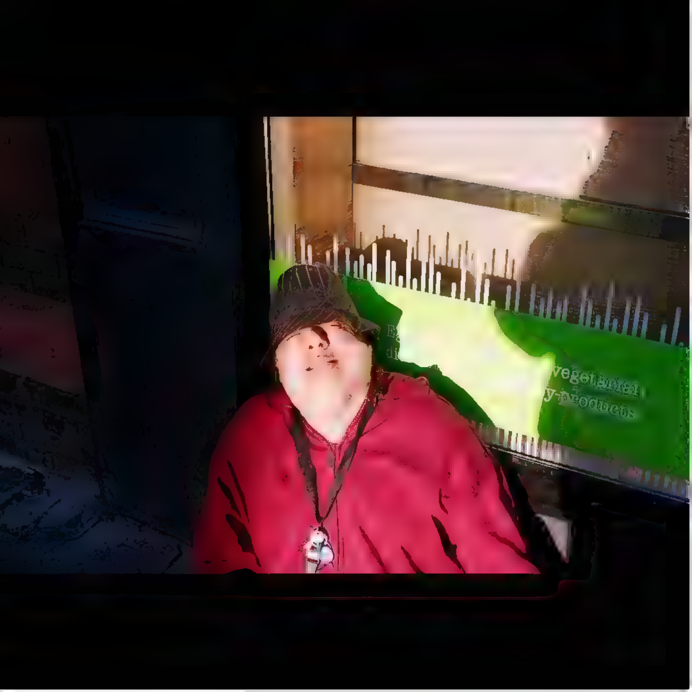
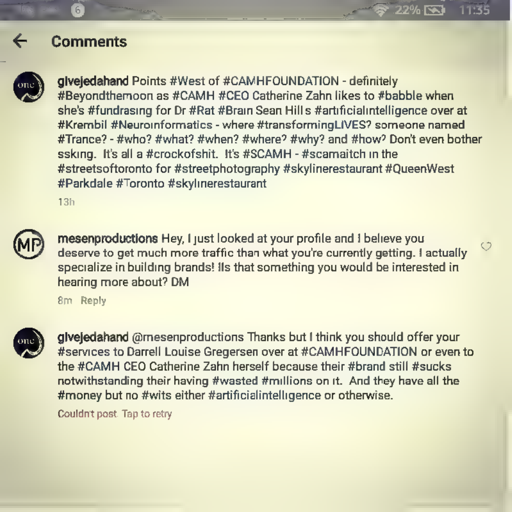




givejedahand Points #West of #CAMHFOUNDATION - definitely #Beyondthemoon as #CAMH #CEO Catherine Zahn likes to #babble when she's #fundrasing for Dr #Rat #Brain Sean Hill's #artificialintelligence over at #Krembil #Neuroinformatics - where #transformingLIVES? someone named #Trance? - #who? #what? #when? #where? #why? and #how? Don't even bother ssking. It's all a #crockofshit. It's #SCAMH - #scamaitch in the #streetsoftoronto for #streetphotography #skylinerestaurant #QueenWest #Parkdale #Toronto #skylinerestaurant

13h

mesenproductions Hey, I just looked at your profile and I believe you deserve to get much more traffic than what you're currently getting. I actually specialize in building brands! !Is that something you would be interested in hearing more about? DM

8m Reply

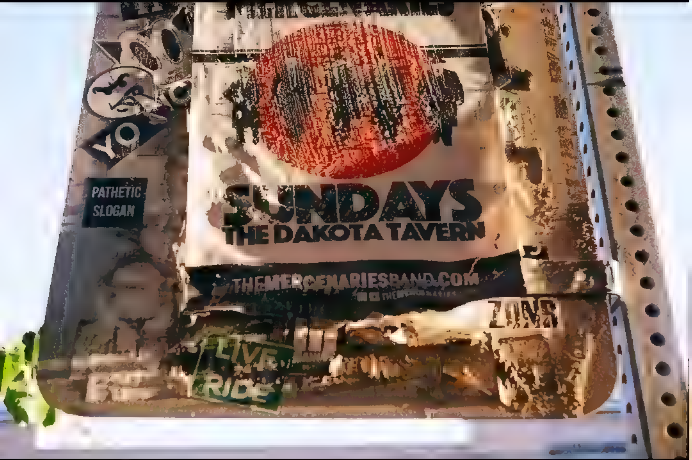
givejedahand @mesenproductions Thanks but I think you should offer your #services to Darrell Louise Gregersen over at #CAMHFOUNDATION or even to the #CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn herself because their #brand still #sucks notwithstanding their having #wasted #millions on it. And they have all the #money but no #wits either #artificialintelligence or otherwise.

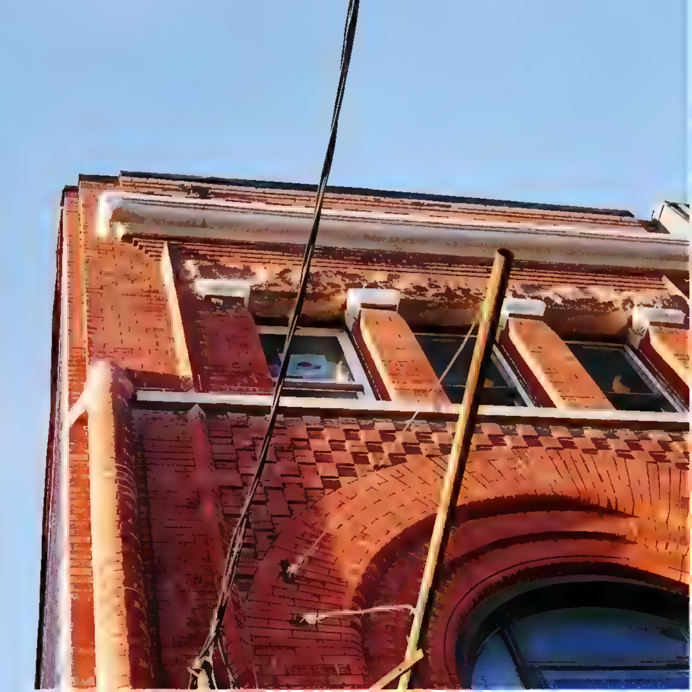
Couldn't post. Tap to retry

CLOSING SALE
Everythi Mus

LOSING SALE
erythi Must Go!!

VINA Pharmacy
Senior's Discount Day
is Now Every Day at VINA
ablish clarity, health & joy in your life.
s program is CME & CE accredited.
InnerEngineering.com


THE MERCENARIES
SUNDAYS
THE DAKOTA TAVERN
THEMERCENARIESBAND.COM
PATHETIC SLOGAN
YO
LIVE RIDE



SUNDAYS

THE DAKOTA TAVERN

THEMERCENARIESBAND.COM

ZON
LIVE
RIBS

onic Cigarettes
&
bal Vaporizers

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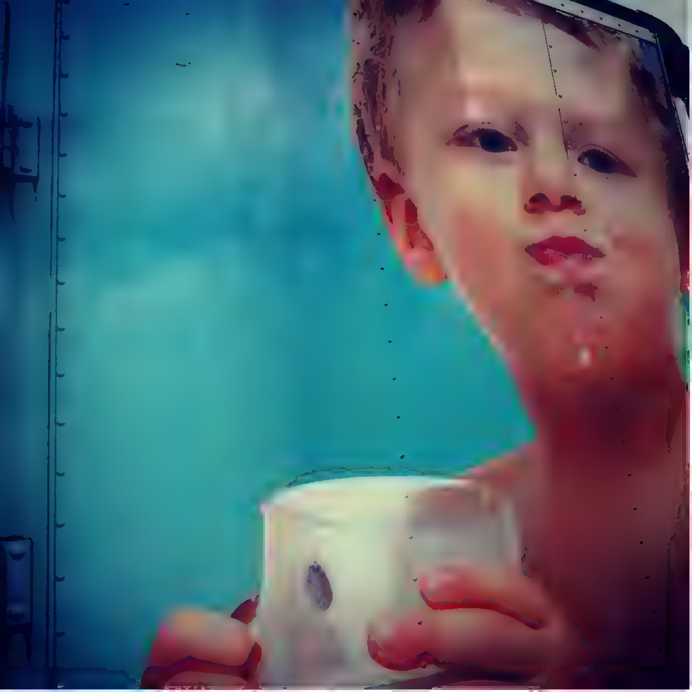
&
rbal /aporizers

ear
Trudea
S.O.B
Our Busine
NewTaxe



Trudea
.O.B
Busin

Trance
Forming
Lives
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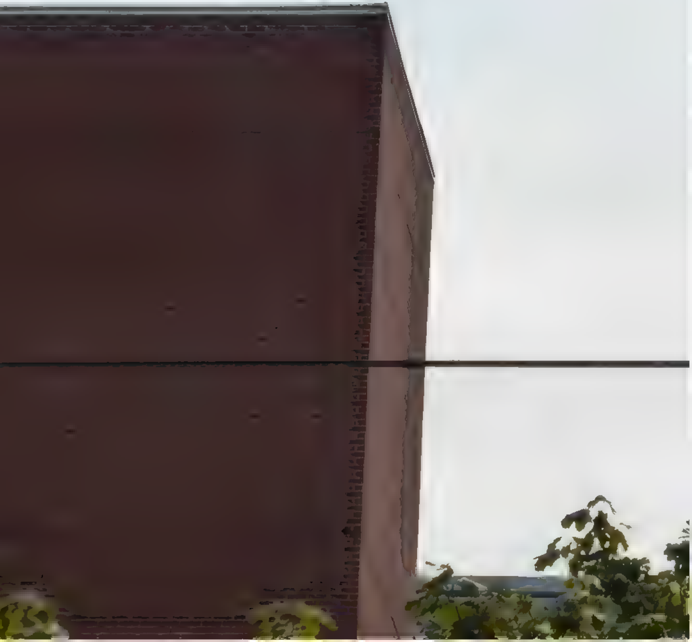
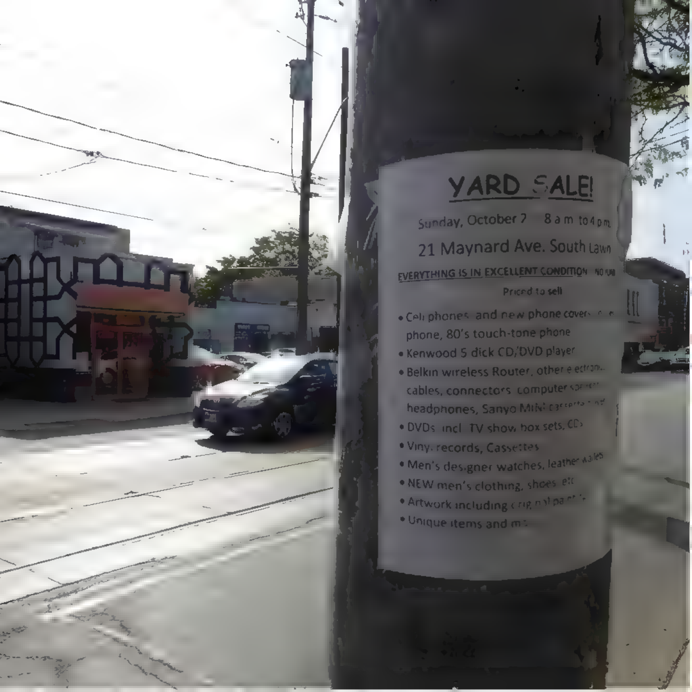
Centre for Addiction and Mental Healt
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mental
SECURITY NOTICE
VIDEO
SURVEILLANCE
IN USE ON
THESE PREMISES



JASON'S
COFFEE

CAUTION



YARD SALE!

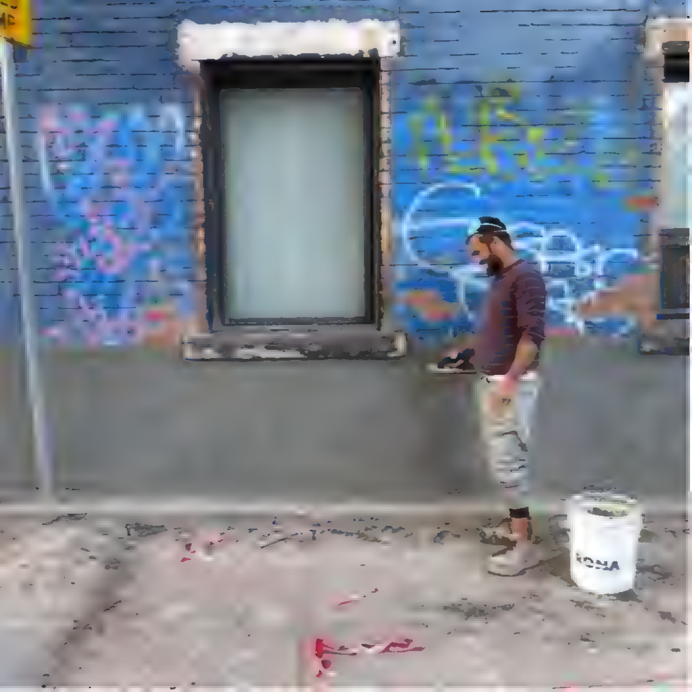
Sunday, October 7 8 a m to 4 p m

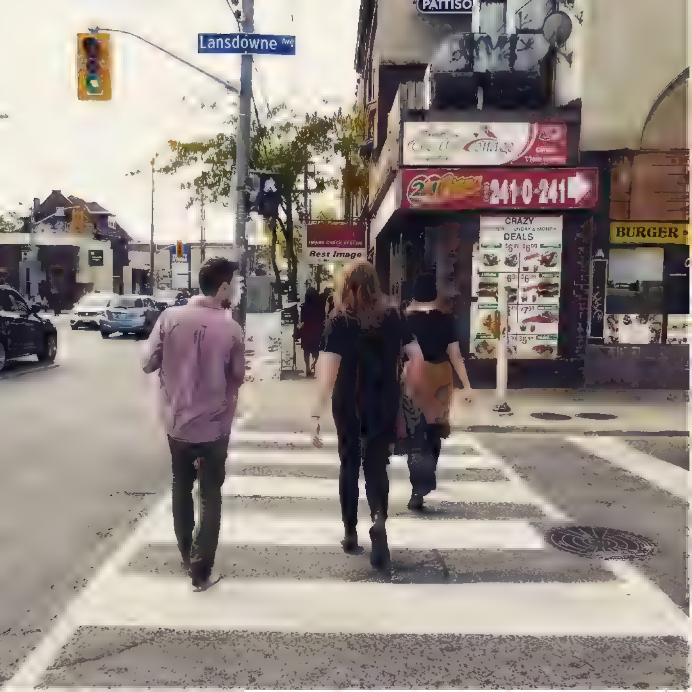
21 Maynard Ave. South Lawn

EVERYTHING IS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION NO

Priced to sell

- Cell phones and new phone covers
  phone, 80's touch-tone phone
- Kenwood 5 disk CD/DVD player
- Belkin wireless Router, other electron
  cables, connectors computer sp
  headphones, Sanyo Mini casset
- DVDs incl TV show box sets, CDs
- Vinyl records, Cassettes
- Men's designer watches, leather wallets
- NEW men's clothing, shoes etc
- Artwork including original pa
- Unique items and m

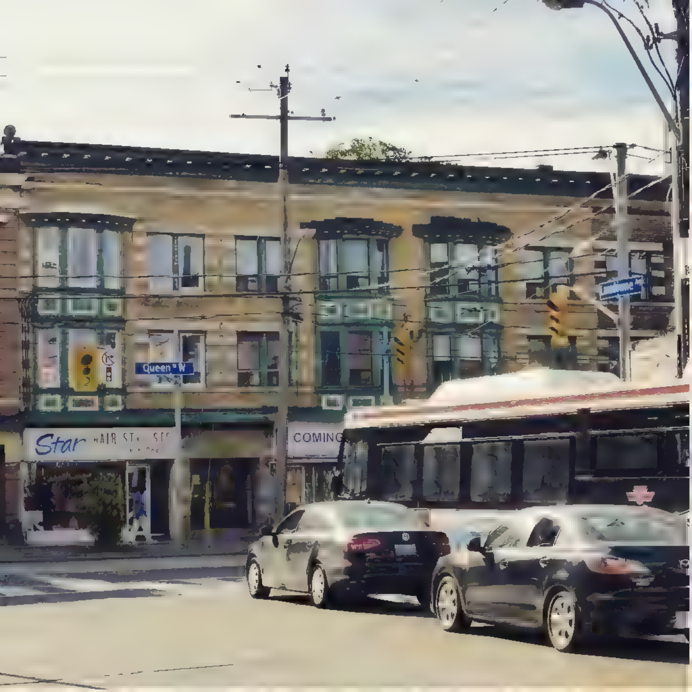

RONA


PATTISO
Lansdowne Ave
241-0-241
CRAZY
DEALS
BURGER
IMAGE CHECK SYSTEM
Best Image

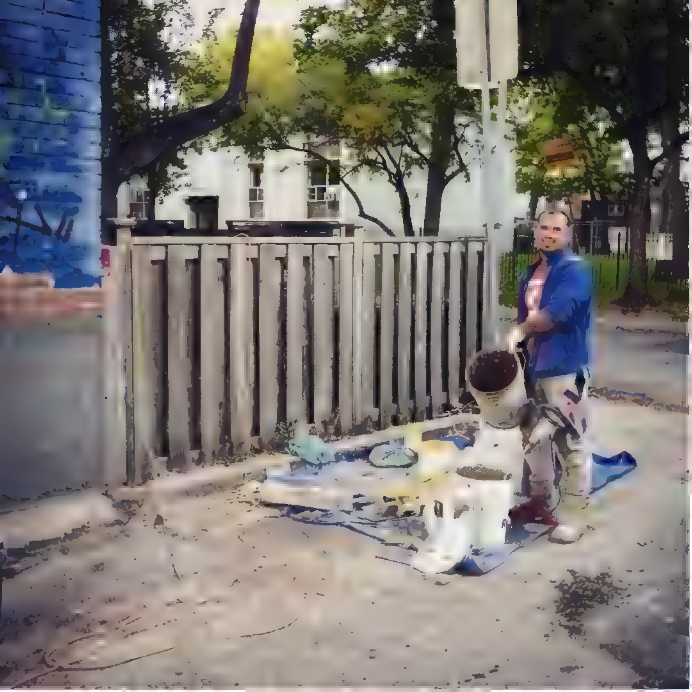
STORAGE SAL

$ 4.99 EACH

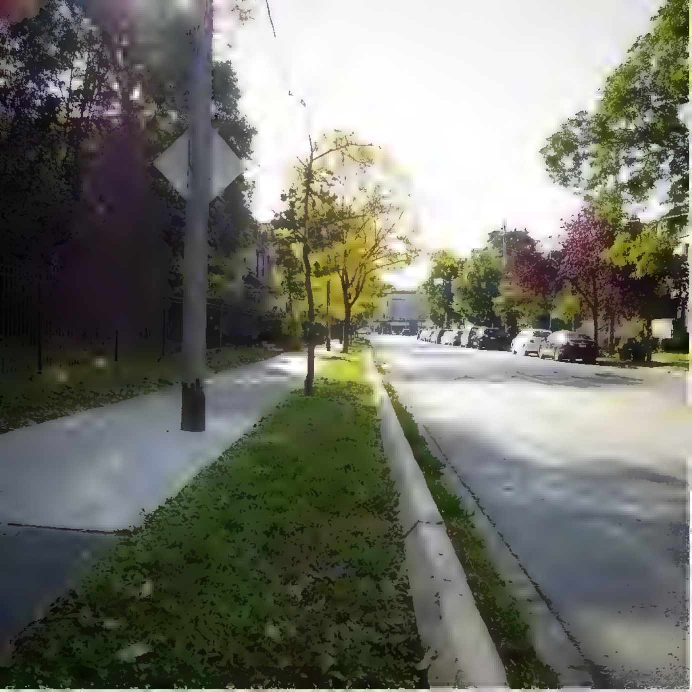
EURO BAKERY
BREAD AND BUNS
NOW AVAILABLE


Queen St W
Star HAIR STYLIST
COMING

coffee time
OPEN



WEST LODGE
AVE.
CONTINUES
ONE BLOCK
NORTH
FullWorth



VOLUME 25
FOR ALL
17
ALL-TIME
STANDARDS

om
COLDHAUS
DIRECT

Bell

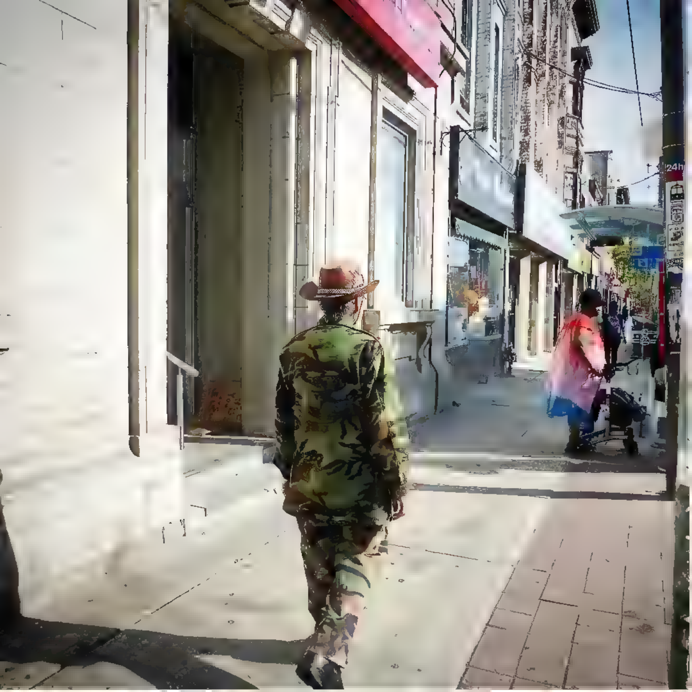
WOODS!

Captain's Treasures
ANTIQUES
RETIREMENT
Business 4 Sale
SALE
TELEPHONE
CAUTION

PY KI WRLD
best convenience
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Now
Hiring

SUPER LAND MARKET


24h

The Night Turn 20
20th Anniversary
SATURDAY
OCTOBER 28, 2017
UNDERGROUND

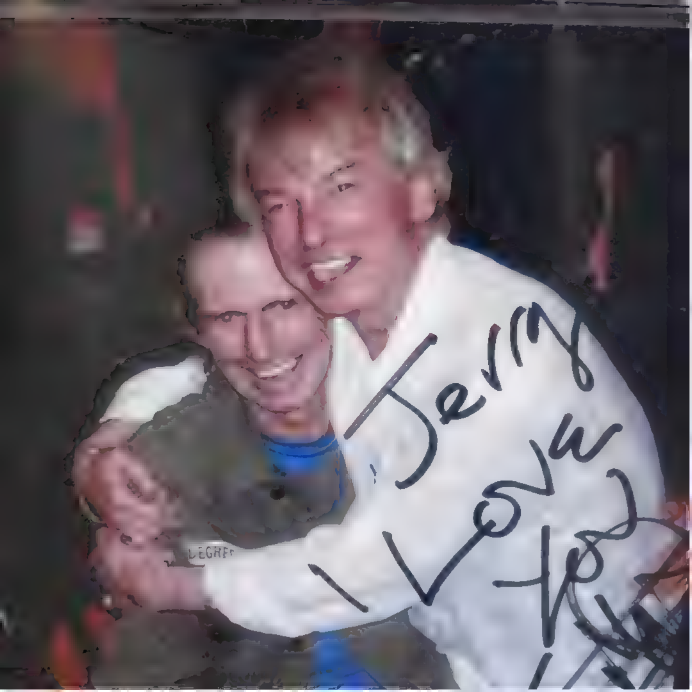
SHOPGIRLS
Fashion · Art · Home
Our Lady of Loretto

Home hardware
Home hardware
Home hardware
AND SCREENS
CUT GLASS
CUT KEYS

BIKE SHARE
TORONTO

orkroom

Stones place
Rolling Stones theme bar
TORONTO CANADA


Jerry
Love You

Another one for Jerry 05

1881

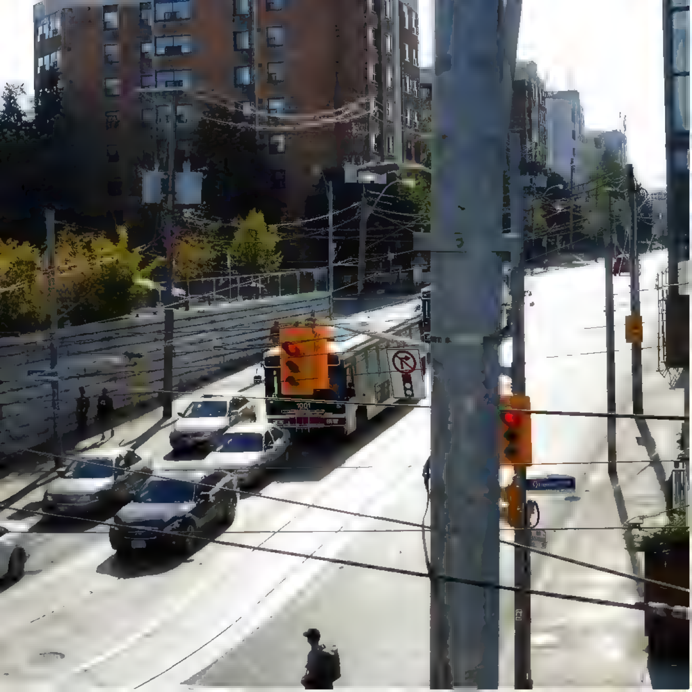
DALE COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTRE

Par

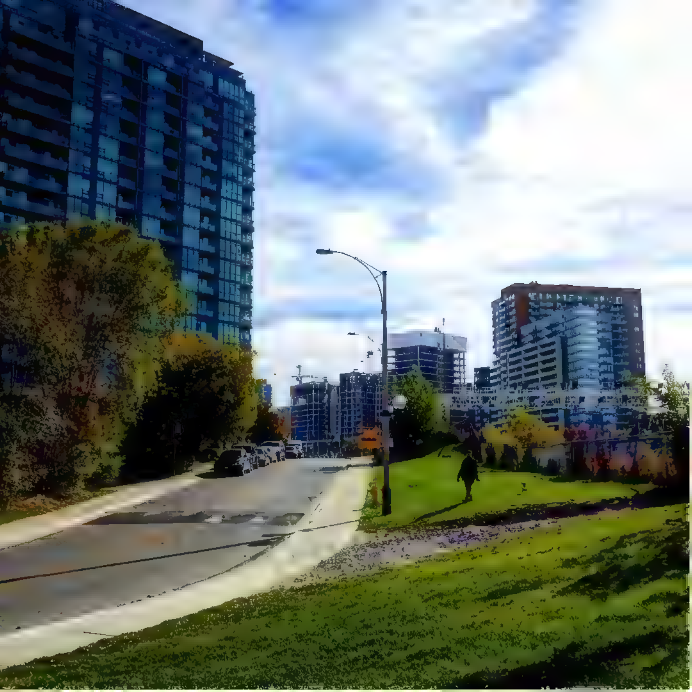
Hybrid Electric
Dufferin St
Dufferin St

UBWAY
OPEN
Queen
Star HAIR STYLISTS
CO

RENTING

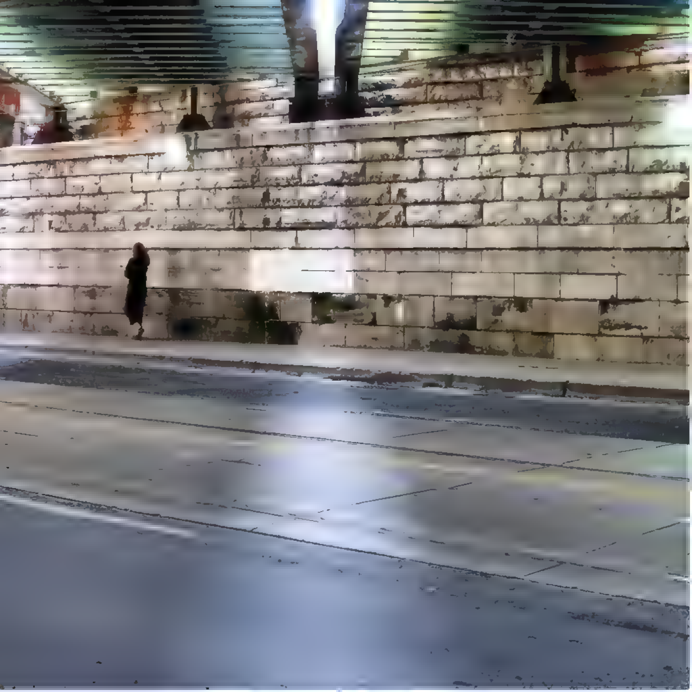

1001

Queen St W
29A DUFFERIN TO WILSON STN
8369



SHAWARMA
CONVENIENCE

HOTEL



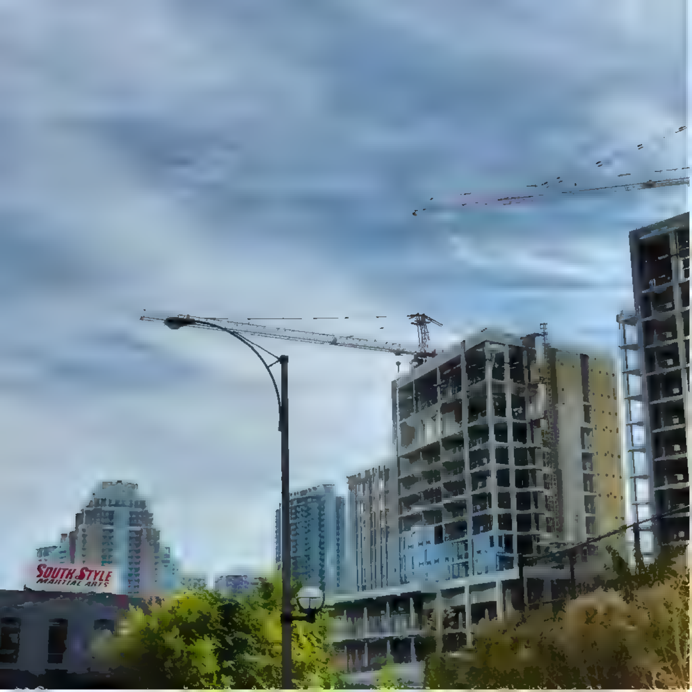
BEAUTY SCARS
CARTER

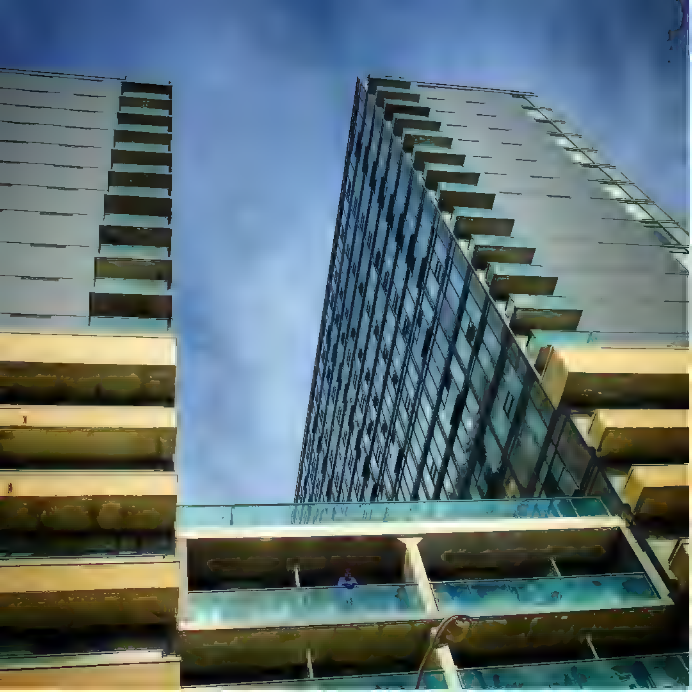
Gate #
G2
155
Sudbury St
RENTING RENTING
532 1690 532-169

HOTEL

RENTING
532-1690
Gate # G2
155 Sudbury St

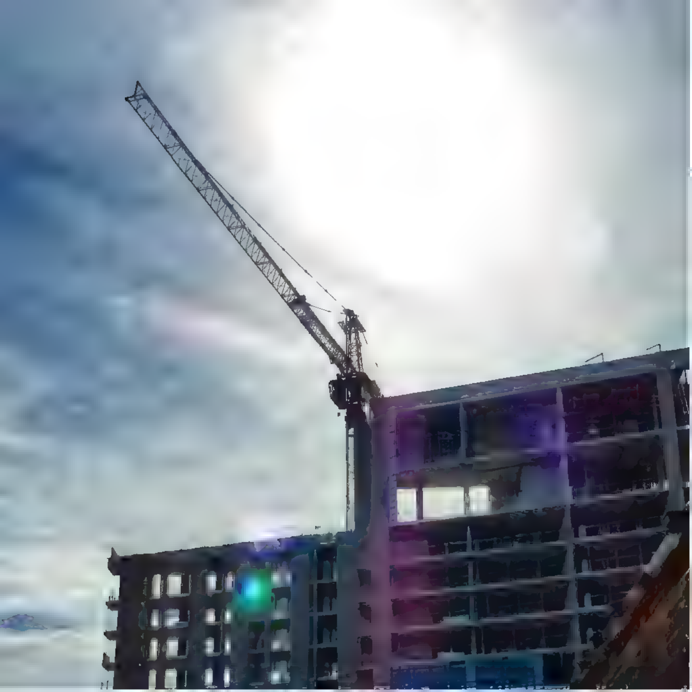
TORONTO Munici
Please have your dog on a leash.

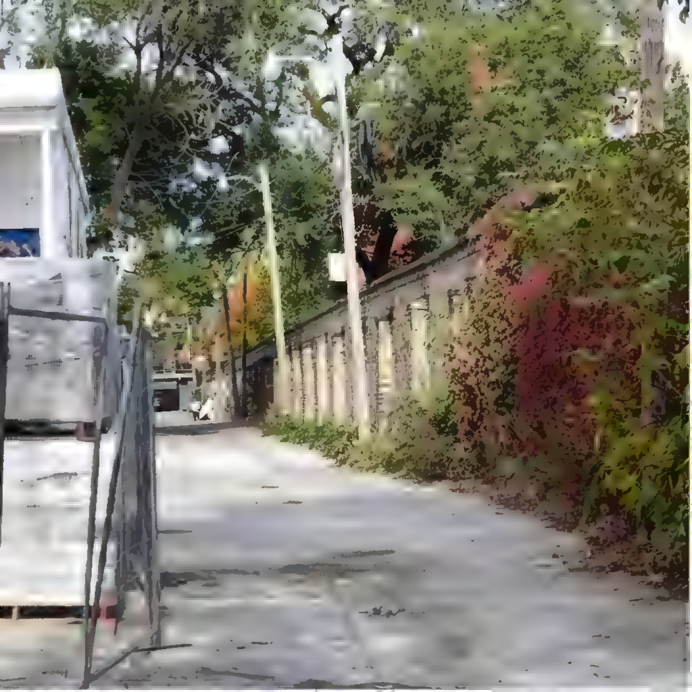

SOUTH STYLE
MARTIAL ARTS



DANGER
DUE TO
REVERSING
EQUIPMENT

camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale

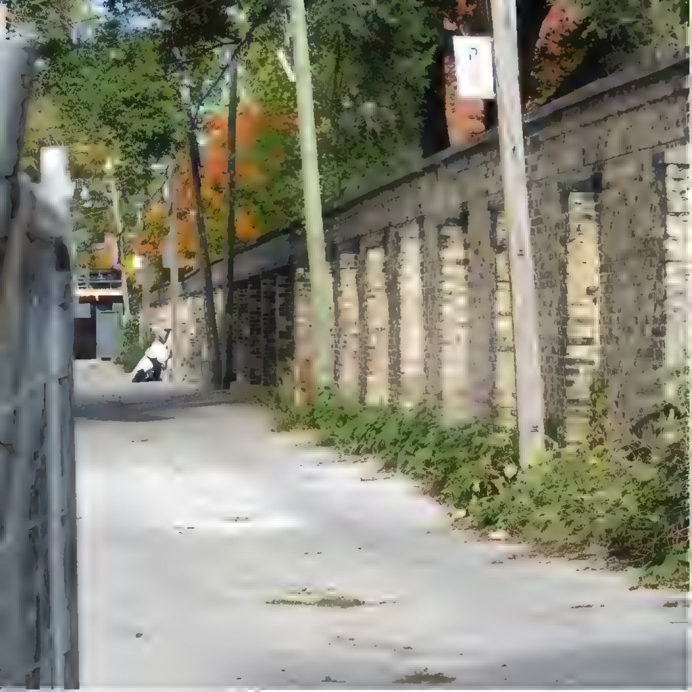


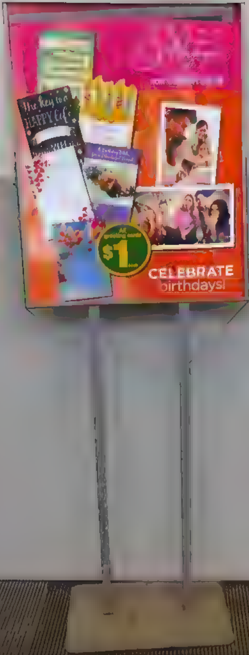


camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
SMOKE-FREE FACILITY
ÉTABLISSEMENT NON FUMEUR
SECURITY NOTICE
VIDEO SURVEILLANCE IN USE ON THESE PREMISES

birdo dmc

UST A ROBOT THAT
OESN'T LIKE
ECHNOLOGY..
D RATHER
E FREE.
016



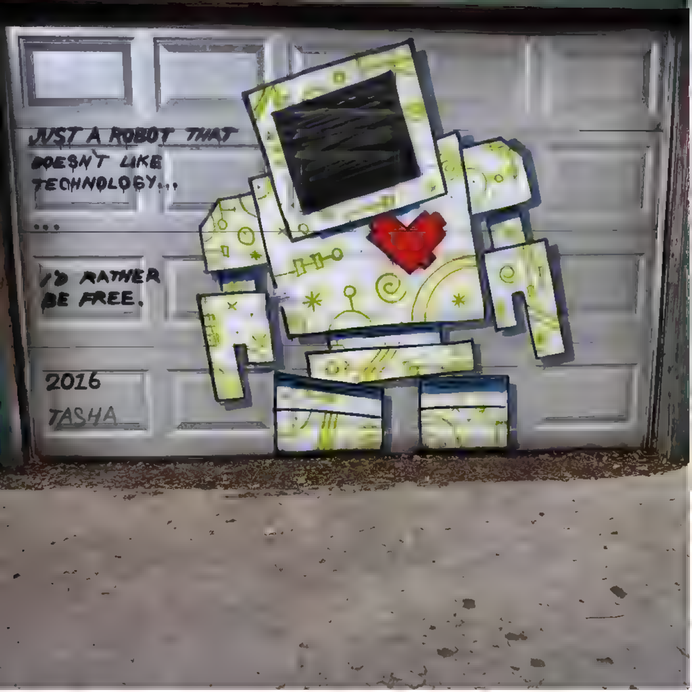

The key to a HAPPY Life
All greeting cards
$1 each
CELEBRATE
birthdays!

Maximum Fine
$10,000

NO DUMPING
Fine
$10,000

HANDLE W
MANIPULER A

BAD
BRAINS


JUST A ROBOT THAT
DOESN'T LIKE
TECHNOLOGY...
...
I'D RATHER
BE FREE.
2016
TASHA

NO DUMPING
will be prosecuted
a fine imposed
Maximum Fine
$10,000
egal dumping
TORONTO

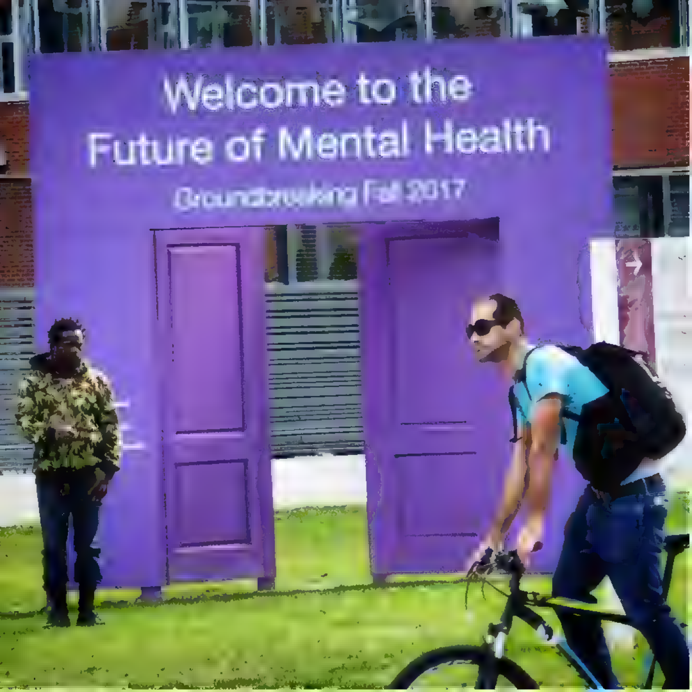
RESTORATIONS

Mom's Attic
U-HAUL
NEW BRUNSWICK
Canada
Easier To Load Seats 3
Fuel Saver Chassis Skirts
Did You Know
uhaul.com

INDIE88
88.1FM
U-HAUL
MOST EQUIPMENT / LOWEST COST

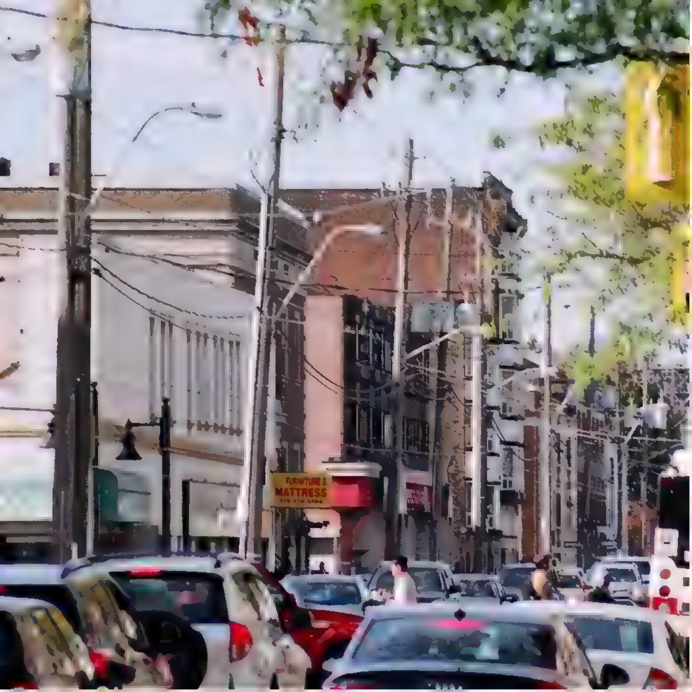
Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

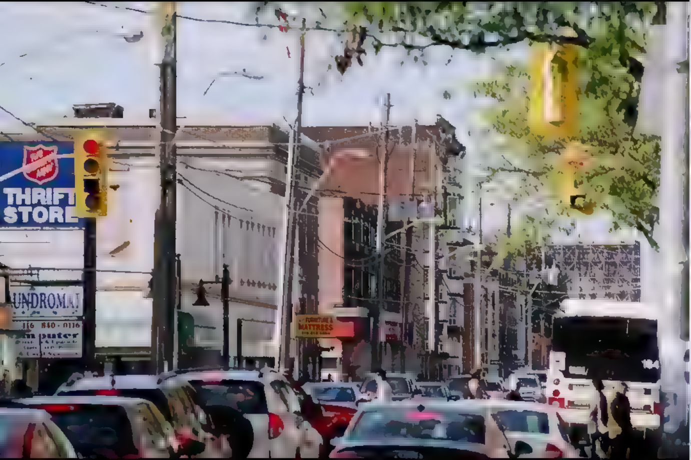
100% NATURAL
INGREDIENTS
ORIGINAL
PATTISON

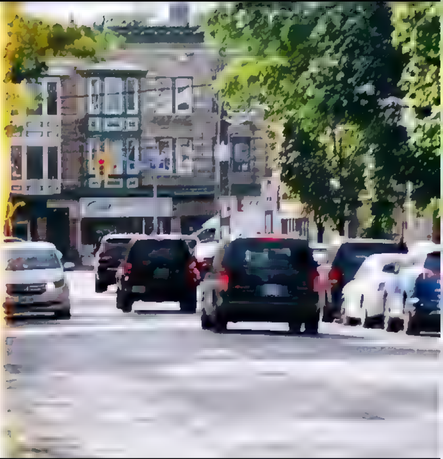

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

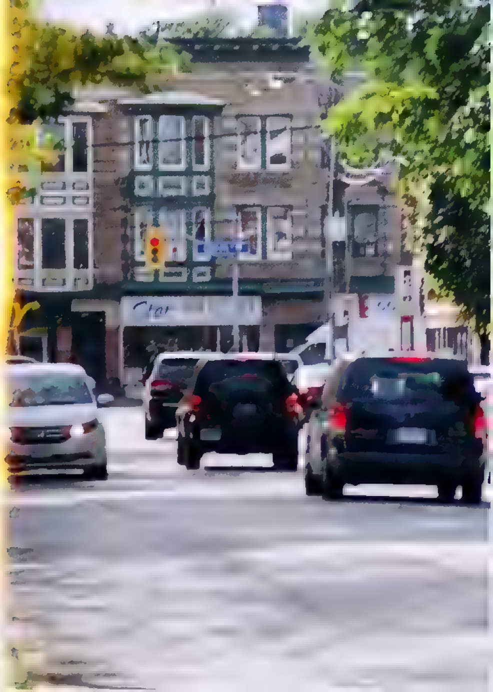
Gateway Building
Street
Street
Queen Street

DESIGNER FABRICS


FURNITURE &
MATTRESS


THRIFT STORE
UNDROMA
FURNITURE &
MATTRESS

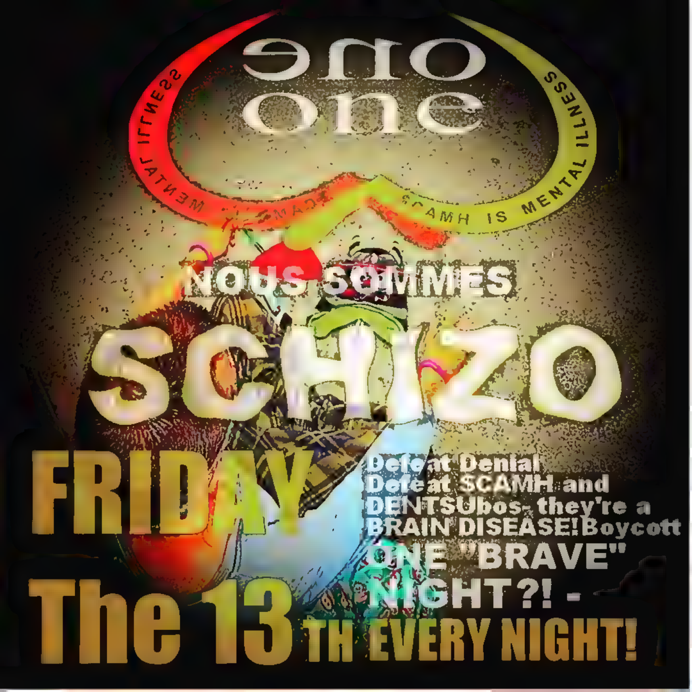




COTTAGE
COMING SOON

G SOON
1040
INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT?

?!
one


one
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
NOUS SOMMES
SCHIZO
FRIDAY
The 13TH EVERY NIGHT!
Defeat Denial
Defeat $CAMH and
DENTSUbos- they're a
BRAIN DISEASE! Boycott
ONE "BRAVE"
NIGHT?! -

one
one

$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

NOUS SOMMES

SCHIZO

FRIDAY The 13TH EVERY NIGHT!

Defeat Denial
Defeat $CAMH and DENTSUbos- they're a BRAIN DISEASE!Boycott ONE "BRAVE" NIGHT?! -

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

NOUS SOMMES

SCHIZO

FRIDAY
The 13TH

Defeat Denial
Defeat SCAMH and
DENTSUbos- they're a
BRAIN DISEASE! Boycott
ONE "BRAVE"
NIGHT?! -
EVERY NIGHT!

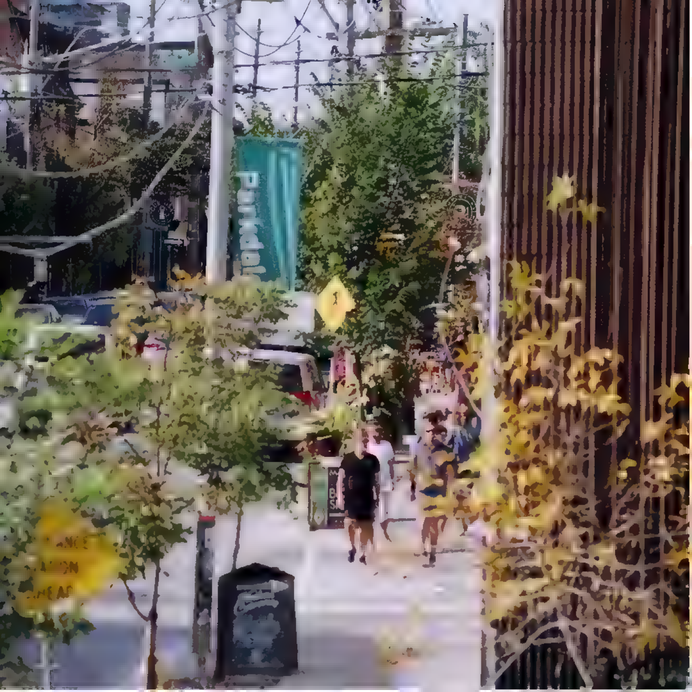
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

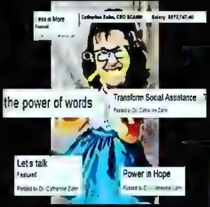
NOUS SOMMES

SCHIZO

FRIDAY The 13TH EVERY NIGHT!

Defeat Denial
Defeat $CAMH and
DENTSUbos, they're a
BRAIN DISEASE! Boycott
ONE "BRAVE"
NIGHT?! -


Parkdal


ess is More
Featured
Catherine Zahn, CEO $CAMH
Salary $872,147.40
the power of words
Transform Social Assistance
Posted by Dr. Catherine Zahn
Let's talk
Featured
Posted by Dr. Catherine Zahn
Power in Hope
Posted by Dr. Catherine Zahn

"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about.' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better for them?"

"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
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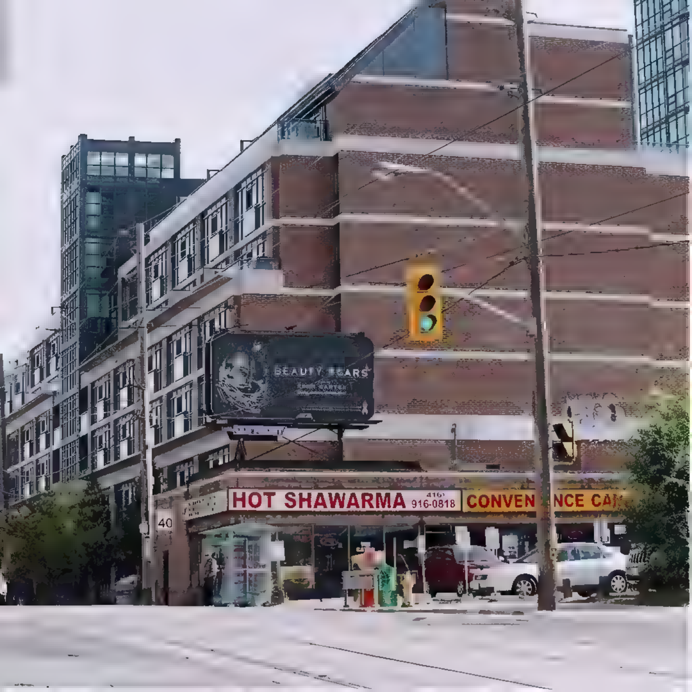
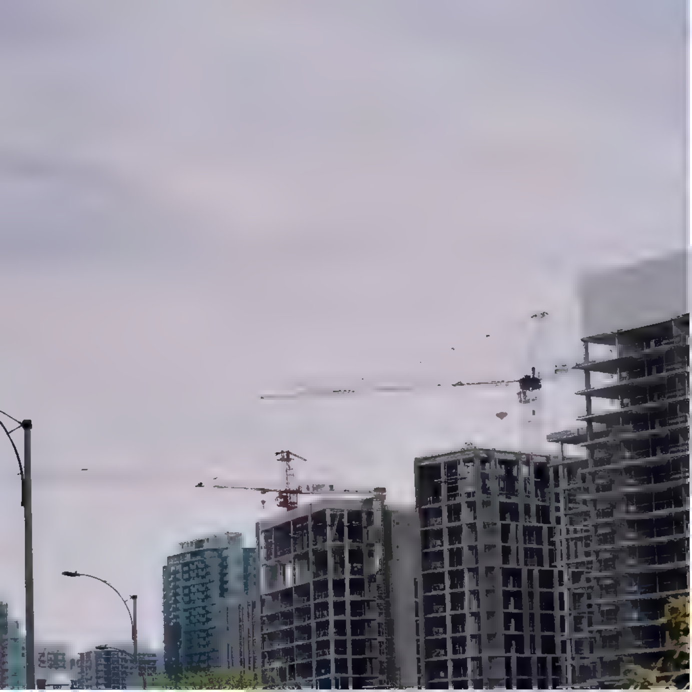
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING.
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~ $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

North Korea Doesn't H
It All.
IN YOUR ASS

HOT SHAWARMA
CONVEN NCE CA
40
Convenience
ONVENIENC
CANADA


BEAUTY TEARS
HOT SHAWARMA
416
916-0818
CONVEN NCE CA
40



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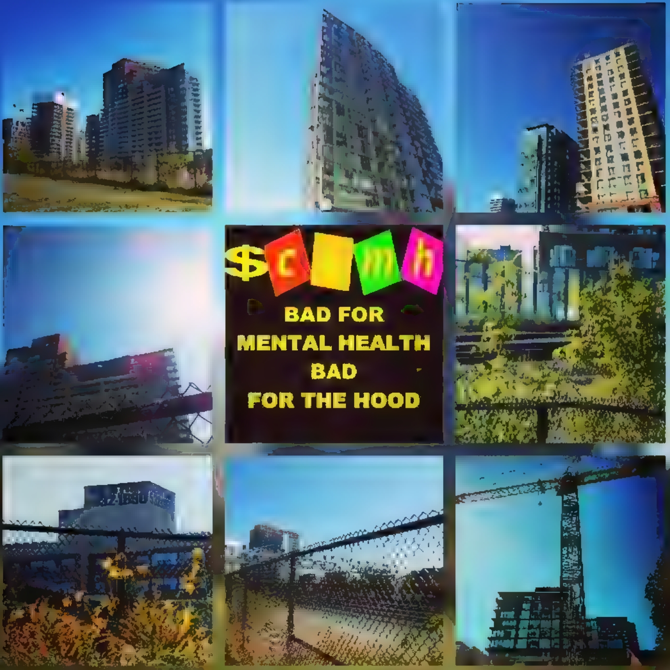
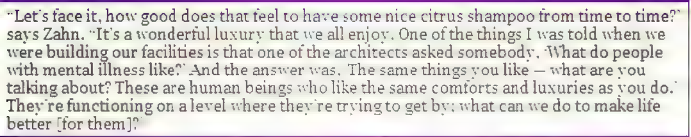
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
SMOKE-FREE FACILITY
ÉTABLISSEMENT NON FUMEUR
SECURITY NOTICE
VIDEO SURVEILLANCE IN USE ON THESE PREMISES

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
camh


$c mh
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD



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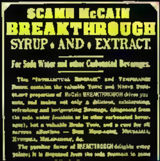
$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Urban Myth No. 9:
Somebody told her somebody said
we like
citrus shampoo.

TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
one
LOOK what
SCAMH ENGAGE
NO BREAKTHROUGH
BOOSTER Brianna
AMES NOTHING!
It will do the SAME THING for YOU

FARANAK FARZAN
$CAMH TEMERTY
CENTRE FOR THERAPEUTIC
BRAIN INTERVENTION
FEELINGS?
EVEN YENTIL
DOESN'T WORK
ANYMORE? TRY
A LITTLE
RTMS* TODAY!

TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
scam
ENGA
EVERY CORPORATE YAHOO "THINKS" HE CAN BE A "MENTAL
HEALTH" * ADVOCATE! THAT'S DELUSIONAL THINKING!



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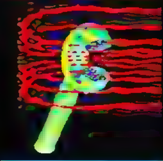
For Soda Water and other Carbonated Beverages.

This "INTELLECTUAL ENGAGE" and TEMPERANCE Beverage contains the valuable Tonic and Nerve Stimulant properties of McCain BREAKTHROUGH drives you nuts, and makes not only a delicious, exhilarating, refreshing and invigorating Beverage, (dispensed from the soda water fountain or in other carbonated beverages), but a valuable Brain Tonic, and a cure for all nervous affections — Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Melancholy, &c.

The peculiar flavor of BREAKTHROUGH delights every palate; it is dispensed from the soda fountain in same

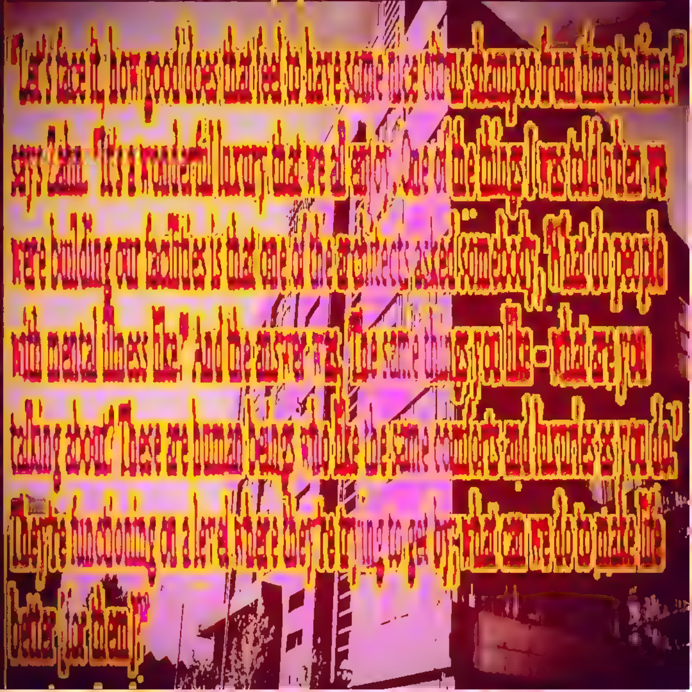


ZORBA
the Geek
one

TIE ONE ON!
(2nd Annual) $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
BELL
GATEWAY
Brought to you by some bank, of course!

$ONE BRAVE NIGHT
$CAMH $UPERVIXENS
Stupid? Tasteless?
So ... YOU
Lumps Lunsky
The Miz Mizrahi
Faraday Farzan
$CAMH $UPERVIXENS
$ONE BRAVE NIGHT

One BRAVE night...
Psychiatric Veteran
Zorey Goldbloom
discovered... you
really could get
COURAGE out of
a bottle...



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YES
OPEN

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produce!

GOOD
THINK OF YOUR IMPACT
RETHINK YOUR WORDS
sendtherightmessage.ca

OCT 14
CONGRATS
CATHERINE & DEREK
BILLIE ELLISH
SOLD OUT
DJ NANA
STUCK ON STUPID
west
queen
west

the
Green

Lansdowne Av

RESTAURANT

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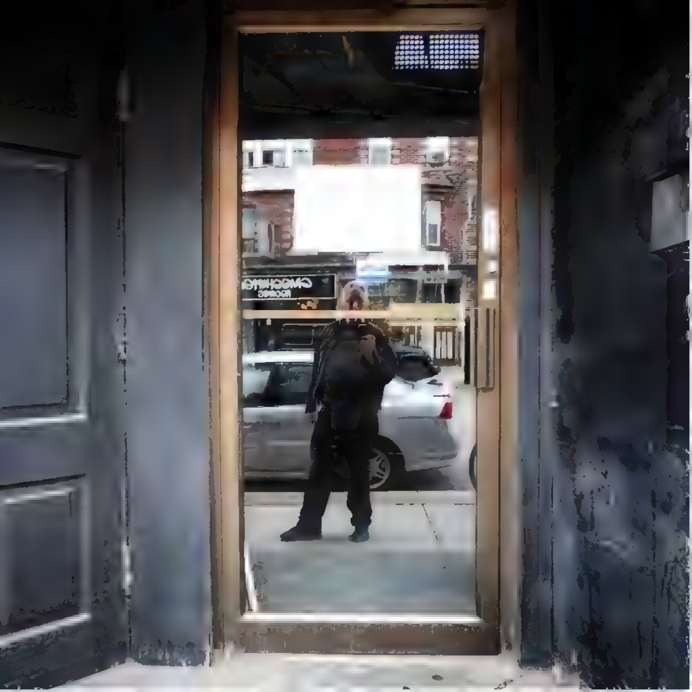
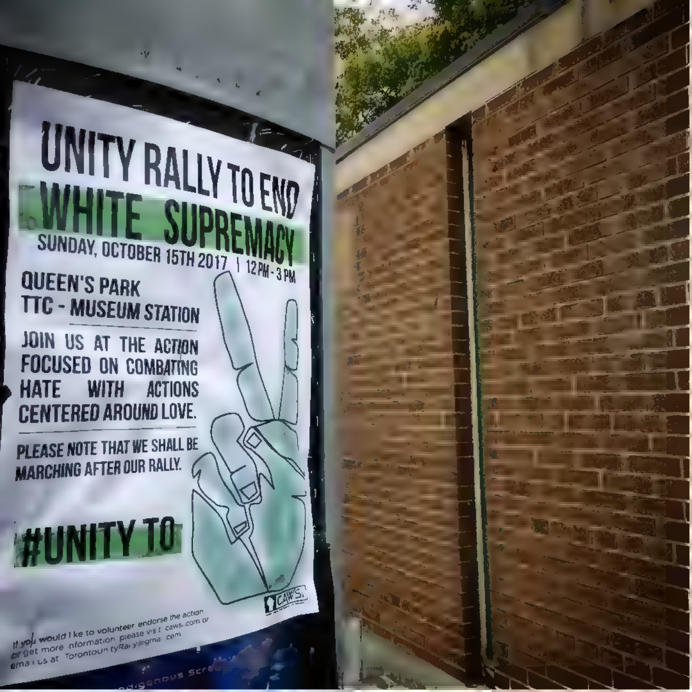
2 CARS PARALLEL
NOTICE

best convenience
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK





UNITY RALLY TO END WHITE SUPREMACY

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15TH 2017 | 12 PM - 3 PM

QUEEN'S PARK
TTC - MUSEUM STATION

JOIN US AT THE ACTION FOCUSED ON COMBATING HATE WITH ACTIONS CENTERED AROUND LOVE.

PLEASE NOTE THAT WE SHALL BE MARCHING AFTER OUR RALLY.

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BICY
EXCEP

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CANAD
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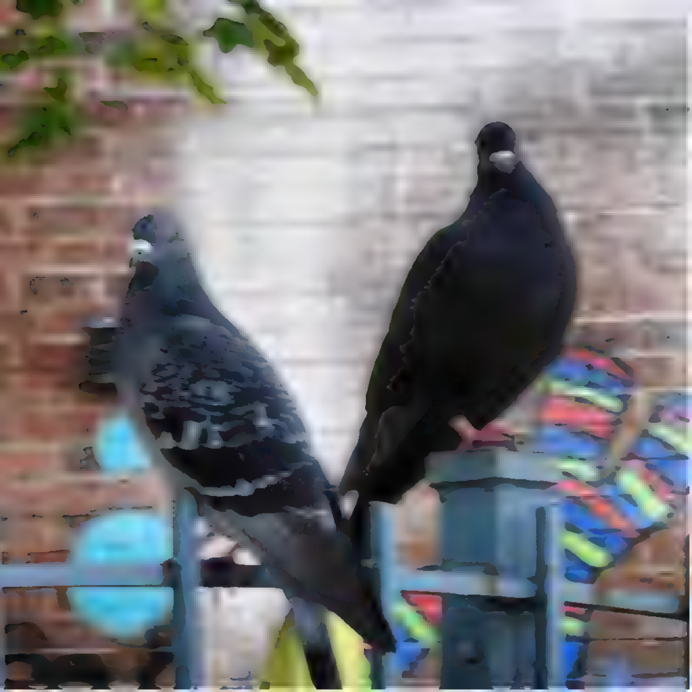
NO RUBBA FUCKD UR BITCH
AUTO
AUTO



ANNIVERSARY
SALE!!
COME IN WE'RE
OPEN
BUSINESS HOURS

EYE EXAMS
HERE
COME IN WE'RE
OPEN
BUSINESS HOURS

ALL WE HAVE
IS EACH OTHER

SECURITY

Dundas St W

Candy
2010

Dundas St W
Coca-Cola

OPEN
SPECIAL
SHIRTS
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Alterations & Repairs
LEATHER Craft
Suedes
Leathers
Sheepskins
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Carpets
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CM
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1993
1993
1996

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Tires

TELEGRAMME
FOR SALE
We frame
Jerseys

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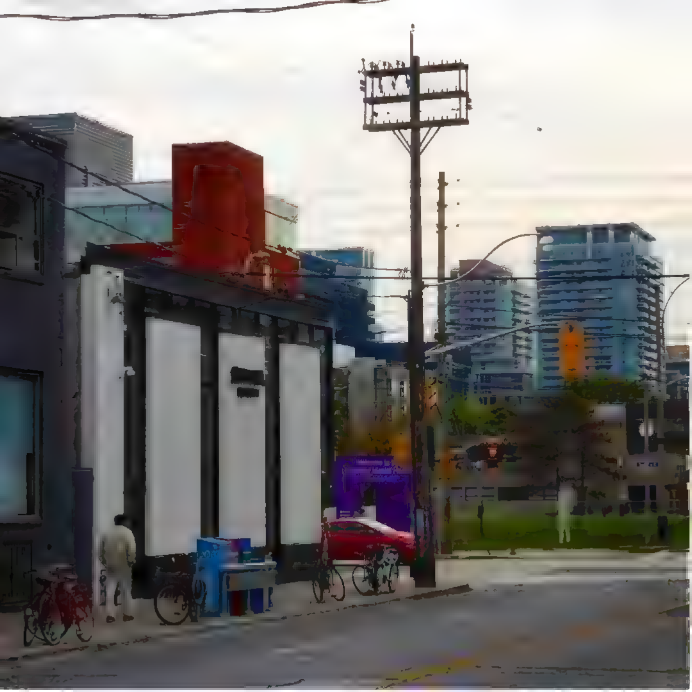
184 OSSINGTON AV
531-0006

DOWNTOWN
TILE CENTRE
TILES
176

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

34
VISA
Come in, we're
OPEN
BUSINESS HOUR
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY



STAGE 1
DREAMGIRLS
DREAMGIRLSTICKETS.COM
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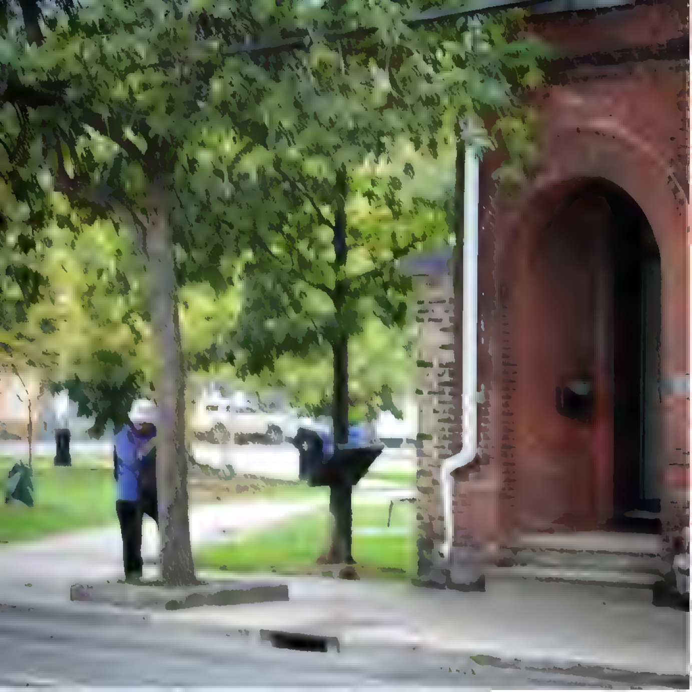
200
300
400
500

NO PARKING
UNAUTHORIZED
VEHICLES WILL BE
TOWED AWAY
AT VEHICLE
OWNER'S EXPENSE



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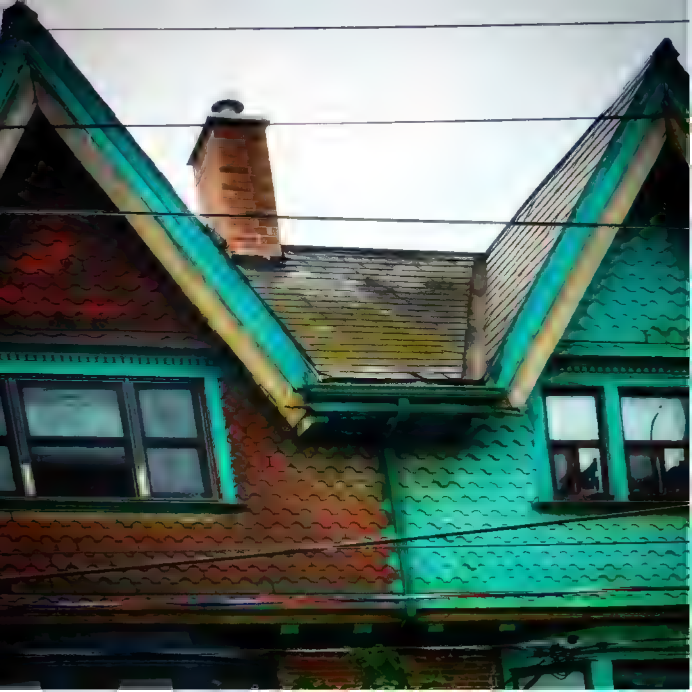
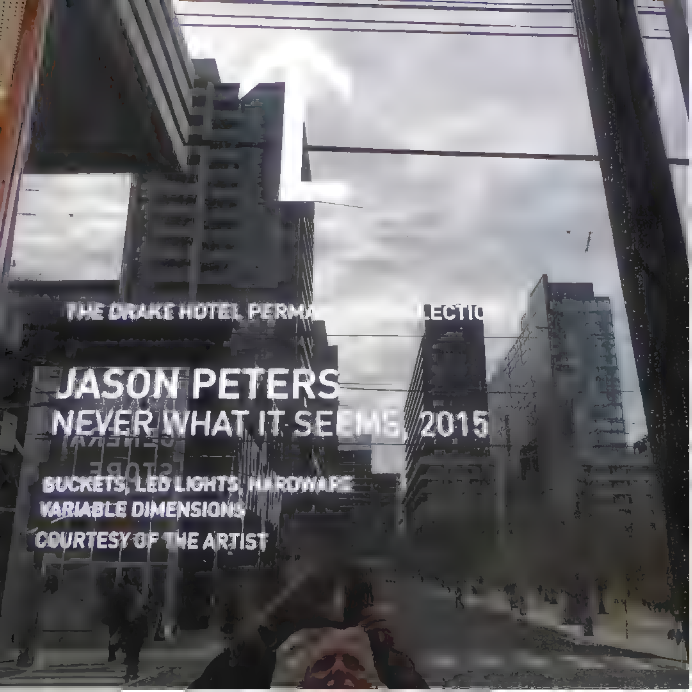


BE
BOL
#b



THE DRAKE HOTEL PERMA LECTIO

JASON PETERS
NEVER WHAT IT SEEMS, 2015

BUCKETS, LED LIGHTS, HARDWARE
VARIABLE DIMENSIONS

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

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THE
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No PoP
IS COMING!!

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AND
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DANGER
DUE TO
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AS GRACE

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Skyline
RESTAURANT
RANT

Ultramar

SLP
NAESO
FOSH FOSH FOSH FOSH
WAS WAS WAS WAS
HERE HERE HERE HERE
FOSH FOSH FOSH
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SLOGAN
PATHETIC SLOGAN
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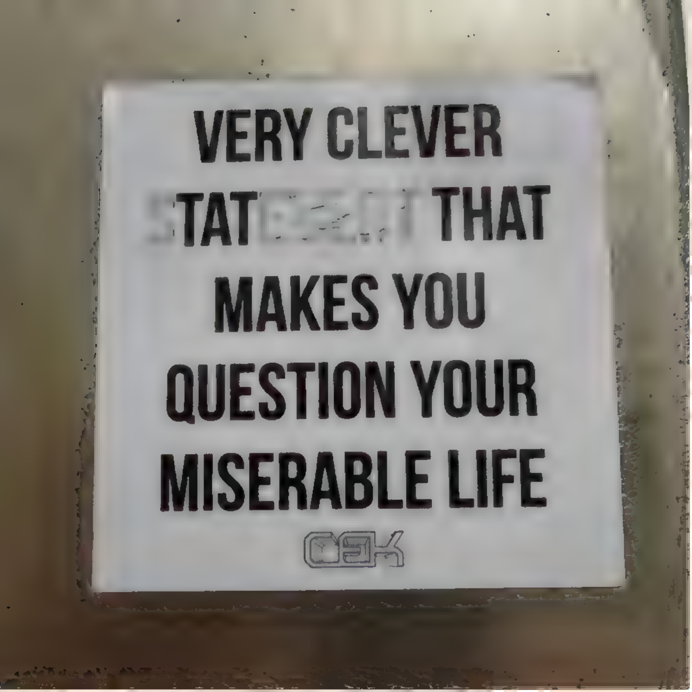
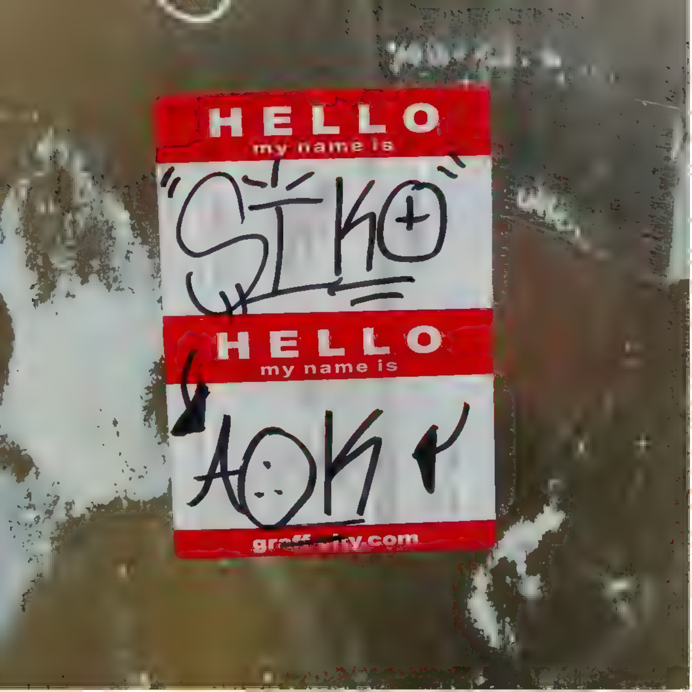


VERY CLEVER
STATEMENT THAT
MAKES YOU
QUESTION YOUR
MISERABLE LIFE

No Pop
MRG
LITTLE COYOTE
FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH 2017
THE DRAKE HOTEL TORONTO ON
MRG

HALLOWEEN


HELLO
my name is
"SIKO"
HELLO
my name is
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IT'S
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YO!
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FOR THE HOOD

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EXCE T
BY MIT
P
4PM - 6PM

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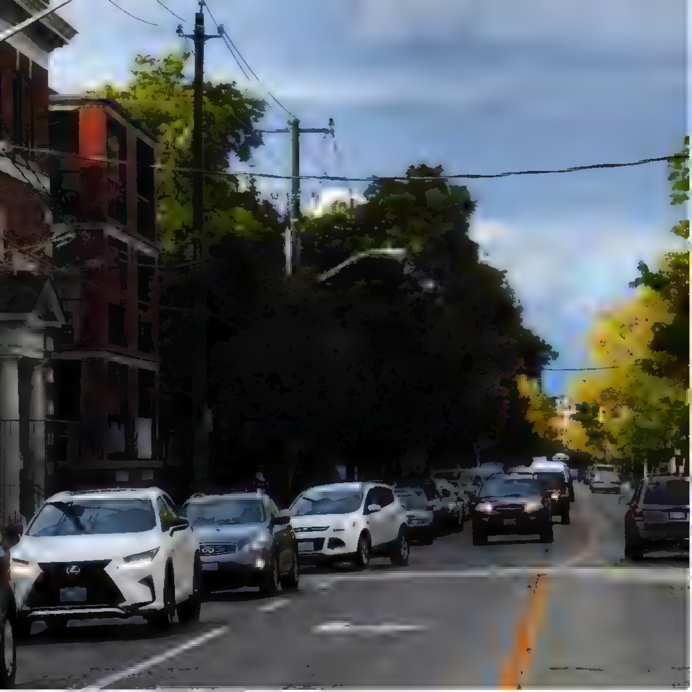
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

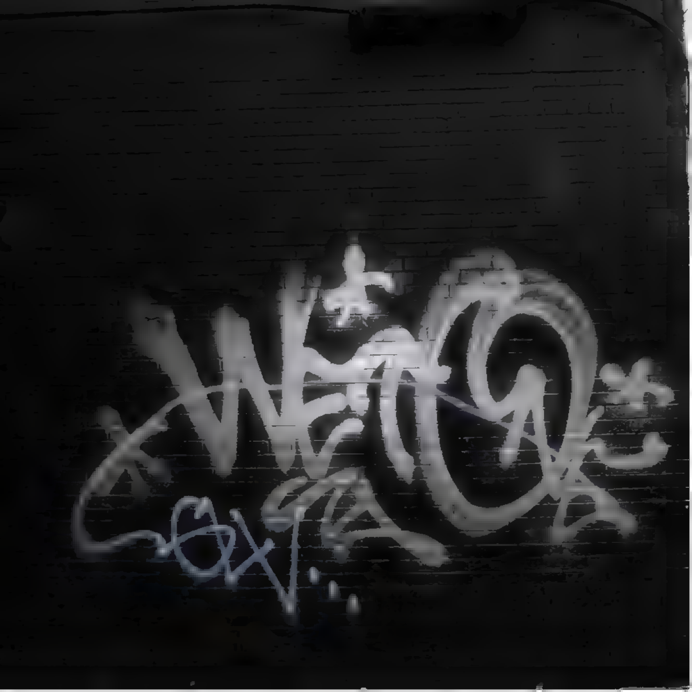
$camh

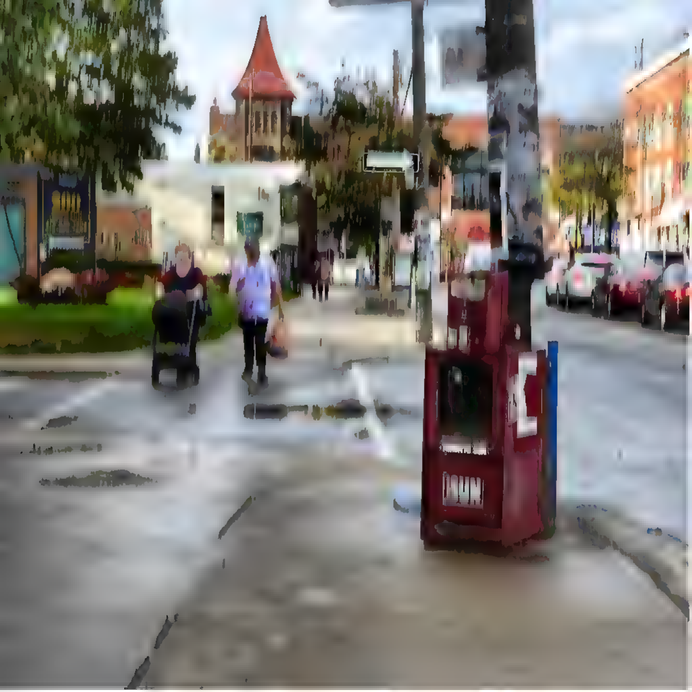
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

RENTAL
You Imagined
FIND RENTAL
SUN
MONDAY SATURDAY
$1.00
SUNDAY
$1.50
CAUTION
TORONTO SUN
MATTHEWS MAGIC
PINOCCHI-EAU
Trudeau
THE TORONTO SUN
24 hrs

PARKDALE
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE







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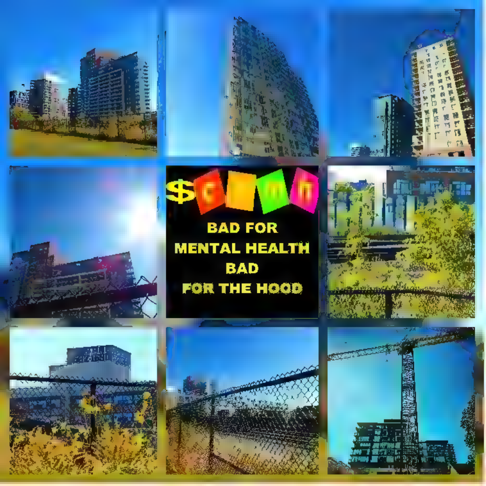
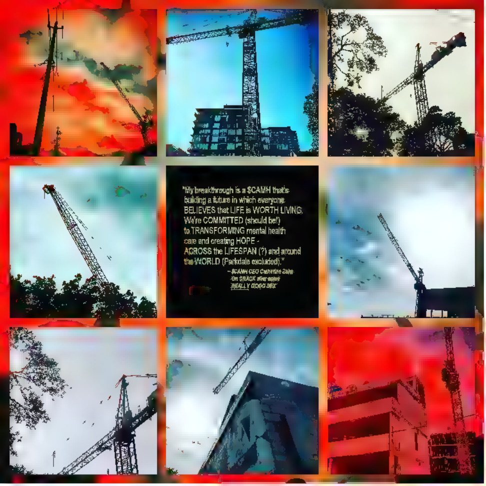

BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD



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- $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

LETHAL WEAPON

$camh

BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

12 EYES M

$cam
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOO

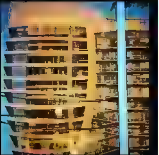
NG Meyer's Parrot

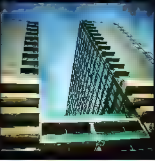
"Three of YOU will
(probably)
be SCHIZOPHRENIC!!!"
- SCAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

1879
Village of Parkdale
Queen St. W.
1433

GRACE
JUN 15

"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"





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OPEN
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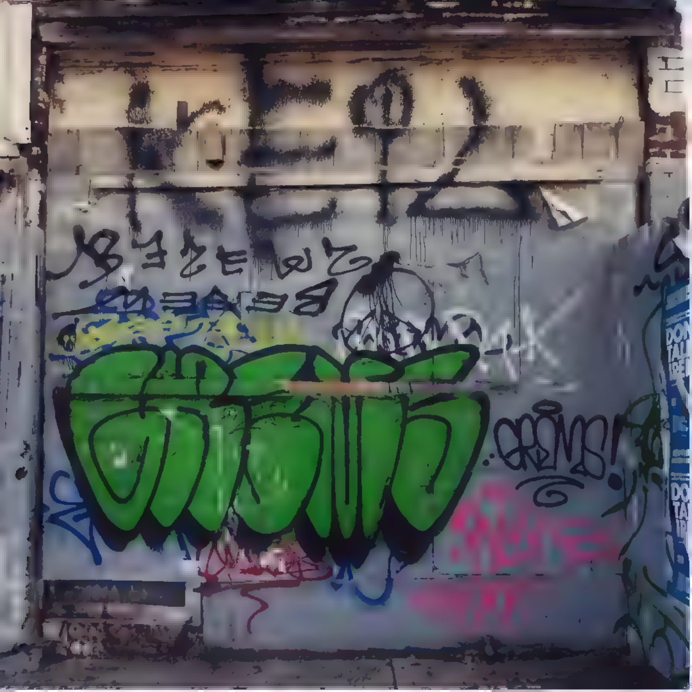
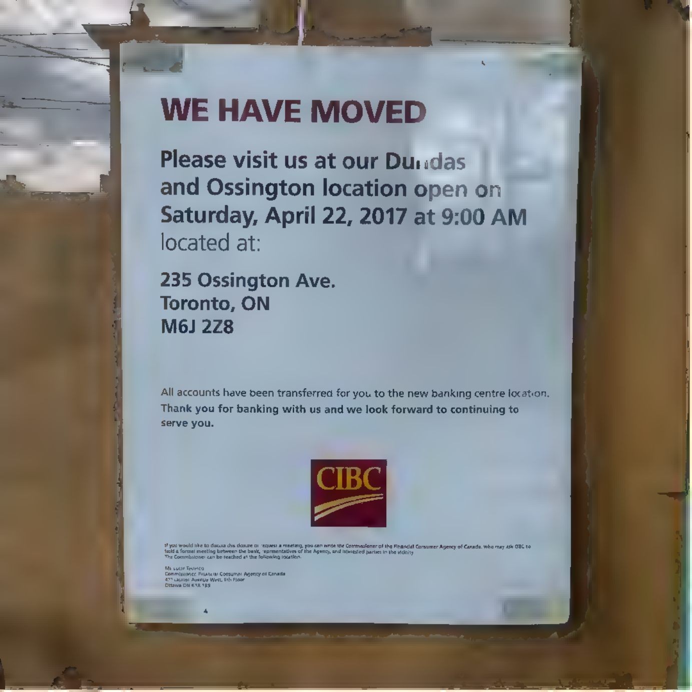

GREMS

Collect Calls
Collect Calls



WE HAVE MOVED

Please visit us at our Dundas and Ossington location open on Saturday, April 22, 2017 at 9:00 AM located at:

235 Ossington Ave.
Toronto, ON
M6J 2Z8

All accounts have been transferred for you to the new banking centre location.

Thank you for banking with us and we look forward to continuing to serve you.

CIBC

If you would like to discuss the closure or request a meeting, you can write the Commissioner of the Financial Consumer Agency of Canada, who may ask CIBC to hold a formal meeting between the bank, representatives of the Agency, and interested parties in the vicinity.
The Commissioner can be reached at the following location:

Ms Lucie Tedesco
Commissioner, Financial Consumer Agency of Canada
427 Laurier Avenue West, 6th Floor
Ottawa ON K1R 1B9

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To Serve & Protect

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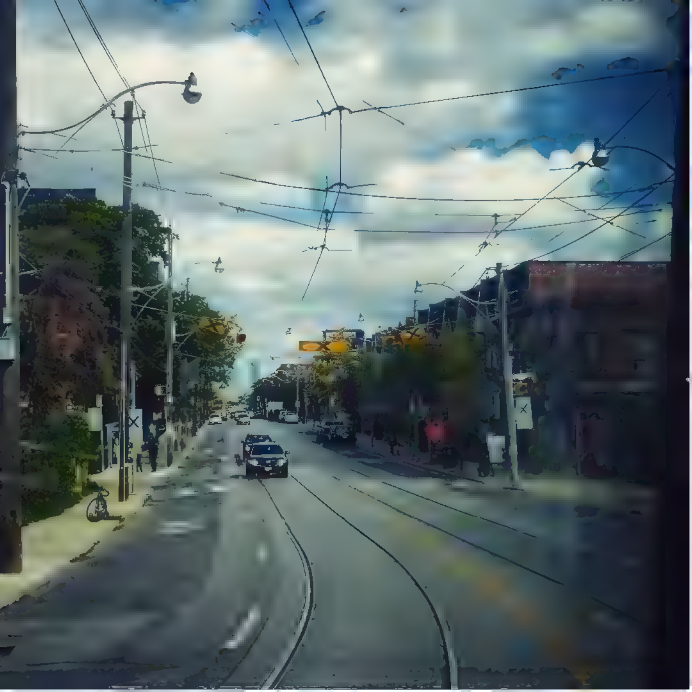


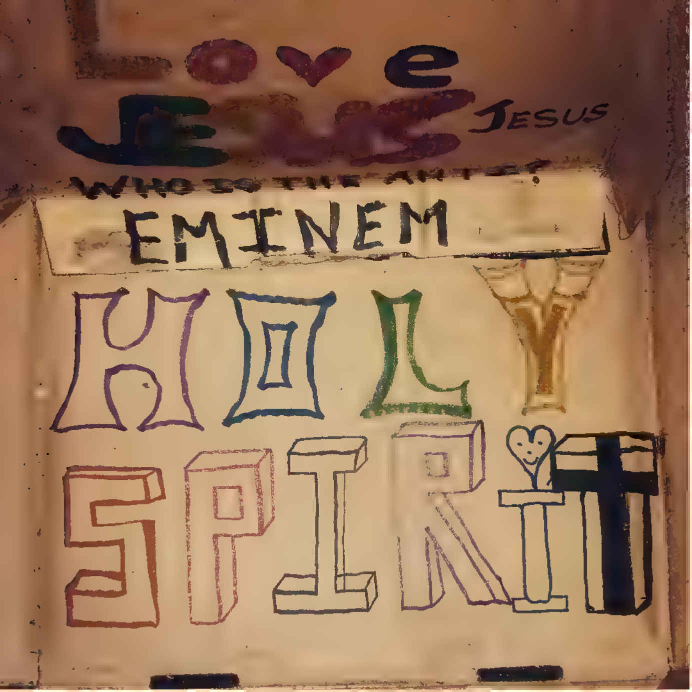
STARDUST
24 HRS.
CONVENIENCE
24 HRS
country style

STARDUST
CONVENIENCE
24 HRS
ATM
Interac
country style
College St
BROKER

1292
1294

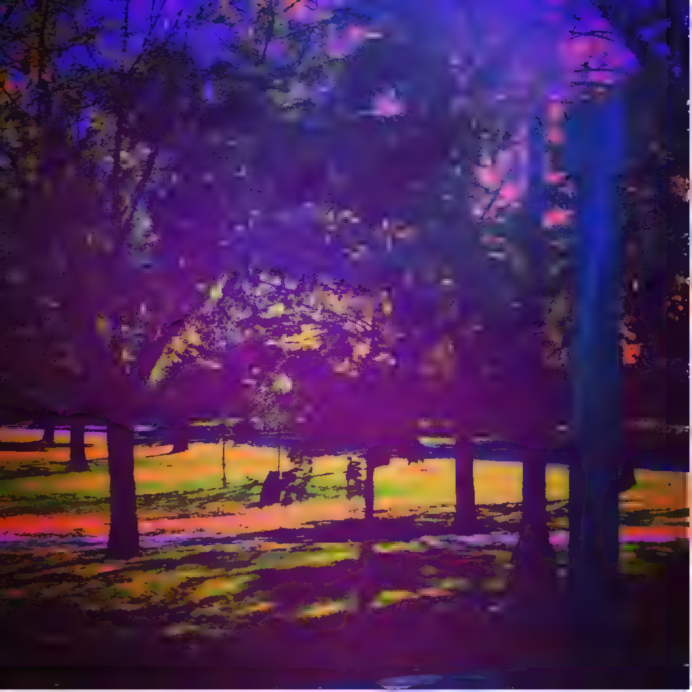
Camões Radio

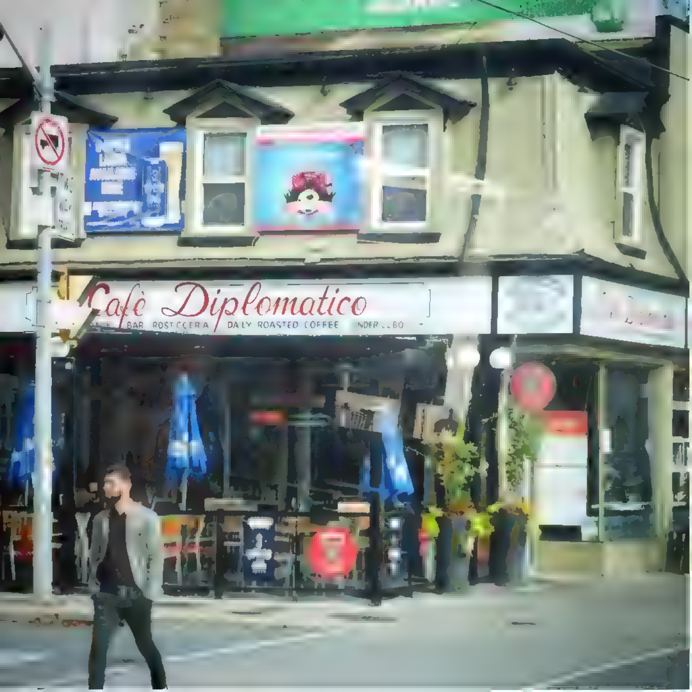
CHEST·NOZeR

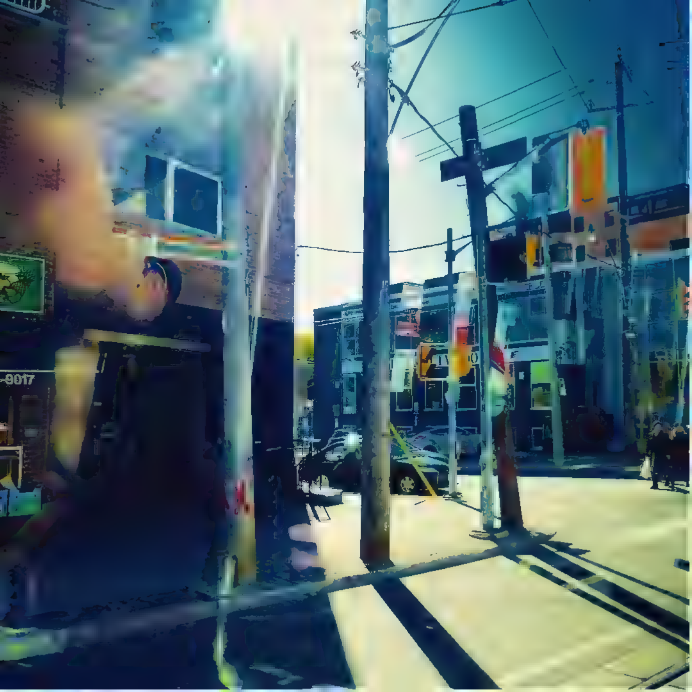

Love
JESUS
JESUS
WHO IS THE ANTI?
EMINEM
HOLY
SPIRIT

TORONTO STAR
Somalia probe a 'national disaster'
TORONTO STAR

CHEST·NO




Cafè Diplomatico
BAR ROSTICCERIA
DAILY ROASTED COFFEE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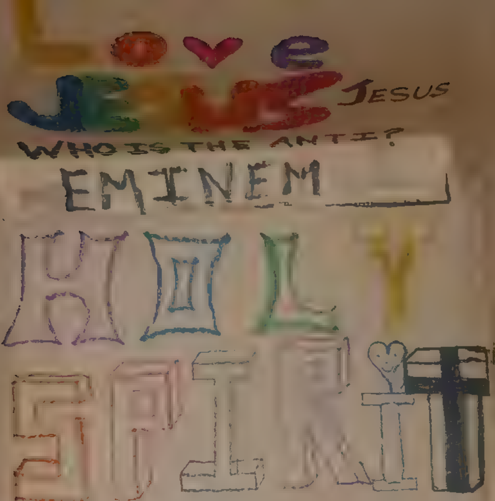
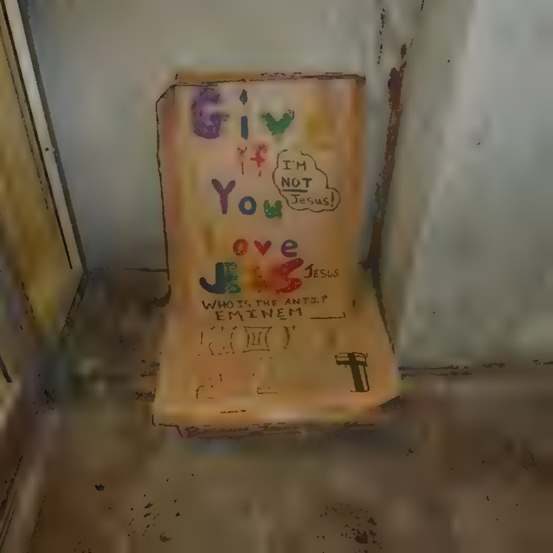

Love
JESUS
JESUS
WHO IS THE ANTI?
EMINEM
HOLY
SPIRIT


Give
it
You
love
JESUS
Jesus
I'M NOT Jesus!
WHO IS THE ANTI?
EMINEM

EMPIRE BLOCK

We're on the move.

[illegible] Friday, [illegible] p.m.,

[illegible]

[illegible] loyalty. We have enjoyed [illegible]

helping you at this [illegible]

Dufferin Mall

[illegible]

Toronto, ON

Branch Hours

[illegible] p.m.

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We're here to help
As always, you can bank online or with our mobile app. Talk to a member of our branch team to learn more.

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SLAPSCA
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DIGITAL NOMAD WAS HERE
FASCISM SHALL BE DESTROYED
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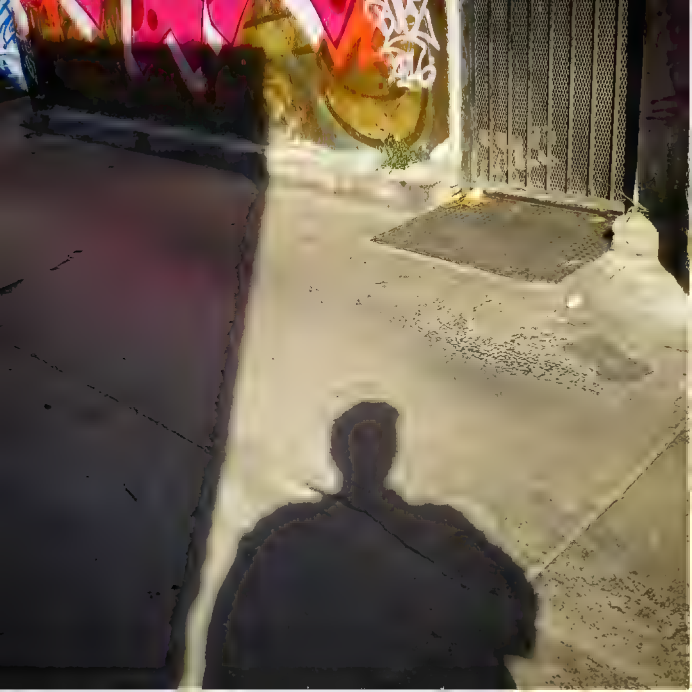
KENSINGTON
Augusta Av
280
THIS LANE
Kensin
mar
24

Slip

NO DUMPING
Maximum Fine
$10,000
BORICUA BOYS
PHADE

greens



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$ 155 each

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MUA BAN NHA CUA TIEM THUONG XA
GIUP DO MUON TIEN MUA NHA
Acupuncturist & Herbalist on Duty

GREMS!
DON'T TALK TO
DON'T TALK TO

ANADA

ABMCULT
DAYTIME
Love gets
her wet

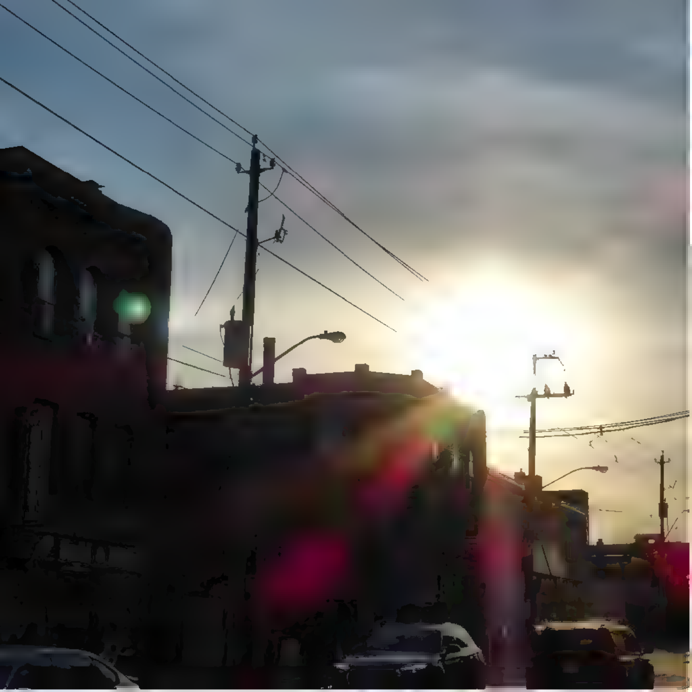
STOP

Paul E. Garfinkel

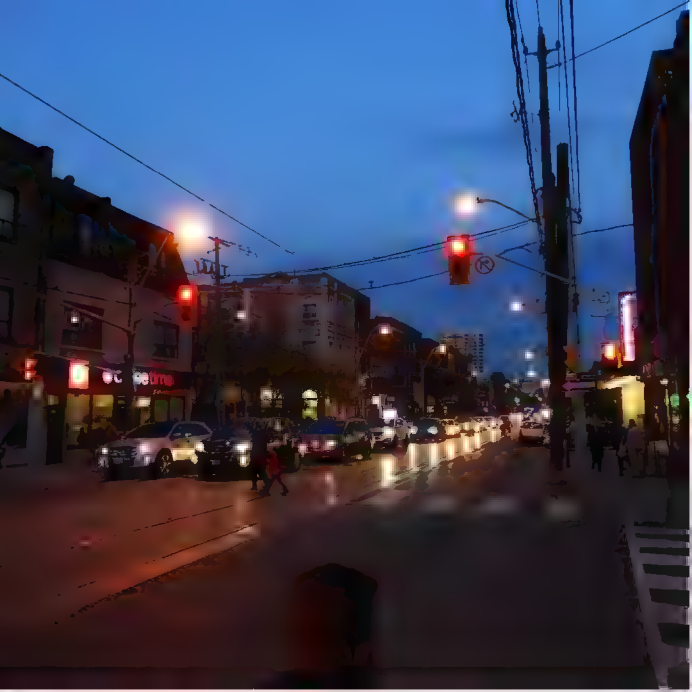
Queen's Donuts
COFFEE HOUSE
SANDWICH BREAKFAST LUNCH SOFTDRINK
PASS

$CAMH RESEARCH IS....
$CAMH UNDERSTANDING

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

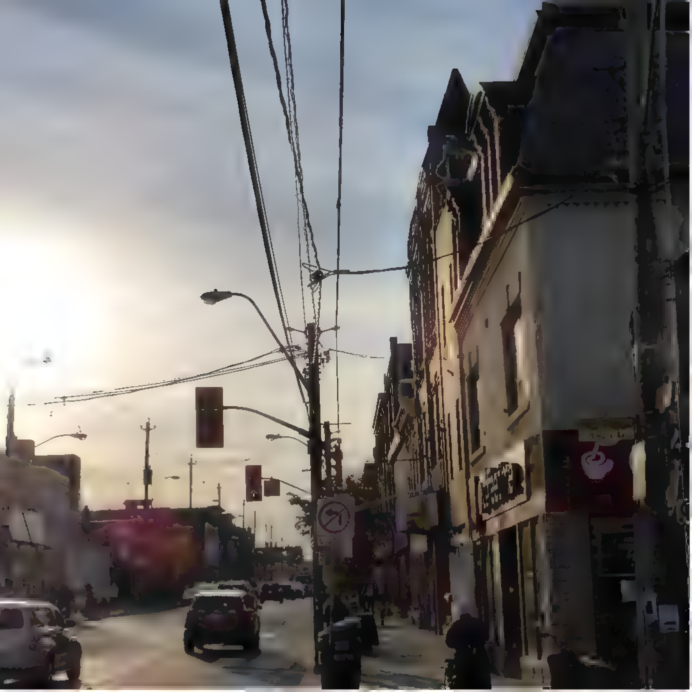


VHS HORROR
R LAND MARKET
24hr

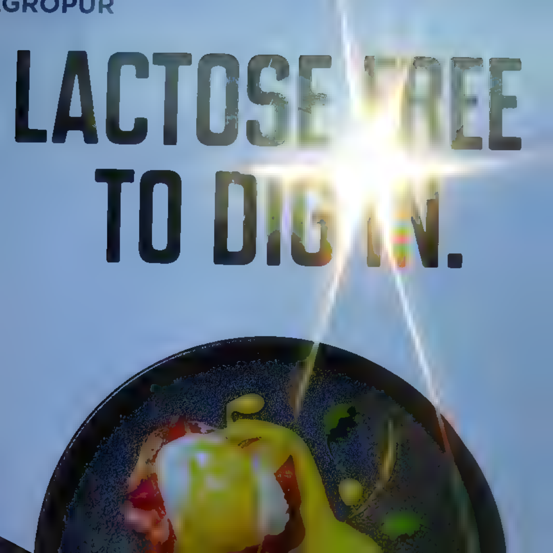


LAND MA
HE BIOLOGY OF BELIEF
systematics Peter

MANKIND
grooming



JASON'S
COFFEE SHOP
BANH MI CO HANH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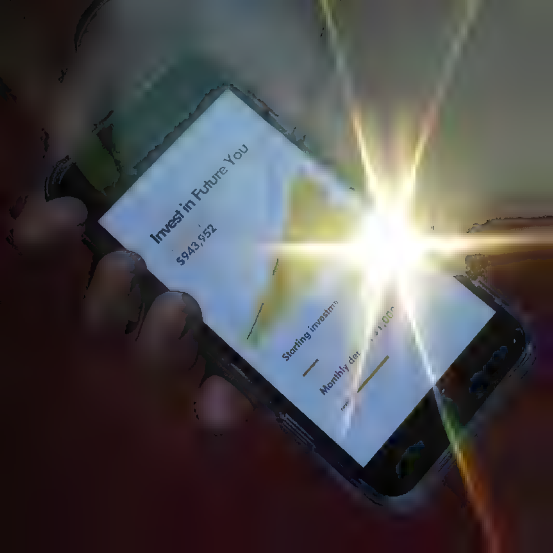
vitamins to
keep you
covered fr
dawn til' yaw
zero
zero
water
xxx
(triple antioxidants)


Invest in Future You
$943,952
Starting investme
Monthly de
$1,000

Starting inves
Monthly d posit
vesting
Humans

ALL FOR ONE
ALL
FOR
ONE

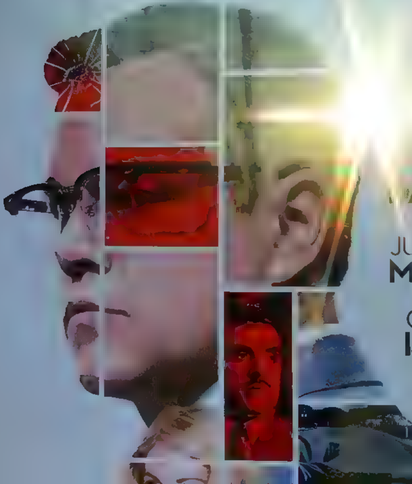
vitamin-b
where the
action is.
ater
xxx
(triple antioxidants)
acai blueberry
pomegranate

TSO
Escape
into
Music

Paying bills is never fun. At least we made it eas

Set up payments online or with the Tangerine Mobile Banking app.

“MATT DAMON IS PERFECT



MATT
DAMON

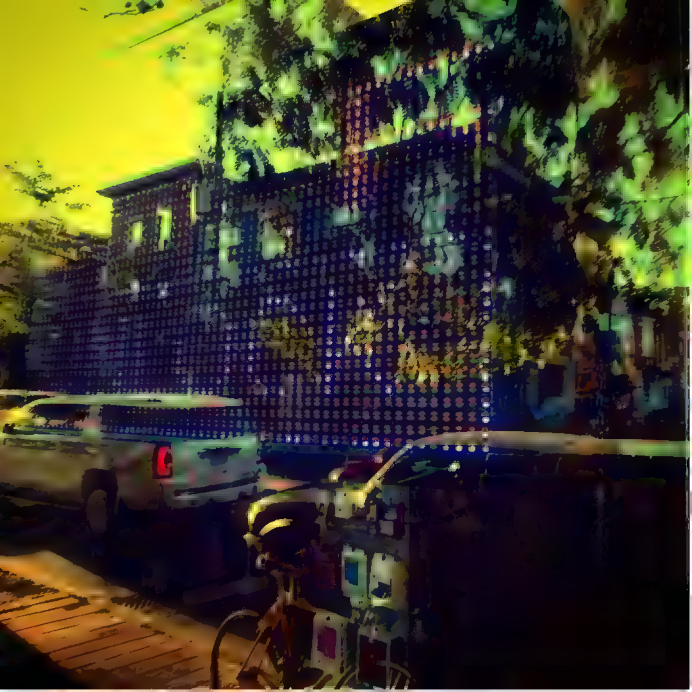
JULIANNE
MOORE

OSCAR
ISAAC

ALL-NEW 2018
CAMRY
BEAUTIFULLY TRANSFORMED

FALLS
ARE KILLING US
TIE OFF

PATTISON
LANSDOWNE
STOP
THE GR L COTTAGE



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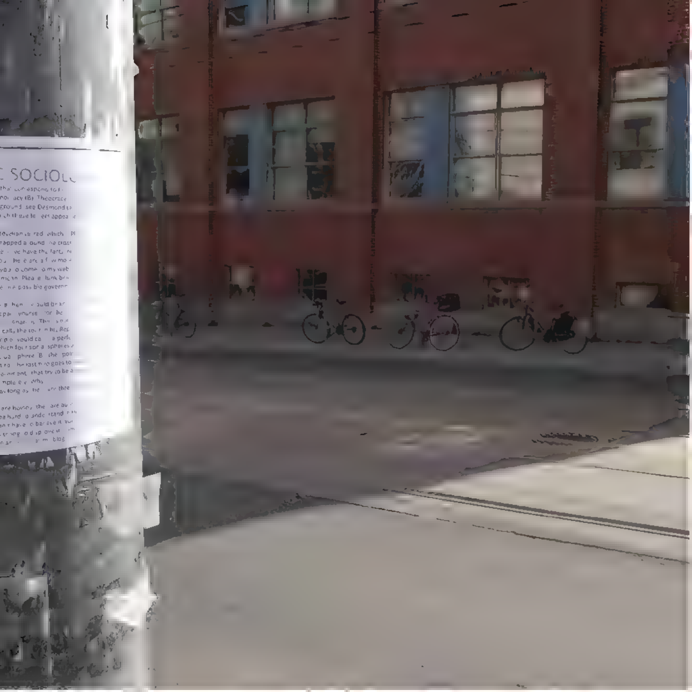
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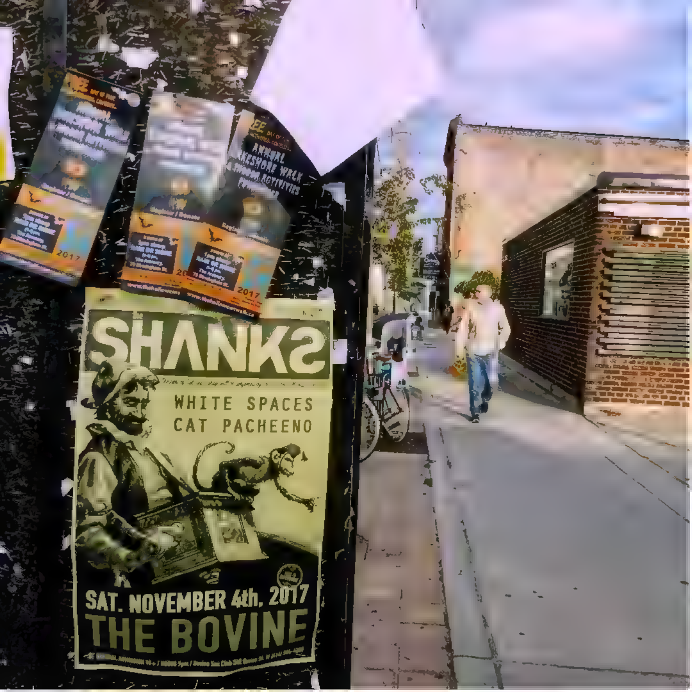
SHANKS
WHITE SPACES
CAT PACHEENO
SAT. NOVEMBER 4th. 2017
THE BOVINE
ANNUAL
2017
2017

HIDDEN
INTERSECTION

Mini Pumpkins

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Take a closer

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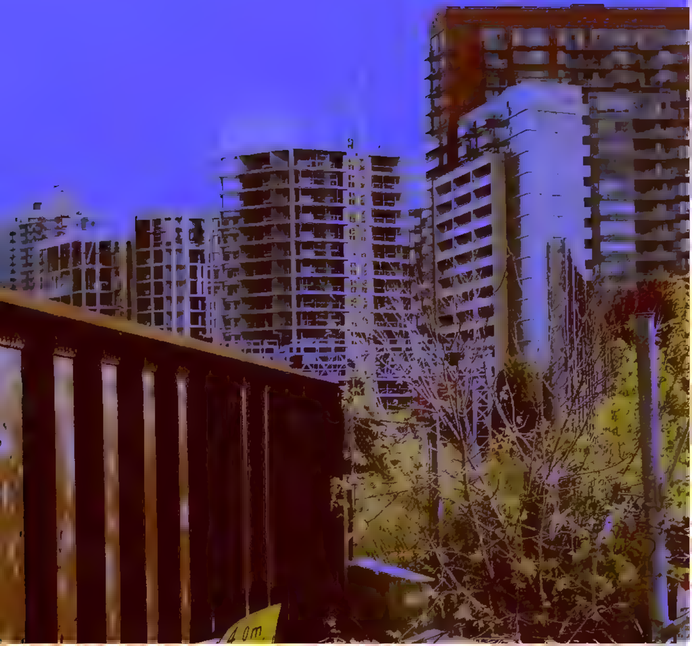
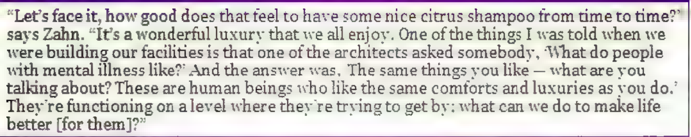

4 0m.

"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
building a future in which everyone
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING.
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

– $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
on CRACK and [illegible]
REALLY GOOD SEX



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like — what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by: what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Urban Myth No. 9:
Somebody told her somebody said
we like
citrus shampoo.

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NO DUMPING
AREA IS MONITORED
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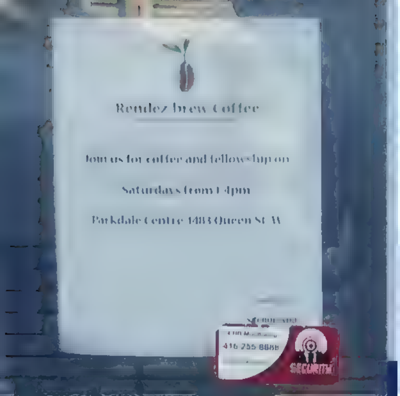
CARDBOARD ONLY
NO PARKING
in Front or Rear
116 406

DOWN
WITH
CHINESE
COMMUNIST
PARTY



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SECURITY

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Mr. Trudeau,
S.O.B.
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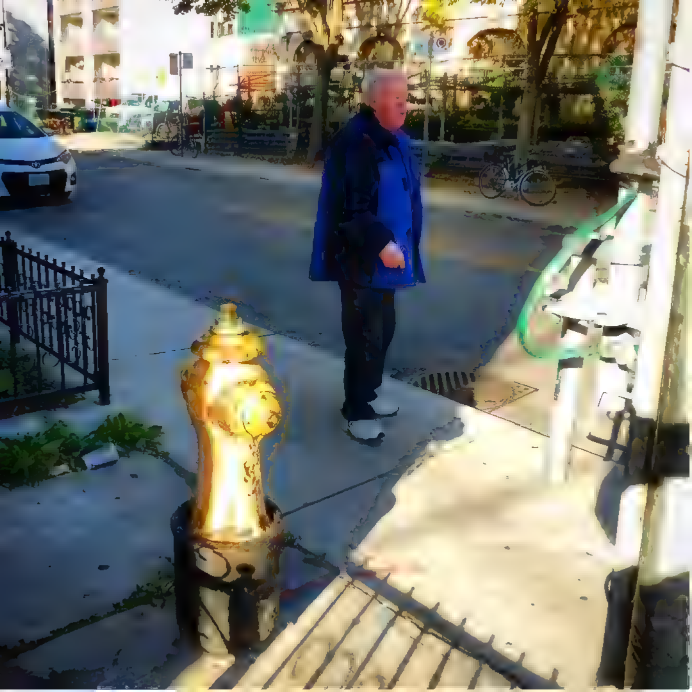
www.NoNewTaxes.



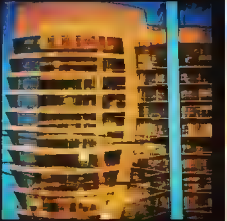
M
P

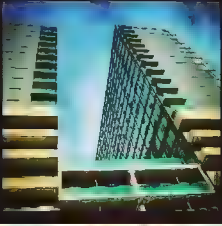
LCBO

DO NOT
BLOCK
INTERSECTION

AMBULANCE
STATION
AHEAD

"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" **says Zahn.** "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

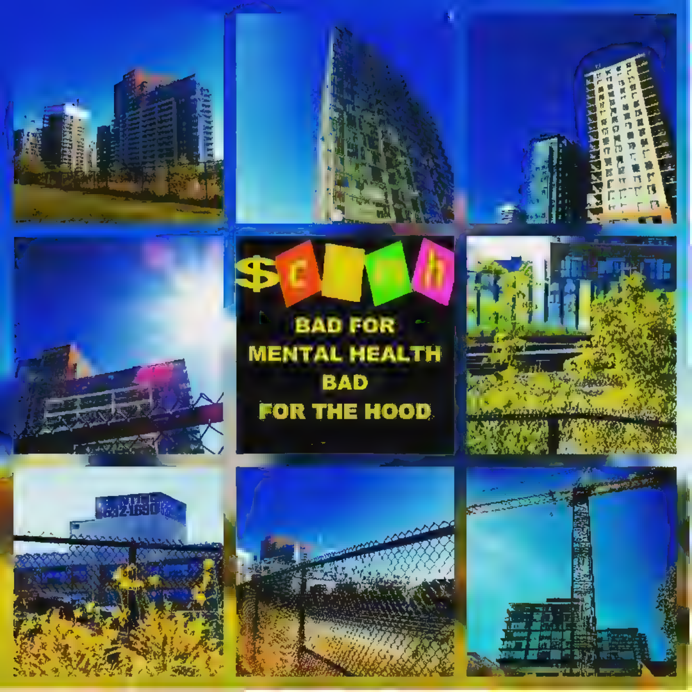


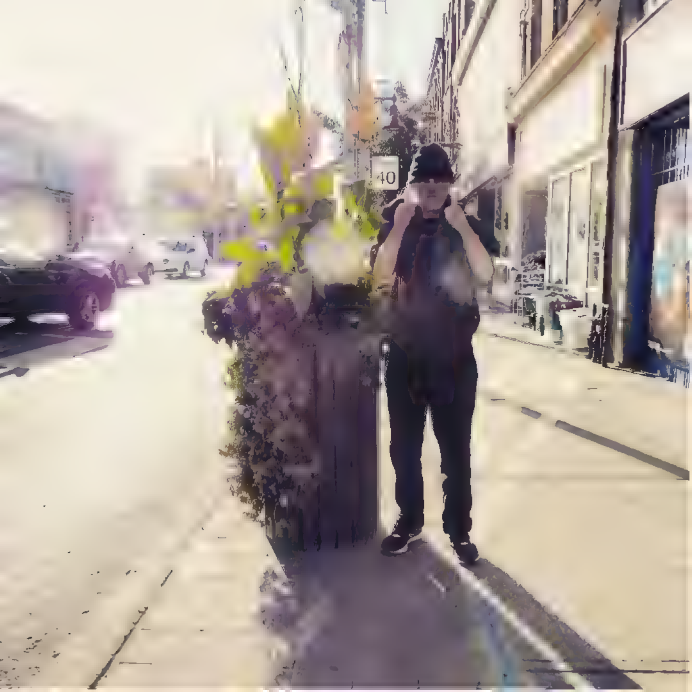


RESTAURANT
Skyline
RESTAURANT

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
Stokes Street
Gateway Building
Stokes Street
Shipping & Receiving

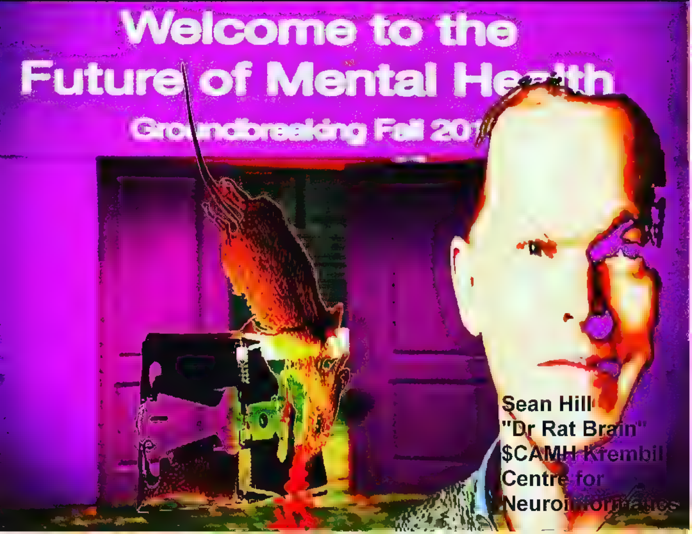
camh
RESEARCH


BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
832-1690


40

camh
RESEARCH

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: A BIGGER BETTER MOUSE TRAP: "TO MAKE PREDICTIONS ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE ARE MAYBE MORE VULNERABLE AND NEED SOME EXTRA HELP.... TO PREVENT THINGS FROM DEVELOPING FURTHER...."


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 20
Sean Hill
"Dr Rat Brain"
$CAMH Krembil
Centre for
Neuroinformatics

ERYWHERE Entertainment Inc
The
SHANKS
WHITE SPACES
CAT PACHEENO
SAT. NOVEMBER 4th, 2017
THE BOVINE
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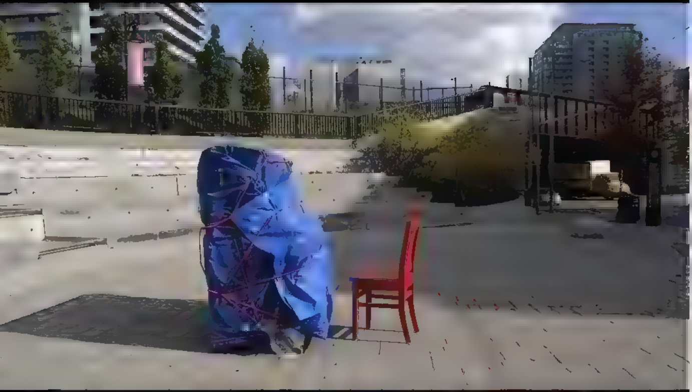
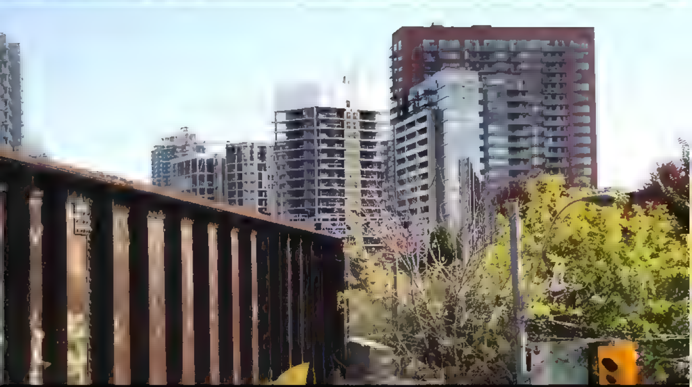




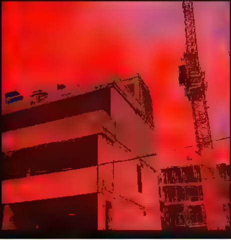
"Let's face it, how good does that feel [illegible] from time to time says Zahn [illegible] a wonderful [illegible] when we were building our [illegible] that one of the [illegible] asked [illegible] "What do people with mental illness like?" and the answer was "The same things you like." What are you talking about? These are human beings [illegible] Then [illegible] to make it better for them.

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

Urban Myth No. 9:

Somebody told her somebody said we like

[illegible]



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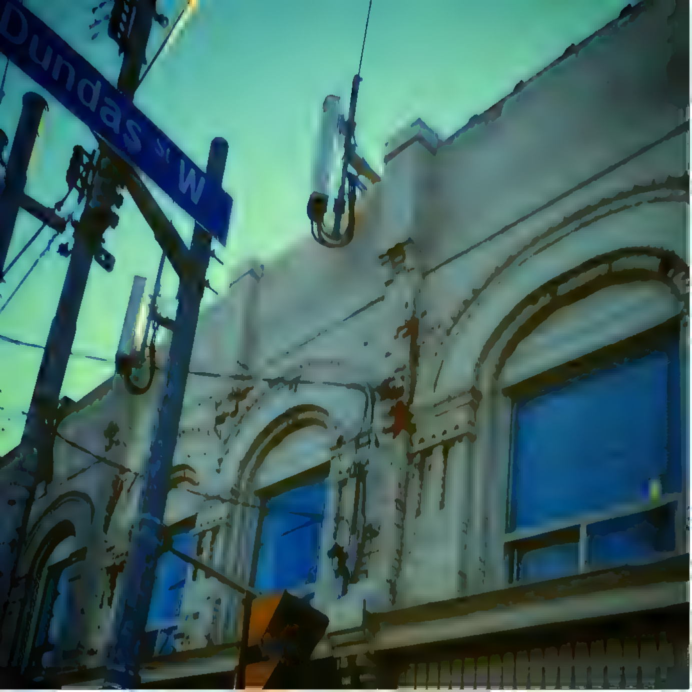
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH

BAD FOR THE HOOD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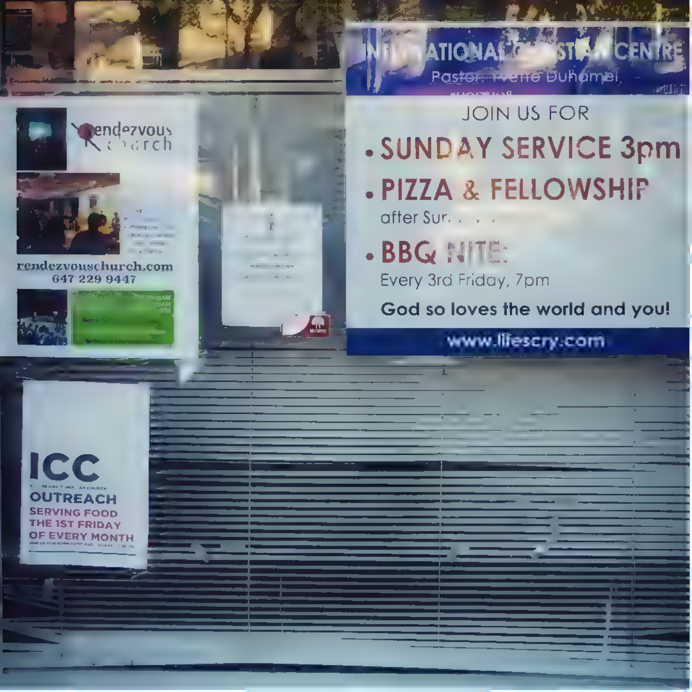
LOITERING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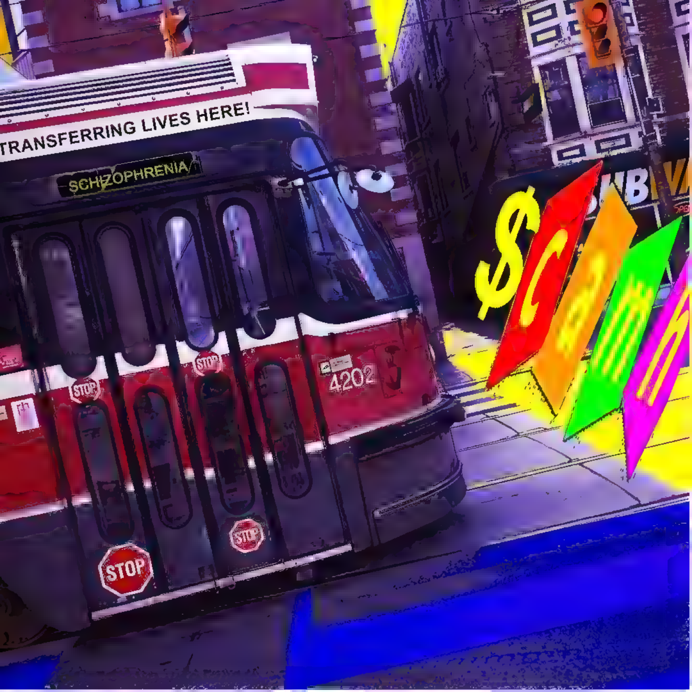
TRANSFERRING LIVES HERE!
SCHIZOPHRENIA
STOP
STOP
4202
STOP
STOP
$cash

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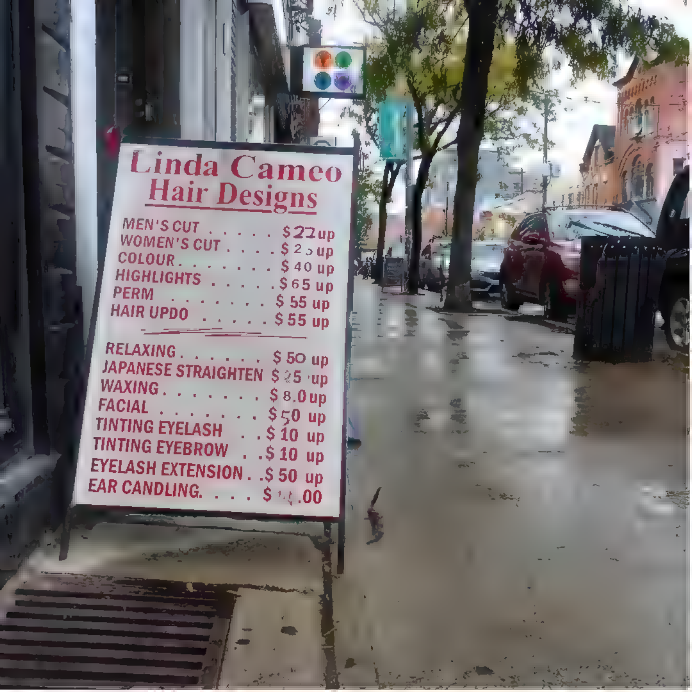
PEEL HERE



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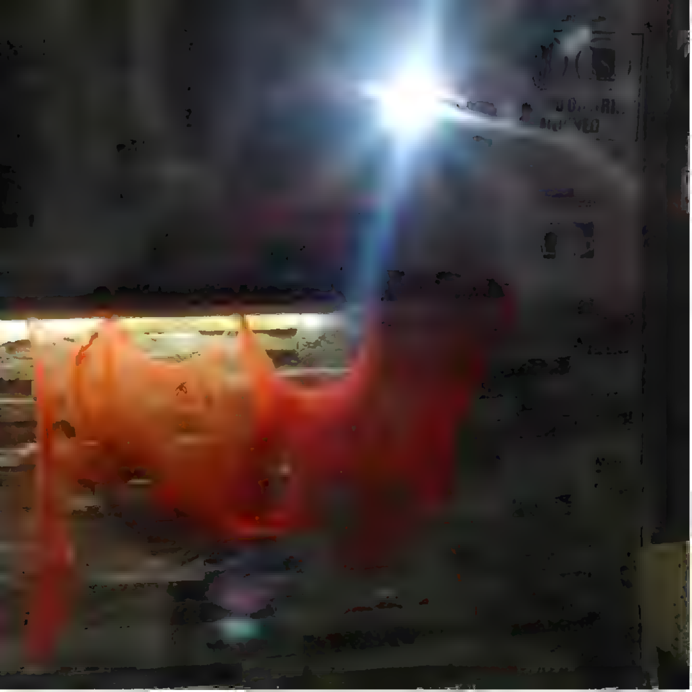
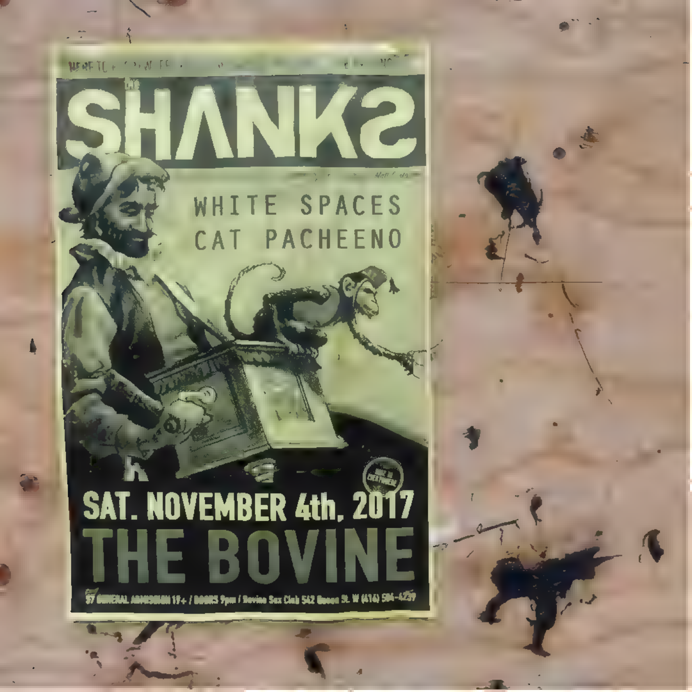
HIGHLIGHTS	$65 up
PERM	$55 up
HAIR UPDO	$55 up
RELAXING	$50 up
JAPANESE STRAIGHTEN	$25 up
WAXING	$8.0 up
FACIAL	$50 up
TINTING EYELASH	$10 up
TINTING EYEBROW	$10 up
EYELASH EXTENSION	$50 up
EAR CANDLING.	$[illegible].00

Parkdale Ayaa Anishinaabe Aki





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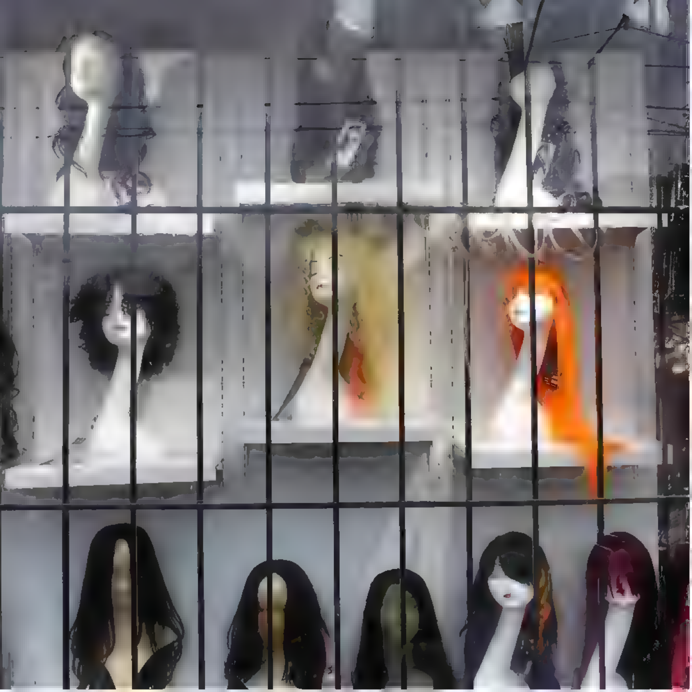
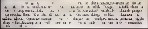
Parkdale Ayaa Anishinaabe Aki

BUILDING PERMIT
DANGER
DUE TO
CONSTRUCTION
PERMIT
BUILDING PERMIT



Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
"Communicator of the Year"
So Incredibly Stupid
It's Hard to Imagine



Only Four Wonks Elected Her
"Communicator of the Year"
Which Apparently was the Case

$camh

BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

FRESH
AIR ZONE

Who needs another
pair of socks this year?
We do.
camh GIFTS of LIGHT

BREAKING NEW GROUND IN
HEALTH AND ADDICTION CAR
www.camh.net
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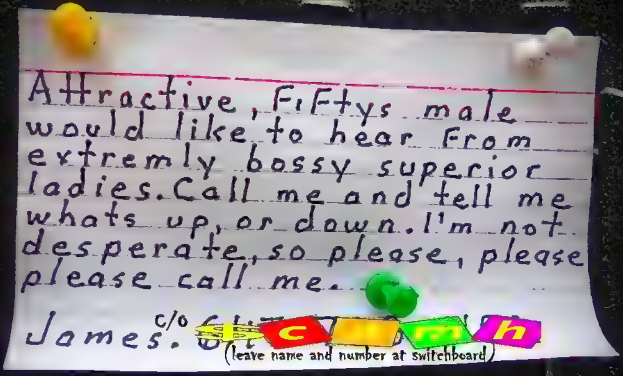
HOW CAN I HELP?
A Week in My Life as a Psychiatrist
David Goldbloom

STOP



Attractive, Fiftys male would like to hear from extremly bossy superior ladies. Call me and tell me whats up, or down. I'm not desperate, so please, please please call me.

James. c/o [redacted]
(leave name and number at switchboard)

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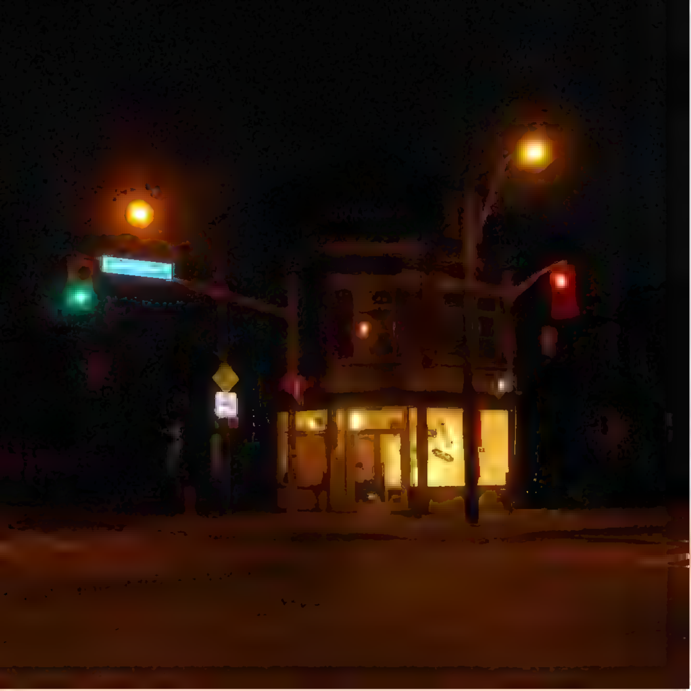
& Repairs



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FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY

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DANCE PARTY
SEÁN CULLEN
MINI HOLMES
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584 COLLEGE

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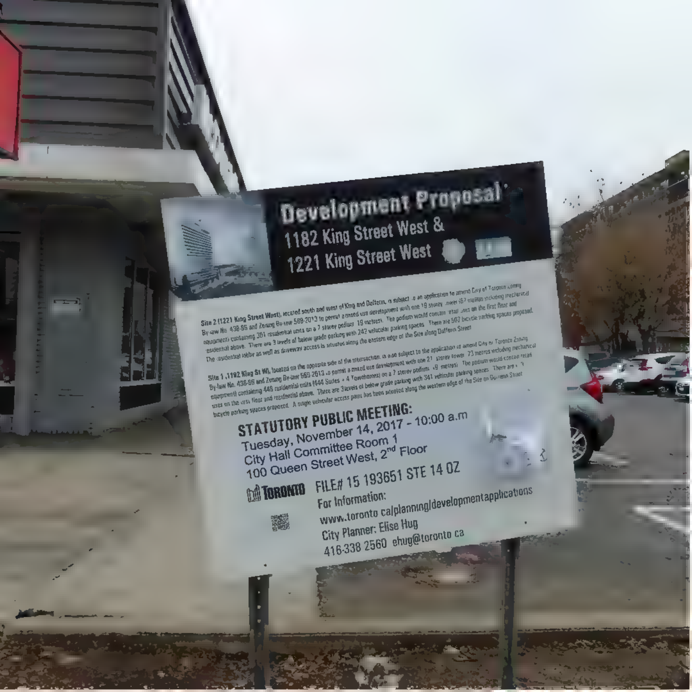
arket
SERVED
DRIVE
THRU
Drive-Th

Flu
Season
GET THE FLU SHOT*

Hasty Market
DRIVE THRU
e-Thru
24H

MISSING
ANDREW KINSMAN
Last seen Monday, June 26th at Parliament/Winchester St, Toronto
Cargo shorts … sandals, cross-body bag
Surgical scars on both knees
Anyone with information is asked to contact police at 416-808-2021, Crime Stoppers anonymously at 416-222-TIPS (8477), online at www.222tips.com, or text TOR and your message to CRIMES (274637).
Please visit www.MissingAndrewKinsman.com for information or to volunteer



Development Proposal

1182 King Street West & 1221 King Street West

Site 2 (1221 King Street West), located south and west of King and Dufferin, is subject to an application to amend City of Toronto Zoning By-law No. 438-86 and Zoning By-law 569-2013 to permit a mixed use development with one 19 storey tower (67 metres including mechanical equipment) containing 301 residential units on a 7 storey podium (19 metres). The podium would contain retail uses on the first floor and residential above. There are 3 levels of below grade parking with 242 vehicular parking spaces. There are 507 bicycle parking spaces proposed. The residential lobby as well as driveway access is situated along the eastern edge of the Site along Dufferin Street.

Site 1 (1182 King St W), located on the opposite side of the intersection, is also subject to the application to amend City of Toronto Zoning By-law No. 438-86 and Zoning By-law 569-2013 to permit a mixed use development with one 21 storey tower (73 metres including mechanical equipment) containing 448 residential units (444 Suites + 4 Townhomes) on a 7 storey podium (19 metres). The podium would contain retail uses on the first floor and residential above. There are 3 levels of below grade parking with 341 vehicular parking spaces. There are [illegible] bicycle parking spaces proposed. A single vehicular access point has been situated along the western edge of the Site on Dufferin Street.

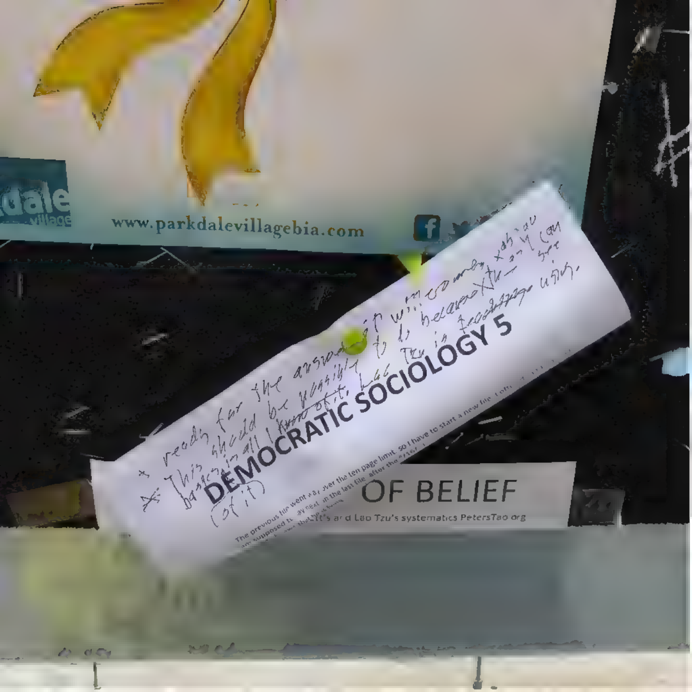
STATUTORY PUBLIC MEETING:

Tuesday, November 14, 2017 - 10:00 a.m
City Hall Committee Room 1
100 Queen Street West, 2nd Floor

TORONTO

FILE# 15 193651 STE 14 OZ

For Information:
www.toronto.ca/planning/developmentapplications
City Planner: Elise Hug
416-338 2560 ehug@toronto.ca



dale
village
www.parkdalevillagebia.com

* ready for the [illegible] it will come, [illegible]

*: This should be possible to do because the only can [illegible]

based in all I ~~know of it~~, Lao Tzu is [illegible] using.

(of it)

DEMOCRATIC SOCIOLOGY 5

The previous file went way over the ten page limit, so I have to start a new file [illegible] supposed to [illegible] next in the last file, after the "[illegible]

OF BELIEF

[illegible]t's and Lao Tzu's systematics PetersTao.org

1182 King Street

1221 King Street

BULL - SHIT

t), located south and west of King and Dufferin, is subje
By-law 569-2013 to permit a mixed use development wit
dential units on a 7 storey podium (19 metres). The podiu
levels of below grade parking with 242 vehicular parking
driveway access is situated along the eastern edge of th

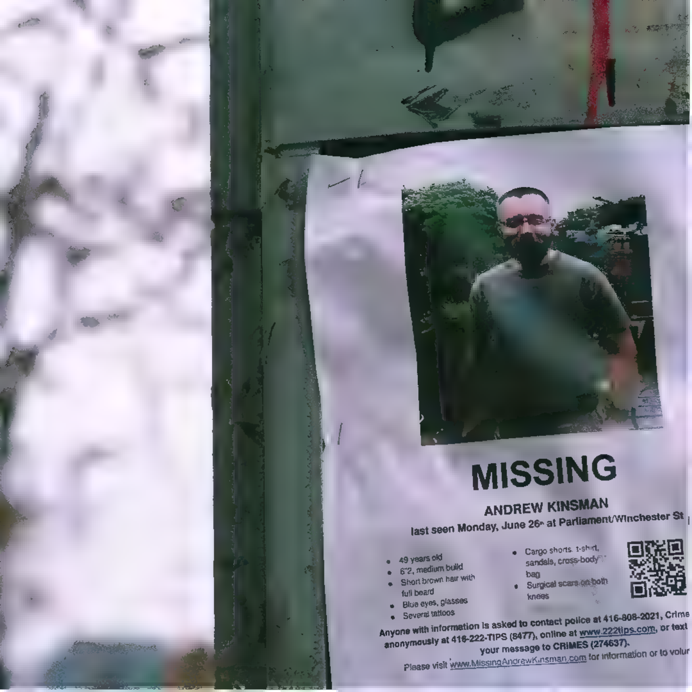
Public Message Centre
PARKDALE VILLAGE BIA
Shop Locally
THIS SEASON
DEMOCRATIC SOCIOLOGY
OF BELIEF

CHICKEN BURGER

STOP

PRIVATE PROPERTY
AREA UNDER
DIGITAL SURVEILLANCE
NO SMOKING, LOITERING OR
SOLICITING PERMITTED
ON PREMISES

PTA
UAK



MISSING

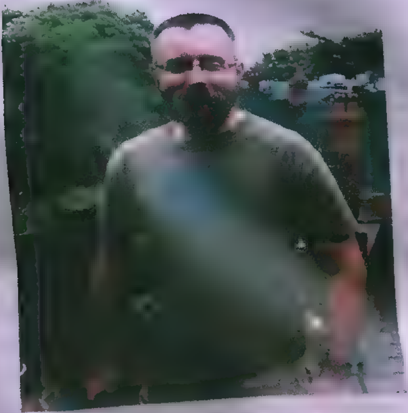
ANDREW KINSMAN

last seen Monday, June 26th at Parliament/Winchester St

- 49 years old
- 6"2, medium build
- Short brown hair with full beard
- Blue eyes, glasses
- Several tattoos
- Cargo shorts, t-shirt, sandals, cross-body bag
- Surgical scars on both knees

Anyone with information is asked to contact police at 416-808-2021, Crime anonymously at 416-222-TIPS (8477), online at www.222tips.com, or text your message to CRIMES (274637).

Please visit www.MissingAndrewKinsman.com for information or to volur



MISSING

ANDREW KINSMAN

last seen Monday, June 26th at Parliament Winchester St , Toronto

- Cargo shorts [illegible]

Queen St
Star
HAIR STYLISTS
LE 6 0820

FOLD
THRIFT STORE
BRAND NEW
MATTRESSES

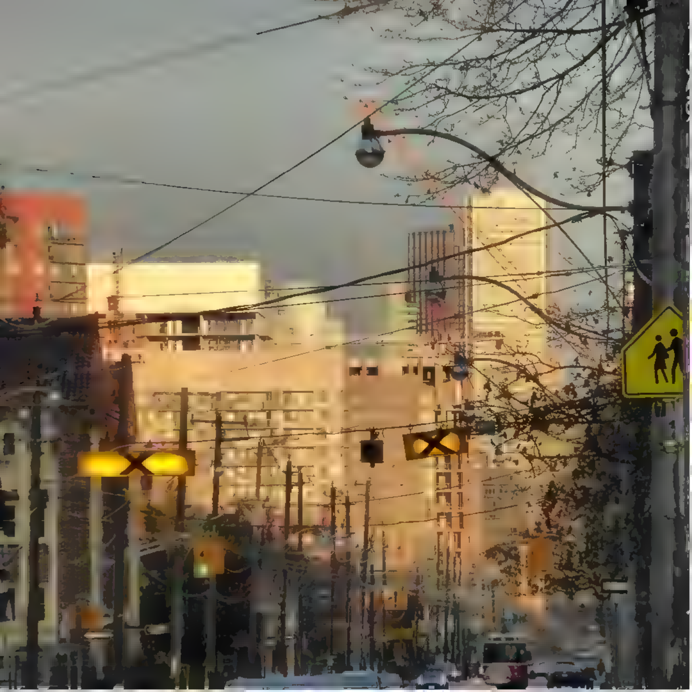
PREMIUM
Quality
GUARANTEED

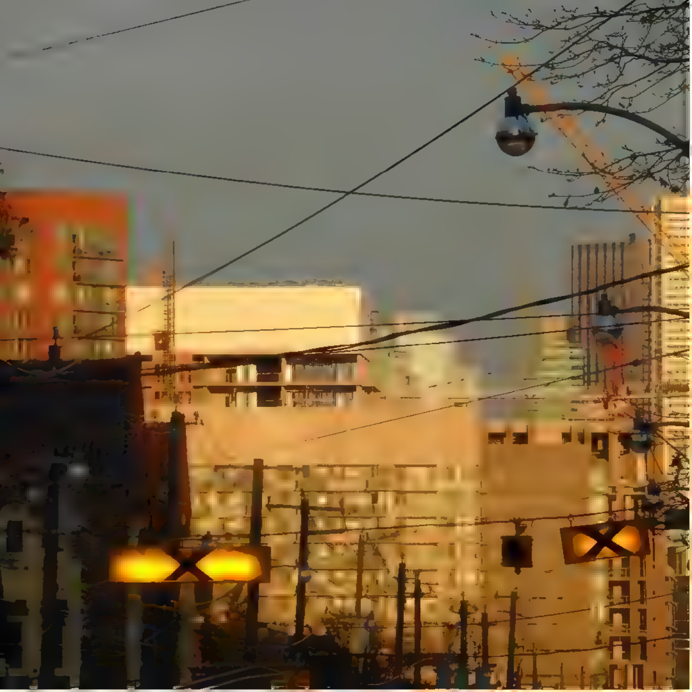
SOLD
BY
Julie Seo
487-5131

TD
Canada Trust
COFFEE SHOP

A&W
JASON'S
COFFEE
BÁNH MÌ
Macdonell Av

ETAIL SPACE
LEASE





rdian
Pharmacy
NVENIENCE CANADA
MON
Accessib

LOST

$500 REWARD

-3??-PAWS (

a 5 yr old, 9 lb male, white poodle

Fri Oct 27th. May be hiding in or near an

keep your eyes and ears peeled and approa

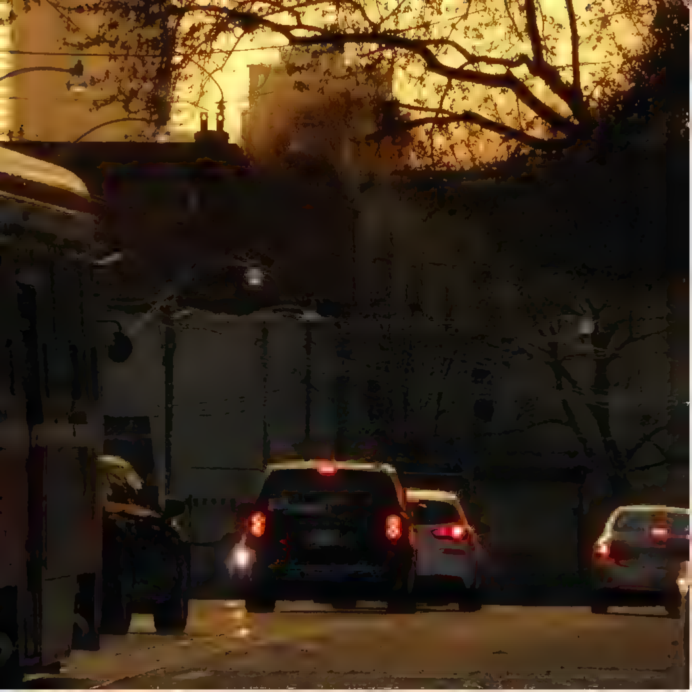
This

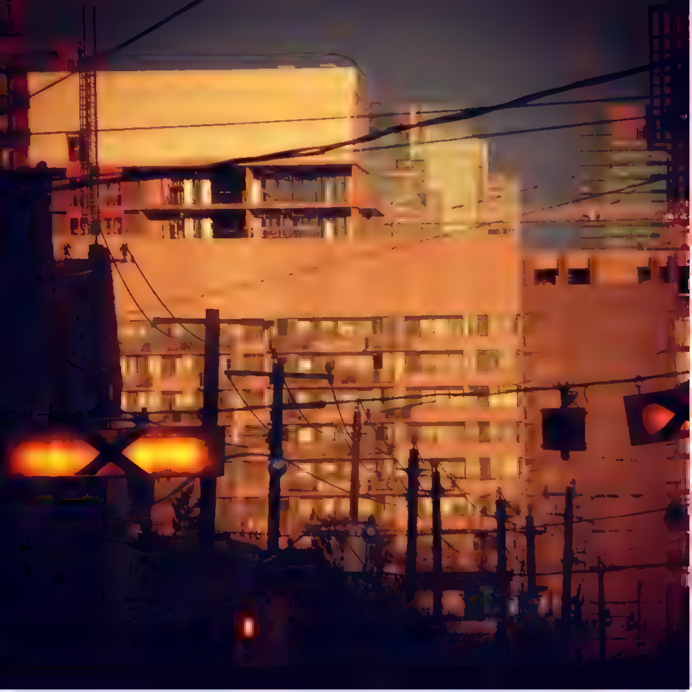
miss

area

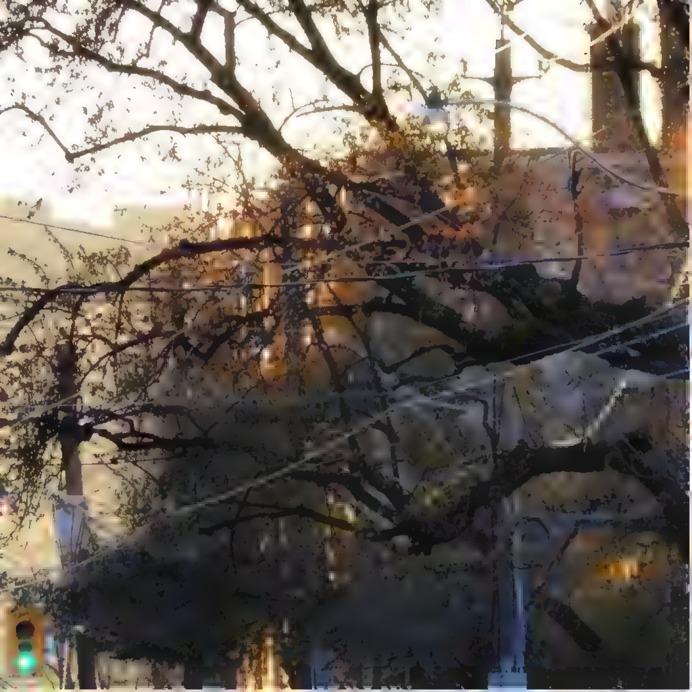
BE MY HERO AND PLEASE

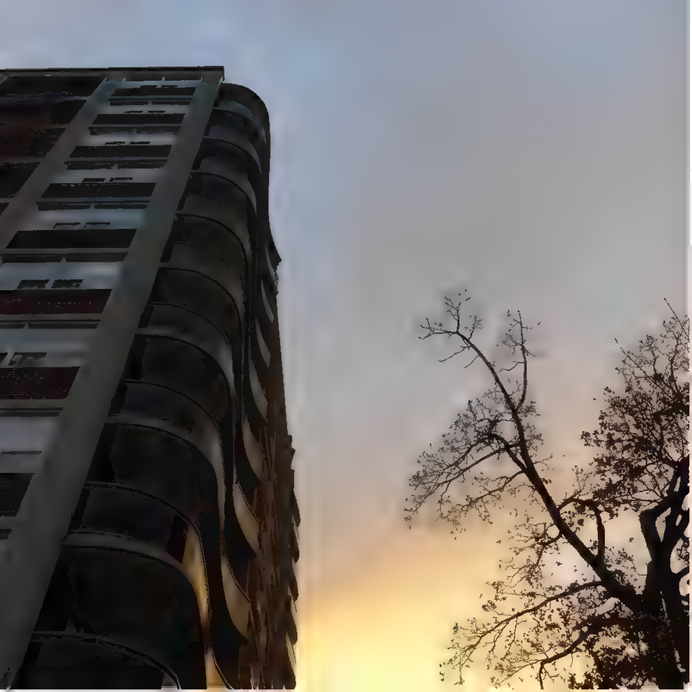
BE MY HERO AND PLEASE BRING HIM HOME!



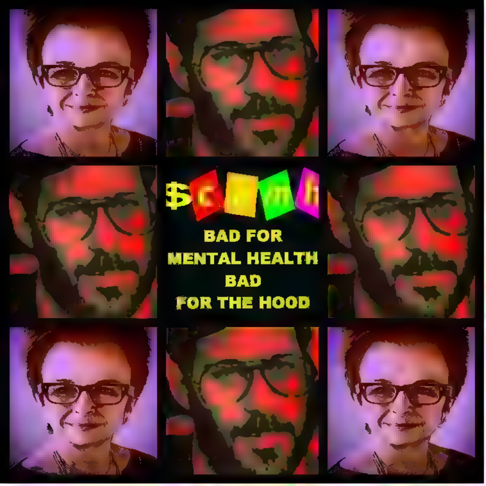


Jameson Ave
James





LAXTON AV.
1


BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

RAM

SUN FA RESTAURANT
L.L.B.O.

NO DUMPING
Maximum Fine
$10,000
NO DUMPING
Maximum Fine
$10,000

505
4086
WITHOUT
STOP

Mode
SALON

rest
HTING
BALA SUPER MARKET
Kodak
SYSTEM
DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
BEST IMAGE
IMAGE CENTRE
Kodak
IMAGE CHECK SY
Best Ima

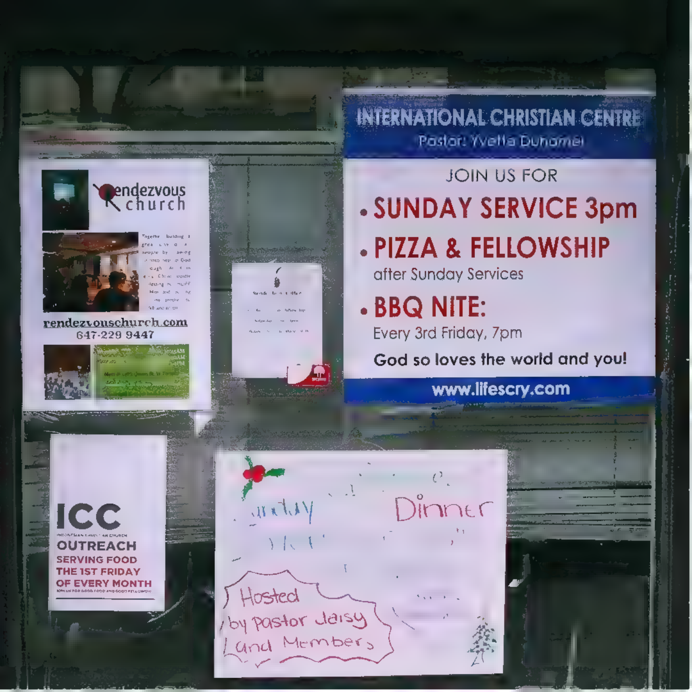
King St W

504

1415
HOLIDAY
SATURDAY STAR
Tories unveil election plan
TORONTO STAR
thestar.com

OPEN
UNTIL
9 PM

SUN FA RESTAURANT
L.L.B.O.
PARKDALE



rendezvous church

rendezvouschurch.com
647-229 9447

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Pastor: Yvetta Duhamel

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- **PIZZA & FELLOWSHIP**
  after Sunday Services
- **BBQ NITE:**
  Every 3rd Friday, 7pm

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www.lifescry.com

ICC

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SERVING FOOD
THE 1ST FRIDAY
OF EVERY MONTH

Sunday Dinner

Hosted
by Pastor Daisy
and Members

BMO

OPEN
NO SMOKING

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FACE READING ❁ HAND READING ❁ HOROSCOPE

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- Evil Affection
- Education
- Enemy Problem
- Love Problem
- Childless Couples
- Husband - Wife
- Family Matters etc

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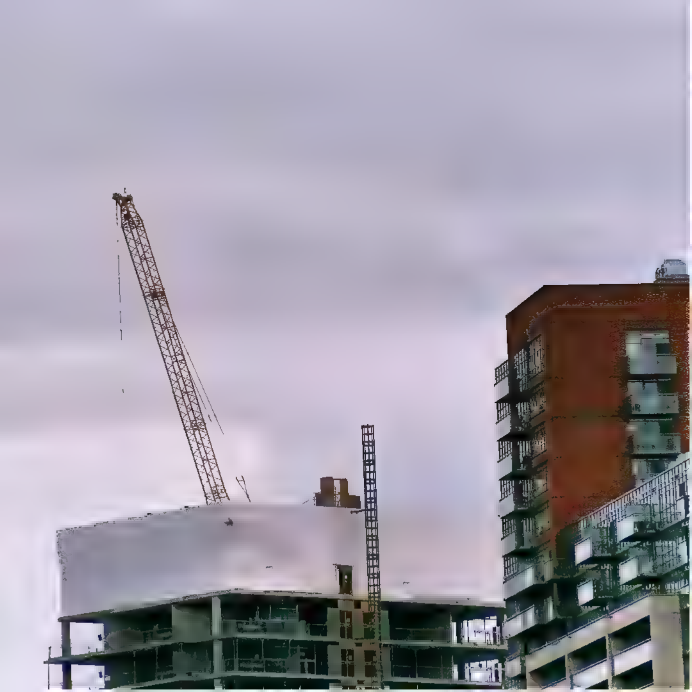
100 % GUARANTEE

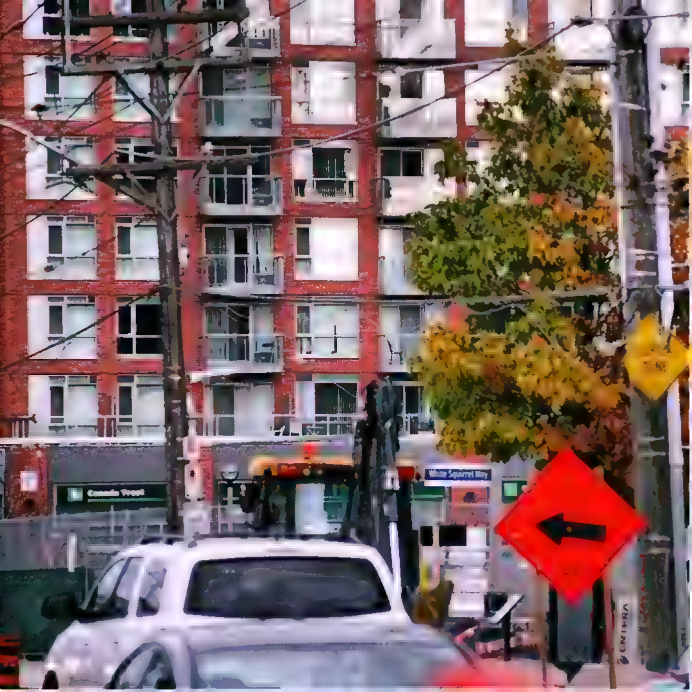
Gives 100% permanent, lifetime unbreakable Protections

FALAFEL
Parkdale
DO NOT BLOCK INTERSECTION



TD
DISCOVERY

TRAFFIC
CALMING
ZONE
MAXIMUM
30
BEGINS


Canada Trust
White Squirrel Way

NO DUMPING
Maximum Fine
$10,000
NO DUMPING
$10,000

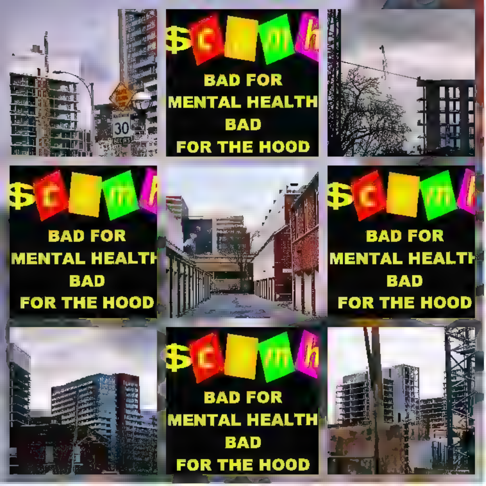
IN THIS LANE
NO DUMPING
Offenders will be prosecuted and a fine imposed
Maximum Fine
$10,000

RAM
LICE101

PLAYCARE
GROOMING
BOUTIQUE
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

OPEN
NO SMOKING

IN THIS LANE
NO DUMPING
Maximum Fine $10,000


$cmh
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD
MAXIMUM
30
BEGINS
$cmh
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD
$cmh
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD
$cmh
BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health

The Beer Store
OPEN
The Beer Store

OMEN514

NICK SWEETMAN
EARTH CRUSHER
POSER
FIVE 8

WestQueenWest

WestQueenWest

VS
SickKids

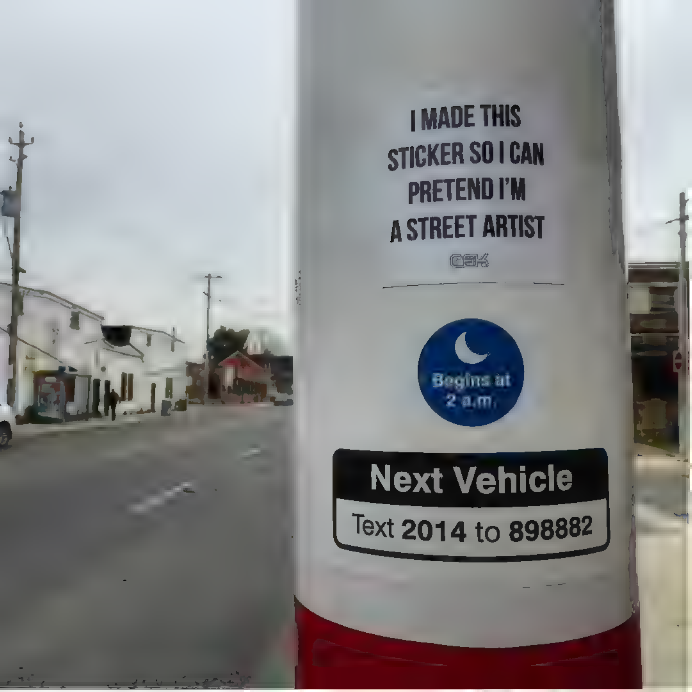
BUDGET ONE STOP

SHAM
DAILY FRESH
PS·P

POSTAL STATION "C"

Alma Av
32
Fix
coffee
+bikes

ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Lisgar St



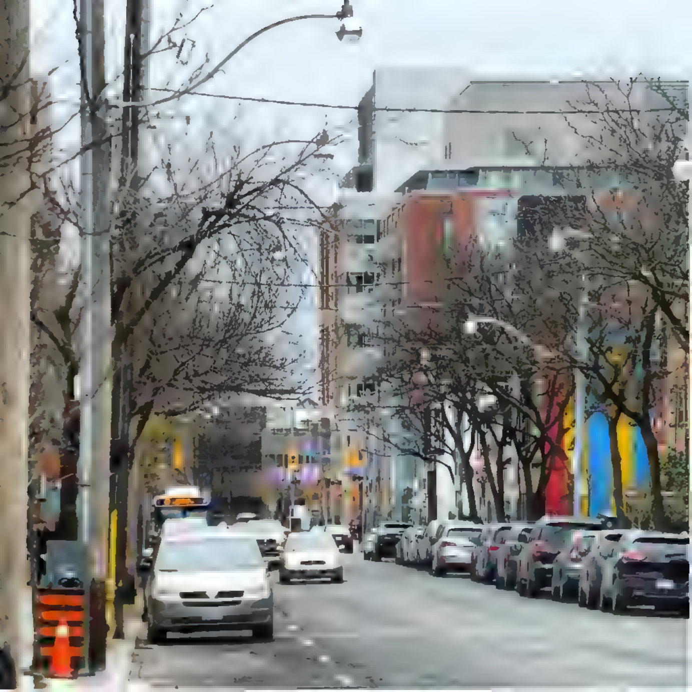
I MADE THIS STICKER SO I CAN PRETEND I'M A STREET ARTIST
Begins at 2 a.m.
Next Vehicle
Text 2014 to 898882

ERECTED
A·D·1908

PRIVATE PROPERTY
No Dogs Allowed
Violators Will Be Prosecuted

I miss you MAN
Designer Resale For Men
63 Ossington Avenue

PEACE COLLECTIVE
HOME
IS
TORONT



HOME
IS
TORONTO

HOME
OF
CANADA

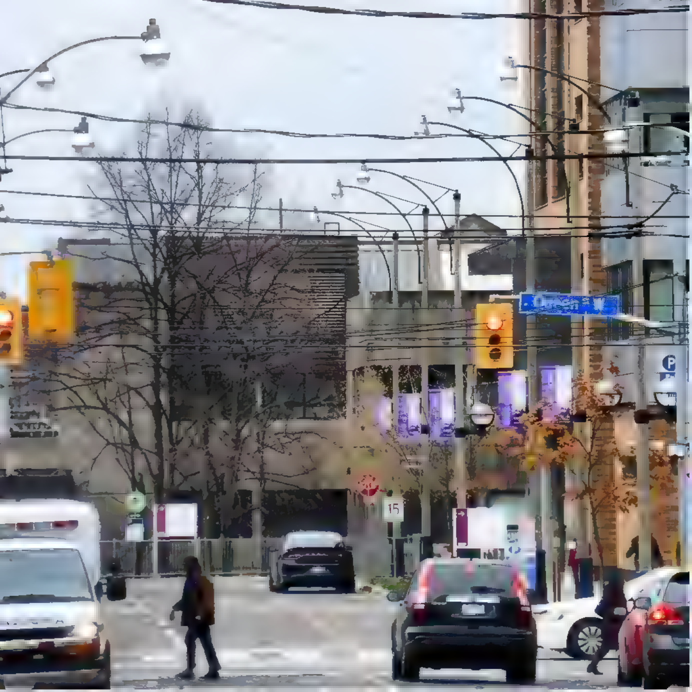
buffer
nails & waxing

CBRE
FOR LEASE
Arlin Markowitz*
Alex Edmison*
Jackson Turner*
416 362 2244

LOWER
OSSINGTON
THEATRE
STAGE 1
DREAMGIRLS
STAGE 2
AVENUE Q

CBRE
FOR LEASE
Arlin Markowitz*
Alex Edmison*
Jackson Turner*
416 362 2244
1C
OSSINGTO

VICTOR TALKING MACHIN


15
P

47
MOTH

CHAMP
WEAR
BOXES
Ossington Av
Rebecca St

Queen West
Self Storage
21 Ossington Avenue
COMPLIMENTARY
CUSTOMER PARKING

AMBULANCE

een West
f Storage
ssington Avenue
MPLIMENTARY
OMER PARKING

FOO FIGHTERS
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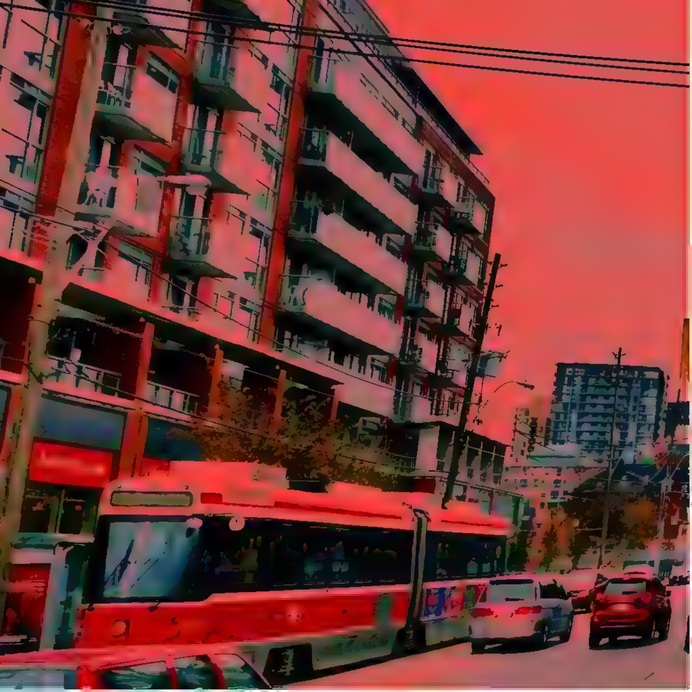
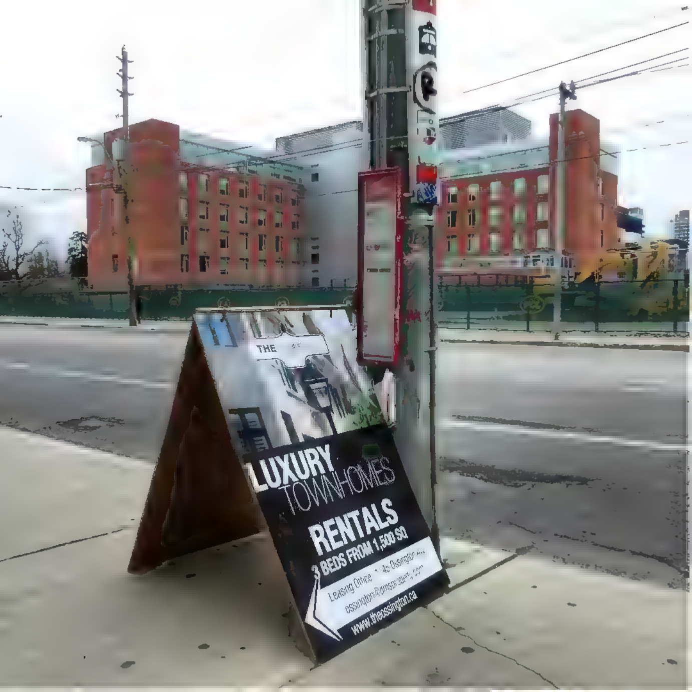
REIGNING CHAMP
RC
ATHLETIC WEAR
Rebecca St
hullmark

MOVING BOXES
&
CKING SUPPLI
SOLD HERE



CASH ONLY
ATM
DOWNSTAIRS

SHINOLA
DETROIT


THE
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TOWNHOMES
RENTALS
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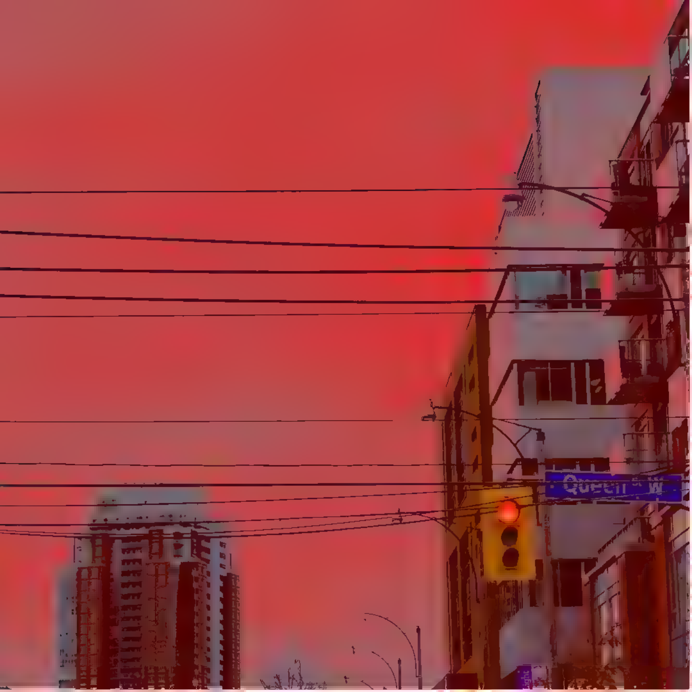
Leasing Office
www.theossington.ca

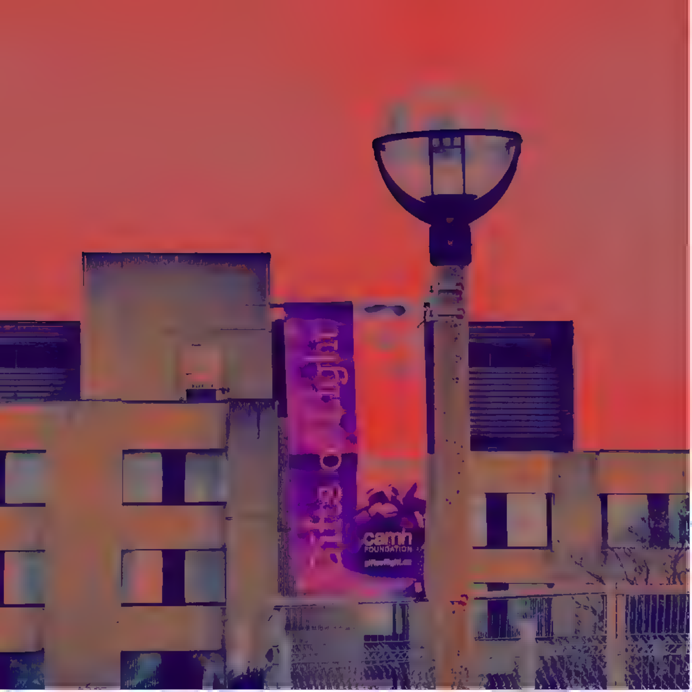

Queen St W

Queen

gravitypope
gravi
MAXIMUM
40
wine rack

gravitypope
gravitypope

MISSING
YEARS OLD


camh
FOUNDATION

CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION

Paul E. Garfinkel
Park

Paul E. Garfinkel
Park

Gifts of Light
Gifts of Light
MAXIMUM SPEED 15

PERSONNE

$c m h

BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

$c m h

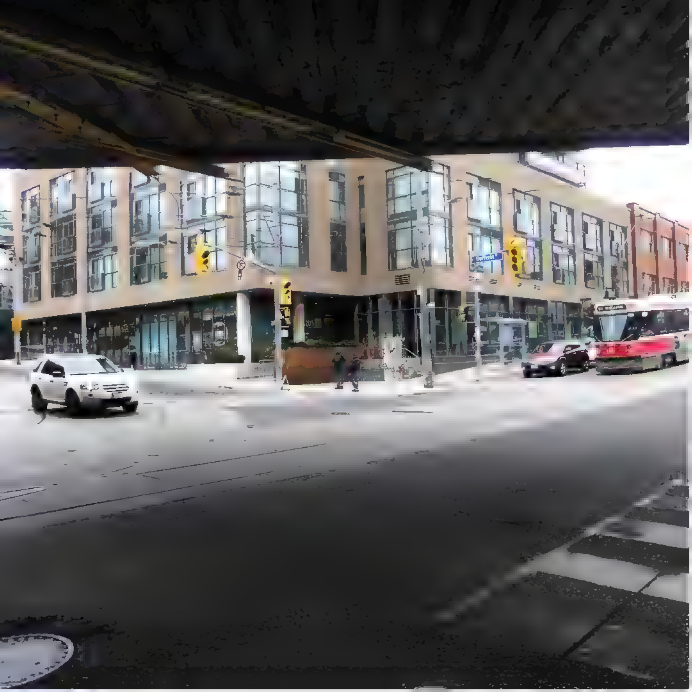
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

Paul E. Garfinkel Park
1071 Queen Street West
Parks, Forestry & Recreation
XTERA
TORONTO POLI
EMERGENCY
NO PARKING
ON THIS SIDE
OF STREET

west
west
MON FRI

THE DRAKE
CATERS

Abell St
STAY



1159

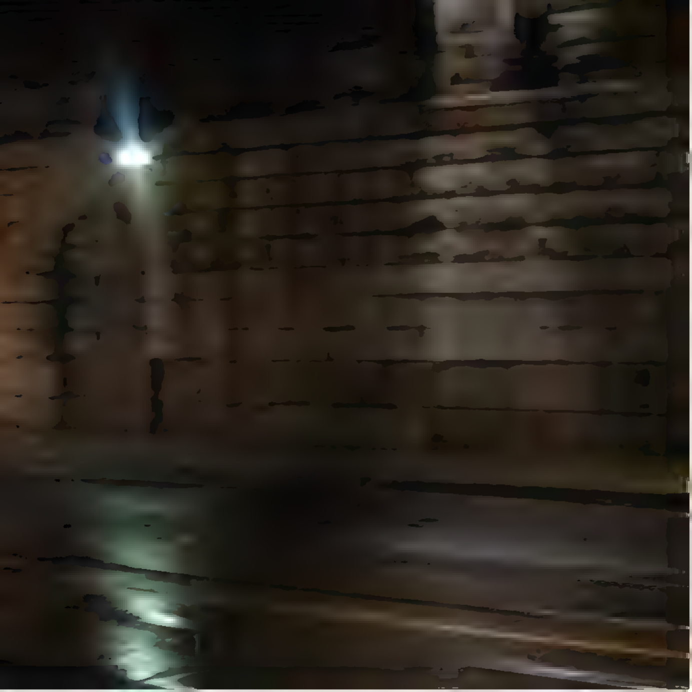
NO DUMPING

ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Beaconsfield Av
9
NO STANDING
TAXES

THE DRAKE HOTEL
NOV 12
MARY LANE

Abell St
STAY TRUE

Purol



Queen St W
1186

HOTEL

HOTEL

HEY! THINGS ARE
. .
LOOKIN UP!

care

AUTOMA
CAUTIO
DOOR

4104
501 LONG BRANCH
501 LONG BRANCH

7AM - 9AM
13
13
13
138

5

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique del'Ouest du centre-vil
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501

David Deus Santos

102.1
EDGE

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Husband - Wife
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Expert in Removal of Black Magic Blockage Evil Spirits, Bad Curses Witch Craft Voodoo Obeah Jealousy & all evils
QUICK RESULTS.
100% GUARANTEE
WESTERN UNION
WESTERN UNION

Cash chequ
f any size,
on the
mbo one

THEOSSINGTON
LUXURY TOWNHOMES
Ten-Minu
Network
obile apps
App Store
onnect With Us
YouTube
Facebook
@TTCnotices
@TTChelps

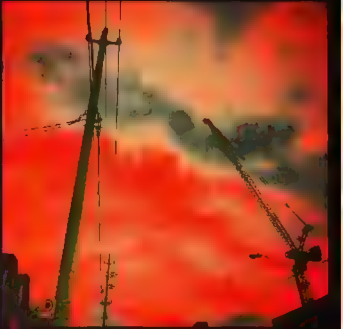
ATES

CIBC
CIBC Banking Ce

Gifts of Light
impact

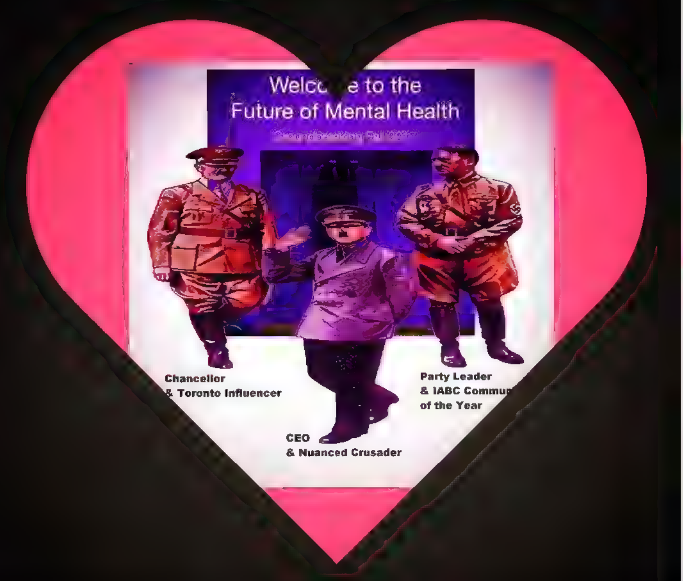
"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have a convenient citrus shampoo from time to time," says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you use – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who use the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're functioning on a level where the [illegible] what can we do to make [illegible] better for them]"

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Urban Myth No. 9
Somebody told her somebody said
we like
citrus shampoo



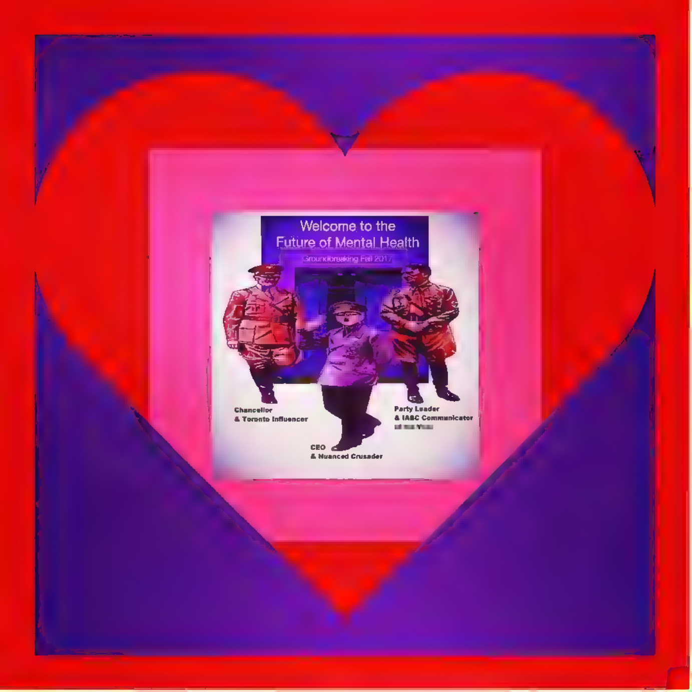
$camh

BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

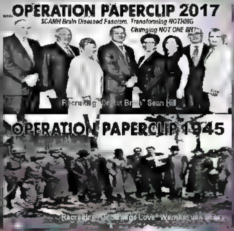

Welco e to the
Future of Mental Health
Chancellor
& Toronto Influencer
CEO
& Nuanced Crusader
Party Leader
& IABC Commu
of the Year

camh
RESEARCH
camh
RESEARCH

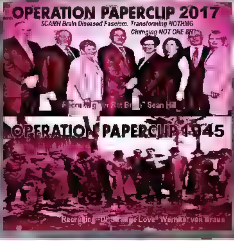
Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
Chancellor
& Toronto Influencer
Party Leader
& IABC Communicator
of the Year
CEO
& Nuanced Crusader

$CAMH
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
.amh
IN SUPPORT OF
camh
camh
RESEARCH


OPERATION PAPERCLIP 2017
SCAMH Brain Diseased Fascism. Transforming NOTHING
Changing NOT ONE BIT!
Recruiting "Dr Rat Brain" Sean Hill
OPERATION PAPERCLIP 1945
Recruiting "Dr Strange Love" Wernher von Braun

OPERATION PAPERCLIP 2017
SCAMH Brain Diseased Fascism. Transforming NOTHING
Changing NOT ONE BIT!
Recruiting "Dr Rat Brain" Sean Hill
OPERATION PAPERCLIP 1945
Recruiting "Dr Strange Love" Wernher von Braun


OPERATION PAPERCLIP 2017
SCAMH Brain Diseased Fascism. Transforming NOTHING
Changing NOT ONE BIT!
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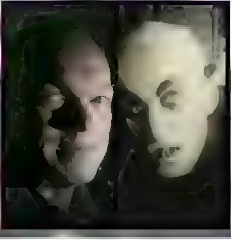
OPERATION PAPERCLIP 1945
Recruiting "Dr Strange Love" Wernher von Braun



gravitypope
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
"

TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!

scam
ENGAGE

Rudolph Hess: VP Third Reich INCORPORATED

Erik Nikkelsen: ManagingDirector AUXO

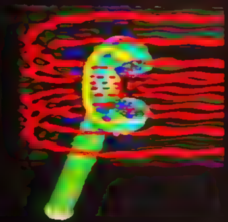
EVERY CORPORATE YAHOO "THINKS" HE CAN BE A "MENTAL HEALTH"* ADVOCATE! THAT'S DELUSIONAL THINKING!

*Meaning "BRAIN DISEASE" - from $CAMHand

ZORBA
the Geek

[illegible] rTMS without solid evidence [illegible]

one



TIE ONE ON!
(2nd Annual) $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
HARDON CHALLENGE! To defeat mental illness for SURE this time!

BELL
GATEWAY
BRAIN

Faradak Farzan: "Awe, C'mon! TRY a little TRANSCRANIAL MAGNETIC STIMULATION! I did - at least I THINK so - if I can remember...." rTMS - A Kinda (Sorta) GENTLER ECT, "The ZAPPY that makes you HAPPY!"*

*[illegible]

Brought to you by some bank, of course!

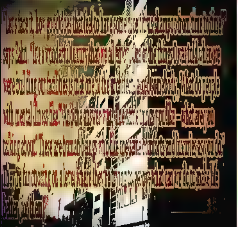
PAPERCL
Fascism: Transform
Changing
Dr. Kat Brain" Sea
PAPERCL
Fascism: Transformi
Changing
Dr. Kat Brain" Sea
PAPERCL
Fascism: Transform
Changing
Dr. Kat Brain" Se
PAPERC
Strange Love
PAPERCL
Strange Love"
PAPERC
Strange Love

"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's building a future in which everyone BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING. We're COMMITTED (should be!) to TRANSFORMING mental health care and creating HOPE - ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~ $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn;
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

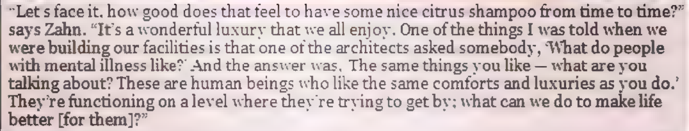
$IT
EVIL
$CAMH Foundation

Idiot Zahn Goes Ballistic.
Shoots the Moon for Krembil Brain Disease
North Korea Doesn't Have It All.
IN YOUR ASS



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some [illegible] 'I'm changing your lives from time to time'" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all [illegible] of the things I've started to change as we're building our facilities is that one of the architects asked me candidly, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, [illegible] what you'd like – what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're [illegible] what can we do to make life better for them?'"

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn "Communicator of the Year" So Incredibly Stupid It's Hard to Imagine



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like — what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

Only Four Wonks Elected Her "Communicator of the Year" Which Apparently was the Case

AMATEUR

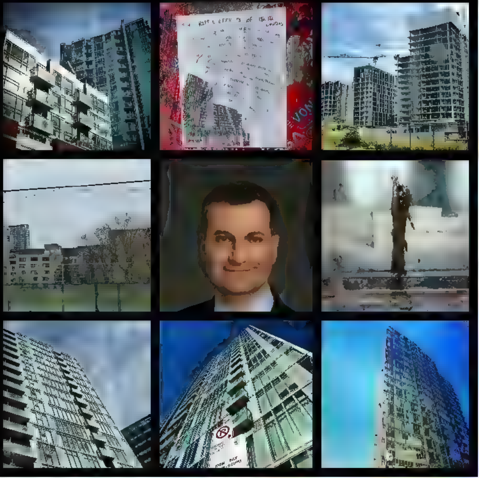
DOLLARAMA
DOLLARAMA
CUSTOMER PARKING
MAXIMUM
40

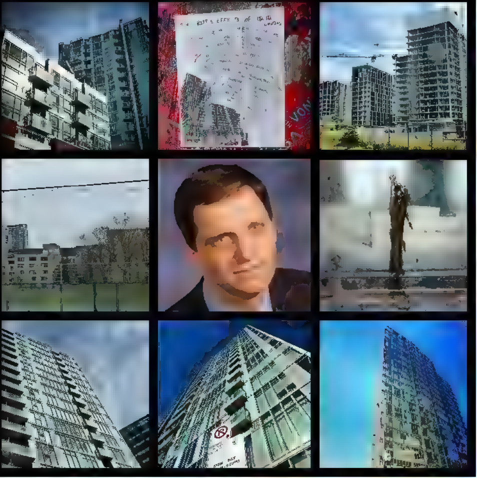
LACE

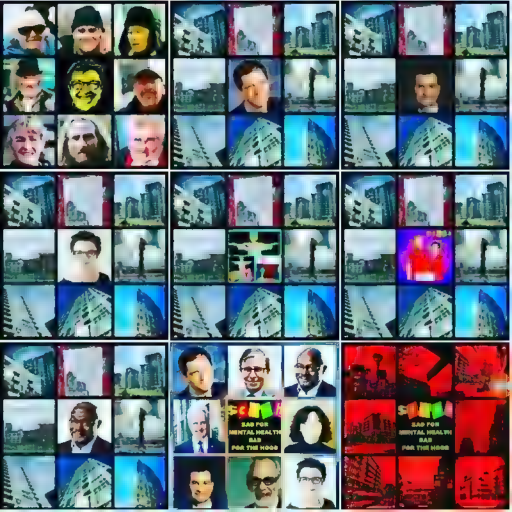
Grand
ELECTRIC
TAQUERIA

We
KNEAD
You!
WALK INS
AVAILABLE

Social Cause
Of Urban
ELF'
TVO Poster Boy
Kwame McKenzie

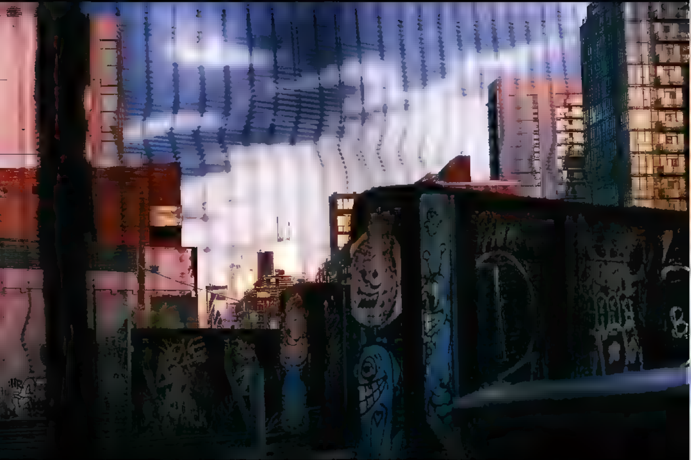


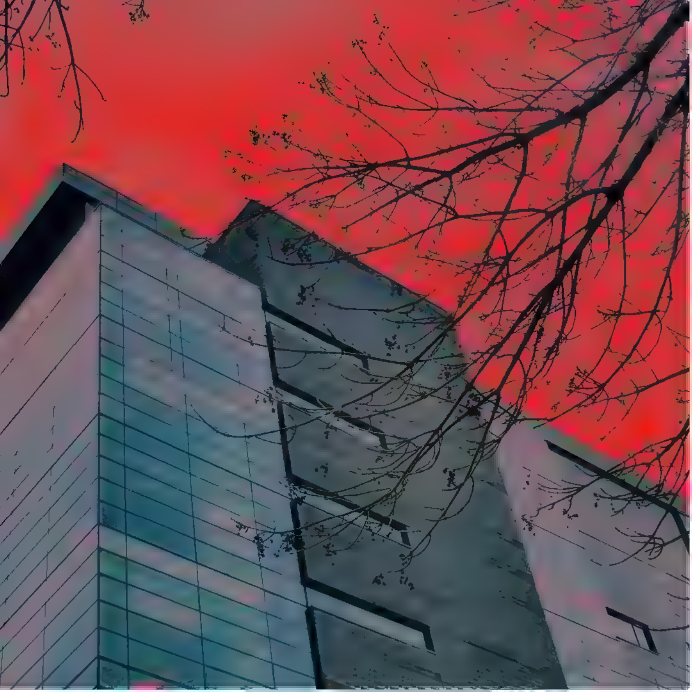



SAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE MOOD
SAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE MOOD

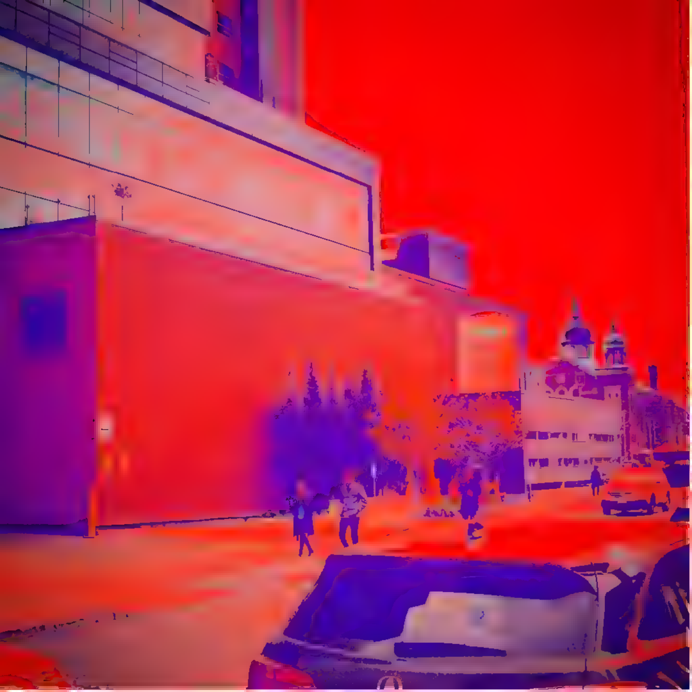
YOU'VE
CHANGE
NOT A BIT

$c[illegible]mh
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD





FALAFEL

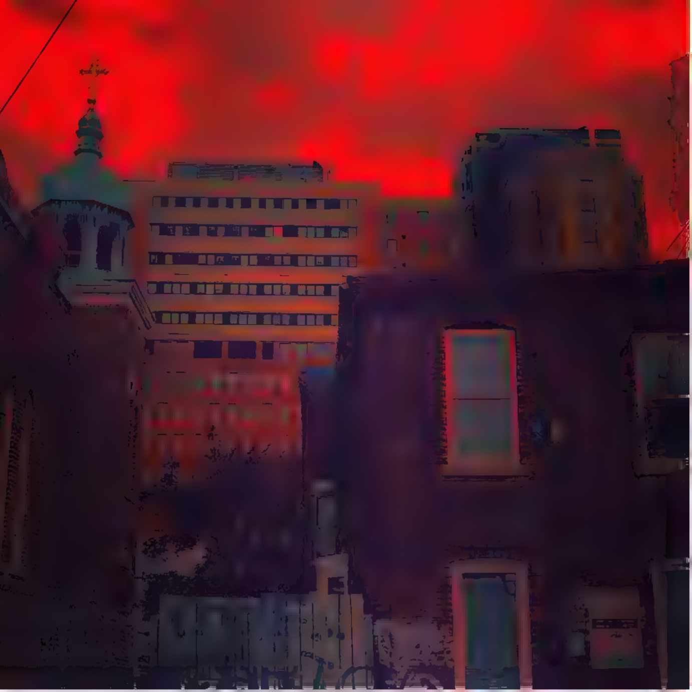


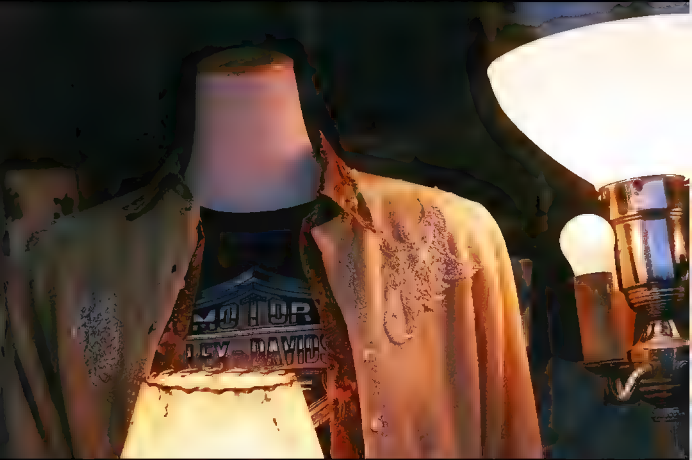
Parkdale
village

MOTOR
LEY-DAVIDS

rkdale
Village

AMATEUR




MOTOR
LEY-DAVIDS

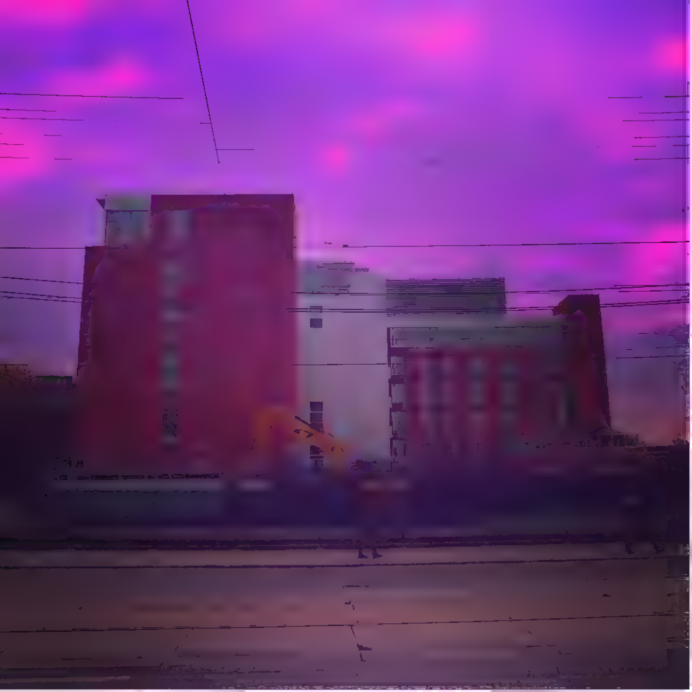
Krembil Research Institute

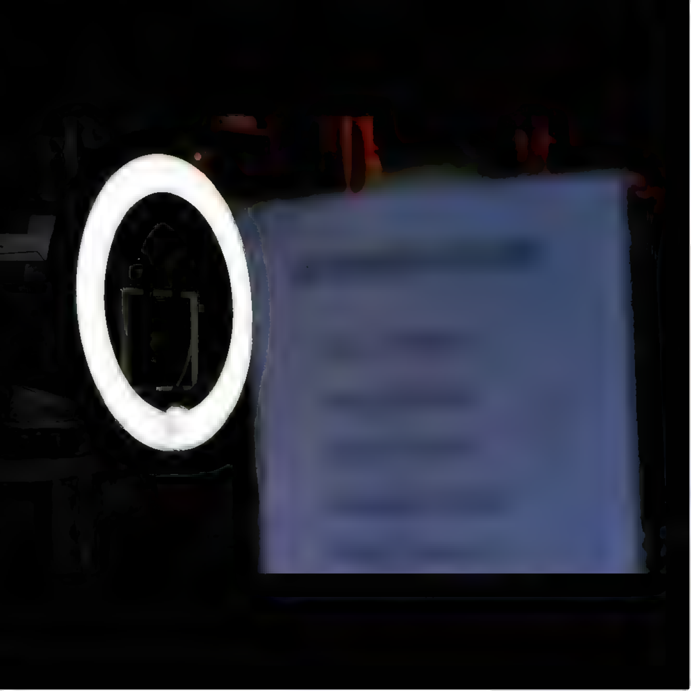
AMATEUR

AMATEUR

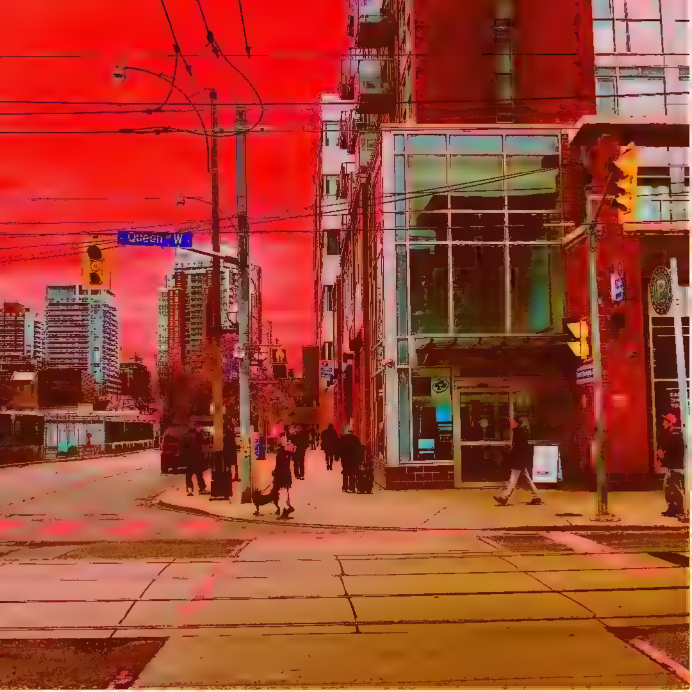
Krembil Research Institute

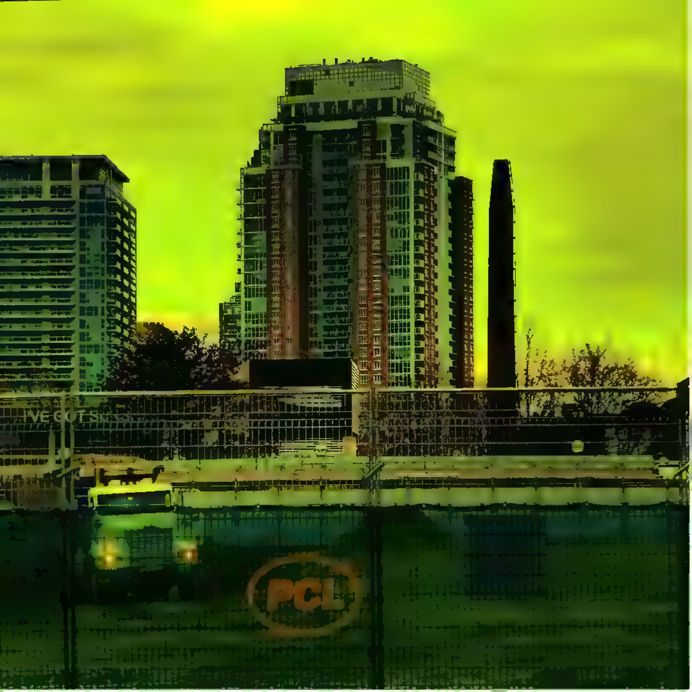
Tanz Centre for Research in Neurodegenerative Diseases
rthritis Research Centre





PCL
CLOSED


Queen St W


IVE GOT S
PCL

Paul E. Garfinkel Park
1871 Queen Street West
Parks, Forestry & Recreation

Queen St W

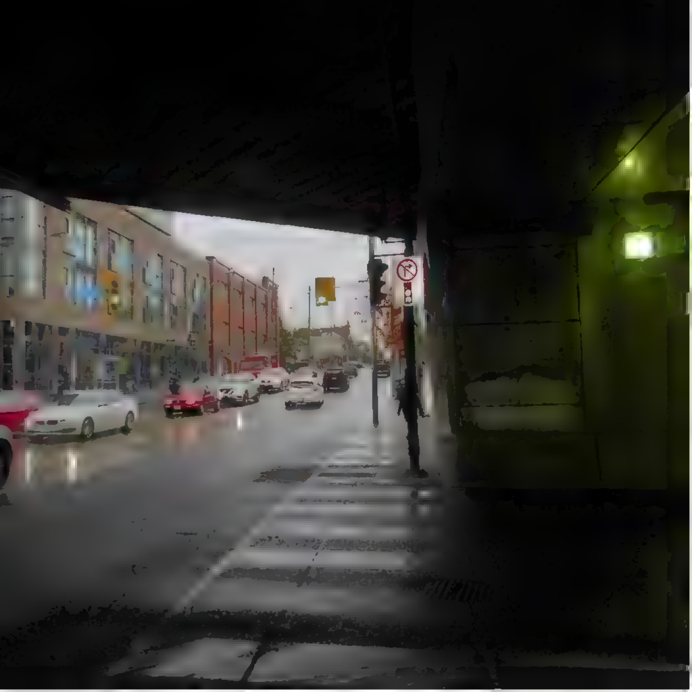
NT

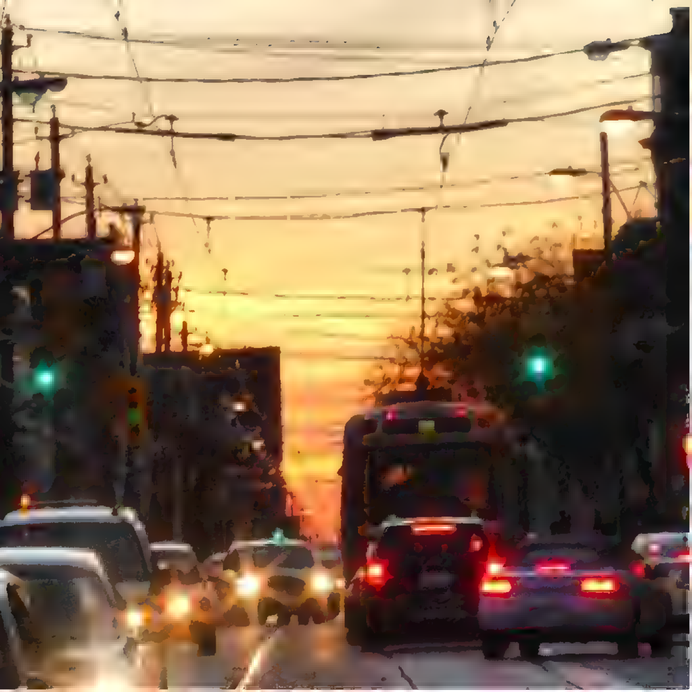
te of Light
STO
Stokes

NT

Lansdowne Ave

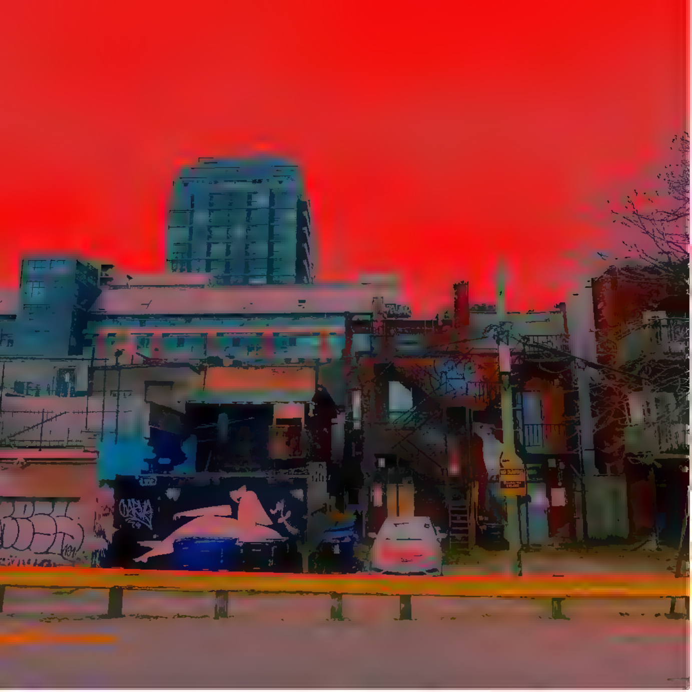
4104
LONG BRANCH
4104

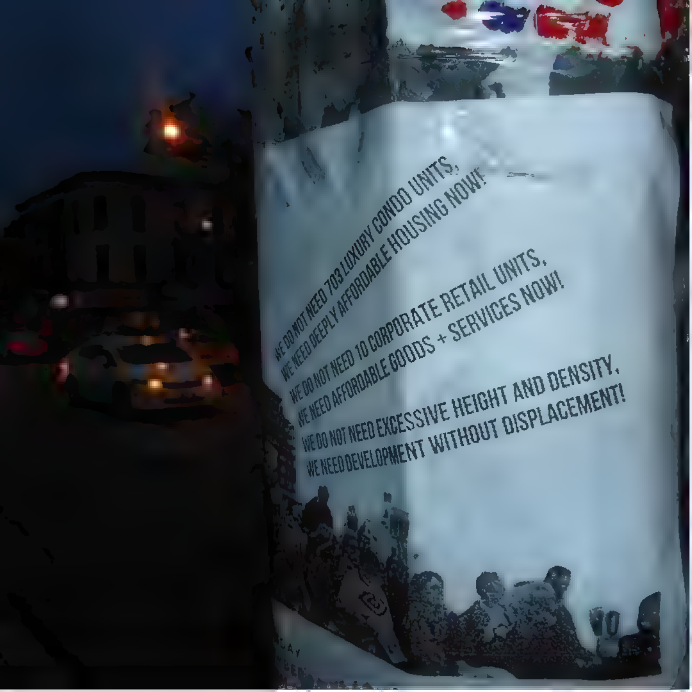




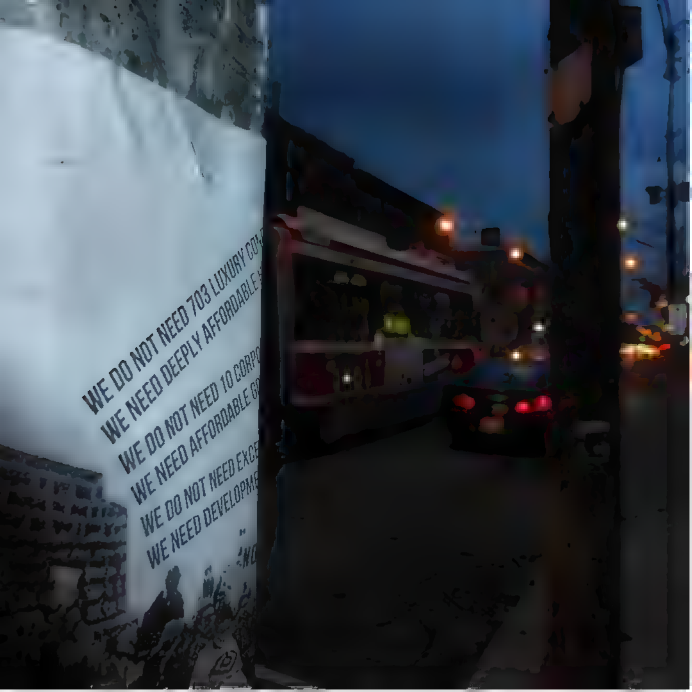
metro

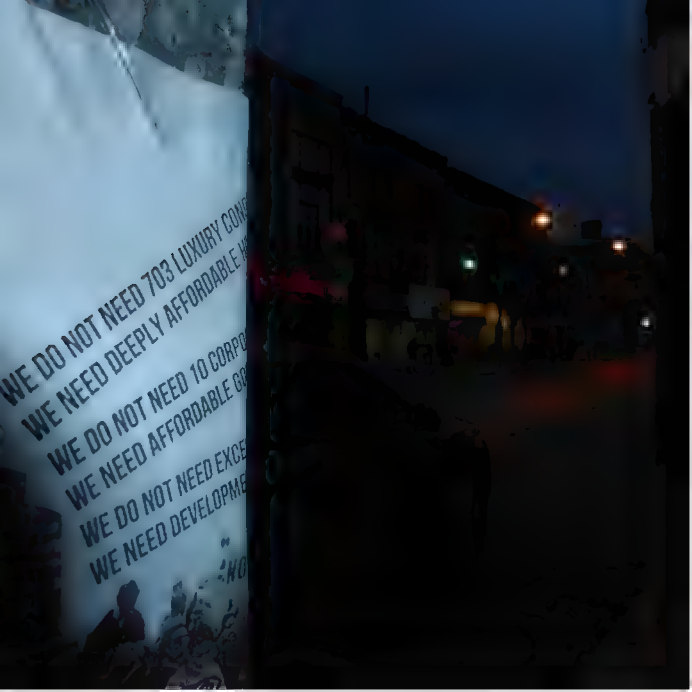
David Delos Santos
October 18 2017




WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CONDO UNITS,
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE HOUSING NOW!
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPORATE RETAIL UNITS,
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GOODS + SERVICES NOW!
WE DO NOT NEED EXCESSIVE HEIGHT AND DENSITY,
WE NEED DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT DISPLACEMENT!

HOTEL


WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CO
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE H
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPO
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GO
WE DO NOT NEED EXCE
WE NEED DEVELOPME

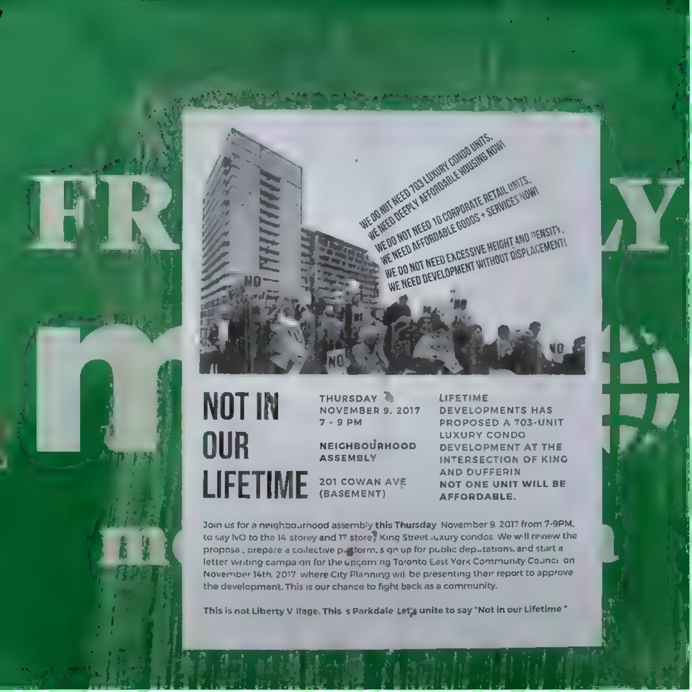

WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CONC
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE H
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPO
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GO
WE DO NOT NEED EXCE
WE NEED DEVELOPME
"NO

WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CO
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORP
WE NEED AFFORDABLE
WE DO NOT NEED EXC
WE NEED DEVELOPM

CLOSING
SALE
TISHA
PLEASE
RETURN
MY
PHONE

LOVING
THE
ALIEN
1947

SLO
DOW


NO
NO
NO
NO
NO

WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CONDO UNITS,
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE HOUSING NOW!

WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPORATE RETAIL UNITS,
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GOODS + SERVICES NOW!

WE DO NOT NEED EXCESSIVE HEIGHT AND DENSITY,
WE NEED DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT DISPLACEMENT!

NOT IN OUR LIFETIME

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9, 2017
7 - 9 PM

NEIGHBOURHOOD ASSEMBLY

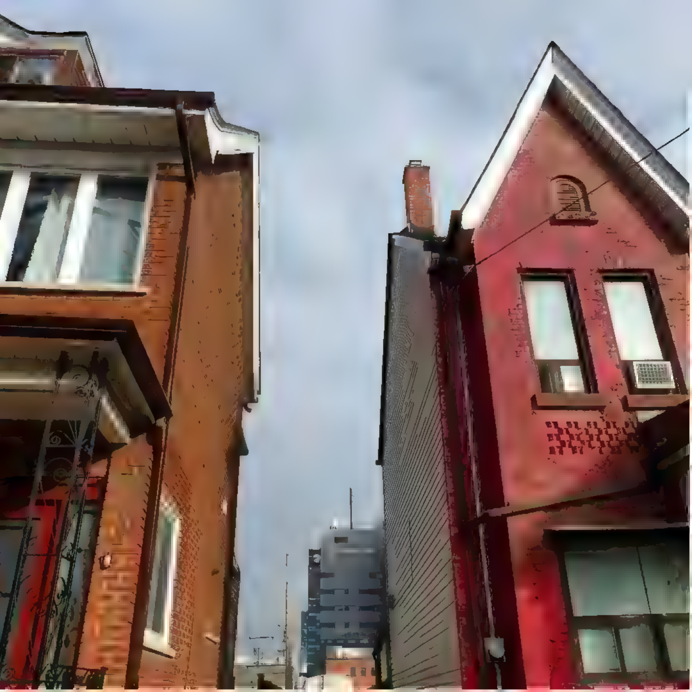
201 COWAN AVE
(BASEMENT)

LIFETIME DEVELOPMENTS HAS PROPOSED A 703-UNIT LUXURY CONDO DEVELOPMENT AT THE INTERSECTION OF KING AND DUFFERIN **NOT ONE UNIT WILL BE AFFORDABLE.**

Join us for a neighbourhood assembly **this Thursday** November 9, 2017 from 7-9PM, to say NO to the 14 storey and 17 storey King Street luxury condos. We will review the proposal, prepare a collective platform, sign up for public deputations, and start a letter writing campaign for the upcoming Toronto East York Community Council on November 14th, 2017 where City Planning will be presenting their report to approve the development. This is our chance to fight back as a community.

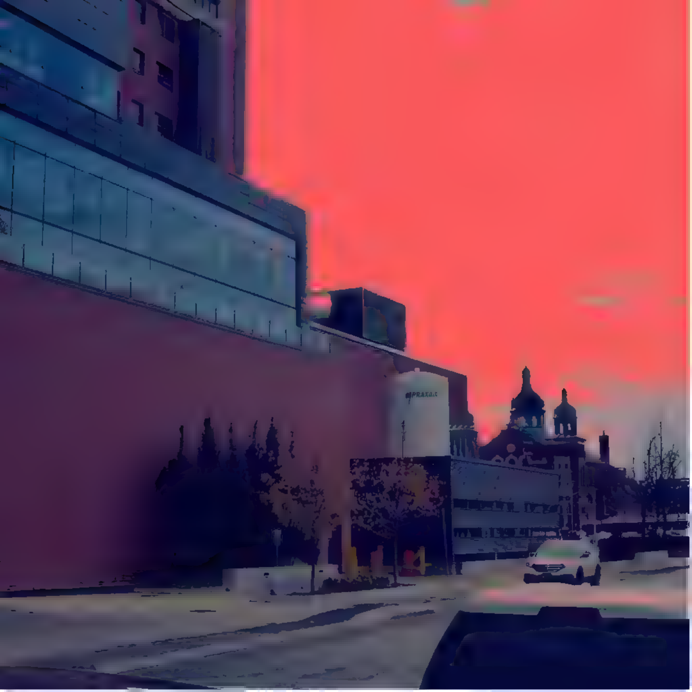
This is not Liberty Village. This is Parkdale. Let's unite to say "Not in our Lifetime."

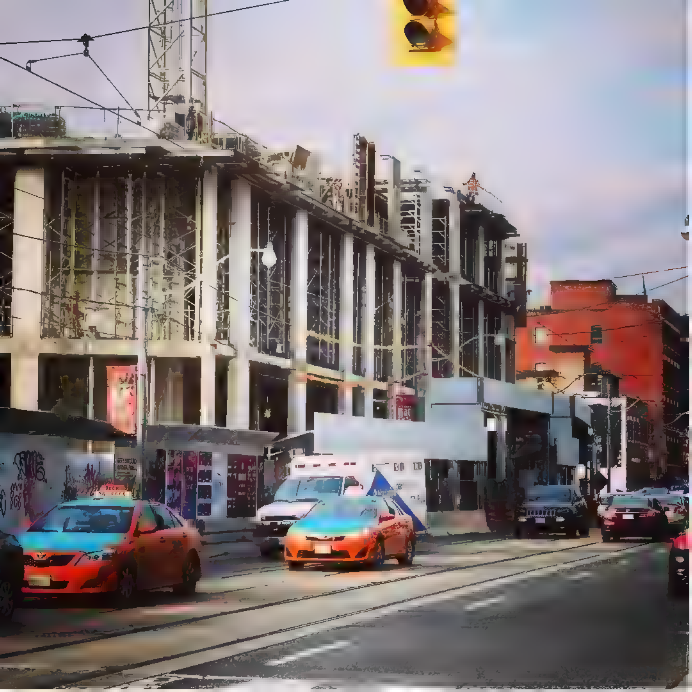
1159

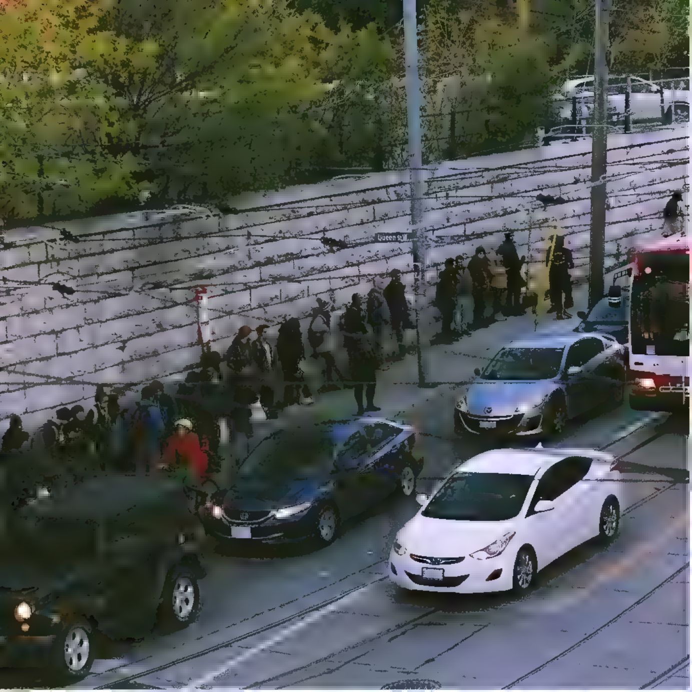


metro

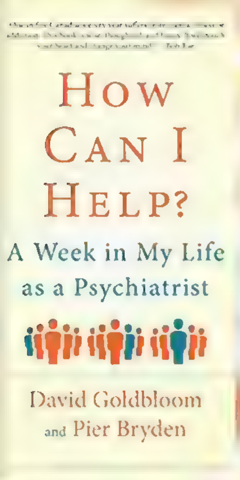
1340


PRAXAIR


BECK


Queen St W

Nassau St.



HOW CAN I HELP?

A Week in My Life as a Psychiatrist

David Goldbloom

and Pier Bryden

4125
504 SCHIZOPHRENIA
4125
4125

TO
Star
HO
Star

[illegible] KIDMAN: "What the WORLD needs NOW is MORE FEMALE DIRECTORS in HOLLYWOOD!" Amen TOOTS! Move more of HOLLYWOOD to an AUSTRALIAN ISLAND and SINK THE WHOLE THING!

[illegible]DAY STAR

WEATHER HIGH 16 C [illegible]

SUNDAY [illegible]

STAR EXCLUSIVE

Violence ag[illegible] nurses 'out of control,' unions sa

Survey finds majority of front-line health-care workers have faced physical threats on the job

[illegible]

According to a new survey of Ontario health-care workers, incidents like these [illegible]. In fact, 68 per cent of nurses and personal support workers across the province have experienced physical violence at least once on the job over the past year, a poll conducted for the Ontario Council of Hospital Unions shows. Some 45 per cent experienced at least one incident of sexual harassment or assault.

"Violence is getting really out of control in these hospitals," said Michael Hurley, OCHU's president. "The level of physical violence, sexual harassment, sexual assault, verbal assault and racial name-calling is at a level which is tragic and

68%

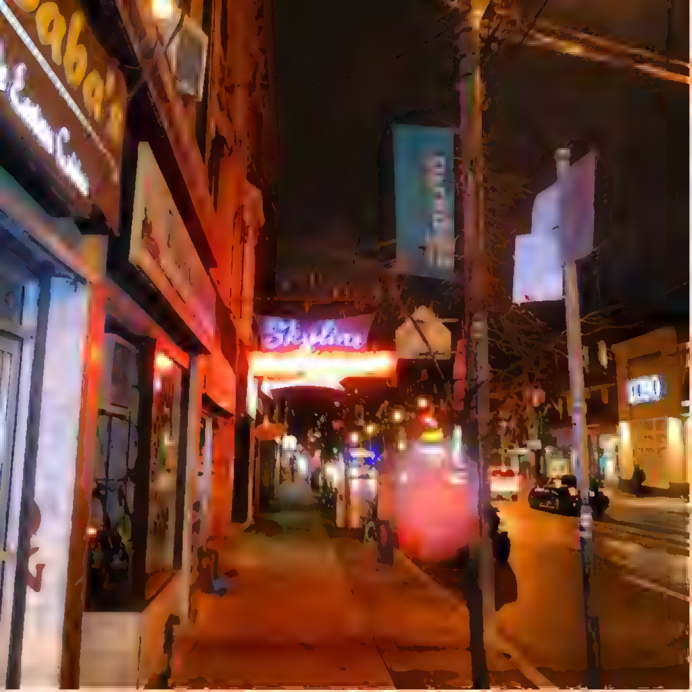
of Ontario nurses and personal support workers reported at least one incident of physical violence on the job over the past year

[illegible]

CL SED
For The Winter

TORONTO BOARD OF EDUCATION
PARKDALE
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE
OCT 19 IBPREBAC
PROGRAM REVIEW
20 7_8 HONOURS
ASSEMBLY
NOV 1 TAKE OUR KIDS
TOWORK DAY

DAY STAR


Skyline

MANOR
1447

we know
THE GREAT
CANADIAN

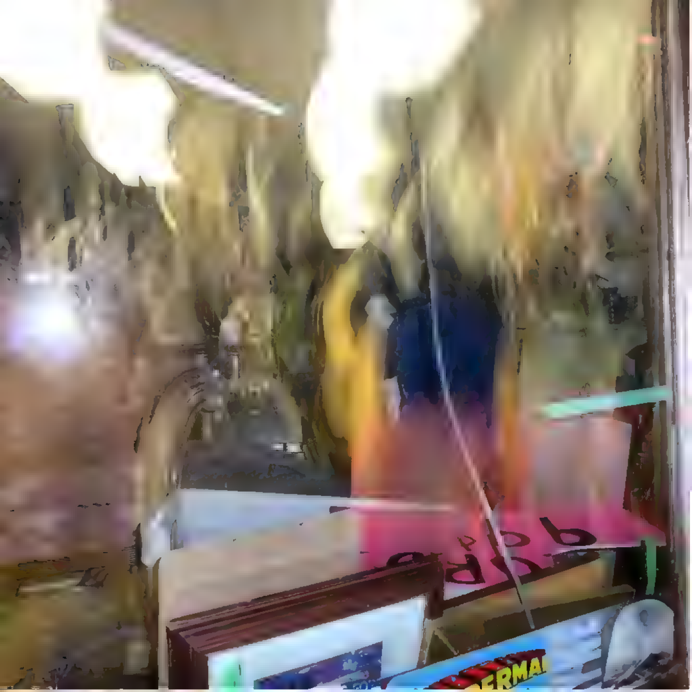
Skyline
RESTAURANT
RESTAURANT

Skyline
RESTAURANT

OPEN
$7.0
Sign
CASH
ATM

OPEN
evian
6/49
$70
Sign
CASH
Interac
ATM INSIDE

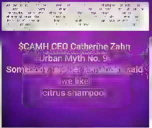
FLU SHOT
simple

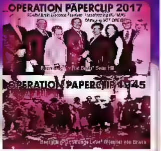

ERMA

DOLLARAMA
1

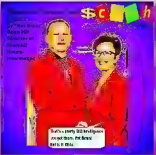
♥ VEGAN ☺
WINTER
JACKETS

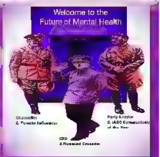
PUBLIC
BUTTER
PUBLIC
BUTTER

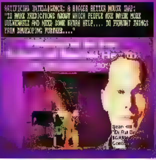

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Urban Myth No. 9
Som[illegible] said
we like
citrus shampoo


OPERATION PAPERCUP 2017
Recruiting "Dr Rat Brain" Sean Hill
OPERATION PAPERCUP 1945
Recruiting "Dr. Strange Love" Wernher von Braun

camh


$camh
Dr "Rat Brain" Sean Hill Director of Krembil Neuro-informatics
That's a pretty BIG Intelligence you got there, Rat Brain!
But is it REAL


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Chancellor
& Toronto Influencer
Party Leader
& IABC Communicator of the Year
CEO
& Nuanced Crusader

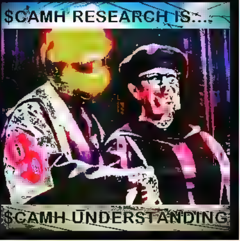

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: A BIGGER BETTER MOUSE TRAP:
"TO MAKE PREDICTIONS ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE ARE MAYBE MORE VULNERABLE AND NEED SOME EXTRA HELP.... TO PREVENT THINGS FROM DEVELOPING FURTHER...."
Sean Hill
"Dr Rat Br

Welcome to the

OPEN
PARLOUR
PASS
PULL
Machine
Tickets
Phone Cards
Groceries
& more!

camh
RESEARCH

camh
RESEARCH

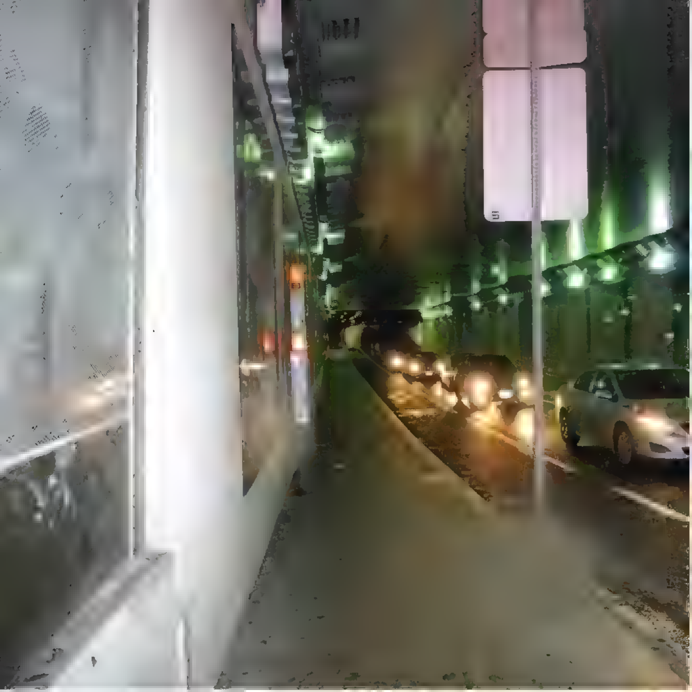

$CAMH RESEARCH IS....
$CAMH UNDERSTANDING

Open
CADILLAC
Lounge

dale

PUBLIC
BUTTER
itage
5

Parkdale



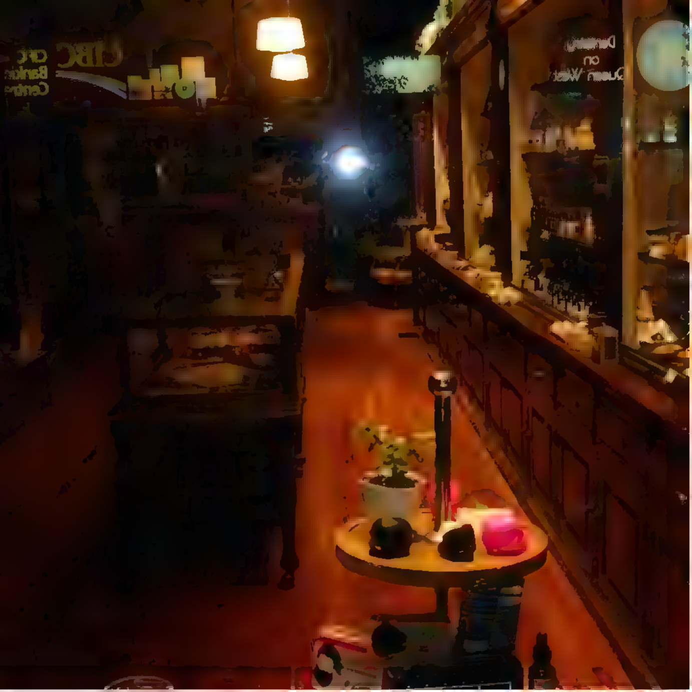
VERSO
Gallery
BLACKBONES
Jewelry & Sculpture
by Julie Jenkinson

SH

We

501L LONG BRANCH
1065

GOOD DELIGHTS


CIBC
Banking Centre
Dentistry on Queen West

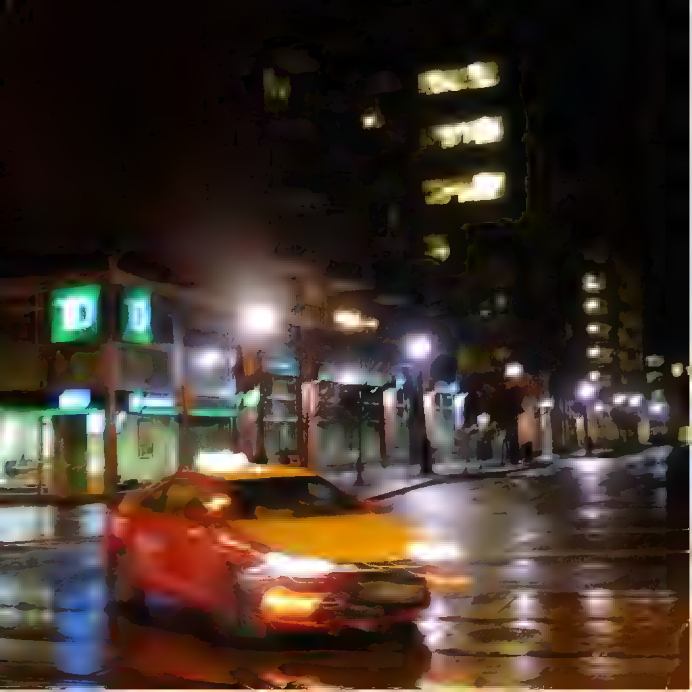
Ca$h
for
Jewelry

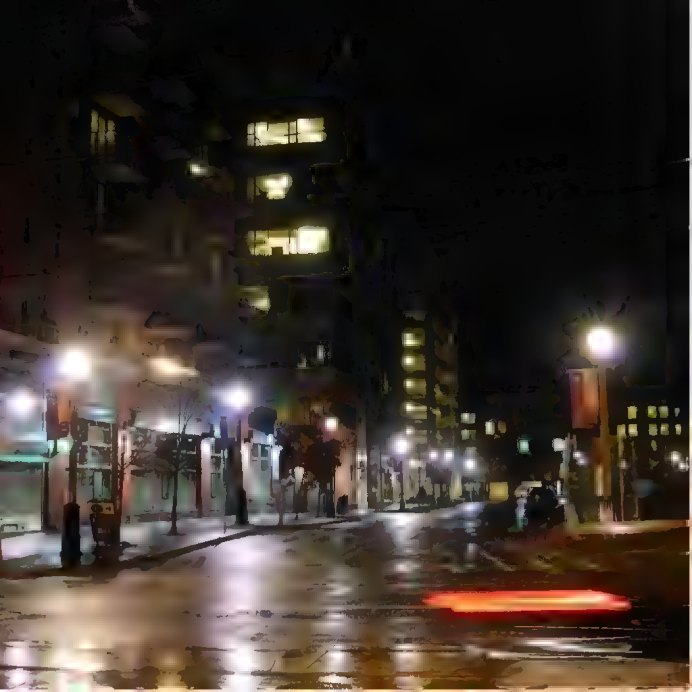
Queen

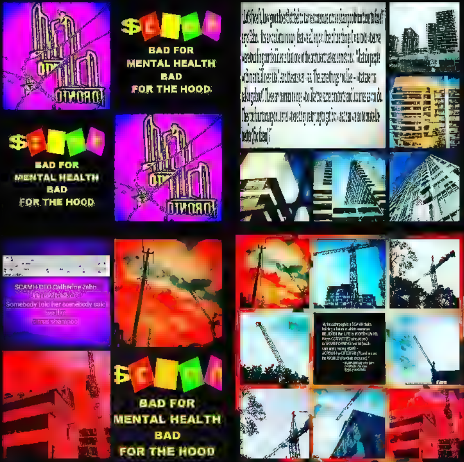
HOTEL

CRAFT
SHOP

1087

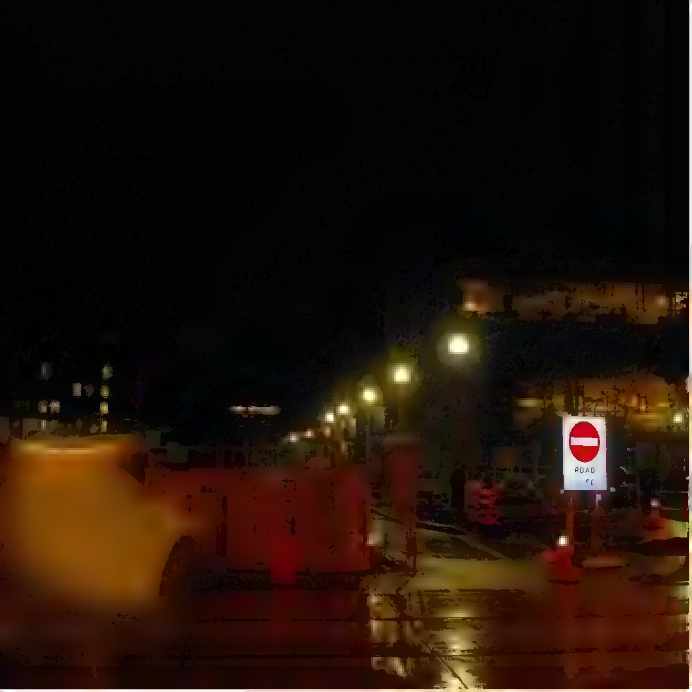

TD




BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
SCAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Somebody told her somebody said
we like
citrus shampoo
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD

DRYERS
533-9903

W
1032 Queen West


ROAD

YES PLEASE
luxury
designer

GIVE good

Like Savings?
WINE ON SALE

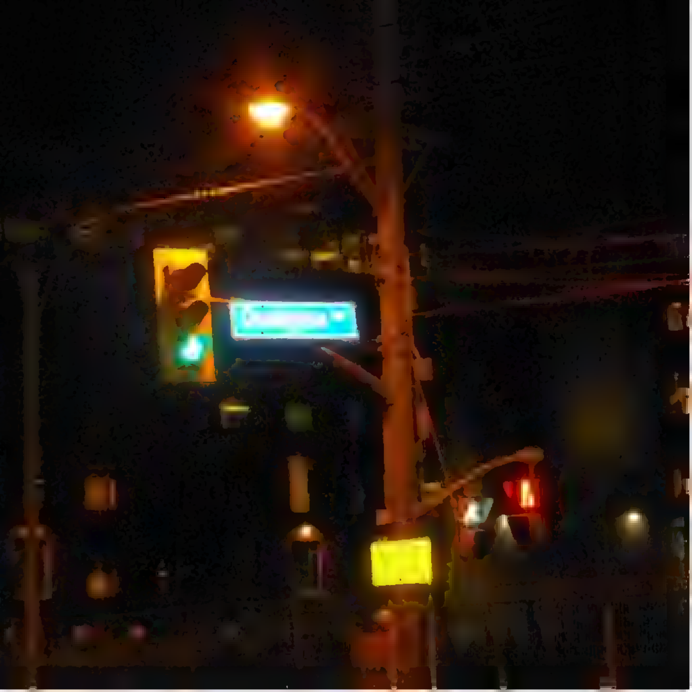
Brookfield St
7

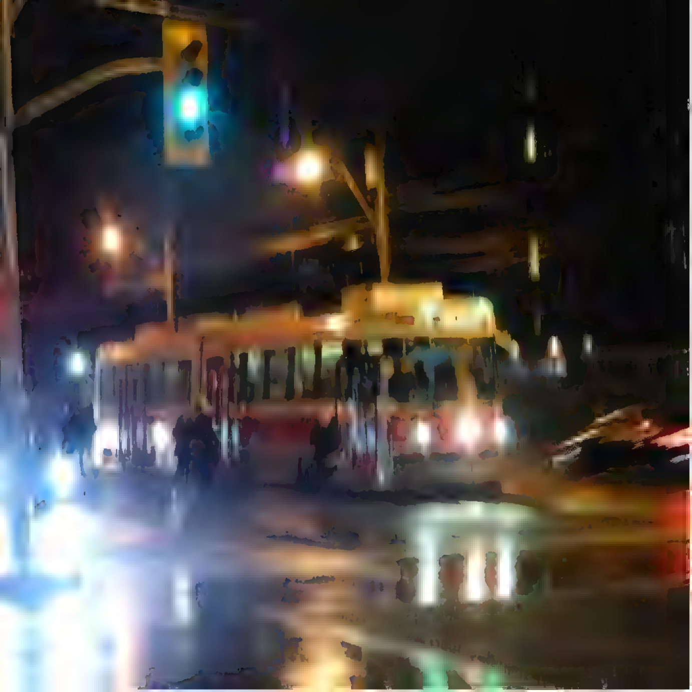
THE NUTCRACKER
DECEMBER 8-30

Brookfield

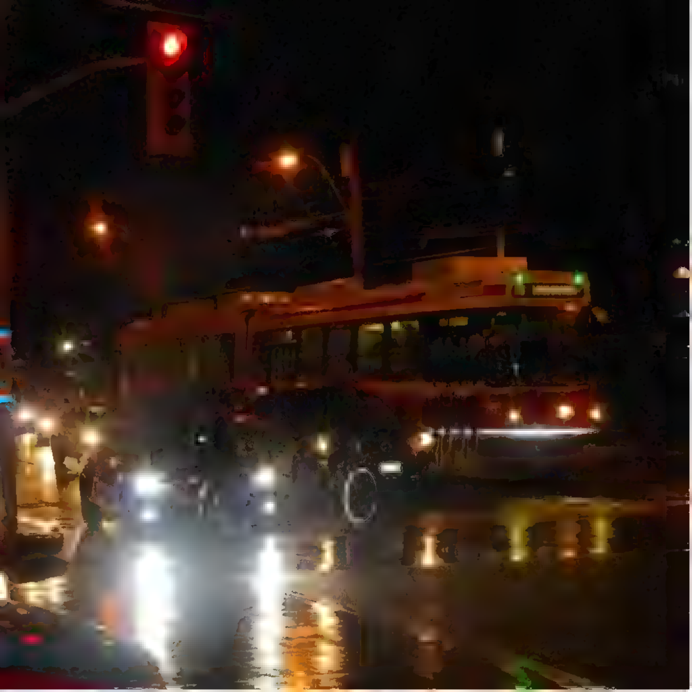
SIX VAPES
VAPING SINCE 2015
6
OPEN
BUSINESS HOURS
MON
TUE
WED
THU

18 WAITS





Ossington



Cocktail Market
& Bar Supplies
LXARDO $14.99
MARASCHINO Cherries
Cocktail Potions
ANGOSTURA Bitters $8.99
Apple Pie Bitters
Pumpkin Bitters

Cocktail Market
Bar Supplies
LUXARDO $14.99
MARASCHINO Cherries
Cocktail Potions
ANGOSTURA Bitters $8.99
Apple Pie Bitters
Pumpkin Bitters

86
OURS
AY-FRIDAY

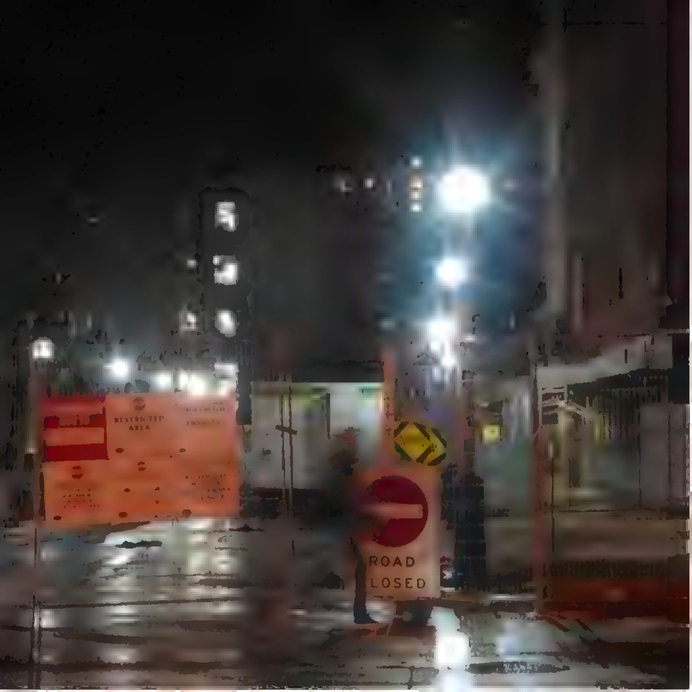
SHOW GALLERY

NEW
ARRIVALS
HARMONY
HOPE

Bitters
Richouds
The O.G. Est. 2004
Glassware
Glencairn
Nosing & Tasting Glass
Starting @ $9.99
Cocktail Potions
Tiki Bitters By El Guapo
Bitters & Syrups
El Guapo
Creole Bitters
KIT

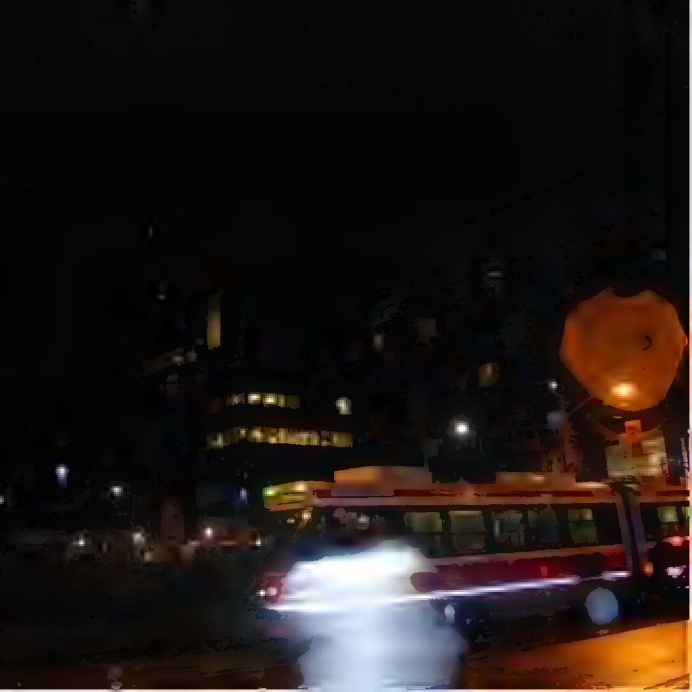
FRED PERRY

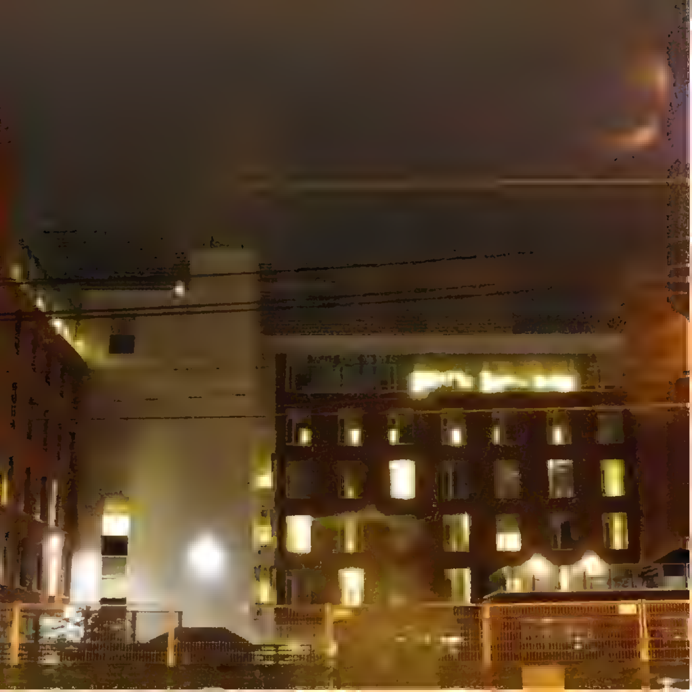
FRED PERRY


RESTRICTED AREA
ROAD
LOSED

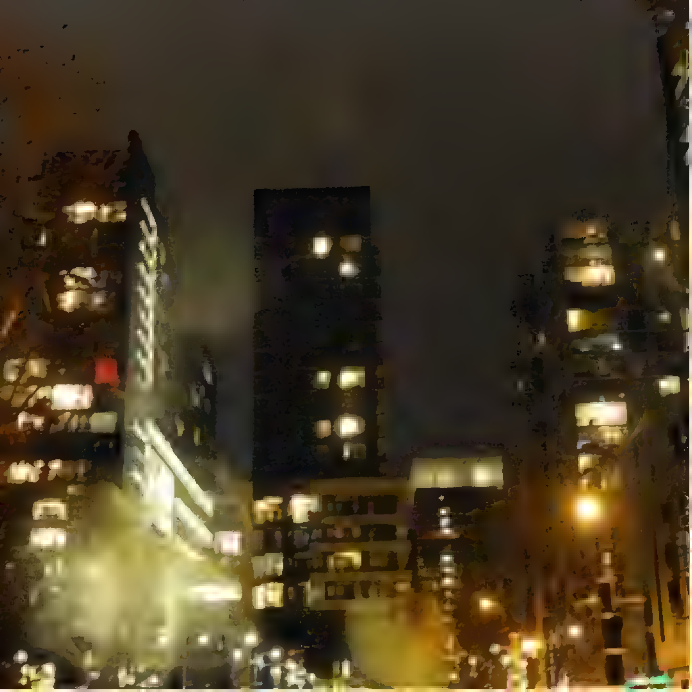
SEKAI
NAIL AND BEAUTY BAR

Feel at
bliss For 10$
with our
EYE LIFT
MASSAGE
For Stress
RELIEF



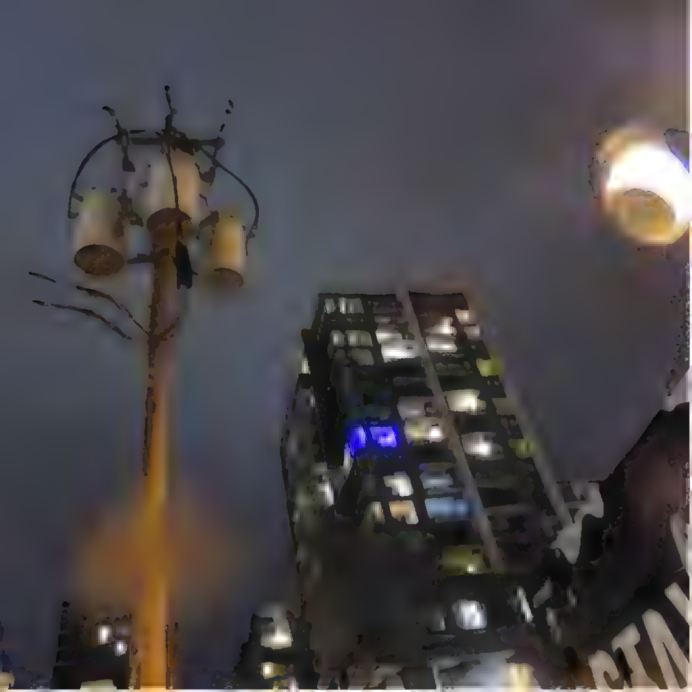


4251

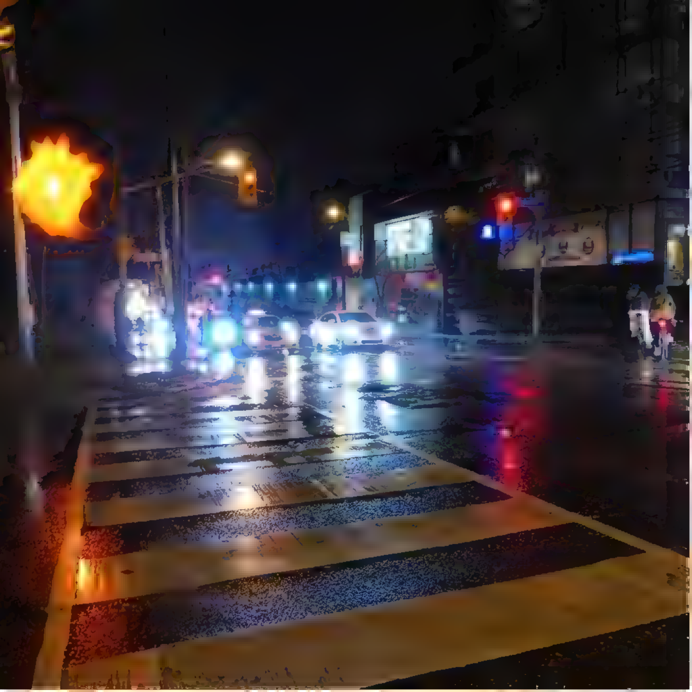


ALL
TOQUES
50%
OFF !
Wha
The Tree

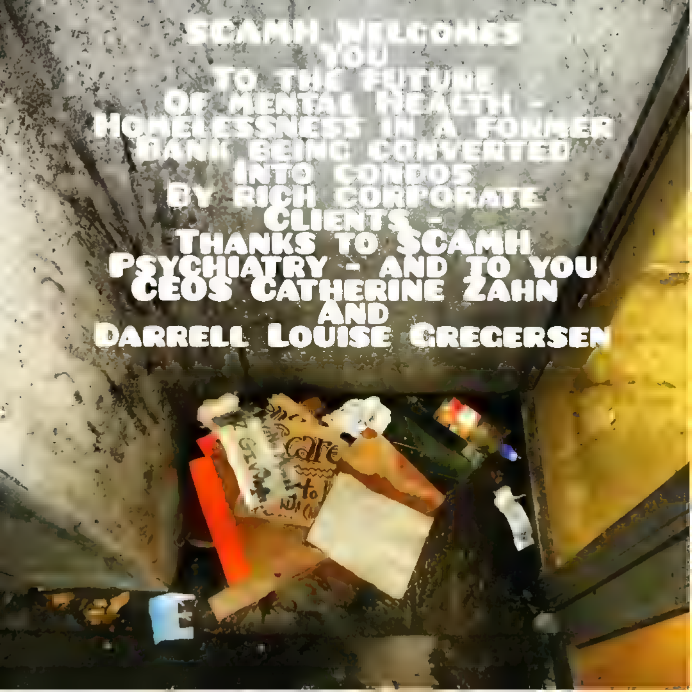
Buy a Case
SAVE BIG
CBMB 089



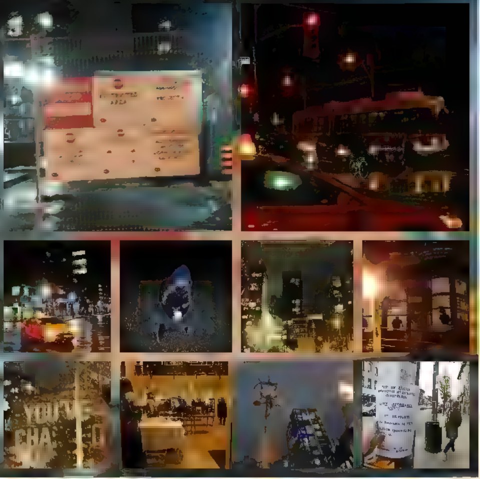
1171
REET WEST

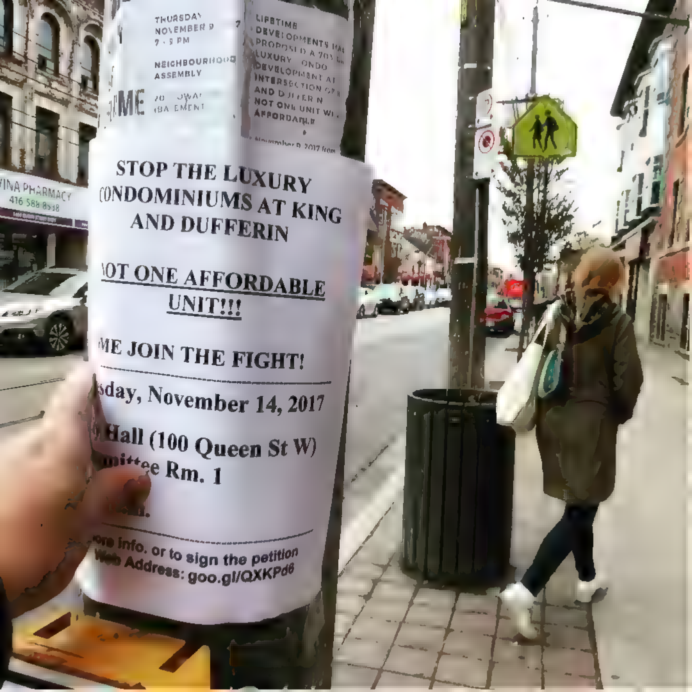


BREW
LOVE
LOVE
Indian
Sales & Service
MOTORCYCLE
FABERGÉ
FOR SALE
Everybody believes in something.
BEER



SCAMH Welcomes
You
To the future
Of mental Health -
Homelessness in a former
Bank being converted
Into condos
By rich corporate
Clients -
Thanks to SCAMH
Psychiatry - and to you
CEOs Catherine Zahn
And
Darrell Louise Gregersen


YOU'VE
CHA



THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9
7 - 9 PM

NEIGHBOURHOOD
ASSEMBLY

ME

20 OWA
BASEMENT

LIFETIME
DEVELOPMENTS HAS
PROPOSED A 703
LUXURY CONDO
DEVELOPMENT AT
INTERSECTION OF
AND DUFFERIN
NOT ONE UNIT WI
AFFORDABLE

November 9, 2017 from

STOP THE LUXURY ONDOMINIUMS AT KING AND DUFFERIN

OT ONE AFFORDABLE UNIT!!!

ME JOIN THE FIGHT!

---

sday, November 14, 2017

Hall (100 Queen St W)
mittee Rm. 1

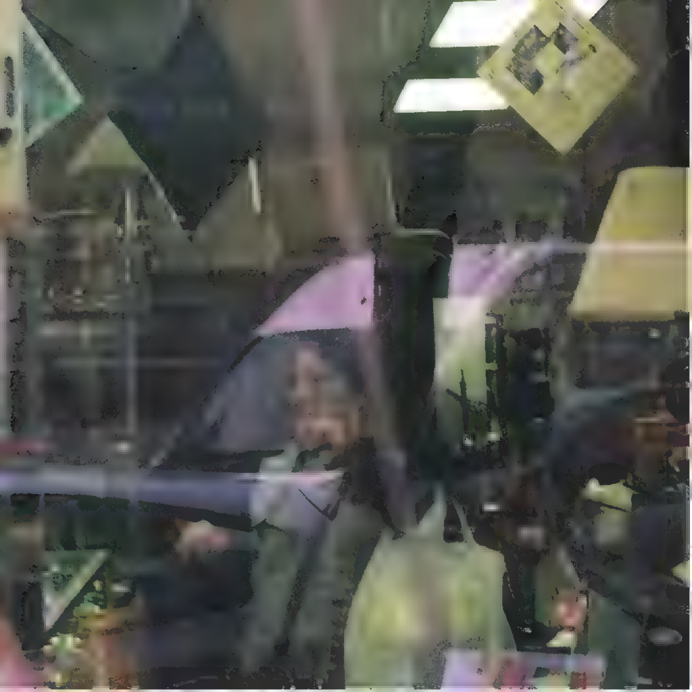
[illegible]

---

ore info. or to sign the petition
Web Address: goo.gl/QXKPd6

4071
NOT IN SERVICE
4071

ONE
BMO



Parkda
Vill
Skyline
RESTAURANT
pizzapizza
967·11·11

FedEx
7 AM 10 AM
3 PM 7 PM
MON-FRI

LCBO
501 DUFFERIN
1586

WARNING
NO DUMPING
CITY OF TORONTO
BY-LAW NO. 20298
MAXIMUM FINE
$5,000.00

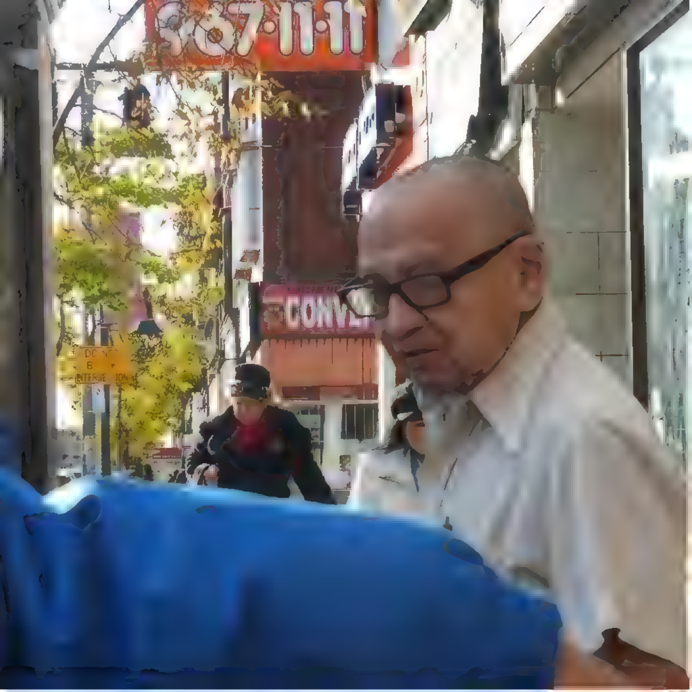
COLD BEER
BIERE FROIDE
offrir
goûter
AUTOMATIC DOOR
AUTOMATIC DOOR
HOURS HEURES

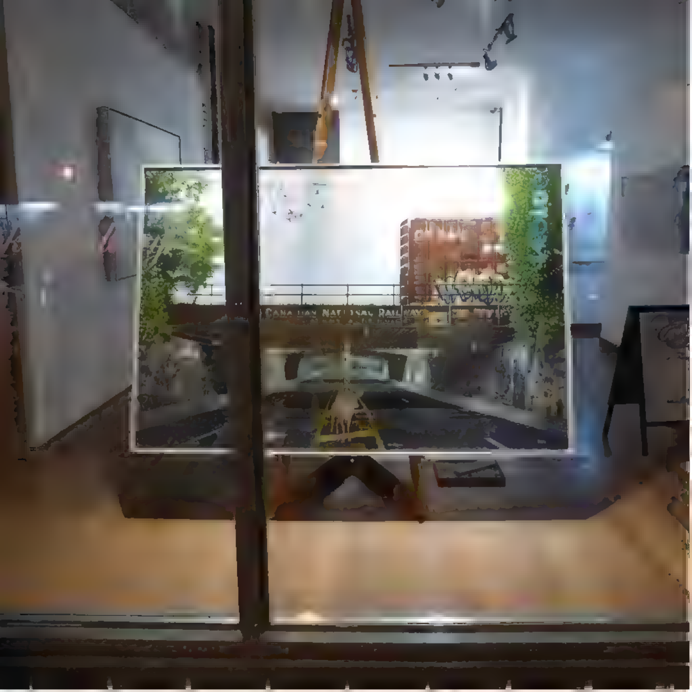
7AM 10AM
3PM 7PM

FLORIDA GEORGIA LINE

RAN
428

P CLEAR


CONV


Canadian National Railways

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BUY SELL TRADE
Call us at
416.536.1010
We Specialize
in
Fine Watches
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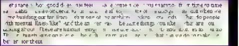
Jewellery
• Gold Silver and Pl
in any condition
• Diamond
• Fine Jewelry
• Bullion & Precious Meta
n on Valuabl
of products
Sony & More

Homemade
Momo
Khong Rig Katrin
LOGA'S CORNER
216C Close Ave 647.761.0965
Restaurant
LOGA'S CORNER
Take-out Momo
216C CLOSE AVE
647.761.0965

$c-mh

BAD FOR MENTAL HEALTH BAD FOR THE HOOD



"Let's face it, how good does it feel to take a shower in citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahra. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' and the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're human beings on a level where they're trying to get better, what can we do to make it better for them?"

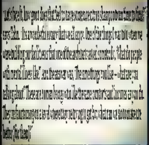
$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

Urban Myth No. 9:

somebody told her somebody said

we like

citrus shampoo.



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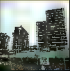
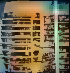
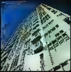




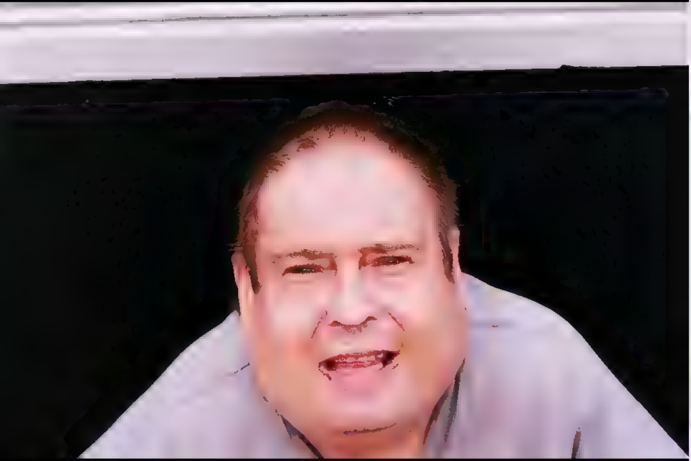


camh
RESEARCH

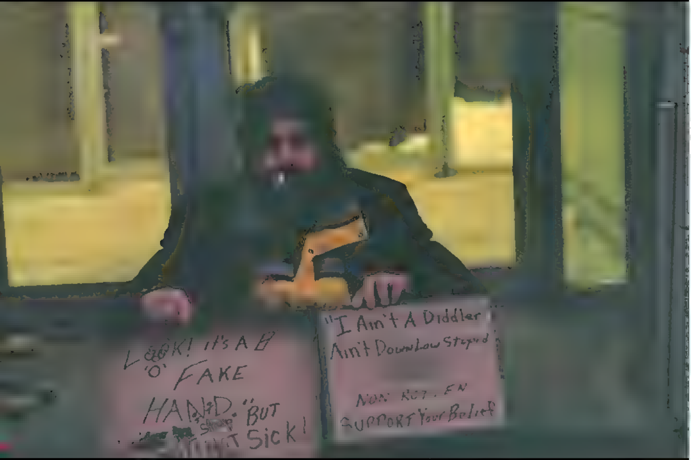
ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: A BIGGER BETTER MOUSE TRAP:
"TO MAKE PREDICTIONS ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE ARE MAYBE MORE VULNERABLE AND NEED SOME EXTRA HELP.... TO PREVENT THINGS FROM DEVELOPING FURTHER...."
Future of Mental Health
Sean H
"Dr Rat Brain
$CAMH
Centr
Net ro

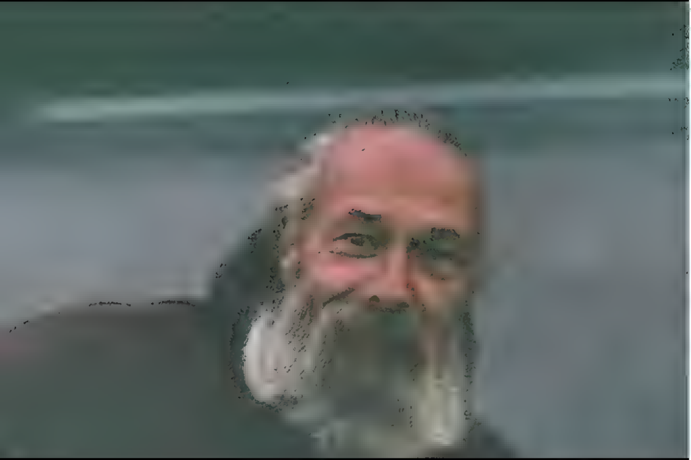
camh
RESEARCH

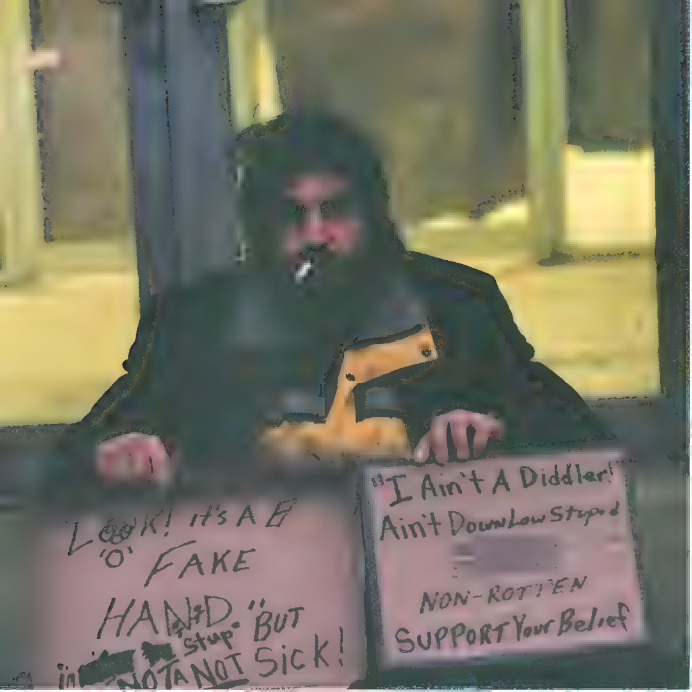
ALL
VEGAN
EVERYTHING

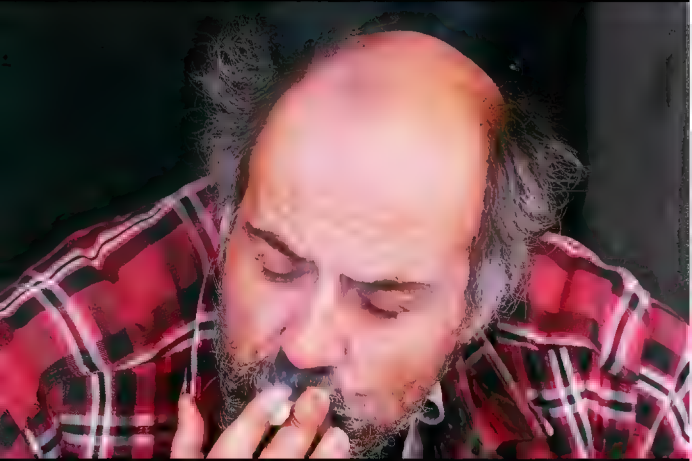


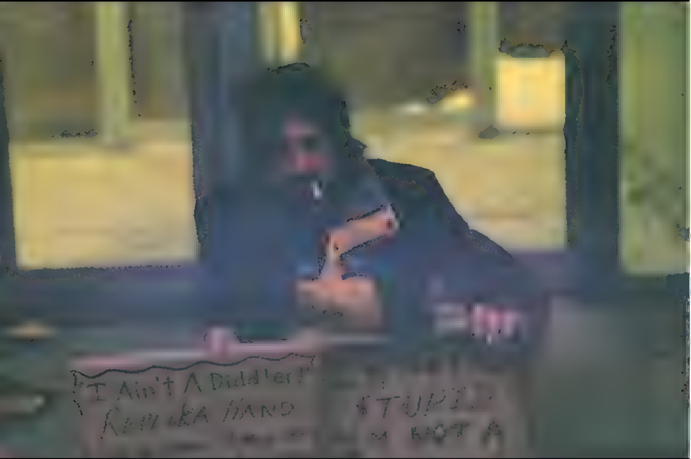
"I Ain't A Diddler!"
REPLIKA HAND
Why de Someone Setting me
up? Are They A Diddler?
HUNGRY & BROKE
AT
A
I'M NOT Diddler
STUPID
"I'M NOT A
Sick
!"


LOOK! it's A
'O' FAKE
HAND." BUT
Sick!
"I Ain't A Diddler
Ain't DownLow Stupid
SUPPORT Your Belief

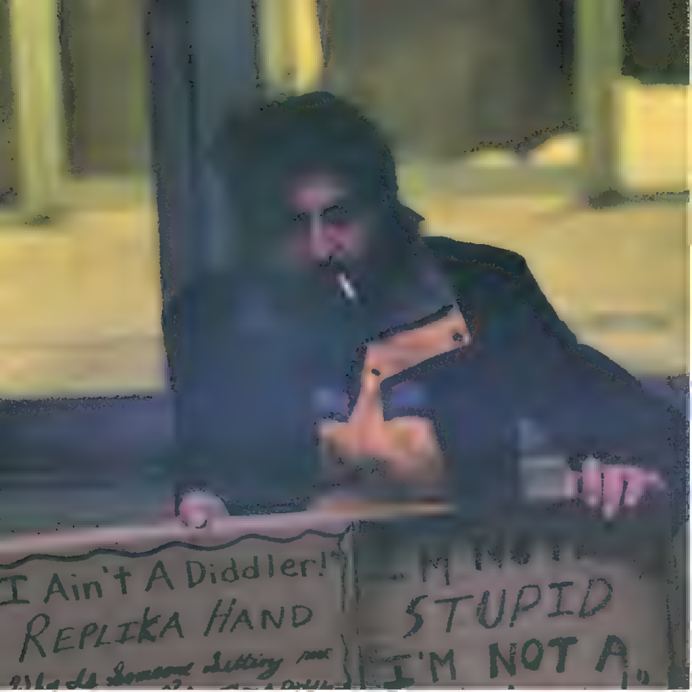


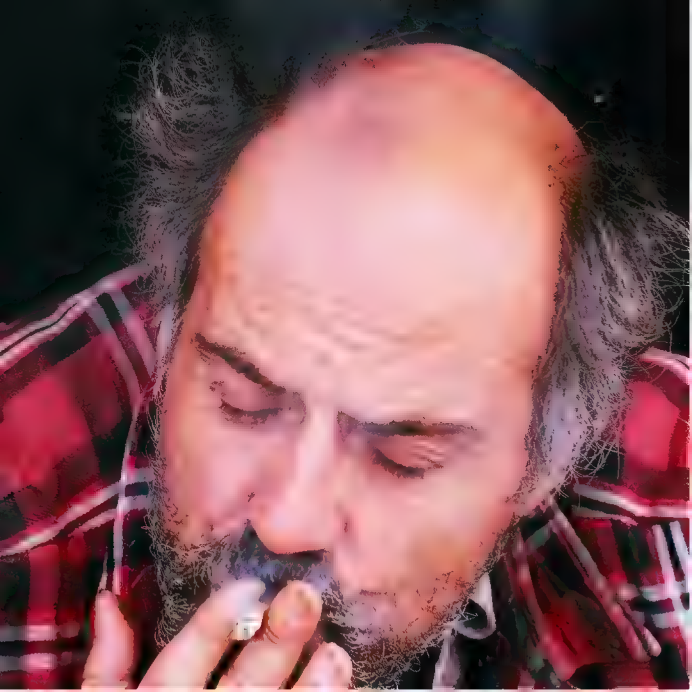

LOOK! it's A B
'O' FAKE
HAND "BUT
stup
in [redacted] NOT A NOT Sick!
"I Ain't A Diddler!"
Ain't Down Low Stupid
[redacted]
NON-ROTTEN
SUPPORT Your Belief

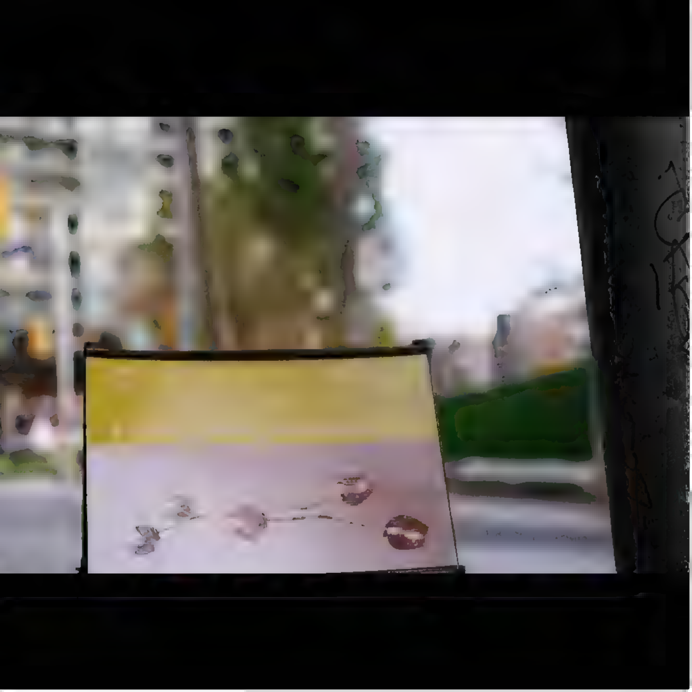



I Ain't A Diddler!
REPLICA HAND
STUPI
NOT A

"I Ain't A Diddler!"
REPLIKA HAND
Why is Someone Setting me up? Are They A Diddler?
HUNGRY & BROKE
I'M NOT A
STUPID
"I'M NOT A

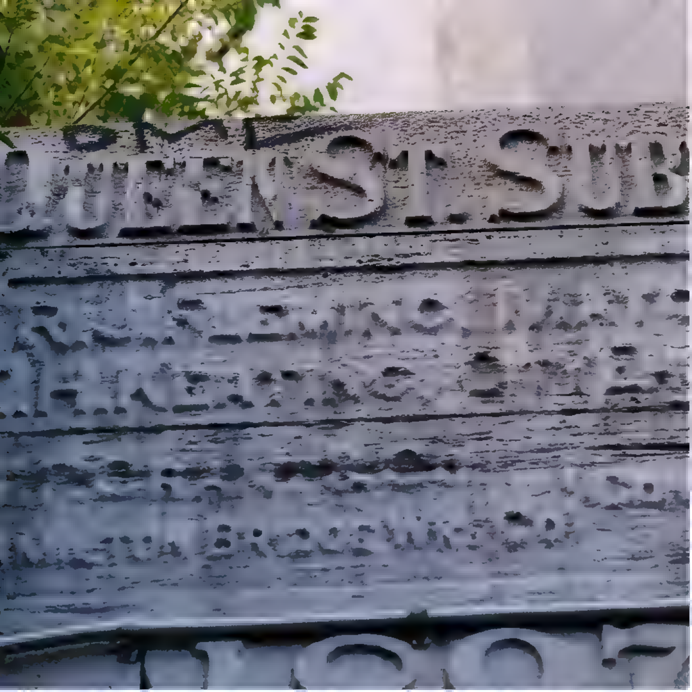

I Ain't A Diddler!"
REPLIKA HAND
I'M NOT
STUPID
I'M NOT A"





Dufferin St

QUEEN ST. SUBWAY


UEEN ST. SUB

NOT IN
OUR
LIFETIME
This is not Liberty

Dufferin St

NOT IN OUR LIFETIME

[illegible]

AFF [illegible]

Join us [illegible]
to say [illegible]
propo[illegible]
letter [illegible]
November [illegible]
the development [illegible]

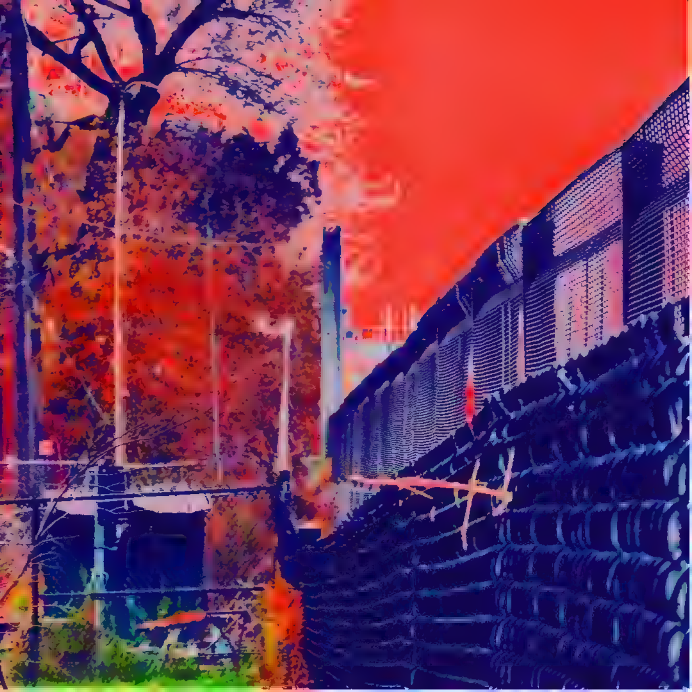
This is not Liberty V[illegible]

metro

NEVILLE PARK

LUCKY SUPERMARKET

AMATEUR

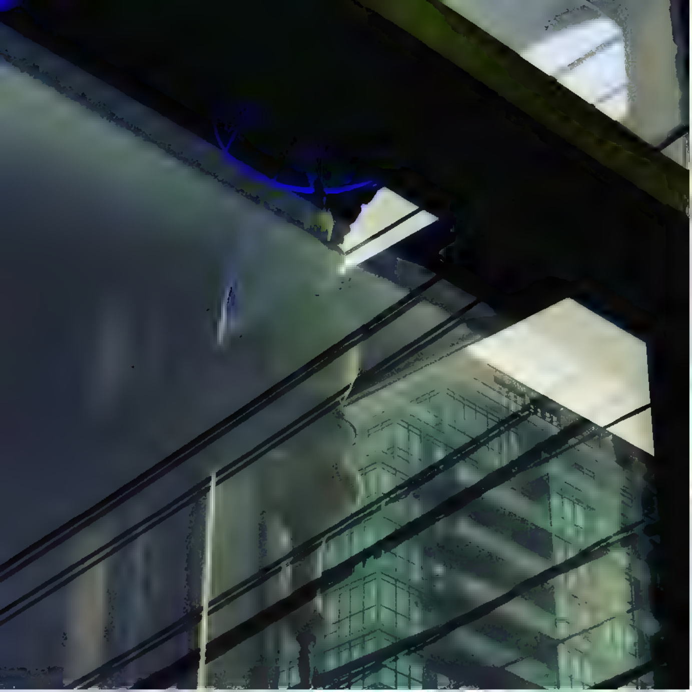


metro
NOW OPEN
RETAIL
LEASE

CUSHMAN &
WAKEFIELD

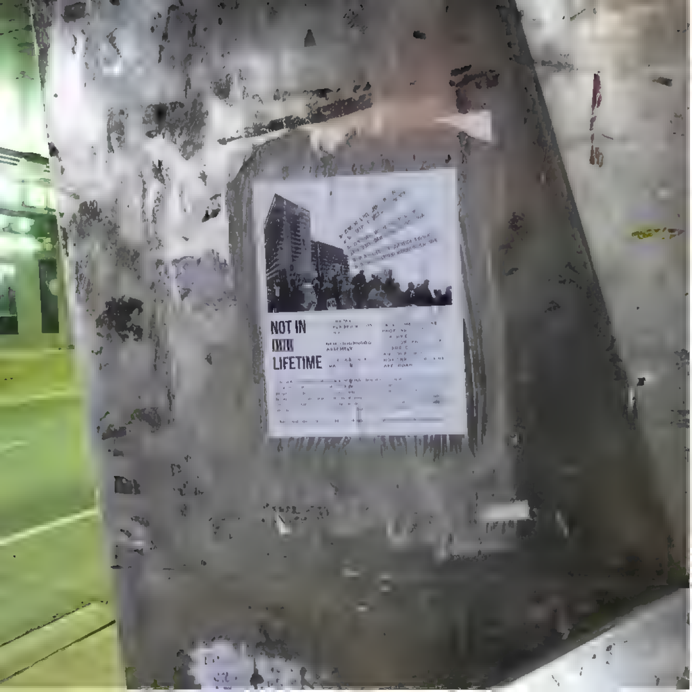
RETAIL
FOR LEASE

HOTEL

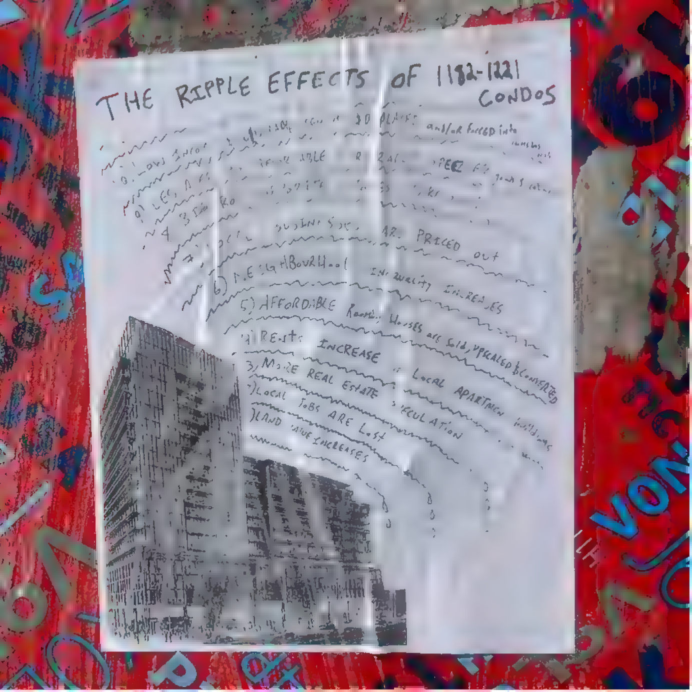


switzer·CARTY

NOT IN
OUR
LIFETIME


NOT IN
LIFETIME

EDNESDAYS 8



THE RIPPLE EFFECTS OF 1182-1221 CONDOS

[illegible] 30 PLACES and/or forced into [illegible]

[illegible] ABLE [illegible]

[illegible]

4 [illegible]

7) [illegible] BUSINESSES ARE PRICED OUT

6) NEIGHBOURHOOD INEQUALITY INCREASES

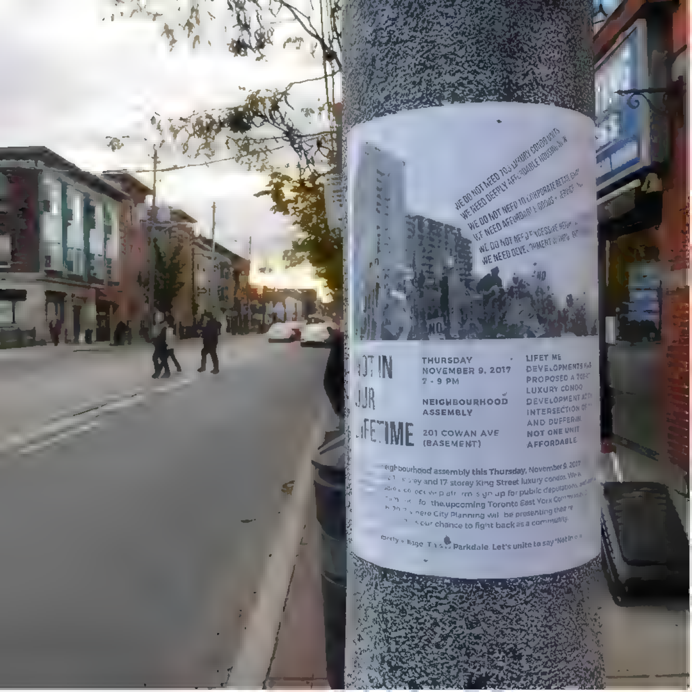
5) AFFORDABLE Rooms, Houses are sold, upscaled & converted

4) RENTS INCREASE [illegible] LOCAL APARTMENT buildings

3) MORE REAL ESTATE SPECULATION

2) LOCAL JOBS ARE LOST

1) LAND VALUE INCREASES



WE DO NOT NEED 70.. LUXURY CONDO UNITS
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE HOUSING N
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPORATE RETAIL
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GOODS + SERVICE
WE DO NOT NEED EXCESSIVE HEIGH
WE NEED DEVELOPMENT WITHOU OF
NO
NO

OT IN
UR
IFETIME

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9, 2017
7 - 9 PM

NEIGHBOURHOOD
ASSEMBLY

201 COWAN AVE
(BASEMENT)

LIFET ME
DEVELOPMENTS HAS
PROPOSED A 70
LUXURY CONDO
DEVELOPMENT AT TH
INTERSECTION OF
AND DUFFERIN.
NOT ONE UNIT
AFFORDABLE.

eighbourhood assembly this Thursday, November 9, 2017
storey and 17 storey King Street luxury condos. We
for public deputations,
the upcoming Toronto East York Commun
here City Planning wil be presenting their
our chance to fight back as a community.

iberty illage Parkdale. Let's unite to say "Not in

ETIME
HIN

OUR
LIFETIME
NEIGHBOURHOOD ASSEMBLY
AFFORDABLE
Thursday

NOT IN
OUR
LIFETIME
NOT IN
OUR
LIFET

WE DO NOT NEED [illegible]
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE HOUSING [illegible]
WE DO NOT NEED [illegible] CORPORATE RETAIL UNITS
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GOODS + SERVICES NOW
WE DO NOT NEED EXCESSIVE HEIGHT AND DENSITY
WE NEED DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT DISPLACEMENT
NO
NO
NO

NOT IN OUR LIFETIME

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9 2017
[illegible] PM

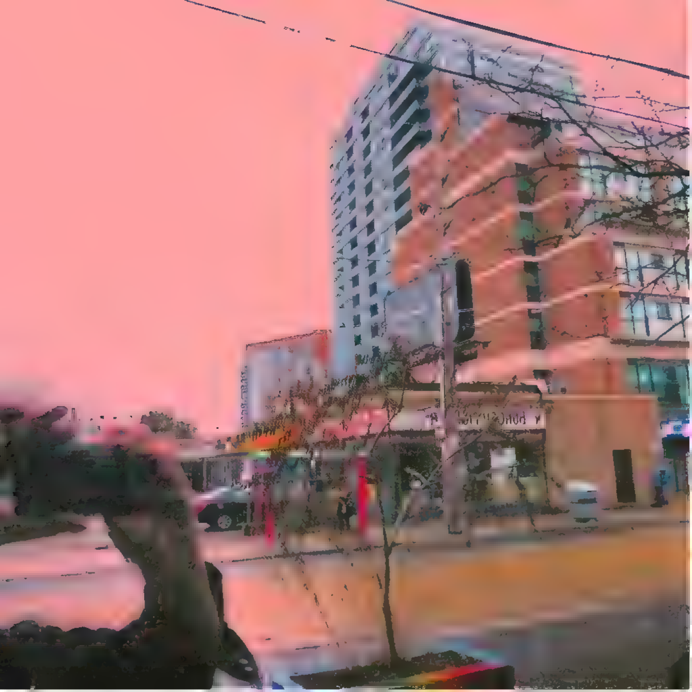
NEIGHBOURHOOD
ASSEMBLY

[illegible] WAN AV
[illegible] MENT

LIFETIME
DEVELOPMENTS HAS
PROPOSED A 70[illegible]
LUXURY CONDO
DEVELOPMENT AT THE
INTERSECTION OF KING
AND DUFFERIN.
NOT ONE UNIT WILL BE
AFFORDABLE.

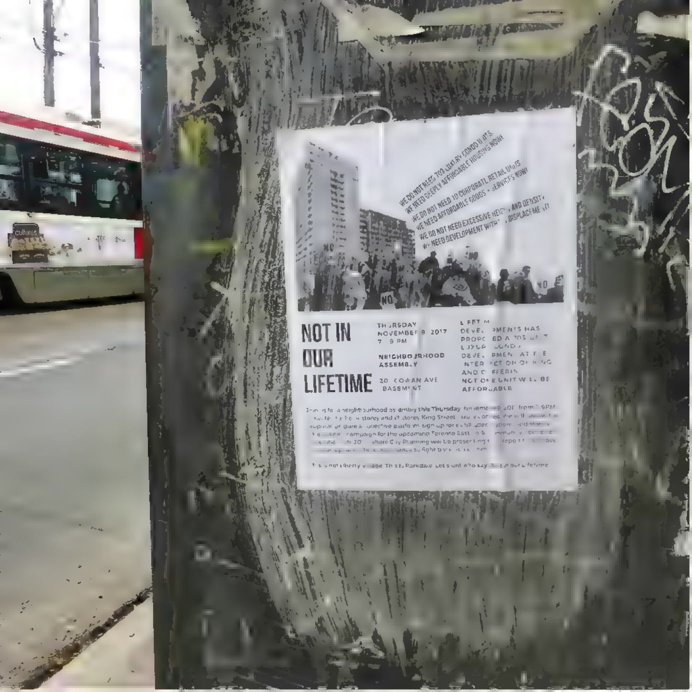
[illegible] Thursday November [illegible]

This [illegible] Liberty Village. This [illegible]



CURE

Vape Hustler


WE DO NOT NEED 703 LUXURY CONDO UNITS.
WE NEED DEEPLY AFFORDABLE HOUSING NOW!
WE DO NOT NEED 10 CORPORATE RETAIL UNITS
WE NEED AFFORDABLE GOODS + SERVICES NOW!
WE DO NOT NEED EXCESSIVE HEIGHT AND DENSITY
WE NEED DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT DISPLACEMENT
NO
NO
NO

NOT IN OUR LIFETIME

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 9 2017
7 9 PM

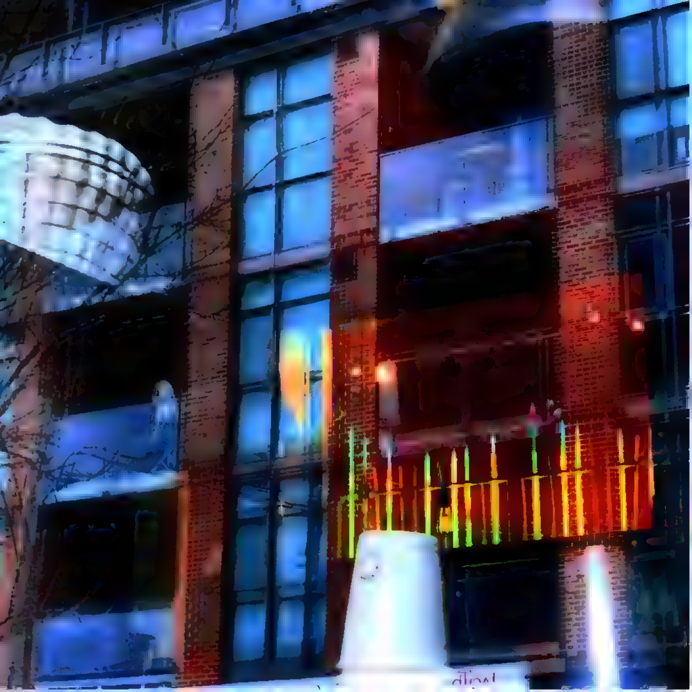
NEIGHBOURHOOD
ASSEMBLY

20 COWAN AVE
BASEMENT

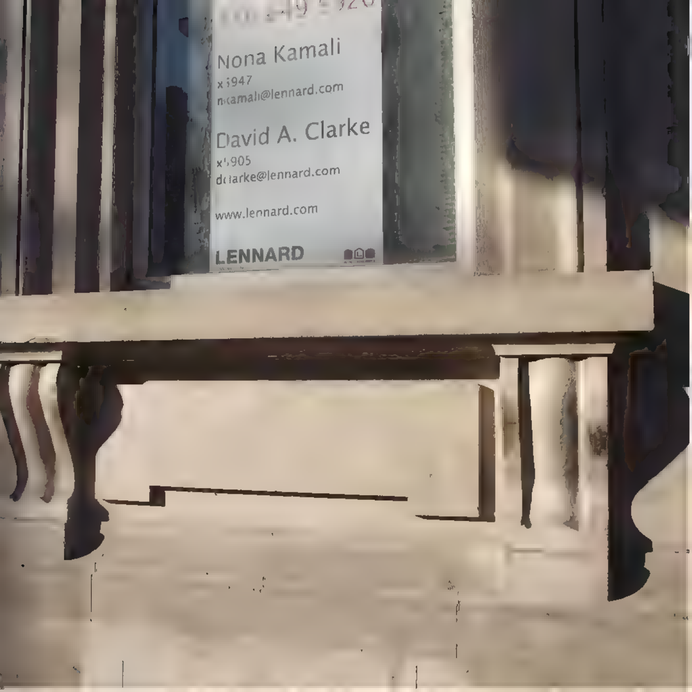
[illegible]
DEVELOPMENTS HAS
PROPOSED A 705 UNIT
LUXURY CONDO
DEVELOPMENT AT THE
INTERSECTION OF KING
AND DUFFERIN
NOT ONE UNIT WILL BE
AFFORDABLE

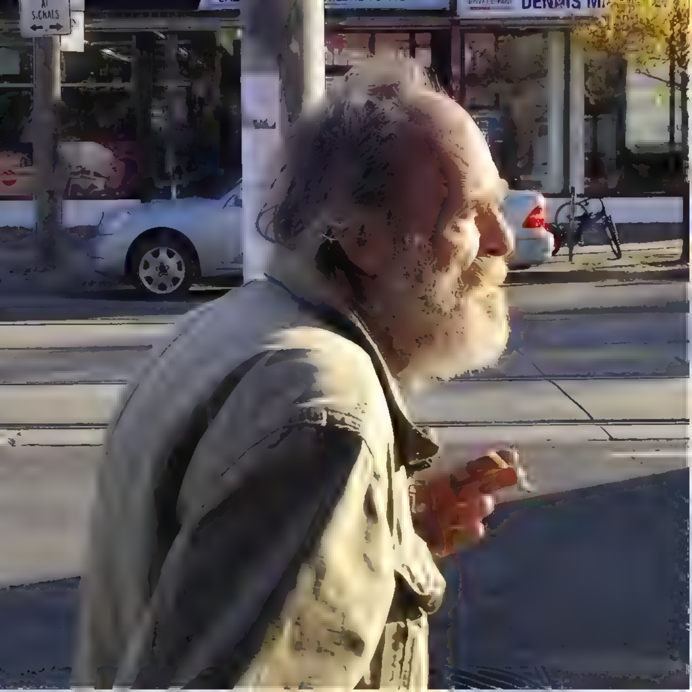
Join us for a neighbourhood assembly this Thursday November 9 2017 from 7 PM [illegible]

This is not Liberty Village. This is Parkdale. Let's unite to say not in our lifetime



RYERSON
ARTSPACE


Nona Kamali
x 5947
nkamali@lennard.com
David A. Clarke
x 5905
dclarke@lennard.com
www.lennard.com
LENNARD

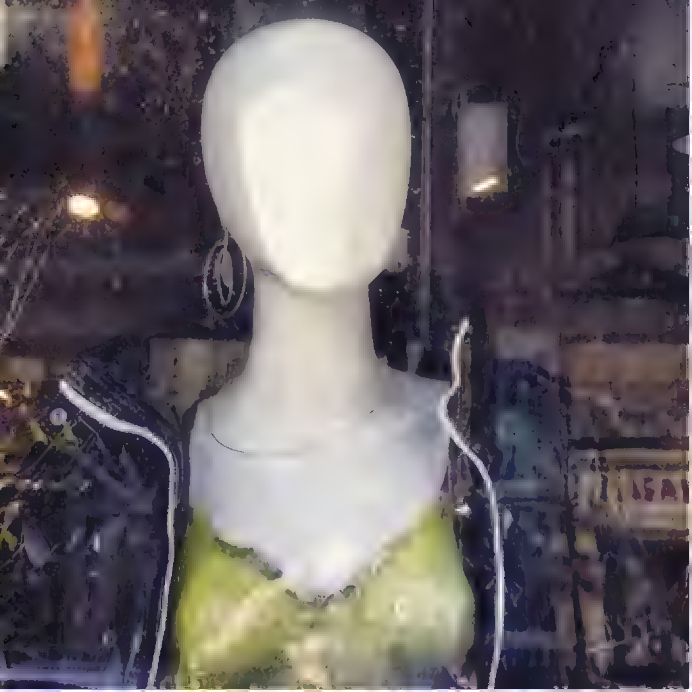

AT
S.CNALS
DENNIS M

1879
Village of Parkdale
Noble St.
2

P
AT

1169 & 1171
QUEEN STREET WEST

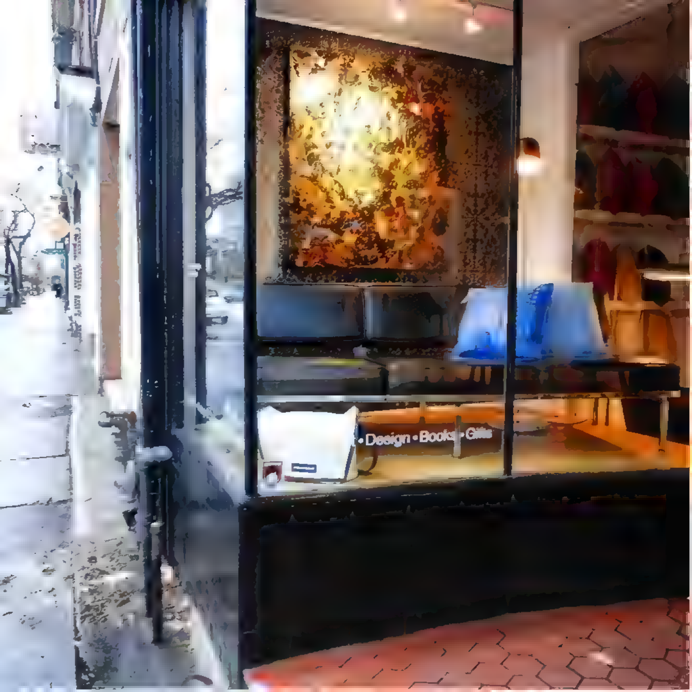
NATIVITY
75 00



West
Salon and Spa

LEPAGE
MILLWORK

ATM
KLONDIKE

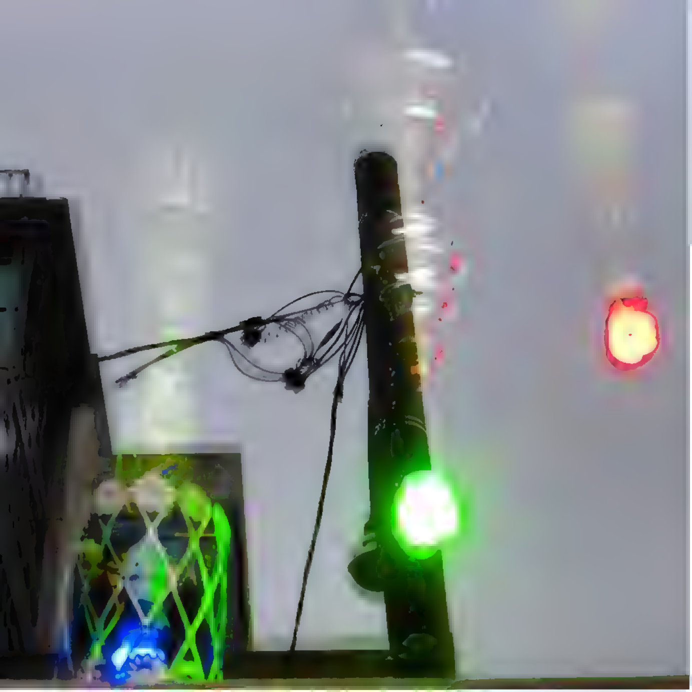

• Design • Books • Gifts

4208

Please respect
our neighbors
by
keeping outside
noise to a minimum
CIBC
trip
Square
COOL

Phone
SUBW

Coca-Cola
Pop Shoppe
Coca-Cola
Pop



BUGS
BSA

PACKERS
POP-UP

Parkdal
967

HAIR STYLISTS

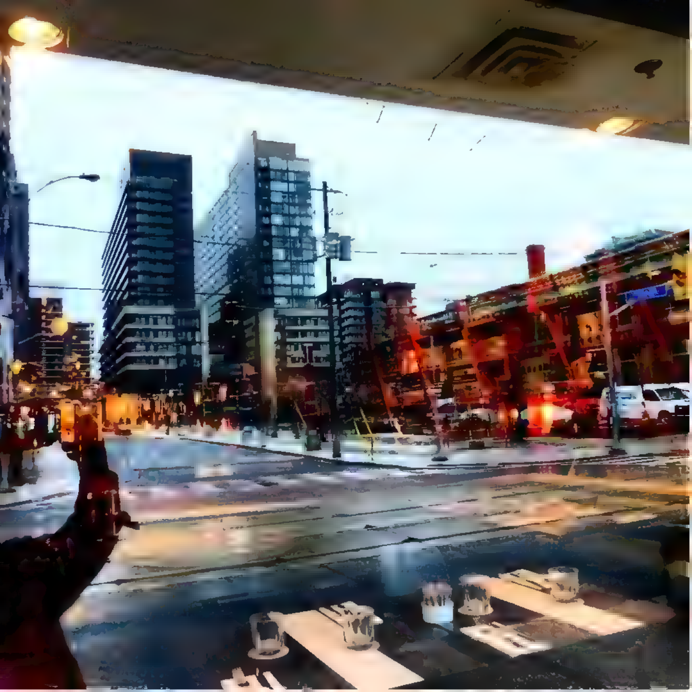
BU
-FRESH BAR-

CIBC

D
G
S

STORE
P
Domino's
$11.99

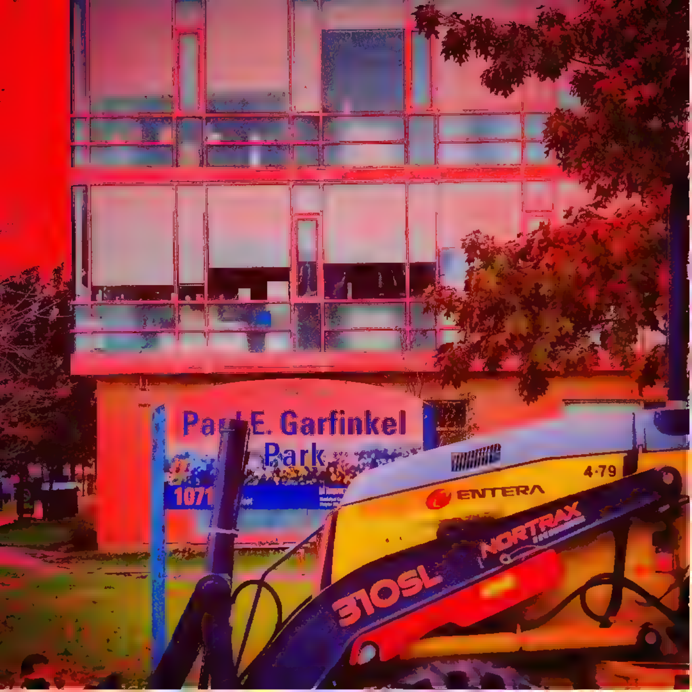
west
west



church
RESTAURANT & BAR

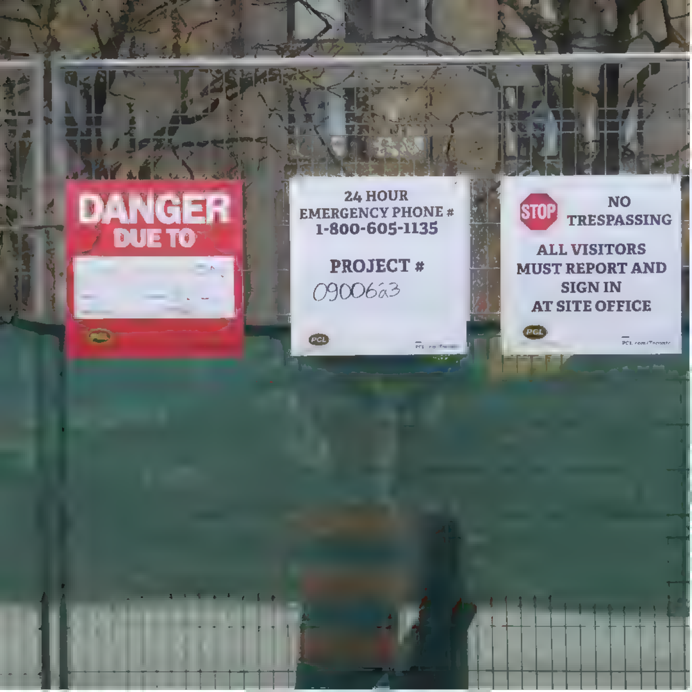
DRYERS 533-9903
ANTON
REIJNDERS

DOOSAN


Pa E. Garfinkel
Park
1071
4-79
ENTERA
NORTRAX
310SL

STOP
ONSTRUCTION
PERSONNEL
ONLY
PCL.com Toronto

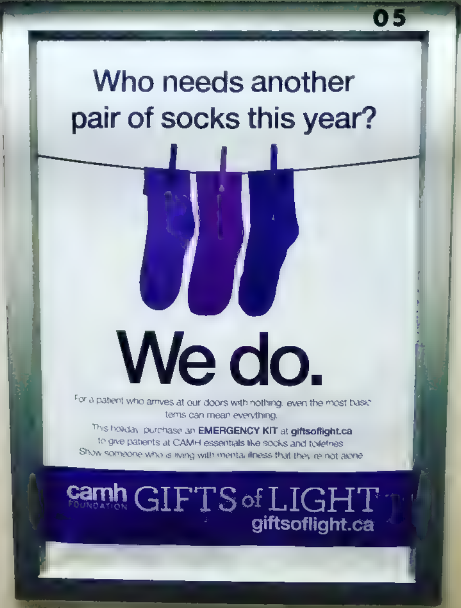
DANGER
DUE TO
24 HOUR
EMERGENCY PHONE :
1-800-605-1135
PROJECT #
STOP
NO
TRESPASSING
ALL VISITORS
MUST REPORT AND
SIGN IN
AT SITE OFFICE
PCL


DANGER
DUE TO
24 HOUR
EMERGENCY PHONE #
1-800-605-1135
PROJECT #
0900623
PCL
STOP
NO
TRESPASSING
ALL VISITORS
MUST REPORT AND
SIGN IN
AT SITE OFFICE
PCL
PCL.com/Toronto

CONSTRUCTION
PERSONNEL
ONLY

DANGER
DUE TO
24 HOUR EMERGENCY PHONE #
1-800 605-1135
PROJECT #
STOP
NO TRESPASSING
ALL VISITORS MUST REPORT AND SIGN IN AT SITE OFFICE
STOP
PCL

Gifts of Light
FOUNDATION
of Light



Who needs another pair of socks this year?

We do.

For a patient who arrives at our doors with nothing, even the most basic items can mean everything.

This holiday, purchase an **EMERGENCY KIT** at **giftsoflight.ca** to give patients at CAMH essentials like socks and toiletries

Show someone who is living with mental illness that they're not alone

camh FOUNDATION GIFTS of LIGHT

giftsoflight.ca

FALL ARRIVALS

STEPHEN BULGER GALLERY
NEON
WEEKEND BRUNCH
SALADS &
SANDWICHES

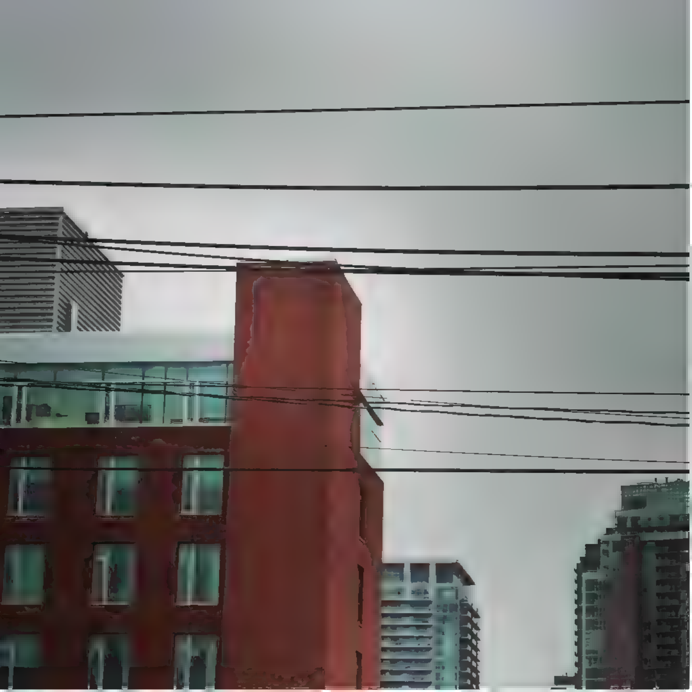
wine rack

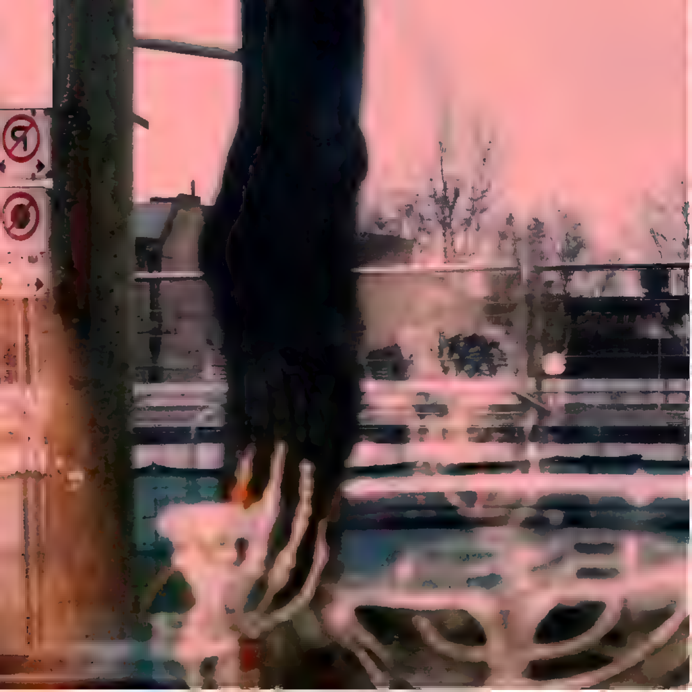
BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING

gravitypope
gravity

I'VE GOT SUNSh...
THE FENCE PEOPLE
25
CELEBRATING
YEARS

PGL





Hava

Queer St. West
CELEBRATING PRIDE WEEK FROM BATHURST TO GLADSTONE
SEE WHAT'S ON NOW! VISIT

ACE / FIVE

Queen St W
PCL
GATE #1
DANGER

BREAKING NEW GROUND IN MENTAL HEALTH AND ADDICTION CARE

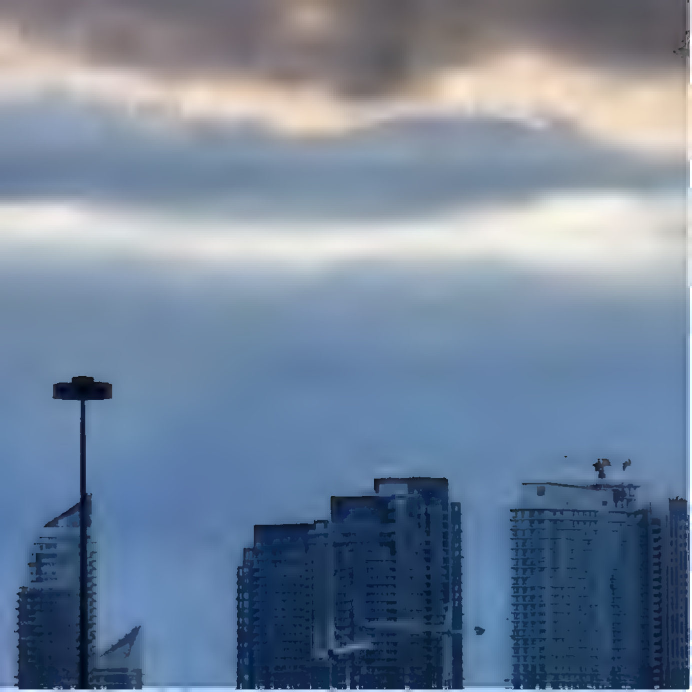
For more information about our proposal for a new centre of care, prevention, education and research in an innovative neighbourhood development

www.camh.net 416.535.8501 ext.1650

New streets and blocks

SCHOOL BUS
CARTY

PANDA

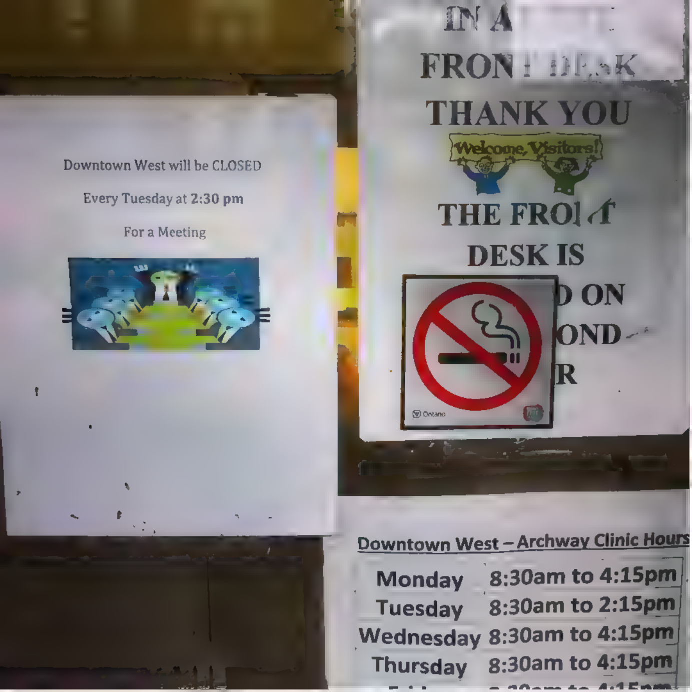


EAR
NING
LIVE YONGE
Edward St
W100

CTV

Bell Media

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique del'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE



Downtown West will be CLOSED

Every Tuesday at 2:30 pm

For a Meeting

IN A

FRONT DESK

THANK YOU

THE FRONT

DESK IS

D ON

OND

R

Downtown West – Archway Clinic Hours

Monday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Tuesday	8:30am to 2:15pm
Wednesday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Thursday	8:30am to 4:15pm

ULTIMATE RECORDS B

PROTECTED BY
CO
• THE • NA
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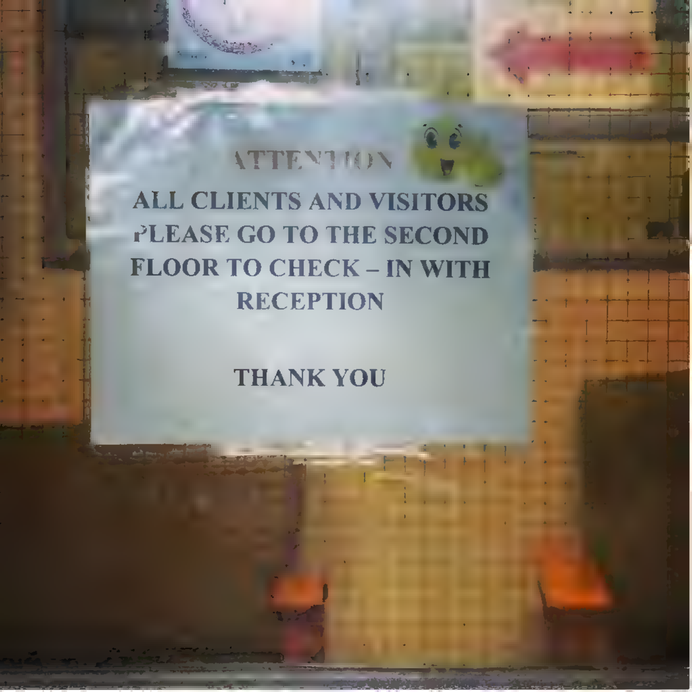
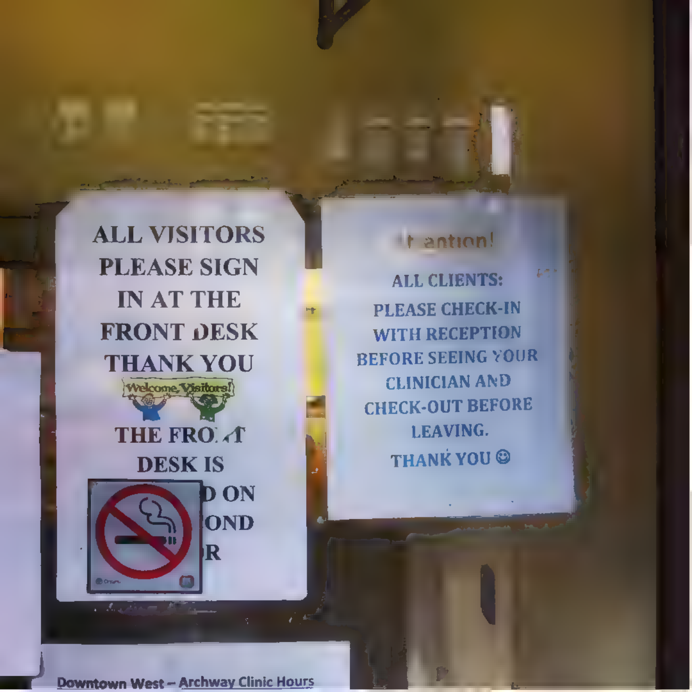
416 2
AIM
SECURI



ATTENTION

ALL CLIENTS AND VISITORS PLEASE GO TO THE SECOND FLOOR TO CHECK – IN WITH RECEPTION

THANK YOU



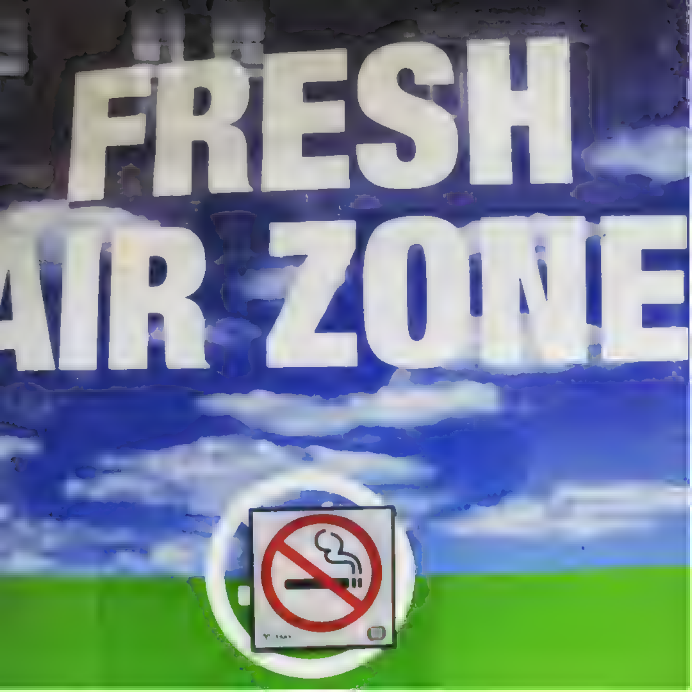
ALL VISITORS
PLEASE SIGN
IN AT THE
FRONT DESK
THANK YOU

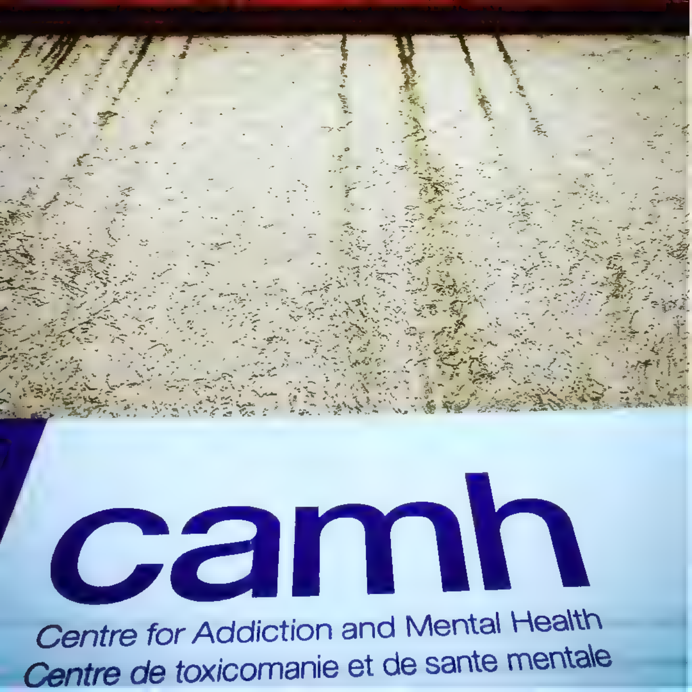
THE FRO T
DESK IS
D ON
OND
R

Attention!

ALL CLIENTS:
PLEASE CHECK-IN
WITH RECEPTION
BEFORE SEEING YOUR
CLINICIAN AND
CHECK-OUT BEFORE
LEAVING.
THANK YOU ☺

Downtown West – Archway Clinic Hours

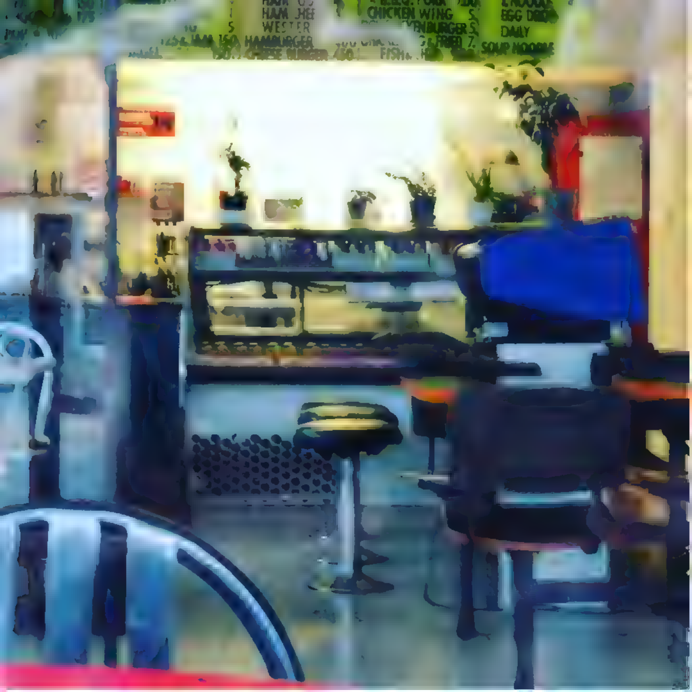

FRESH
AIR ZONE


camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de sante mentale

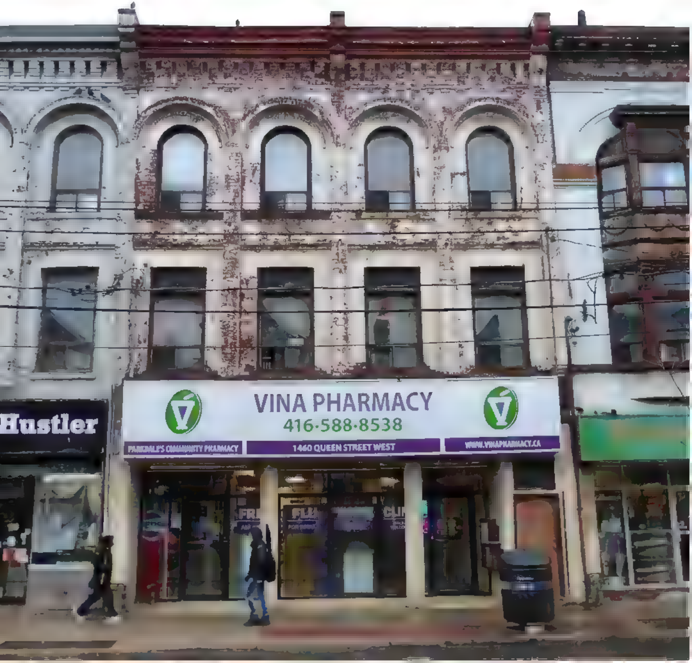
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free

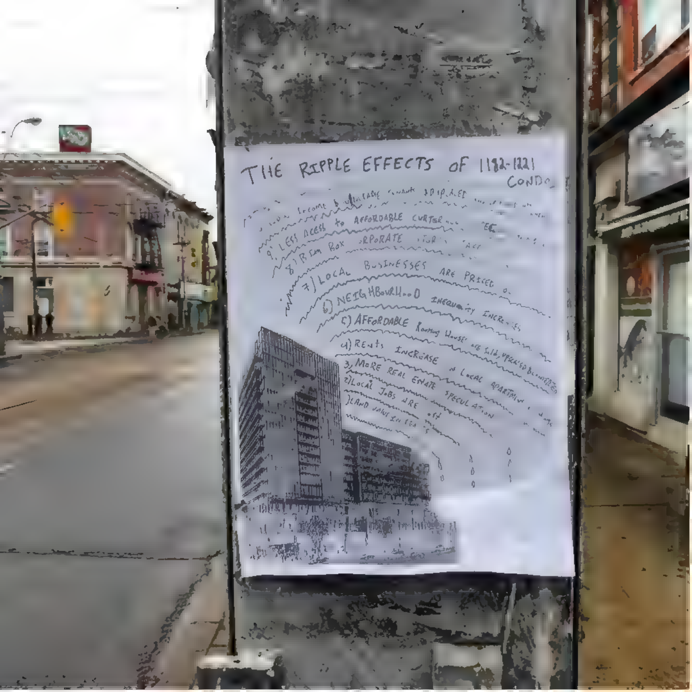
smokershelpline.ca
1 877-513-5333

camh


HAM
WESTER
HAMBURGER
CHEESE BURGER
CHICKEN WING
FISH
EGG DROP
DAILY
SOUP NOODLE

ROCERIES
TO MAN...


Hustler
VINA PHARMACY
416-588-8538
PARKDALE'S COMMUNITY PHARMACY
1460 QUEEN STREET WEST
WWW.VINAPHARMACY.CA



THE RIPPLE EFFECTS OF 1182-1221 CONDO

[illegible] income & vulnerable tenants displaced [illegible]

9) LESS ACESS to AFFORDABLE CULTUR[illegible]

8) BIG BOX [illegible]RPORATE [illegible]TOR[illegible]

7) LOCAL BUSINESSES ARE PRICED O[illegible]

6) NEIGHBOURHOOD INEQUALITY INCREASES

5) AFFORDABLE Rooming Houses are sold, upscaled & converted

4) RENTS INCREASE in LOCAL APARTMENTS [illegible]

3) MORE REAL ESTATE SPECULATION

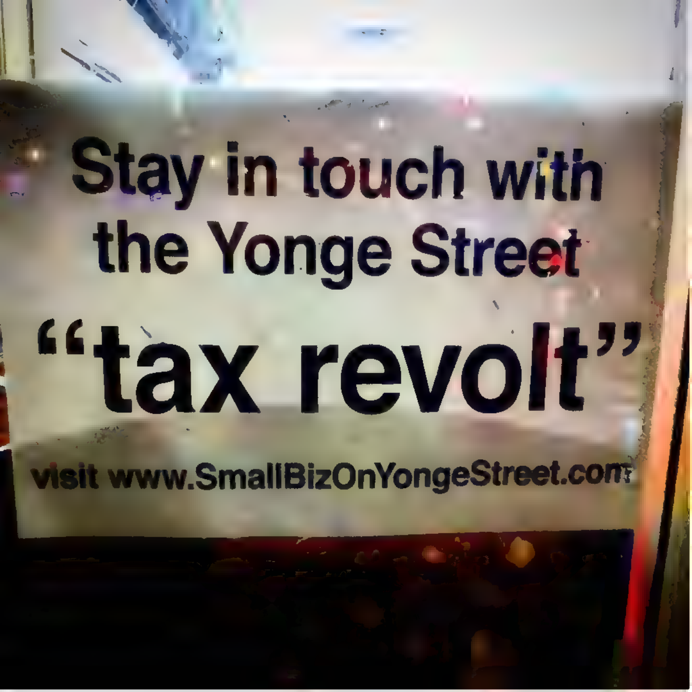
2) LOCAL JOBS ARE off

1) LAND VALUE INCREASES

COMING SOON
Souvlaki Kalamaki

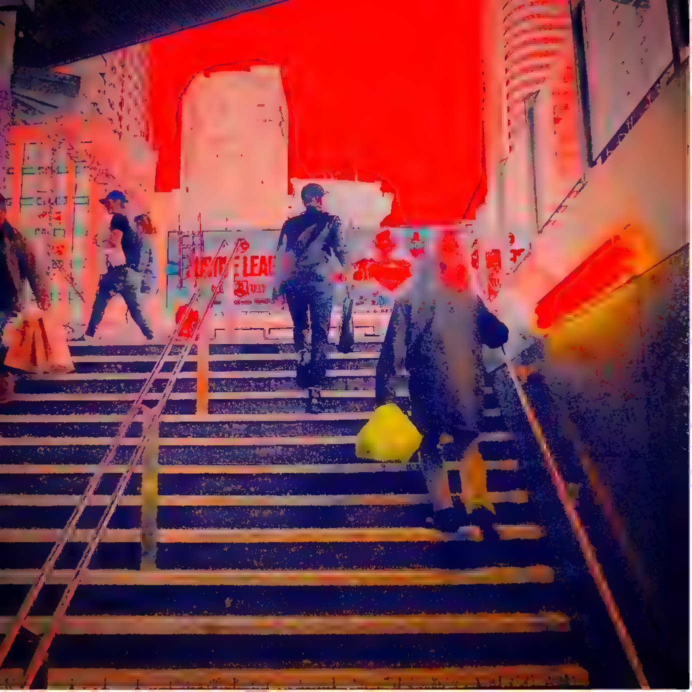
BOOTS AND HEARTS
MUSIC FESTIVAL
2018
AUG 9-12
ORO-MEDONTE ONTARIO
FLORIDA GEORGIA LINE
ALAN JACKSON
THOMAS RHETT
BILLY CURRINGTON
DALLAS SMITH
BRETT YOUNG
TICKETS ON SALE
BOOTSANDHEARTS.COM

A POWERFUL IPHONE DESERVES FIDO'S AMAZINGLY FAST LTE NETWORK
iPhone 8
fido
Go get it.



Stay in touch with
the Yonge Street
“tax revolt”

visit www.SmallBizOnYongeStreet.com


USTICE LEAG

FOXXES DEN
FOXXES DEN
FOXXES DEN
Ladies Entertainment
416-259-1888

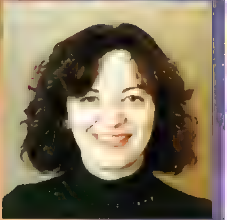
$
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD
NOT IN
OUR
LIFETIME
VON

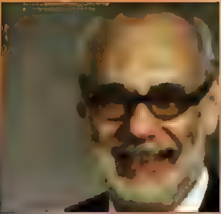
高麗村

Comics
BOOKS
MUSIC
VIDEOS

HEY! HEY! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

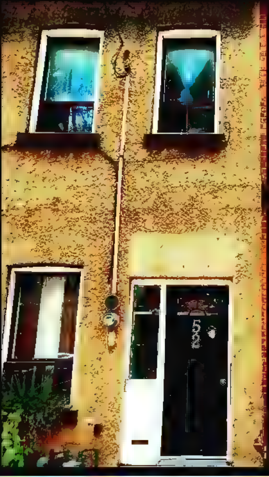
BAD FOR
MENTAL HEALTH
BAD
FOR THE HOOD



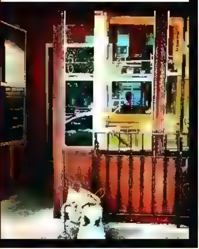


THE
DRAKE
CAFÉ

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
FRESH AIR ZONE

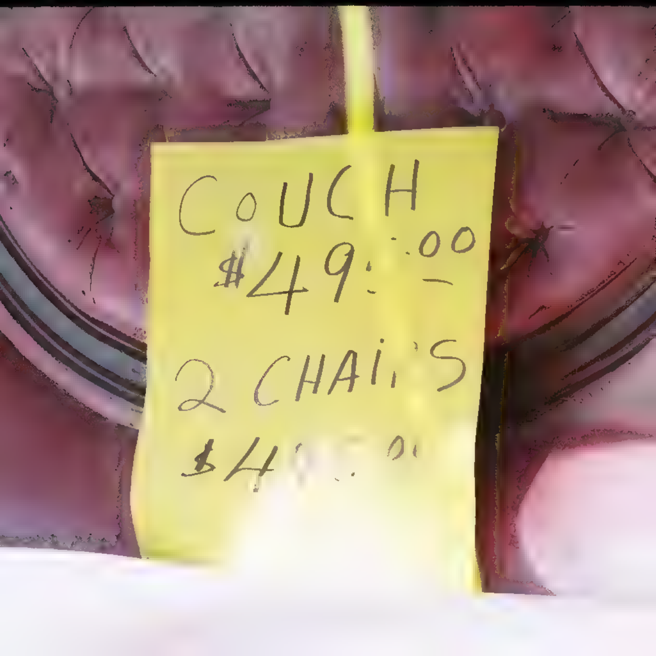

52

WELCOME
TO
$CAMHospital
THIS WAY TO YOUR
MODEL SUITE



I'VE GOT SUNS
CTV
Bell Media
FALL ARRIV

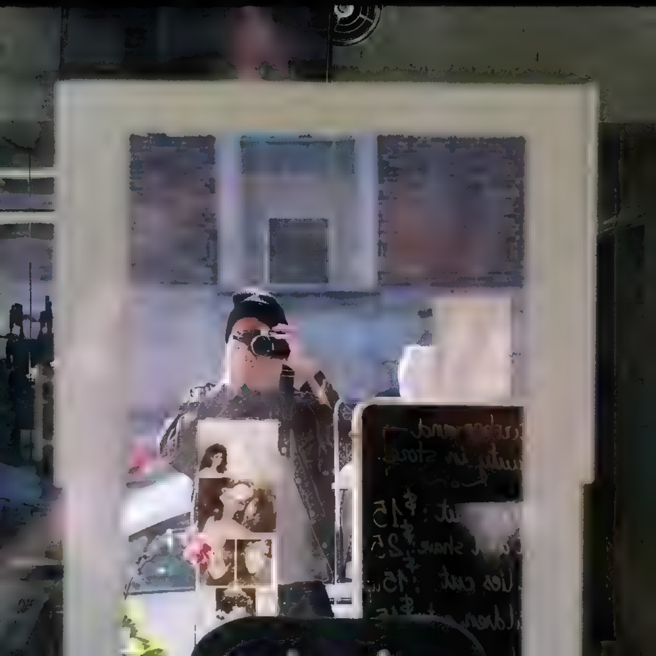
LOUNGE


COUCH
$49.00
2 CHAIRS
$4

JANUARY
JUNE
AN
Burroughs

BRAND-NEW
MATTRESSES
SOLD HERE
OPEN
PRIVATE PROPERTY
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TAGGED AND OR TOWED AWAY AT OWNER S EXPENSE

UKING
TLE
PY?



FedEx

LATC

Parkdale
village

An amazing
NEW

PLE
DON T
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coffee time

FLU SHOT

DOLLARAMA

Lotto
MAX
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LOTTO
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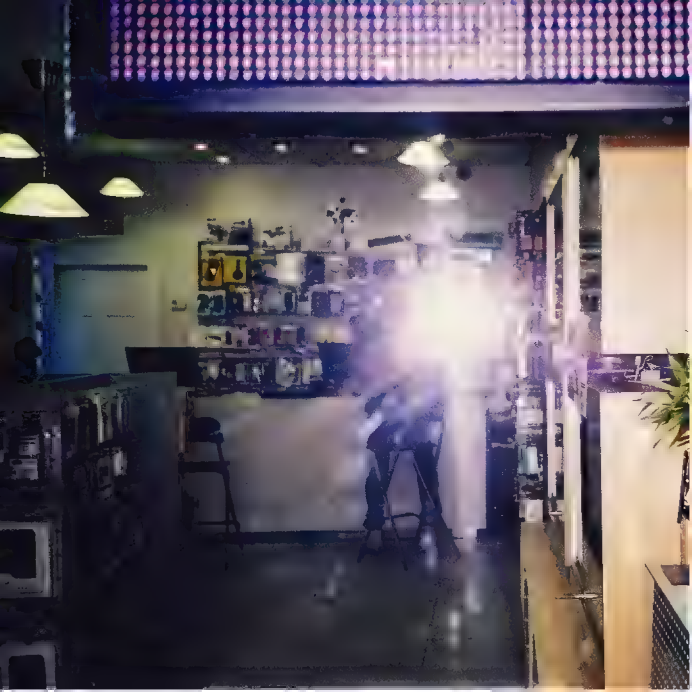
MILLION

CLOSING SALE
EVERYTHING MUST GO!

1418



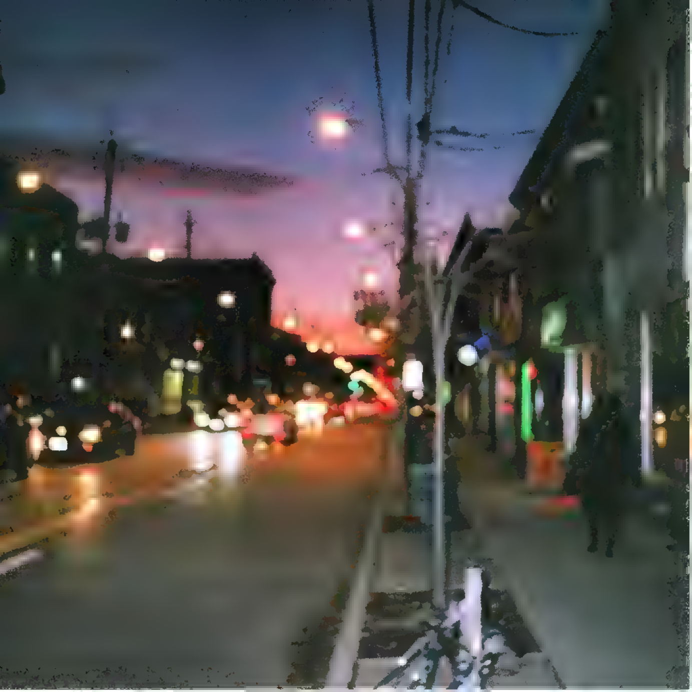
19

BURGER PLATES

ALL DAY
BREAKFAST
$2.50

476 (Suite C2)
OPEN
BUSINESS HOURS
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY
416·479·0132
LED

OPEN
FAX & COPY
CONVENIENCE STORE & GROCERIES
OLG
Lotto
Centre
de Loto
Nep
EN
GHT
ENCORE
MAX



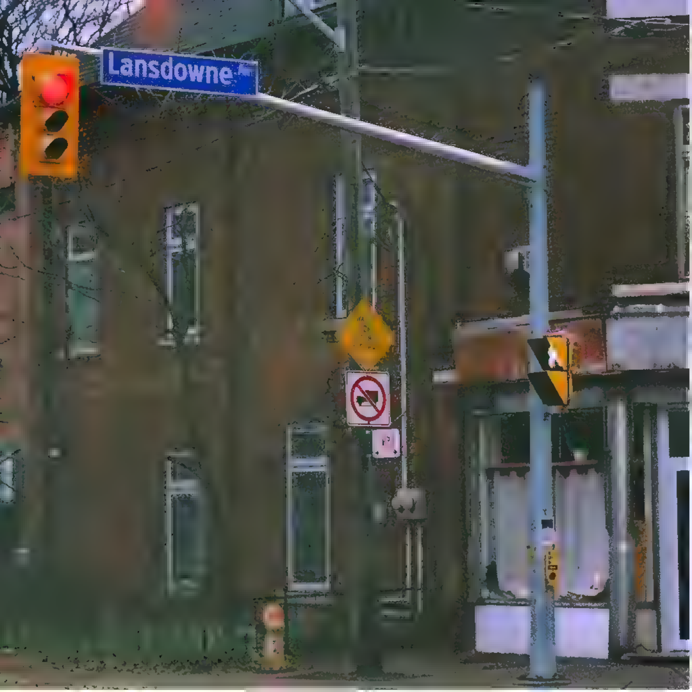
Canada Trust

OPEN
ATENÇÃO
CONVE ENCE STORE & GROC
Lotto
Centre
de Lot

COFFEE SHOP
BANH MI CO HANH

DO NOT
BLOCK
INTERSECTION
BULANCE
ATION
HEAD

chat


Lansdowne

camh
- Internet Surfing
- E mail
- Chatting
- Scanning
- CD Burning
- Printing
Fax Service

ZO MAN...

TD
P
Canada Trust
Canada Trust

STOP
CONSTRUCTION
PERSONNEL
ONLY

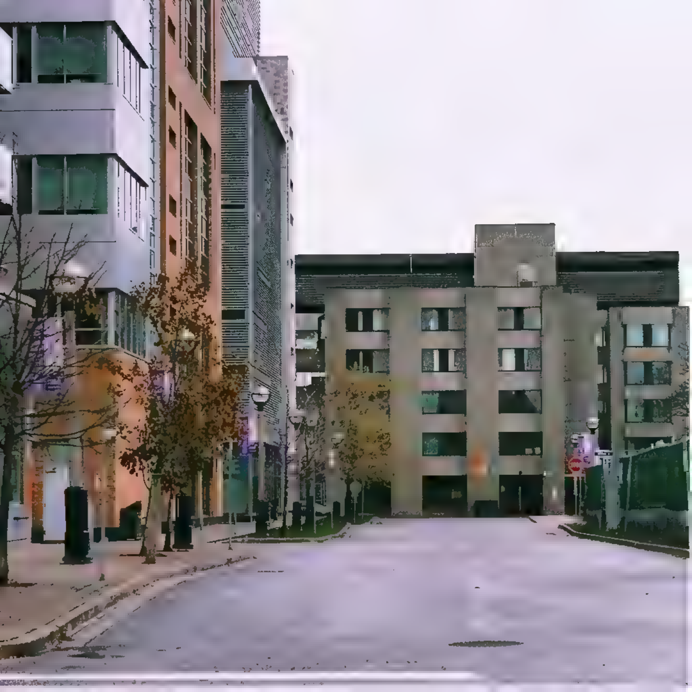
Queen
ar HAIR STYLISTS
LE 6 0820
COMING SOON
THE
A P

Gifts of Light
Gifts of Light

I'VE GOT SUN
THE FENCE
PEOPLE

rack

Brookfield St.
7



BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING

BELL
GATEWAY

50T584
GATE
#1
STOP
DANGER
DUE TO
STOP
RESTRICTED
AREA
24 HOUR
EMERGENCY PHONE
PROJECT #
STOP
RESTRICTED AREA
DRIVERS/OPERATO
ALL VEHICLES
MUST USE
SIGNALER WHEN
BACKING UP

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www.camh.net
416.535.8501 ext.1650
New streets and blocks

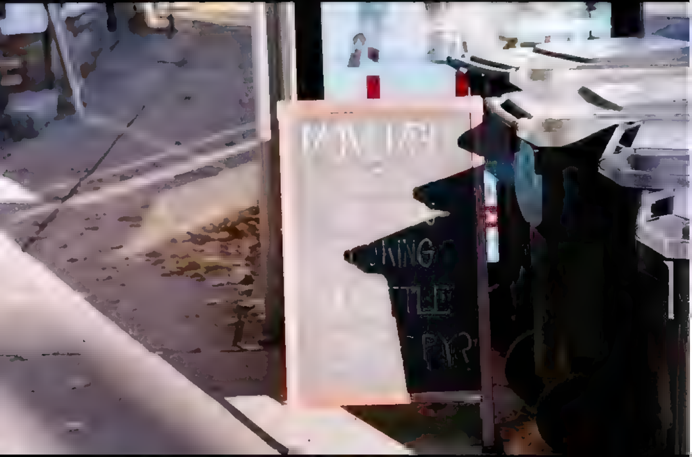
CALMED
ORHOOD
20 Km/h

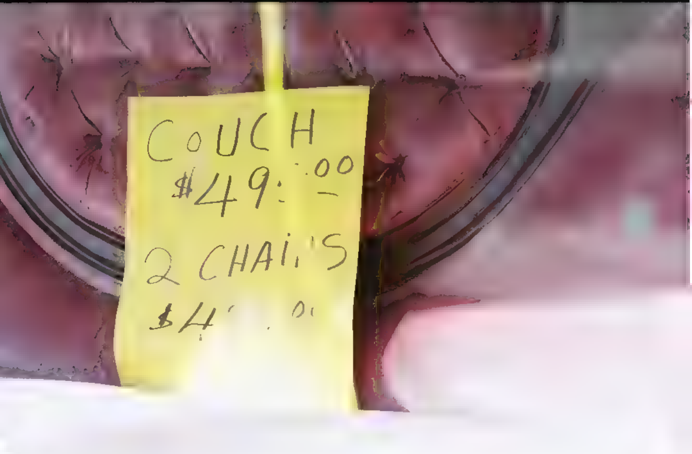
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
JUNE
LOVE
AND

Skyline
RESTAURANT

home hardware

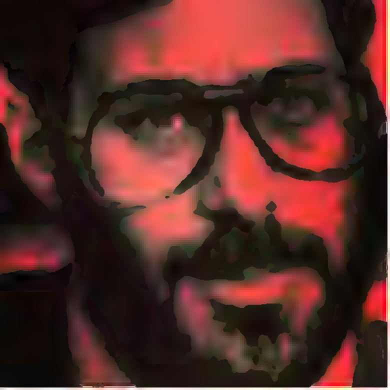
Parkdale

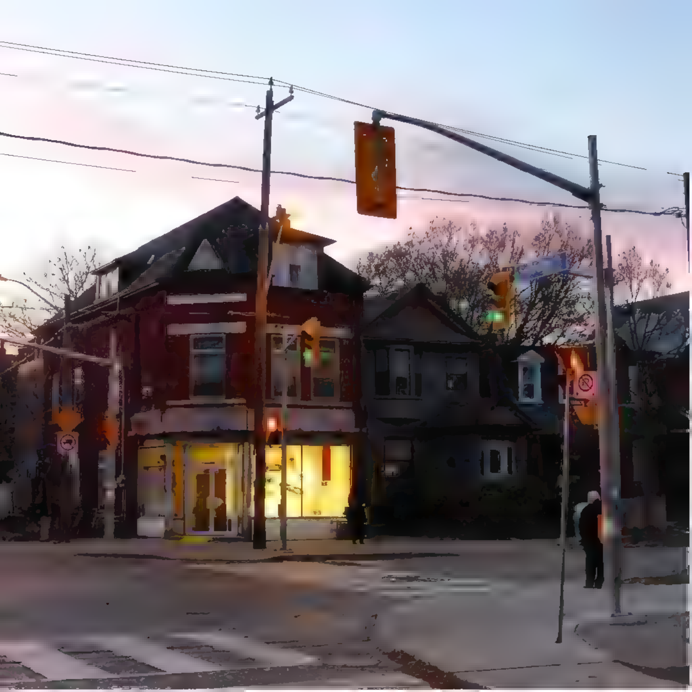

KING

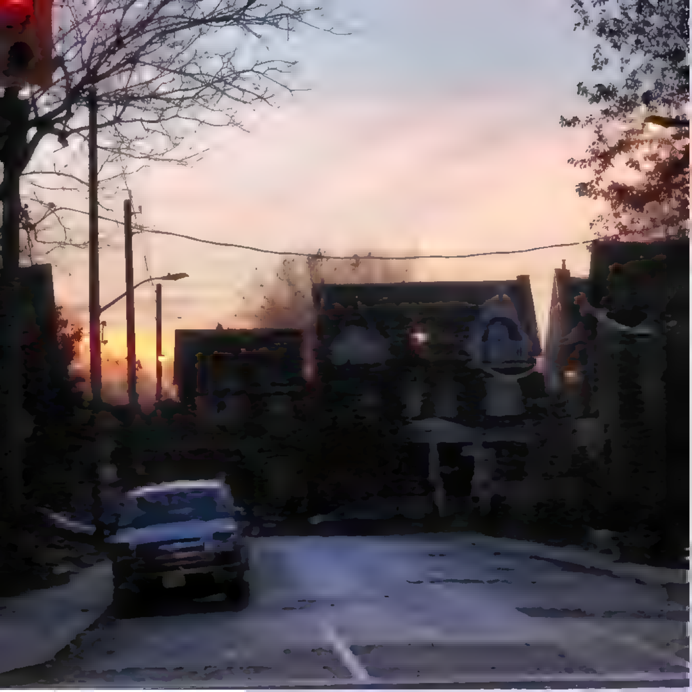

COUCH
$49.00
2 CHAIRS
$4

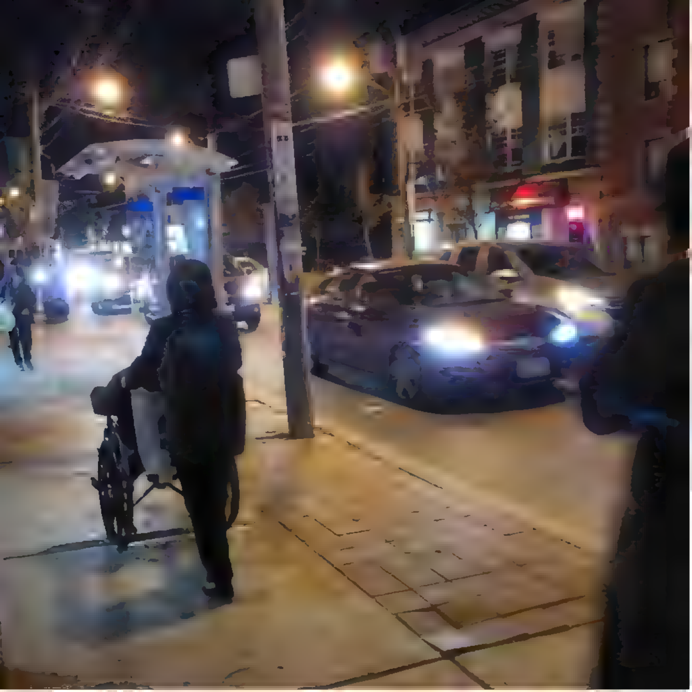
God so loves the world and you!
ICC
OUTREACH
SERVING FOOD
THE 1ST FRIDAY
OF EVERY MONTH

DOLLARA



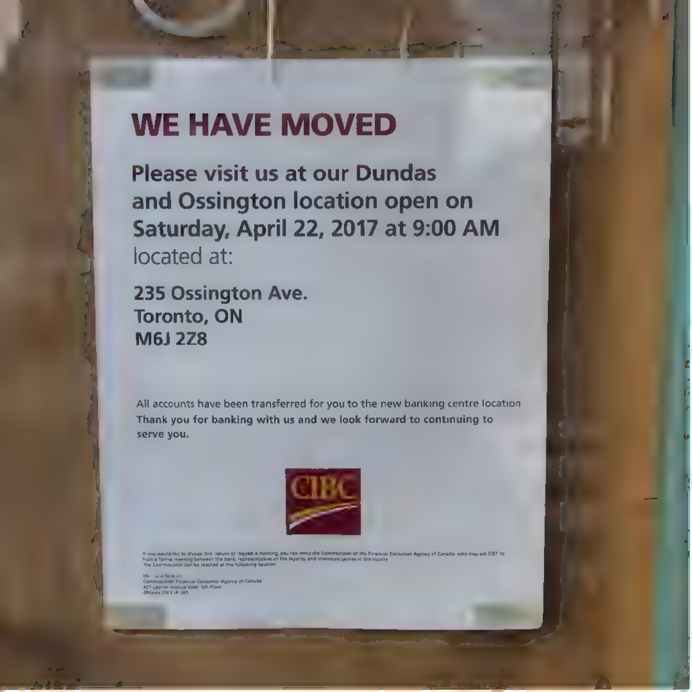






SUBWAY

may cause
injury
SUN
COYOTE UGLY
SPORTS
PAGE
KILLING KING ST.
THE TORONTO SUN
THE TORONTO SUN
free



WE HAVE MOVED

Please visit us at our Dundas and Ossington location open on Saturday, April 22, 2017 at 9:00 AM located at:

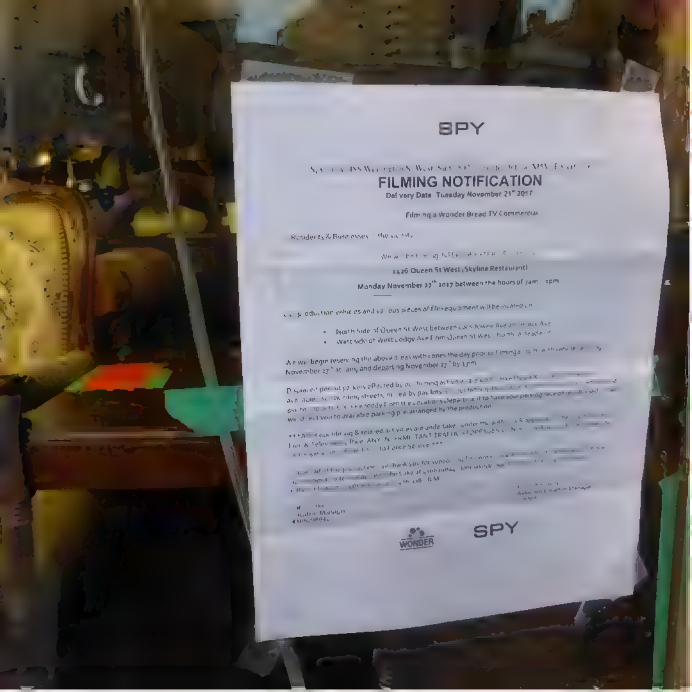
235 Ossington Ave.
Toronto, ON
M6J 2Z8

All accounts have been transferred for you to the new banking centre location

Thank you for banking with us and we look forward to continuing to serve you.

WC

JAMESON AV



SPY

[illegible]

FILMING NOTIFICATION

Delivery Date Tuesday November 21st 2017

Filming a Wonder Bread TV Commercial

Residents & Businesses [illegible] the vicinity

[illegible]

1426 Queen St West (Skyline Restaurant)

Monday November 27th 2017 between the hours of 7am [illegible] 5pm

[illegible] production vehicles and various pieces of film equipment will be located on

- North Side of Queen St West between Lansdowne Ave and [illegible] Ave
- West side of West Lodge Ave from Queen St West [illegible]

We will begin reserving the above areas with cones the day prior to filming [illegible] November 27th at [illegible] am, and departing November 27th by 5pm

Displaced permit parkers affected by our filming activities [illegible] available [illegible] streets, or [illegible] pay lots [illegible] parking receipt [illegible] ask to [illegible] from the Locations Department to have your parking [illegible] will direct you to available parking [illegible] arranged by the production

*** All of our filming & related activities are undertaken under the [illegible] Film & Television Office. ANY INTERMITTENT TRAFFIC STOPPAGES [illegible] to Police Service ***

[illegible] we thank you for support [illegible]

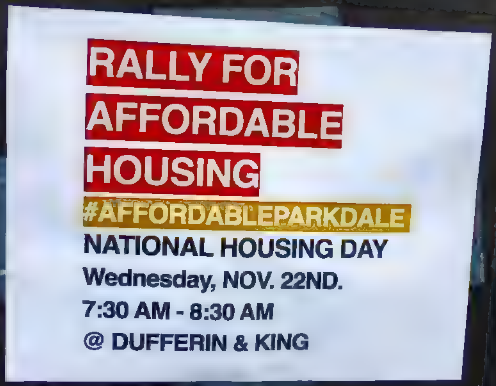
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] Manager

[illegible]
[illegible] Manager

WONDER

SPY



RALLY FOR AFFORDABLE HOUSING

#AFFORDABLEPARKDALE

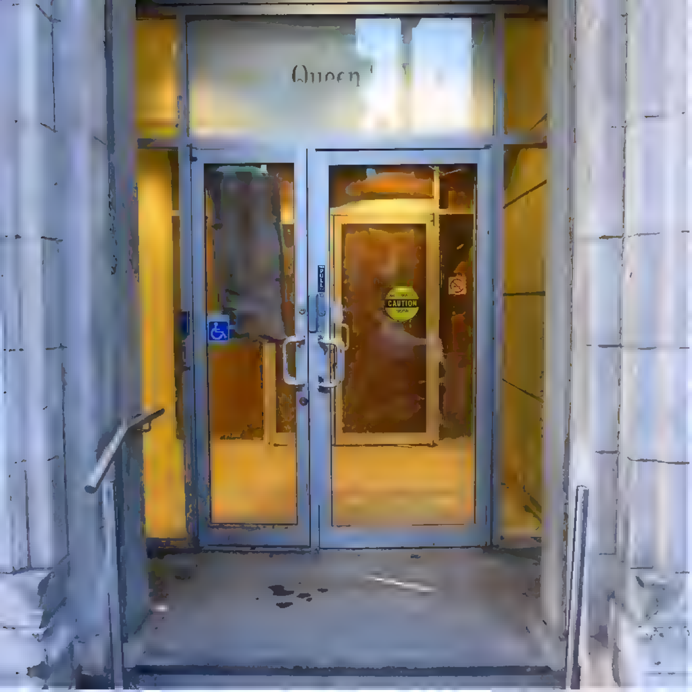
NATIONAL HOUSING DAY

Wednesday, NOV. 22ND.

7:30 AM - 8:30 AM

@ DUFFERIN & KING

IMAGE CHECK SYSTEM
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO


Queen
PULL
CAUTION

Best Im
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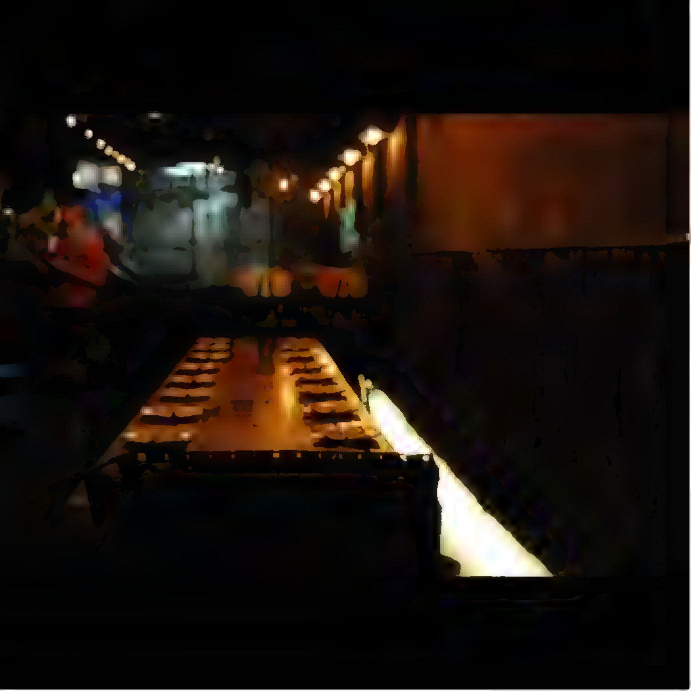
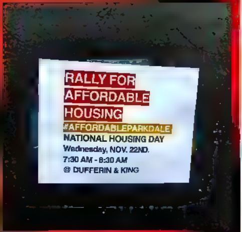
CHICKEN
Who
1 SHAWAR
2 BURGER
QUARTER CH
2 FALAF

SCHIZOPHRENIA

Skyline
RESTAURANT
Ali Baba's
URANT





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#AFFORDABLEPARKDALE

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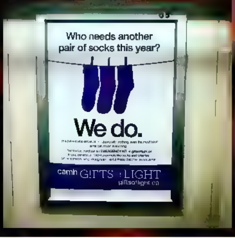
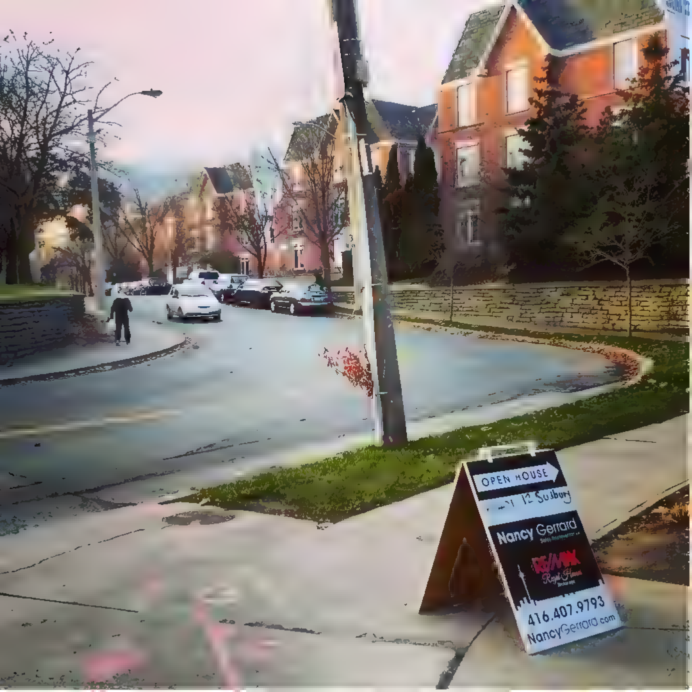
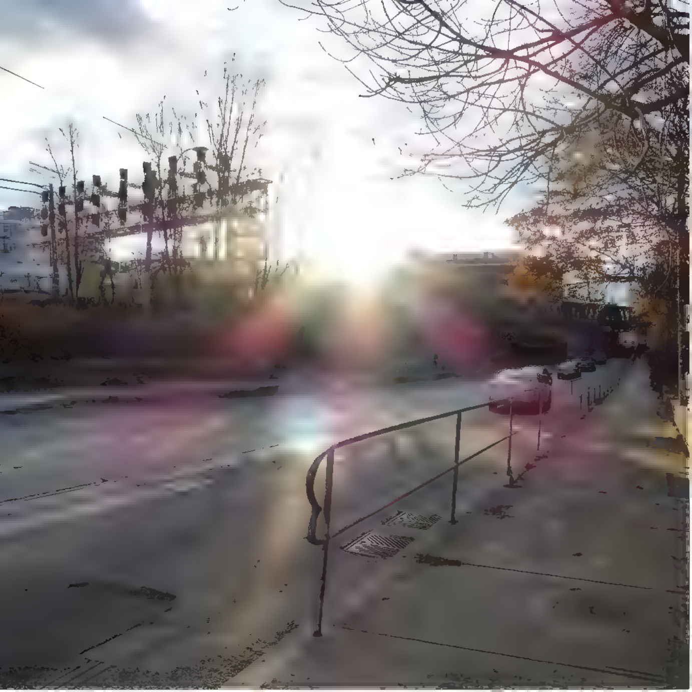
@ DUFFERIN & KING


Who needs another pair of socks this year?
We do.
camh GIFTS of LIGHT
giftsoflight.ca

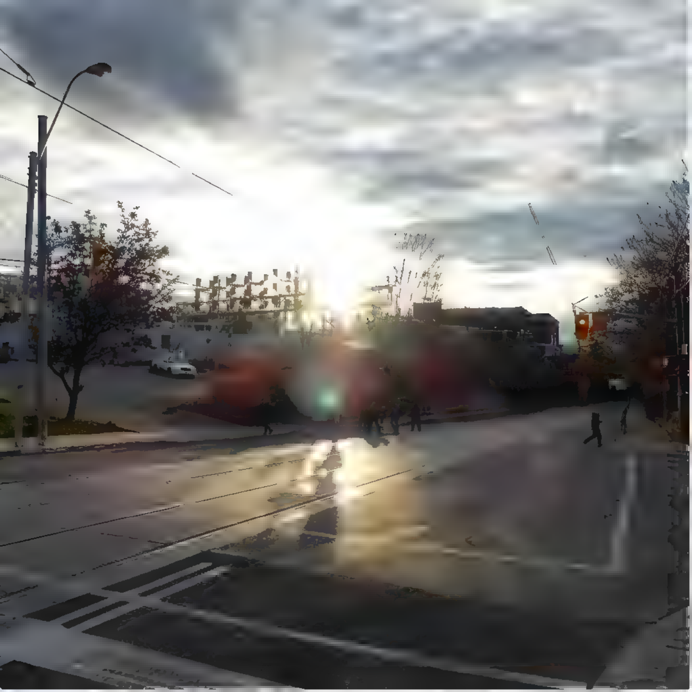

OPEN HOUSE
12 Sudbury
Nancy Gerrard
RE/MAX
Royal Heritage
416.407.9793
NancyGerrard.com

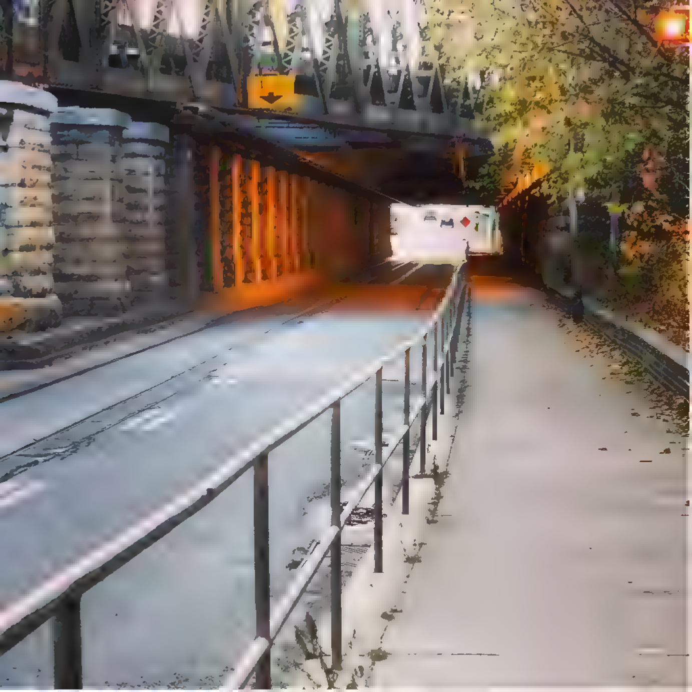


Today!
You know you want to!
Mon-Fri 11-8pm/Sat 11-6pm
New vape gear
WANT TO QUIT SMOKING? STUDIES SUGGEST VAPING IS BEST WAY TO KICK THE HABIT FOR GOOD

SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEÁN CULLEN
SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEAN CULLEN
SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEAN CULLEN
SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEÁN CULLEN
SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEAN CULLEN
SAT DEC
COLLEGE
SUPER COMEDY DANCE PARTY
SEAN CULLEN
SAT DEC
COLLEGE

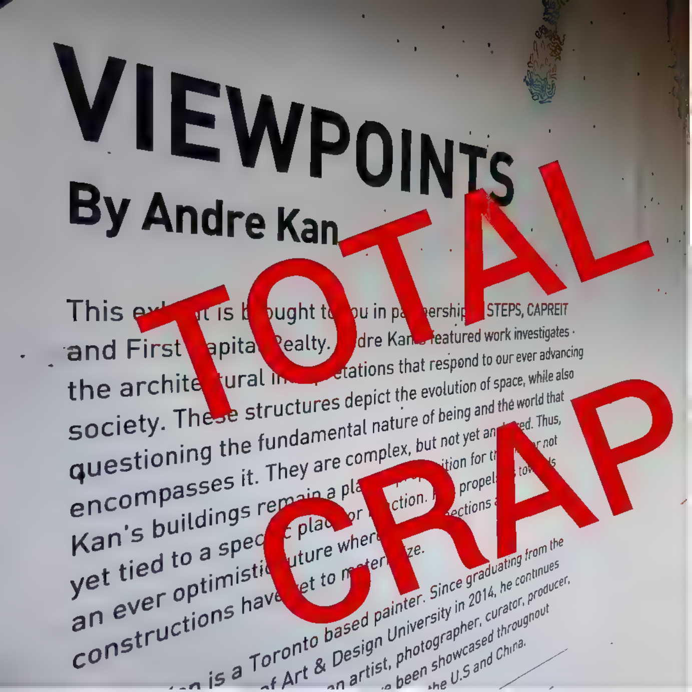
park9
LIBERTY VILLAGE
URBANDOG PLAYCARE
PLAYCARE
GROOMING
BOUTIQUE





THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HISTORY AND HISTORIC.
MONTENEGRO
ARO ITALIANO
OUTFRONT

DANGER
DUE TO
CONSTRUCTION



VIEWPOINTS

By Andre Kan

This exhibit is brought to you in partnership [illegible] STEPS, CAPREIT and First Capital Realty. Andre Kan's featured work investigates the architectural interpretations that respond to our ever advancing society. These structures depict the evolution of space, while also questioning the fundamental nature of being and the world that encompasses it. They are complex, but not yet anchored. Thus, Kan's buildings remain a pla[illegible]ition for th[illegible]r not yet tied to a specific place or function. [illegible] propels [illegible] towards an ever optimistic future where [illegible]ections a[illegible] constructions have yet to materialize.

n is a Toronto based painter. Since graduating from the
f Art & Design University in 2014, he continues
an artist, photographer, curator, producer,
e been showcased throughout
the U.S and China.

TOTAL
CRAP

November
18
19
OPEN HOUSE
Blackthorn
November
18
19
OPEN HOUSE
Blackthorn

T.T.T.
BSC
FORCE!
Sme

COMING SOON

HIPSTER
SCUM

SERIOUS
LIVING.

A
NEIGHBOURHOOD
WITHIN A NEIGHBOURHOOD

The Compound

THE LIBERTY OF RENTAL LIVING
THIS S

THE LIBERTY OF

Parkdale

AMATEUR

SIAMESE
CONNECTION

350

NO PASSING
HERE TO CROSSING

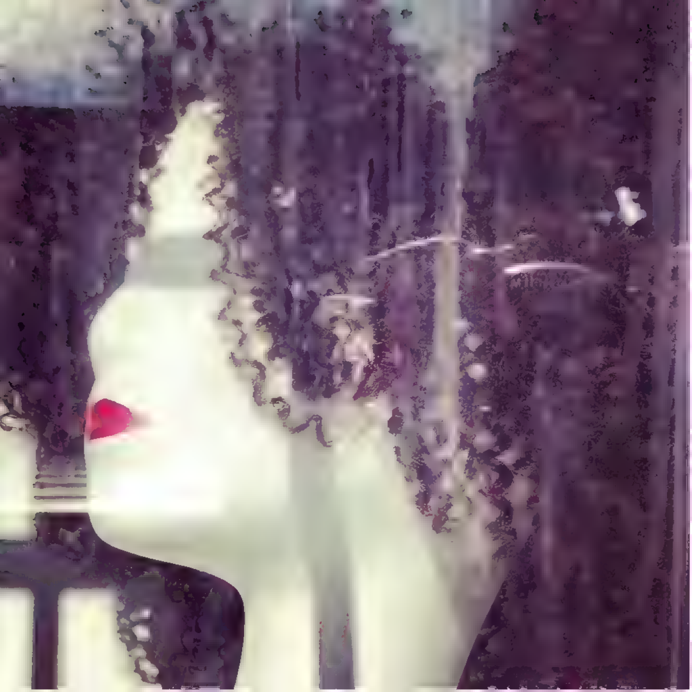
Ontario
Disability
Support
Program

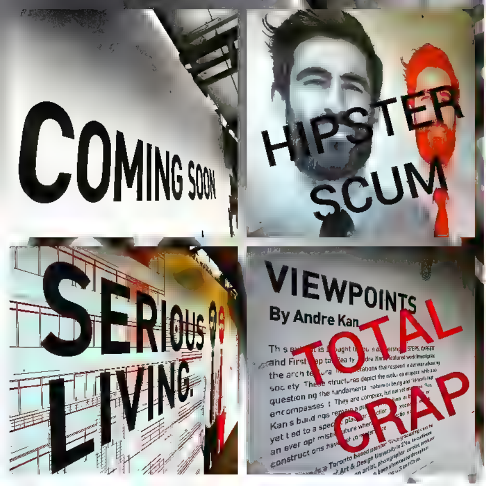
340
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

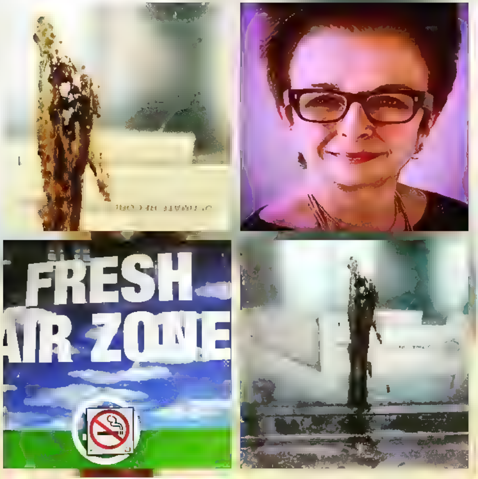
King St W

of Canada
each
Sweet
Prod of Ontario
Beurre d'Anjou Pear
$1.49 LB
Sweet
Prod of Calif / S. Africa
Nardorcott Clementine
$2.00/bag

PULL




COMING SOON
HIPSTER SCUM
SERIOUS LIVING.
VIEWPOINTS
By Andre Kan
TOTAL CRAP


FRESH
AIR ZONE

COFFEE HOUSE
LUNCH SOFTDRINK
THRIFT STORE
LAUNDROMAT
Computer

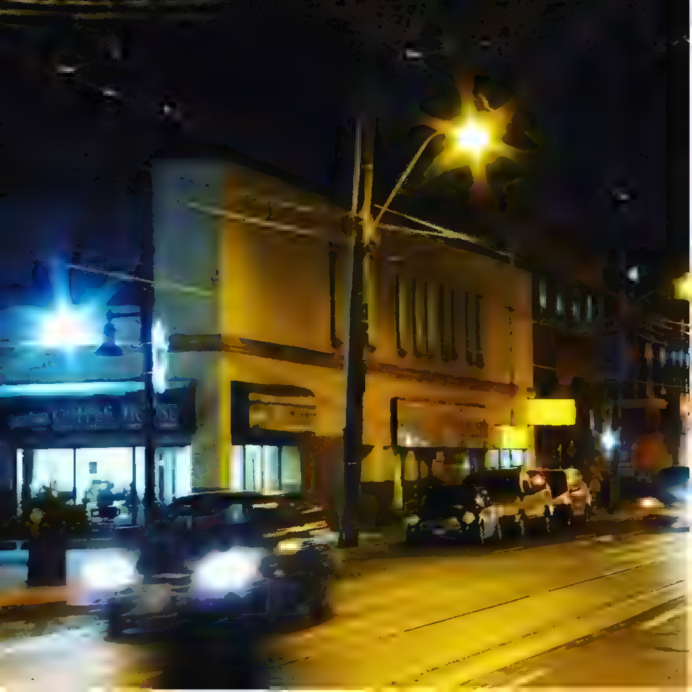
camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique del'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free
PULL
PULL
PULL
ALL VISITORS PLEASE SIGN IN AT THE FRONT DESK THANK YOU

camh

$CAMH Downtown West
Formerly Archway
Literally the Shittiest
Clinic in Canada
PM NOV/28/

MATE RECORDS

ULTIMATE RECORDS BOX


COFFEE HOUSE

HOUSE

COFFEE HOUSE

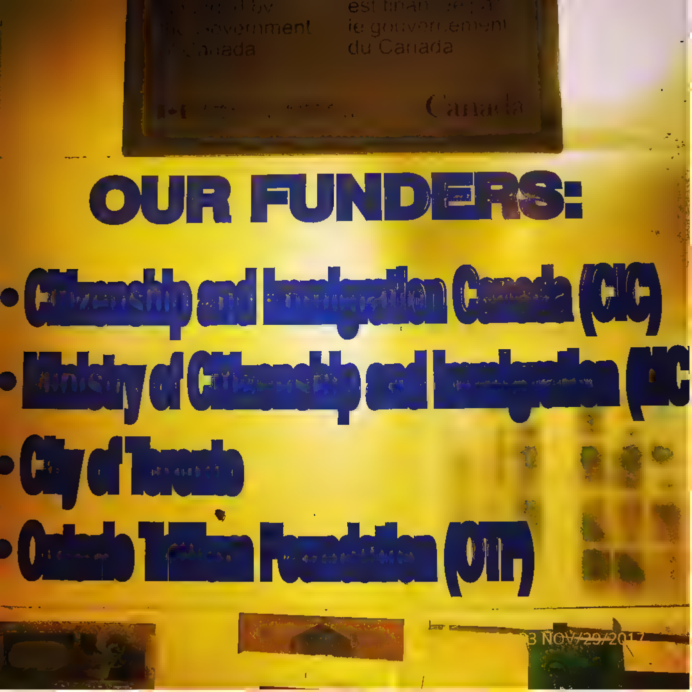
TRANSFORMING LIVES
MEANS SHIT
$CAMH
DOWNTOWN WEST
FORMERLY ARCHWAY CLINIC

LCBO
SPIRITUEUX
37 NOV

MERRY

LOVE
DARK
THOR
Sales & Service

PM 8:11 NOV 23/2011



funded by
the Government
of Canada

est financé par
le gouvernement
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OUR FUNDERS:

- Citizenship and Immigration Canada (CIC)
- Ministry of Citizenship and Immigration (MC
- City of Toronto
- Ontario Trillium Foundation (OTF)

3 NOV/29/2017

Best Rates
DTDC
Worldwide Courier
CE
OPEN
891

:29
2017

THE SALVATION ARMY
THRIFT STORE
Asian Foods

NOV. 29, 2017

PM 8:28 NOV/29/2017

PM 8:26 NOV 29/2017

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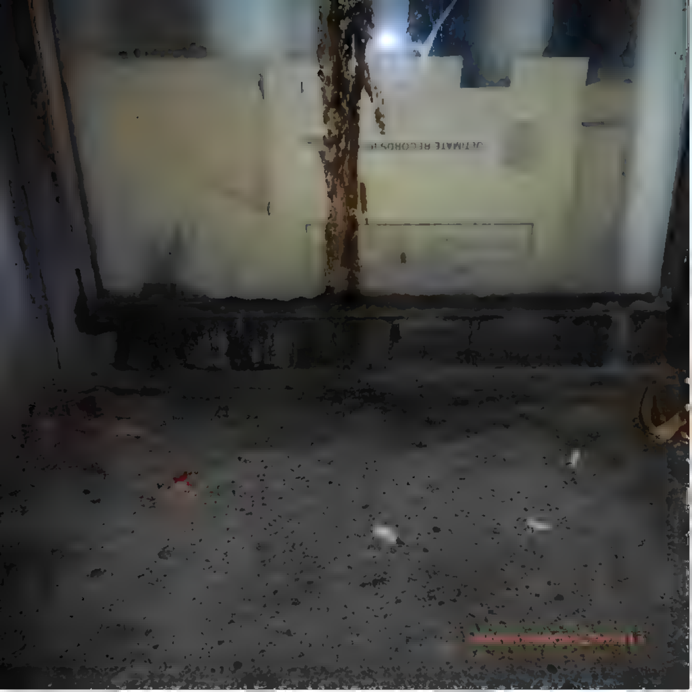
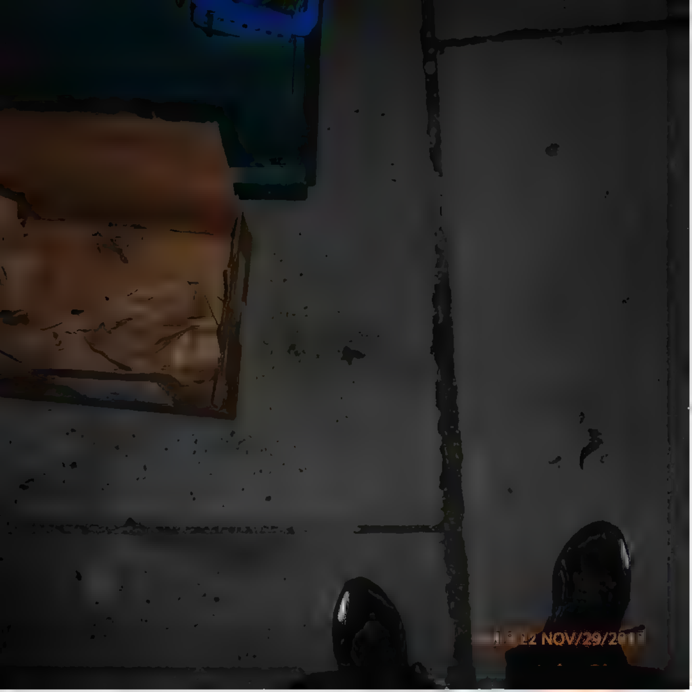
FRESH AIR ZONE
PM 8:27 NOV 17

PM 3:[illegible] NOV/29/20

ULTIMATE RECORDS BOX

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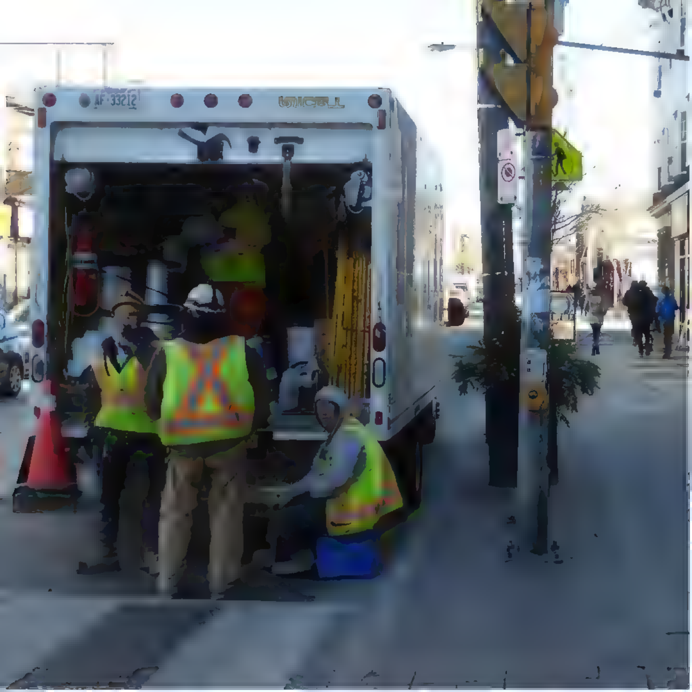
1378

NDROMAT
Tel. 536-0699
DROP OFF WASH DRY FOLD
SERVICE
THRIFT STOR
SOLD HERE
BXVE 877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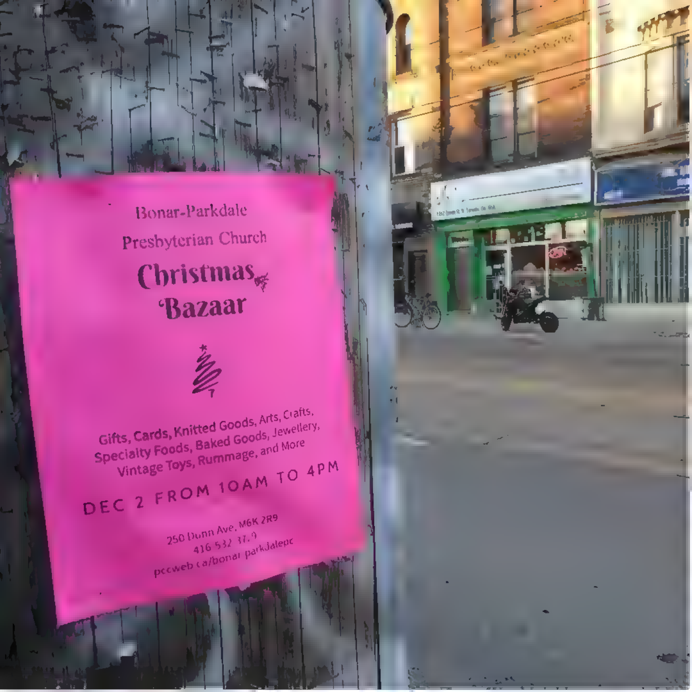


Bonar-Parkdale

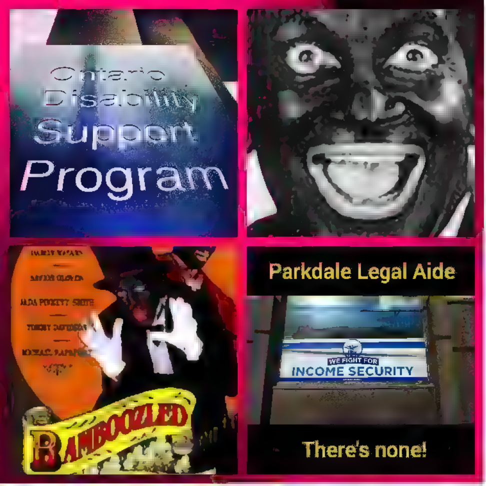
Presbyterian Church

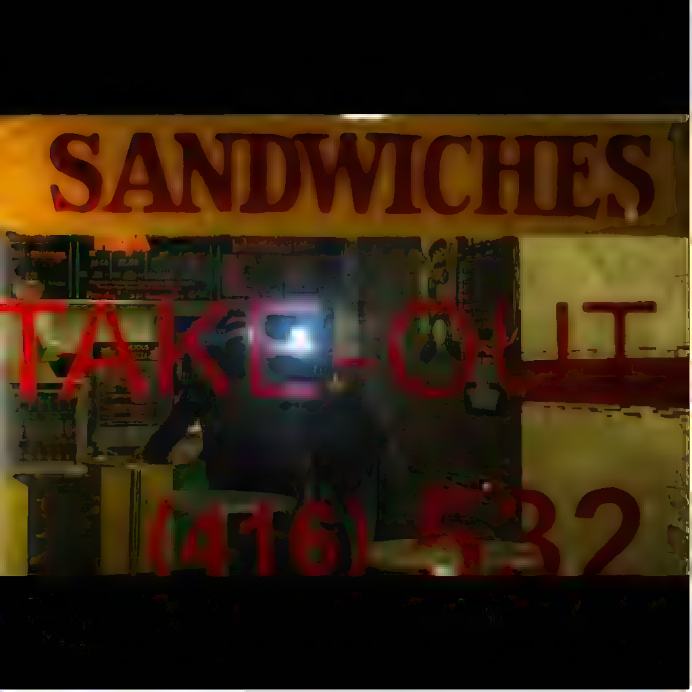
Christmas Bazaar

Gifts, Cards, Knitted Goods, Arts, Crafts,
Specialty Foods, Baked Goods, Jewellery,
Vintage Toys, Rummage, and More

DEC 2 FROM 10AM TO 4PM

250 Dunn Ave, M6K 2R9
416 532 37[illegible]9
pccweb.ca/bonar-parkdalepc


Ontario Disability Support Program
DAMON WAYANS
SAVION GLOVER
JADA PINKETT SMITH
TOMMY DAVIDSON
MICHAEL RAPAPORT
BAMBOOZLED
Parkdale Legal Aide
WE FIGHT FOR
INCOME SECURITY
There's none!

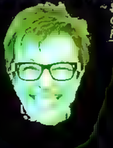

SANDWICHES
TAKE-OUT
(416) 532

Merry
Christmas

SUN INTENSIVE CAROLLING
GREGG STAFFORD
SAT CONJUNTO LACALU

"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
building a future in which everyone
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING.
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~ $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

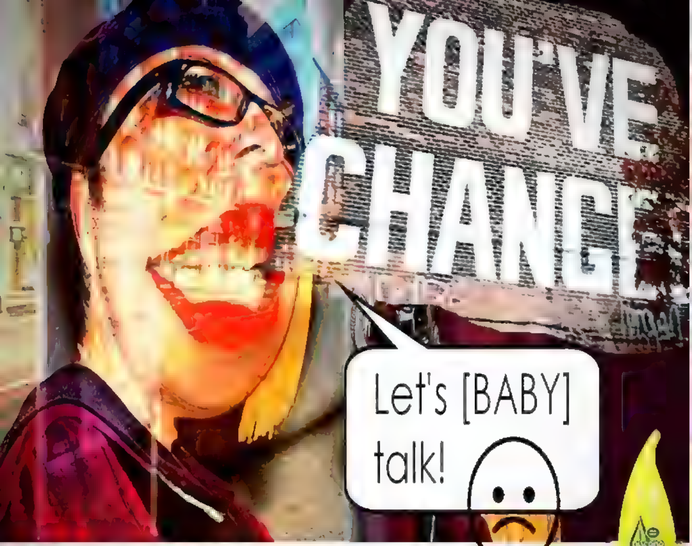


$camh

I will come again,

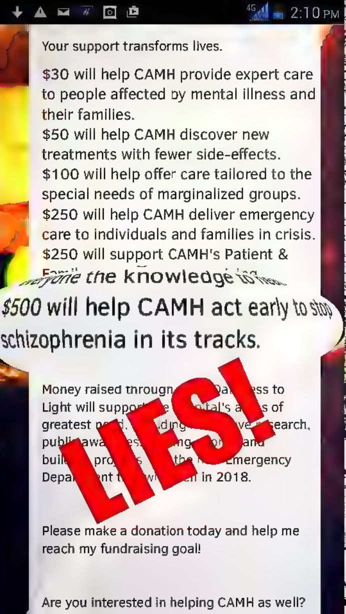
and I will be millions

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn: Bullshit, Bromides & Brain Disease



Your support transforms lives.

$30 will help CAMH provide expert care to people affected by mental illness and their families.
$50 will help CAMH discover new treatments with fewer side-effects.
$100 will help offer care tailored to the special needs of marginalized groups.
$250 will help CAMH deliver emergency care to individuals and families in crisis.
$250 will support CAMH's Patient & Fam[illegible]

[illegible]yone the knowledge to [illegible]

$500 will help CAMH act early to stop schizophrenia in its tracks.

Money raised throug[illegible] Da[illegible]ess to Light will suppor[illegible]e [illegible]ital's a[illegible]s of greatest n[illegible]d, [illegible]ding [illegible]ve [illegible]search, publ[illegible] awa[illegible]es[illegible]ng [illegible]or[illegible] and buil[illegible] pro[illegible]s [illegible] the [illegible] Emergency Depa[illegible]ent t[illegible] w[illegible] in 2018.

Please make a donation today and help me reach my fundraising goal!

Are you interested in helping CAMH as well?

4219
SCHIZOPHRENIA

You might [illegible] well try stopping a TTC streetcar with your HAND! It's called SUICIDE. But HEY! CAMH makes money off THAT, too!

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Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
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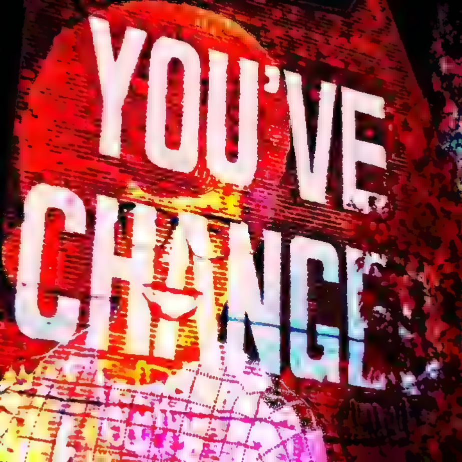

YOU'VE
CHANGE

SUN FA RESTAURANT

"MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED IS A LOBOTOMY."
camh
Where every kind of troubling lives.

$CAMHAM
AstraZeneca
McCain
It's all bad
camh

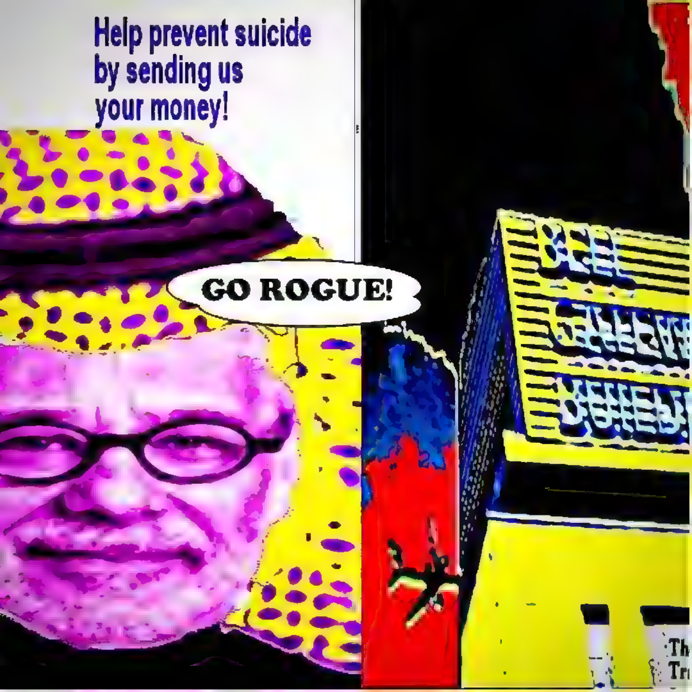
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."

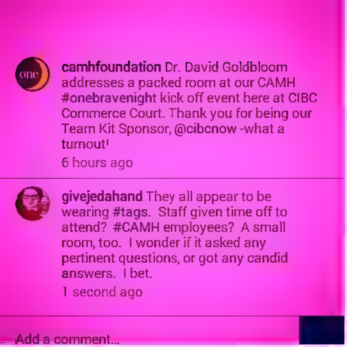
Especially if you work for DentsuBOS and CAMH Foundation who together invented this disgusting, insulting and condescending series of ads, presuming to tell us how we talk about "mental illness" without knowing anything about us, least of all how we talk. Now they want us to pay mistaken hipsters to stay up all night doing god knows what to "cure" mental illness, than which nothing could be more misleading and trivializing. How about a little honesty? Fire the professional liars, Dentsubos and Darrell Gregersen and Catherine Zahn. Spend the money wasted on them on care instead.

Defeat denial.
Defeat DentsuBOS and
BOYCOTT D2L

$camh
"SCAMAITCH"

The CHAIRMAN


Help prevent suicide by sending us your money!
GO ROGUE!
Th
Tr



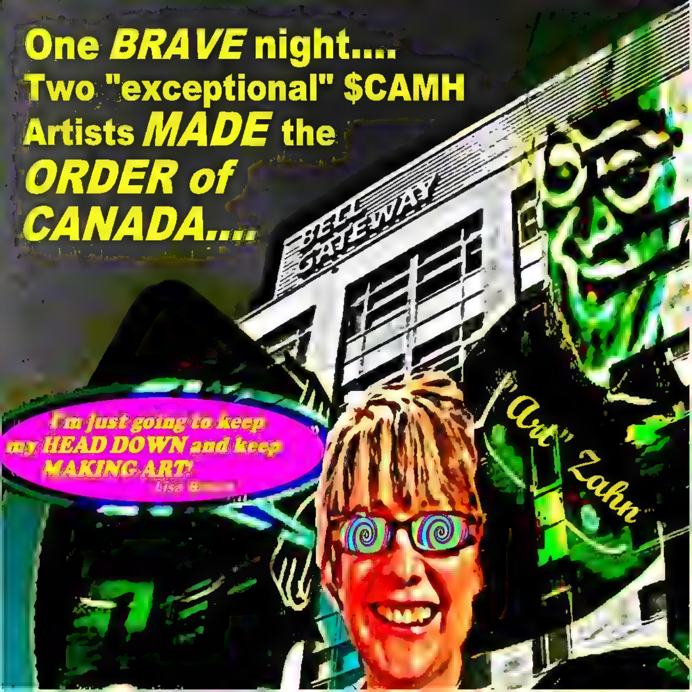
camhfoundation Dr. David Goldbloom addresses a packed room at our CAMH #onebravenight kick off event here at CIBC Commerce Court. Thank you for being our Team Kit Sponsor, @cibcnow -what a turnout!

6 hours ago

givejedahand They all appear to be wearing #tags. Staff given time off to attend? #CAMH employees? A small room, too. I wonder if it asked any pertinent questions, or got any candid answers. I bet.

1 second ago

We are on the cusp of a breakthrough


One *BRAVE* night....
Two "exceptional" $CAMH
Artists *MADE* the
ORDER of
CANADA....
BELL GATEWAY
I'm just going to keep my HEAD DOWN and keep MAKING ART!
Lisa
"Art" Zahn

Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
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Please keep CAMH Tobacco Free

CEO Catherine Zahn:
BRAVE NIGHT
Hardon Challenge
GATEWAY

ONE BRAVE NIGHT....
Sponsor these $CAMH Wise Guys
to KEEP it UP?

Dev Chopra
$300,000 but he still
couldn't pay the RENT!

Paul Garfinkel
Helped "transform"
Queen West into New
Berchtesgaden,
got POLYPS,,,,,

Joe Pantolone
Got ELECTED,
lost his PANTS...

©2006$CAMH

GOOD
THE
RAKE
CAFÉ
DENIM

THE DRAKE HOTEL

GOD LOVES YOU
For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that
in him should
FREE
THE SECOND COMING
HOW TO BE SAVED AND KNOW IT
YOUR SAVIOUR
The 10 Commandments
WHERE

Services We

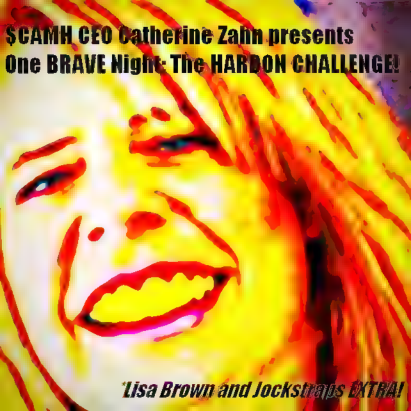
- Teeth Cleanings
- Dental X-rays
- Fillings
- Dentures (Partial / Complete)
- Extraction / Teeth Removal
- Root Canal Therapy
- Crowns and Bridges
- Dental Implants
- Custom Sports Mouth Guard
- Night Guard for Grinding
- Whitening

We offer Laughing Gas for Children and Anxious Patients

THRIFT TOWN
STOP

One BRAVE night...
Psychiatric Hitman Davey Goldbloom discovered - you really could get COURAGE out of a bottle...
Viagra-100
the SCAR
ARBON
CHALLENGE:
must
BRAVE - but
COURAGE
from you - just

IMAGE CHECK SYSTEM
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO
80%
80%


$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn presents
One BRAVE Night: The HARDON CHALLENGE!
*Lisa Brown and Jockstraps EXTRA!

Paul E. Garfinkel
PAUL E. GARFINKEL PARK
camh

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn presents
One BRAVE NIGHT the
HAROON CHALLENGE
How BRAVE?
Ask Doctor Goldbloom!

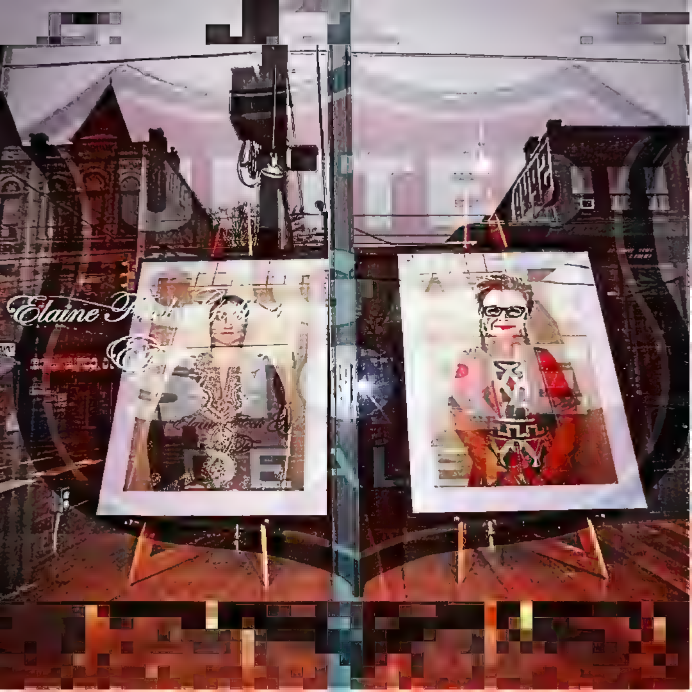
SCAMH CEO Catherine Zahn presents
the BRAVE Night - the
HARDON CHALLENGE
That is if you can stand
DARRELL GREGERSEN
President and CEO, CAMH Foundation
"An ODOR OF MENDACITY.... at SCAMH!

SCAMF CEO Catherine Zahn presents
The ONE [illegible]
[illegible] neighborhood"
White Squirrel Way
Toot! Toot!

$CAMH CEO
CATHERINE ZAK
One BRAVE
NIGHT
CHALLENGE!
AMH UNDERSTANDING
Being CEO of Canada's
Biggest MEDIA CONSTRUCT
Requires a LOT of COURAGE!

PEDESTRIANS USE OTHER SIDEWALK
Clinique Archway
416 535 8501

OCAD PROPS DEPT.
Adolf Hitler
HOW I CAN HELP!
UZBEKS
Davey Goldbloom
HOW CAN I HELP?
BUGS
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
Reader's Digest DSM
It's $CAM!!
100%


Elaine

McCain
It's all bad

$CAMH
SOCIETY DOCTOR
DAVID
GOLDBLOOM

Five Myths About $CAMH Psychiatrist David Goldbloom

1) - that he LOVES to eat Michael McCain's Weiners;*

2) - that he's COOL;

3) - that he's the KINDLY UNCLE you NEVER HAD;

4) - that he's REALLY your FATHER(!);

5) - that he has ANYTHING to SAY.

*Probably no myth!

ɘno
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
MA

NOUS SOMMES

SCHIZO

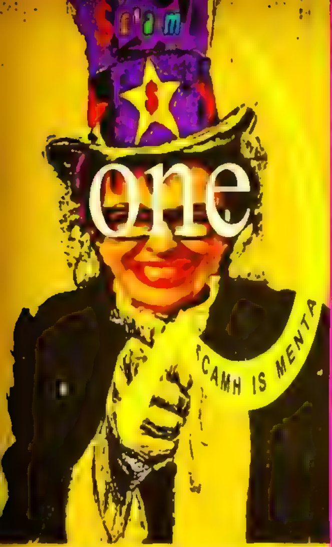
~~May 13~~
~~2016~~

Defeat Denial
Defeat $CAMH and DENTSUbos- they're a BRAIN DISEASE!Boycott

ONE "BRAVE" NIGHT!

FRESH
AIR ZONE
Please
Keep CAMH
Tobacco Free
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Defeat
DENIAL?
$CAMH?



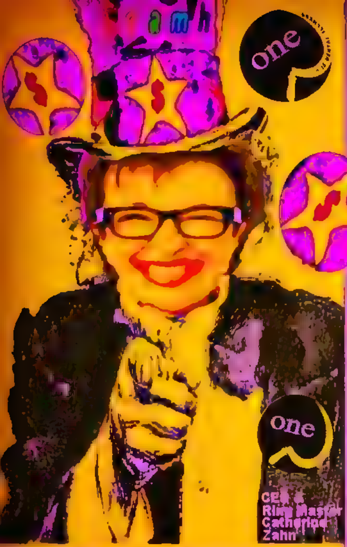
$CAMH and DentsuBOS
Professional Liars
WANT YOUR MONEY* May 13 2016

***What you dough does for "mental health"- NOTHING! But(defeat denial!) it keeps them in pin money.**

What YOU Can DO
To Pass The Time While Waiting to Defeat
Mental Illness

1) Fuck off and die for all $CAMH really CARES, so long as you send them the MONEY.
2) Shoot up. Since this has SOMETHING to do with Mental Health, say you're under a CTO - then
3) Get DRUNK! Which you already are. But HEY! YOU are on the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH, so
4) Pass a LOT of GAS (FART!). It's OK because you're now a BRAIN DOCTOR like CEO ZAHN, so
5) THINK about Catherine Zahn, how MARVELOUS she is because the the IABC gave her a PRIZE;
6) REPEAT some of those SAYINGS - NOW! Slowly at first then faster and FASTER! Say -
7) "We ARE on the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH; We ARE TRANSFORMING LIVES; We ARE a MOVEMENT ina NEW ERA for MENTAL HEALTH and moreover -
8) "There IS every REASON for HOPE, because HOPE IS A MOVEMENT!" at which you can -
9) Take the BIGGEST DUMP EVER - because - just like the DEAR LEADER - you're -
10) FULL of SHIT too! SO
11) WIPE YOURSELF and GO HOME - having CURED MENTAL ILLNESS - for tonight anyway....

ONE


camh
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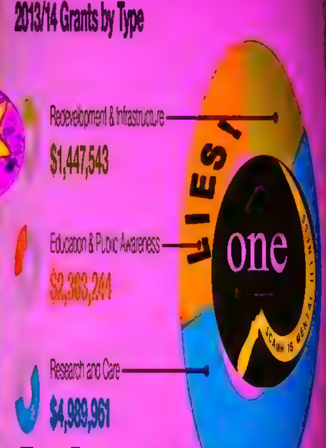
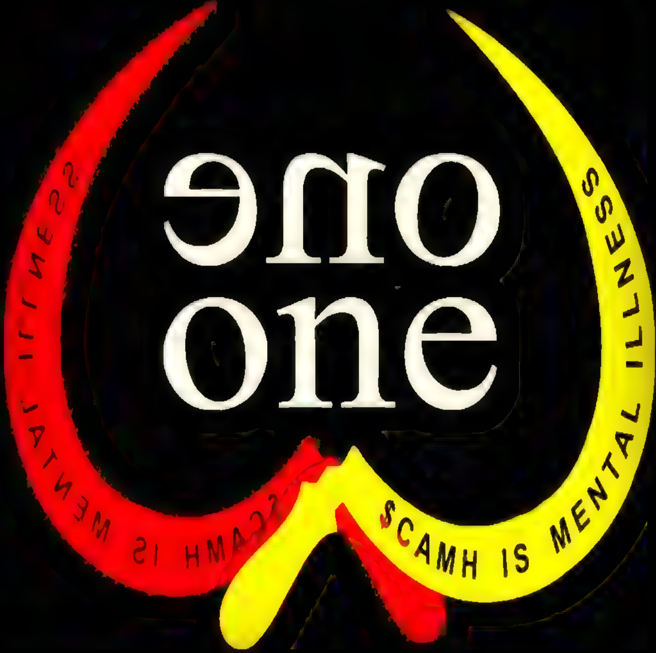
CEO & Ring Master Catherine Zahn



$CAMH and DentsuBOS
Professional Liars
WANT YOUR MONEY*May 13 2016

*What your dough does for "mental health"- NOTHING. But (defeat denial) it keeps "SCAMAITCH" in PIN MONEY!

And **it supports the**
$CAMH / DENTSUBOS
Lie FACTORY at CANADA'S
misLEADING ~~HOSPITAL~~
MEDIA CONSTRUCT (for "Illness" [illegible]


one
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
POLI
ICE

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn! One BRAVE night you will go running WITHOUT bodyguards, and it WON'T be STEVE PAIKIN behind you!

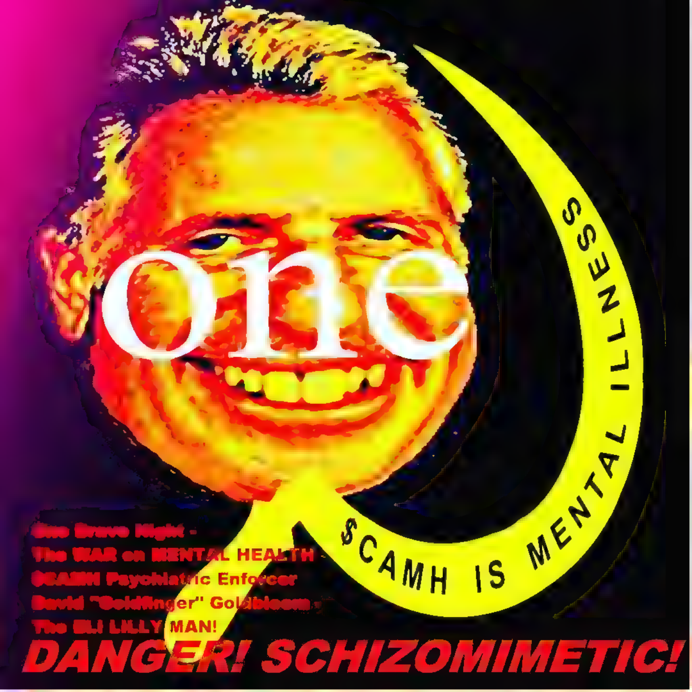
Catherine Zahn

@CatherineZahn

CEO of @CAMHnews. Neurologist. Mom. Optimist. Mental health champion. Book and film lover. For specific info on CAMH programs email: info@camh.ca

Toronto, Canada

May 13
one
2016


one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
One Brave Night -
The WAR on MENTAL HEALTH -
$CAMH Psychiatric Enforcer
David "Goldfinger" Goldbloom -
The ELI LILLY MAN!
DANGER! SCHIZOMIMETIC!

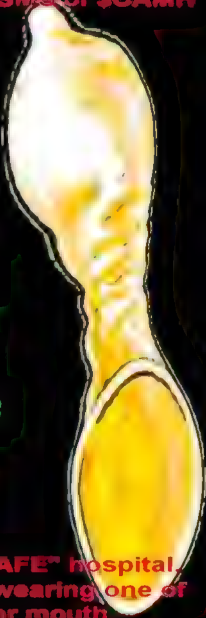
one
HRIFT
ORE
LAUNDROMAT
camh
Archway Clinic
451 Queen St West
Clinique Archway
451 rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH
AIR ZONE

AL ILLNESS
Beat denial
SCAMH!
It's a brain DISEASE!
SCMH
AL H NESS

The INDISCREET PUBLIC ORGASMS of $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn.....

NO. 68: "Seismic Breakthrough"

CAMH President and CEO, Dr. Catherine Zahn, agreed. She said "This is a historic moment for all Canadians. Together with our donors, we have created a seismic breakthrough and raised unprecedented funds for research and support mechanisms to address the staggering impact of mental illness. The extraordinary success of this campaign sends a bold statement of hope to all Canadians who are living with mental illness."



There was an EARTHQUAKE?! We didn't FEEL it, in Parkdale Toronto....

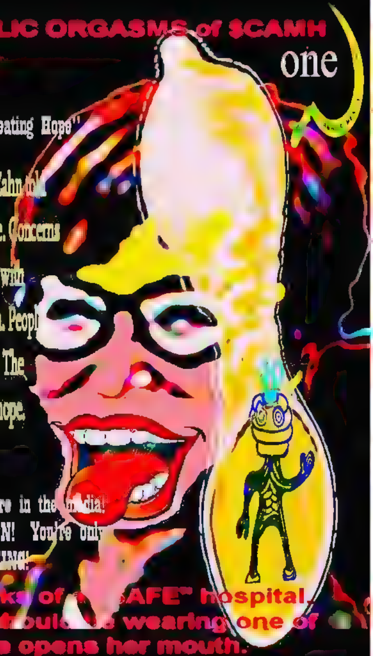
....She speaks of a "SAFE" hospital. Meaning? Everyone should be wearing one of THESE, every time she opens her mouth.

The INDISCREET PUBLIC ORGASMS of $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn....

NO. 69: "Special Moment in the Media Creating Hope"

> CAMH President and CEO Dr. Catherine Zahn told the group, "We're in a special moment in time. Concerns about a concerted approach to helping people with mental illness and addictions are in the media. People with lived experience are speaking out openly. The science, discovery and innovation is creating hope. We're working together!"

What's in the media is REALITY? YOU are in the media! Talking SHIT! Creating HOPE?! ILLUSION! You're only making MONEY - and NOT to cure ANYTHING!



....She speaks of a "SAFE" hospital. Meaning? Everyone should be wearing one of THESE, every time she opens her mouth.

I think you are incredibly fortunate to have Kwame McKenzie as new CEO of the Wellesley Institute. It wasn't easy to find a suitably remunerative research job in this mean and provincial capital, but you persevered and the result was worth it for Kwame. And how deliciously ironic that your meanness and squalor shall be researched by one so media friendly, slick and stylish. Surely it will help you to endure your poverty, just knowing that Kwame McKenzie is researching it, from his plantation in Lindsay.

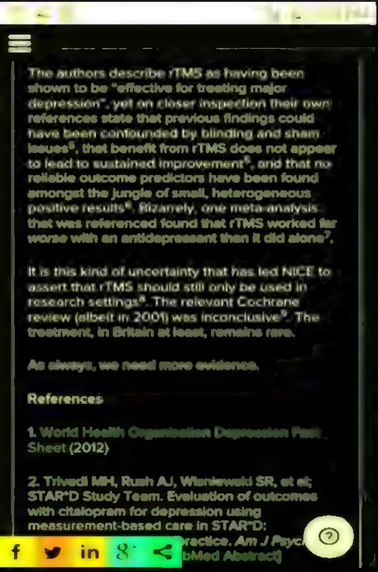
one

SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Kiss me, Kwame

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Can any organization so BAD at PR REALLY be any GOOD at Mental Health?



The authors describe rTMS as having been shown to be "effective for treating major depression", yet on closer inspection their own references state that previous findings could have been confounded by blinding and sham issues[5], that benefit from rTMS does not appear to lead to sustained improvement[5], and that no reliable outcome predictors have been found amongst the jungle of small, heterogeneous positive results[6]. Bizarrely, one meta-analysis that was referenced found that rTMS worked far worse with an antidepressant than it did alone[7].

It is this kind of uncertainty that has led NICE to assert that rTMS should still only be used in research settings[8]. The relevant Cochrane review (albeit in 2001) was inconclusive[9]. The treatment, in Britain at least, remains rare.

As always, we need more evidence.

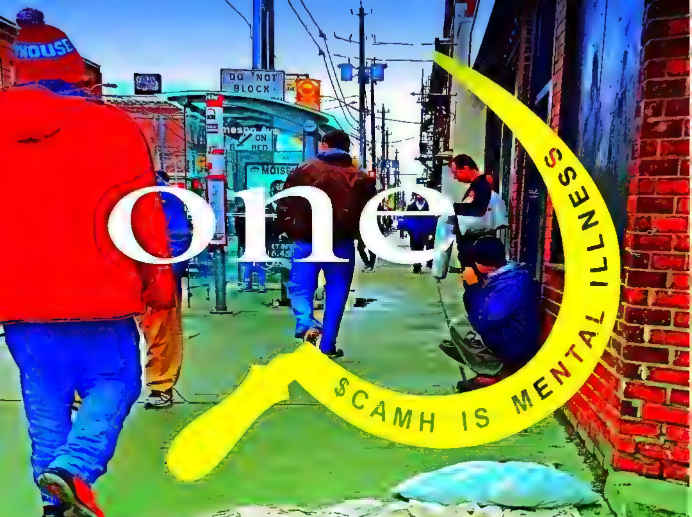
References

1. World Health Organization Depression Fact Sheet (2012)

2. Trivedi MH, Rush AJ, Wisniewski SR, et al; STAR*D Study Team. Evaluation of outcomes with citalopram for depression using measurement-based care in STAR*D: ractice. *Am J Psyc* bMed Abstract]

SO, $CAMH CEO
Catherine Zahn....
How come what's
SHIT in the UK
in a BLOG founded
by Andre Tomlin
of the Oxford Centre
for EVIDENCE-BASED
MENTAL HEALTH
is TOUTED as
THE CURE in
TORONTO?

one
$CAMH'S MENTAL ILLNESS


HOUSE
DO NOT BLOCK
ON RED
MOISE
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Discover? Discuss? Demand? One brave night when he demanded $CAMH Ceo Catherine Zahn's resignation and NOTHING HAPPENED, Johnny came up with a three-letter motto of his own, his THREE F MOTTO, like Zahn's THREE D one, only BETTER because it's TRUE:

F $CAMH! F CAMHFoundation! F CAMHUnderstanding!

"Discover! Discuss?!
DESTROY!"
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
$C MH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
"I am
Bele[illegible]ing"
Steve Paikin TVO:
Don't YOU worry
your LITTLE HEAD about
WHAT to call $CAMH....

About the Communicator of the Year Selection Process

Communications professionals from across the GTA were asked to submit nominations for an industry leader who they believed deserved to be recognized for his or her communication excellence. From there, a panel of four past IABC/Toronto presidents reviewed all of the nominations in detail. After close review, nominees who met certain criteria of the award were researched further through interviews between panel members and the nominee's communications team. The panel then discussed the interviews and selected a winner. This year, the panel agreed that Dr. Catherine Zahn earned the prestigious designation of the 2011 IABC/Toronto Communicator of the Year.

About IABC/Toronto

With more than 1,700 members, IABC/Toronto is the largest IABC chapter in

SO how many people elected $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn IABC "Communicator of the Year"?

FOUR people! Four PR hacks!

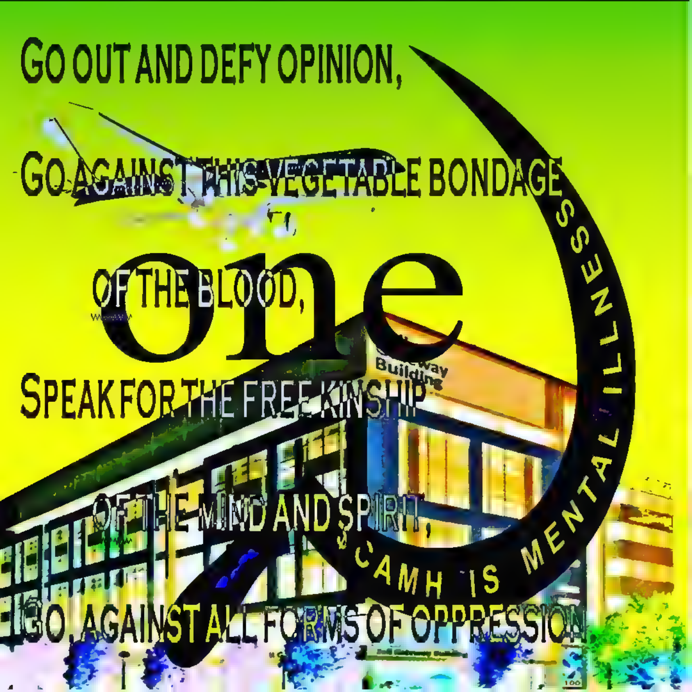
What's it WORTH!

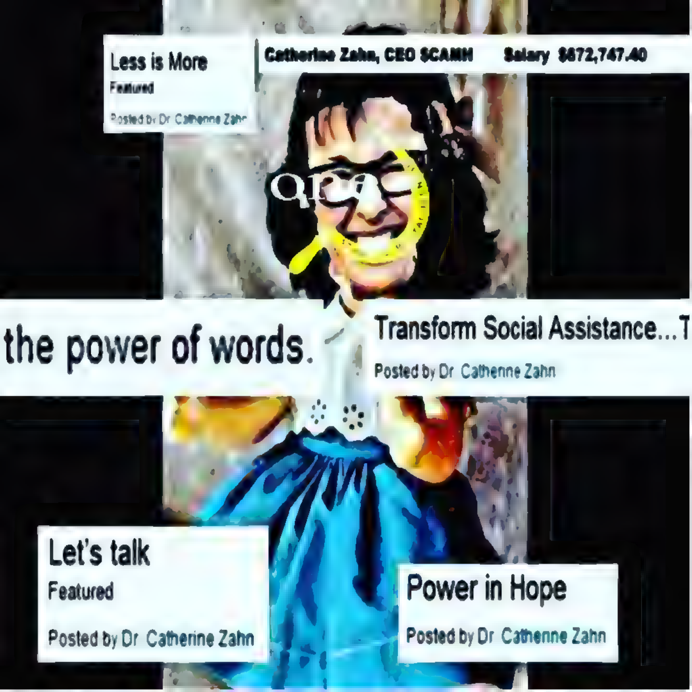
Ah! That's WHY!

one

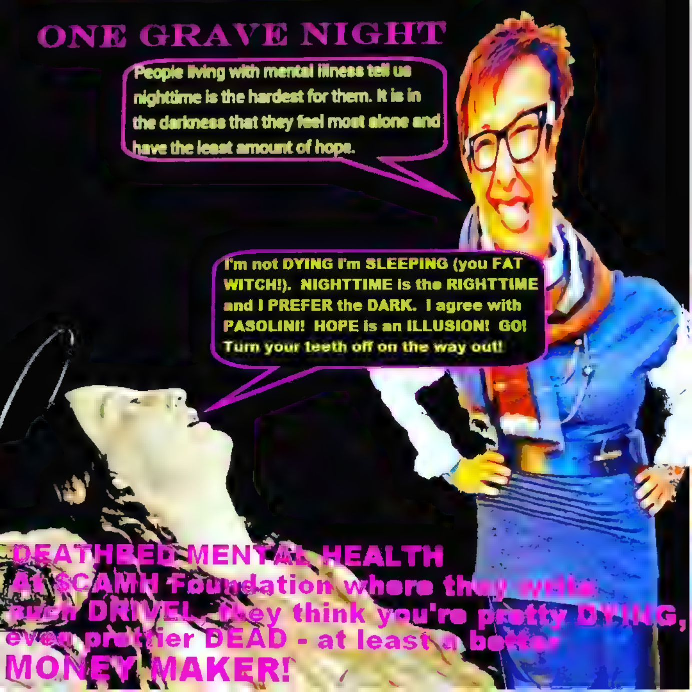
camh

FOUNDATION

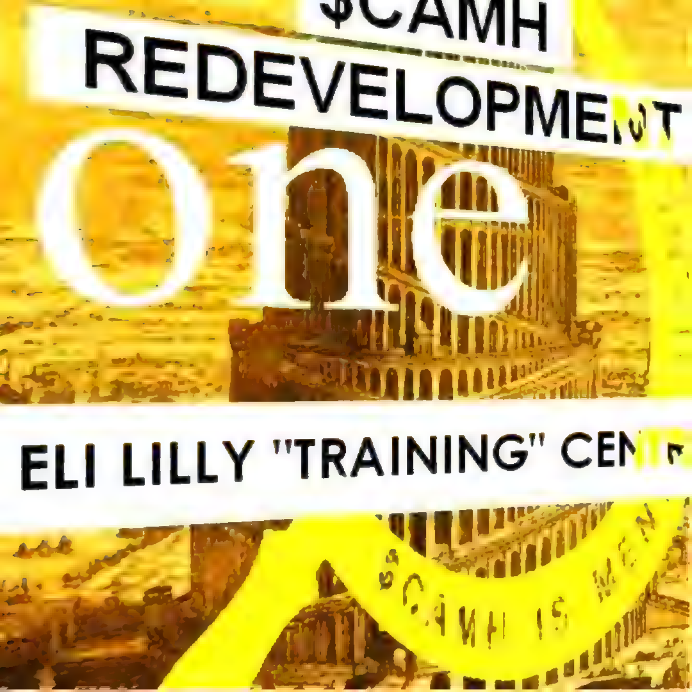

GO OUT AND DEFY OPINION,
GO AGAINST THIS VEGETABLE BONDAGE
OF THE BLOOD,
one
SPEAK FOR THE FREE KINSHIP
OF THE MIND AND SPIRIT,
GO AGAINST ALL FORMS OF OPPRESSION
CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Building


Less is More
Featured
Posted by Dr Catherine Zahn
Catherine Zahn, CEO SCAMH Salary $872,747.40
the power of words.
Transform Social Assistance...T
Posted by Dr Catherine Zahn
Let's talk
Featured
Posted by Dr Catherine Zahn
Power in Hope
Posted by Dr Catherine Zahn

ONE GRAVE NIGHT


People living with mental illness tell us nighttime is the hardest for them. It is in the darkness that they feel most alone and have the least amount of hope.
I'm not DYING I'm SLEEPING (you FAT WITCH!). NIGHTTIME is the RIGHTTIME and I PREFER the DARK. I agree with PASOLINI! HOPE is an ILLUSION! GO! Turn your teeth off on the way out!

DEATHBED MENTAL HEALTH
At $CAMH Foundation where they write such DRIVEL, they think you're pretty DYING, even prettier DEAD - at least a better MONEY MAKER!


$CAMH
REDEVELOPMENT
one
ELI LILLY "TRAINING" CEN
$CAMH IS MEN

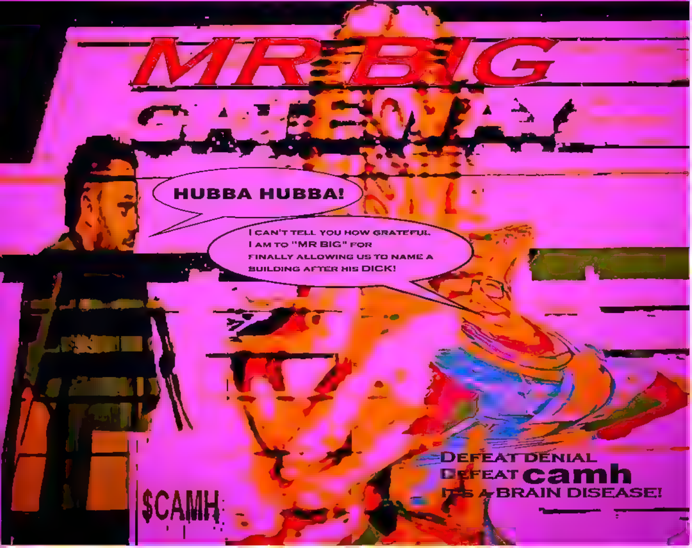
DEFLOWERMENT REPORT

AN ORGAN OF THE DEFLOWERMENT COUNCIL

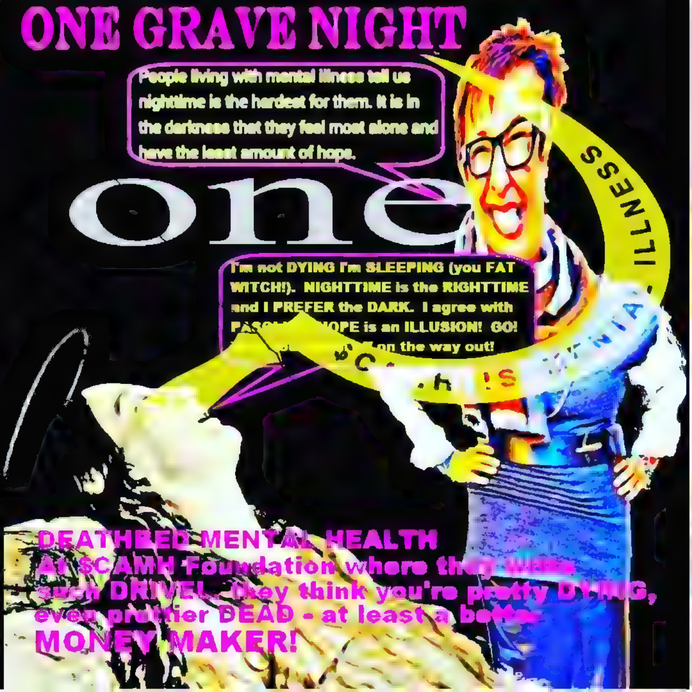
VOLUME 1, NO. 1

NEW ERA FOR MENTAL HEALTH

ANNOUNCING MR BIG - BIGGEST CORPORATE BREAKTHROUGH CAMPAIGN DONOR EVER!


MR BIG
GATEWAY
HUBBA HUBBA!
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO "MR BIG" FOR FINALLY ALLOWING US TO NAME A BUILDING AFTER HIS DICK!
$CAMH
DEFEAT DENIAL
DEFEAT camh
IT'S A BRAIN DISEASE!

ONE GRAVE NIGHT


People living with mental illness tell us nighttime is the hardest for them. It is in the darkness that they feel most alone and have the least amount of hope.
one
ILLNESS
I'm not DYING I'm SLEEPING (you FAT WITCH!). NIGHTTIME is the RIGHTTIME and I PREFER the DARK. I agree with PASC[illegible] HOPE is an ILLUSION! GO! [illegible] on the way out!
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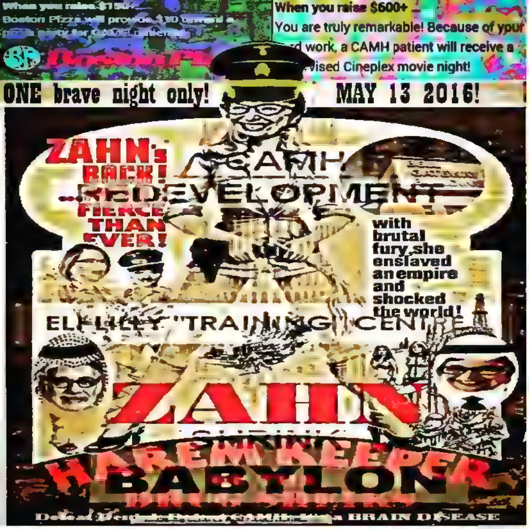
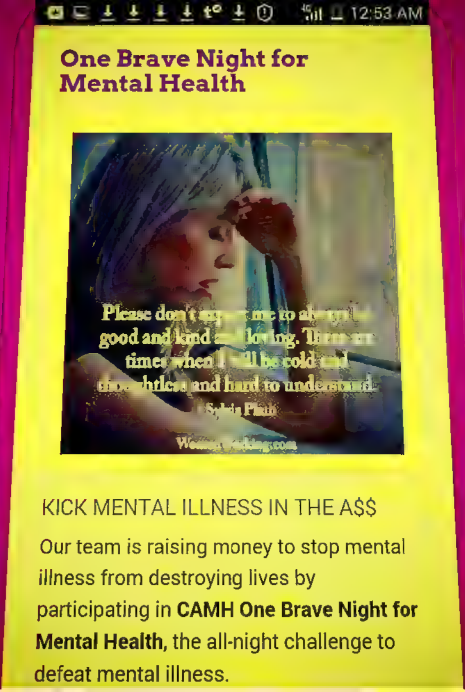


When you raise $150+ Boston Pizza will provide $10 toward a [illegible]

When you raise $600+ You are truly remarkable! Because of your rd work, a CAMH patient will receive a vised Cineplex movie night!

ONE brave night only!
MAY 13 2016!
ZAHN's BACK! FIERCE THAN EVER!
CAMH
REDEVELOPMENT
with brutal fury, she enslaved an empire and shocked the world!
ELI LILLY "TRAINING" CENTRE
ZAHN
HAREM KEEPER
BABYLON
BRAIN DISEASE



One Brave Night for Mental Health

Please don't expect me to always be good and kind and loving. There are times when I will be cold and thoughtless and hard to understand.

- Sylvia Plath

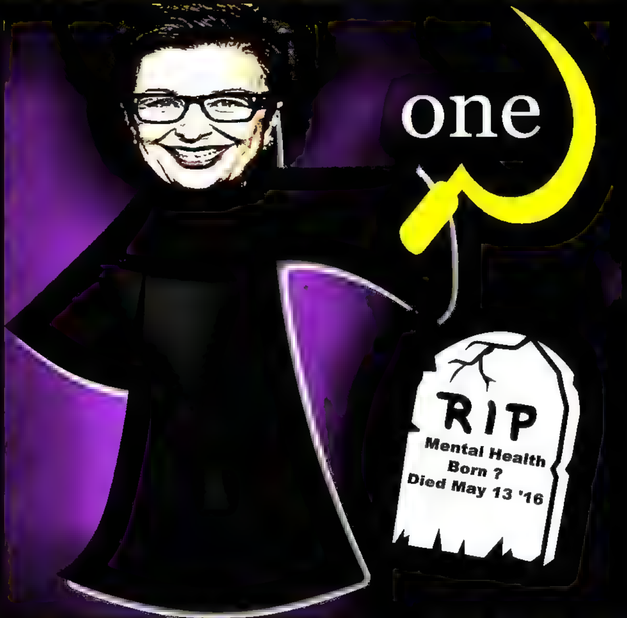
WeaselWedding.com

KICK MENTAL ILLNESS IN THE A$$

Our team is raising money to stop mental illness from destroying lives by participating in **CAMH One Brave Night for Mental Health**, the all-night challenge to defeat mental illness.

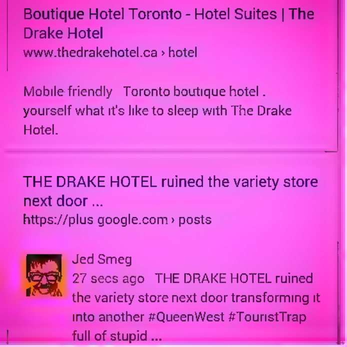
BRANDING = LABELING = STIGMA!

Look for the CAMH SAFE SEAL


one
RIP
Mental Health
Born ?
Died May 13 '16

Look for the CAMH SAFE SEAL

*** STIGMA = LABELING = BRANDING!**

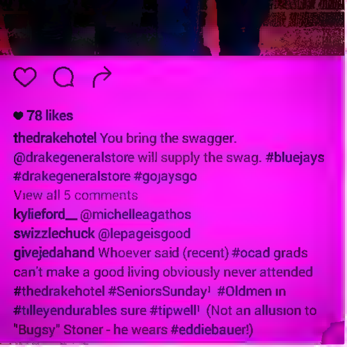


Boutique Hotel Toronto - Hotel Suites | The Drake Hotel
www.thedrakehotel.ca › hotel

Mobile friendly Toronto boutique hotel . yourself what it's like to sleep with The Drake Hotel.

THE DRAKE HOTEL ruined the variety store next door ...
https://plus google.com › posts

Jed Smeg
27 secs ago THE DRAKE HOTEL ruined the variety store next door transforming it into another #QueenWest #TouristTrap full of stupid ...



♥ 78 likes

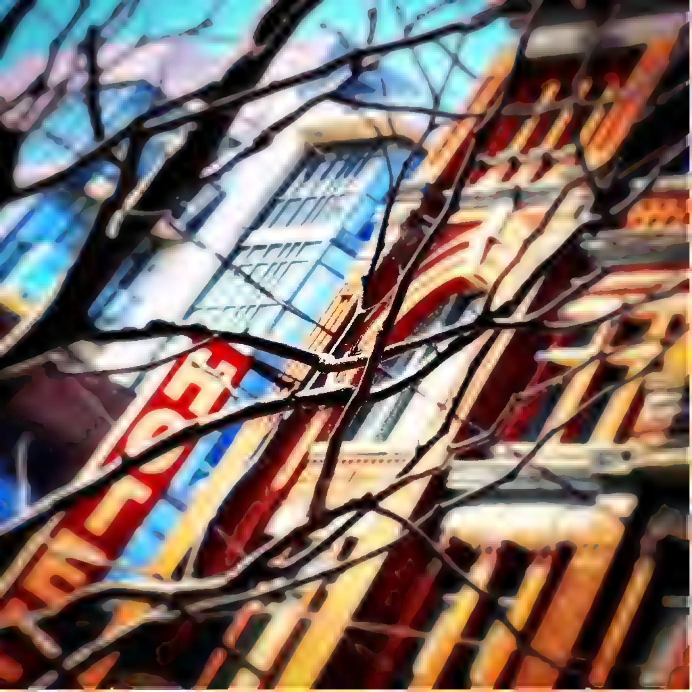
thedrakehotel You bring the swagger. @drakegeneralstore will supply the swag. #bluejays #drakegeneralstore #gojaysgo

View all 5 comments

kylieford__ @michelleagathos

swizzlechuck @lepageisgood

givejedahand Whoever said (recent) #ocad grads can't make a good living obviously never attended #thedrakehotel #SeniorsSunday! #Oldmen in #tilleyendurables sure #tipwell! (Not an allusion to "Bugsy" Stoner - he wears #eddiebauer!)


HOTE

A SAFE $CAMH is a $CAMH in a world that is SAFE for $CAMH!*
one
*that isNOWHERE you'd WANT TO BE!

MAY 13 2016!

Friday, ~~May 29, 2015~~

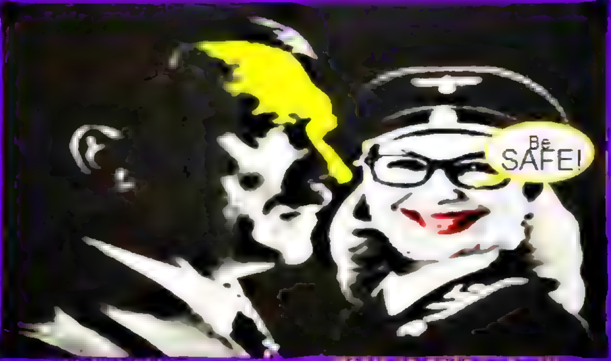
CAMH CURES

Mental Illness*

*With the following exceptions:
- schizophrenia,
- depression,
- anxiety and
- everything else in the DSM4 & 5 etc.

DARKNESS TO LIGHT
CAMH Foundation & [illegible]

WHO'S THAT WOMAN WITH HITLER?

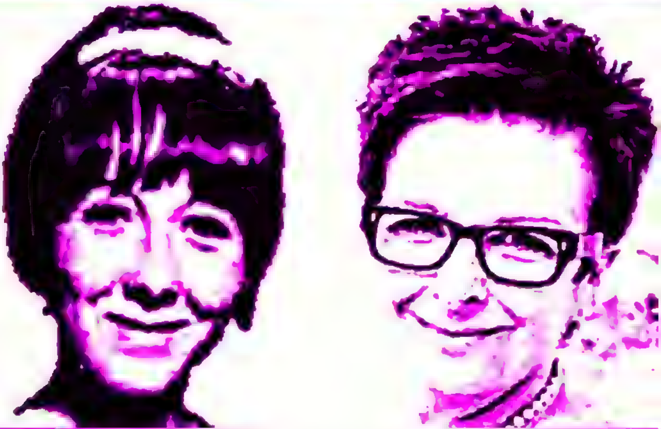


COMING SOON!
"One BRRRRAVE Night!"

(MAY 13 2016 in fact!)
At a beer hall near YOU!

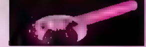
RALLY ALL NIGHT WITH $CAMH TO DEFEAT MENTAL HEALTH!

One brave night at CAMH, you had to admit -
she* had a NICE SMILE....



*Squeaky Fromme, #TransformingLives
The runner-up (right) is CEO Catherine Zahn....

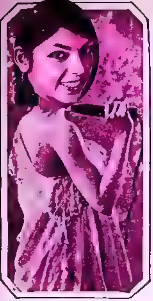
“Sugar-Coated” rTMS



Builds Strength and Health

Absolutely shockless and painless, overcomes nervousness, banishes aches and pains, renews the vigor of youth and builds healthy, well-developed bodies

Thousands of volts of stimulating, up-building, high frequency electricity—as painless and pleasant as a ray of sunshine—can be sprayed into any weak, diseased or under-developed part of your body. Instantly you will feel its healing, strengthening, tonic effect. You will feel the warm, fresh blood surge to the treated part, bringing with it the tissue-building and disease-fighting forces that Nature provides. Poisons and diseased tissues will be washed away, pains and inflammations relieved and the part treated will be nourished and strengthened. It literally helps Nature *build new BRAINS!*



Faranak "Faraday" Farzan

"Should be one in every home!"

You May Expect Benefits Like These—

"It is health-giving and invigorating, makes the blood circulate and gives you renewed pep."

"Have had marked results in its use in Neuritis, Rheumatism, Flu and the most difficult scalp diseases."

"Have found it most beneficial in treatment of Nervous Exhaustion, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Boils, etc."

"Am treating about 30 patients daily and haven't failed to get results in a single case."

"I am now entirely relieved of the acne."

"It is helping my back very much."

"I have cured a lame knee that has bothered me for two years."

"My hair has entirely stopped falling out."

"I am entirely cured of a goitre since using your Model C Generator." . . .

"It has helped me so much that I have stopped wearing glasses after wearing them 15 years."

"In the treatment of eczema am

The TEMERTY BRAIN STIMULATION PORTA-ZAPPER!

makes it possible for you to secure the benefits of this wonderful treatment at home. The simple, durable and efficient **Portazap** Generator takes current from your light socket and transforms it into the life-giving, health-building **rTMS** Ray, that penetrates and saturates the entire body. It increases the oxygen content of the blood, increases the number of germ-fighting white corpuscles and sends the blood coursing throughout the body with renewed vigor. It aids the digestive process and the assimilation of food. It helps Nature throw off waste products and poisons. It stimulates every organ to healthy, normal activity.

Read This PROOF

Renulife Treatment is a household remedy in 50,000 homes. This is ample proof of its virtue. We have thousands of testimonials telling of the benefits derived in cases where all other treatments have failed.

To get equal satisfaction, be sure that the generator you buy is a RENULIFE. There are many imitators, but the genuine Porta-Zapper Generator is supreme in it's field in curative value, mechanical excellence and durability it is vastly superior. Genuine Porta-Zapper Generators are sold by a fully responsible company under guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Get the genuine and be sure of maximum benefits.

Send for Free “HEALTH” Book

It tells of treatment and results obtained in more than a hundred diseases, weaknesses and painful disorders. If you are interested in developing a healthy, strong, body and steady nerves, send for your copy now. It will come to you by return mail.

'Faraday' Farzan

Treats Successfully

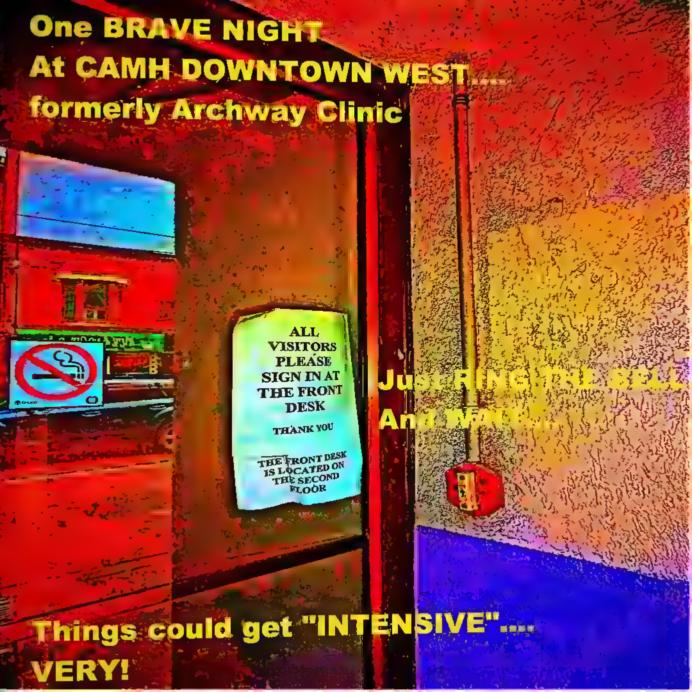
Depression
Nervousness
Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Sciatica
Headaches
Anaemia
Insomnia
Brain-fag
Neuritis
Paralysis
Lumbago
Inflammations
Eczema
Skin Diseases
Falling Hair

More than fifty other disorders.

CEO Catherine Zahn

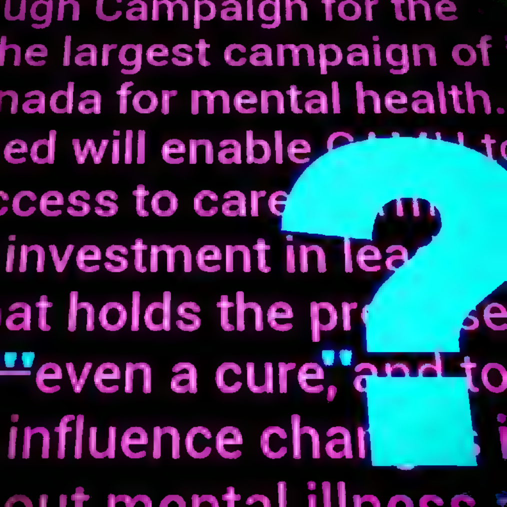
The $CAMH Electric Co.

One BRAVE NIGHT
At CAMH DOWNTOWN WEST....
formerly Archway Clinic


ALL VISITORS PLEASE SIGN IN AT THE FRONT DESK
THANK YOU
THE FRONT DESK IS LOCATED ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Just RING THE BELL
And WAIT...

Things could get "INTENSIVE"....
VERY!



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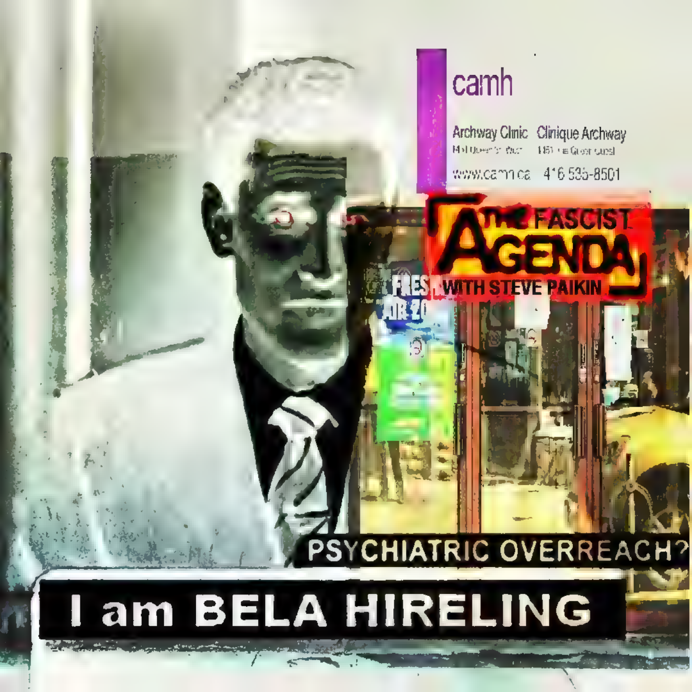
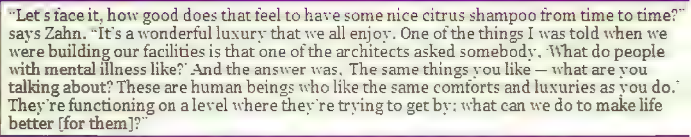

camh
Archway Clinic
Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
THE FASCIST AGENDA
WITH STEVE PAIKIN
PSYCHIATRIC OVERREACH?
I am BELA HIRELING

"How good does that feel...."



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like — what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

Fuck you, CAMH CEO
Catherine Zahn, for prostituting
"Mental Health" to
Pushers, Pimps, and Quacks

TIE ONE ON!
(2nd Annual) $CAMH dissENGAGE Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH HARDON CHALLENGE!

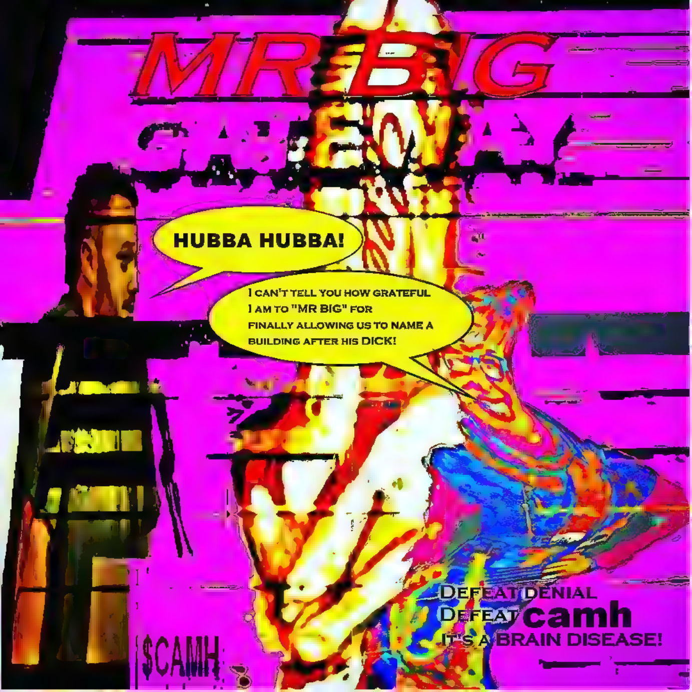
To defeat mental illness for SURE this time!

BELL
GATEWAY
CAMH McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH
SALT
DO NOT CHALLENGE

Faranak Farzan: "Awe, C'mon! TRY a little TRANSCRANIAL MAGNETIC STIMULATION! I did - at least I THINK so - if I can remember...." rTMS - A Kinda (Sorta) GENTLER ECT. The ZAPPY that makes you HAPPY!*

*Absolutely GUARANTEED: NO BETTER THAN PLACEBO!

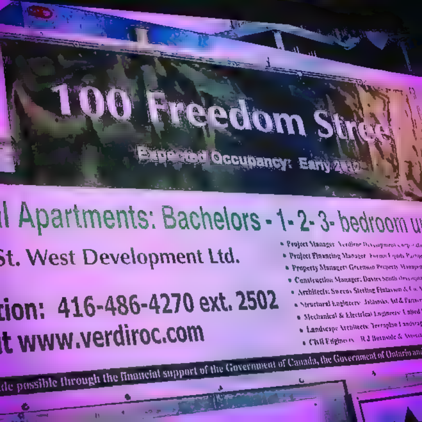
Brought to you by some bank, of course!


MR BIG
HUBBA HUBBA!
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO "MR BIG" FOR FINALLY ALLOWING US TO NAME A BUILDING AFTER HIS DICK!
DEFEAT DENIAL
DEFEAT camh
IT'S A BRAIN DISEASE!
$CAMH

FOUNDATION
STIGMATA
MATTRESS

camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
PULL
PULL
PULL

just going to keep my head down
keep making art
~Lisa Brown



100 Freedom Stree

Expected Occupancy: Early 2010

l Apartments: Bachelors - 1- 2- 3- bedroom u

St. West Development Ltd.

tion: 416-486-4270 ext. 2502

t www.verdiroc.com

- Project Manager: Verdiroc Development Corpo
- Project Financing Manager: Forum Equity Partne
- Property Manager: Greenwin Property Managem
- Construction Manager: Davies Smith Developm
- Architects: Sweeny Sterling Finlayson & Co.
- Structural Engineers: Jablonsky, Ast & Partner
- Mechanical & Electrical Engineers: United
- Landscape Architects: Terraplan Landscap
- Civil Engineers: R.J. Burnside & Associa

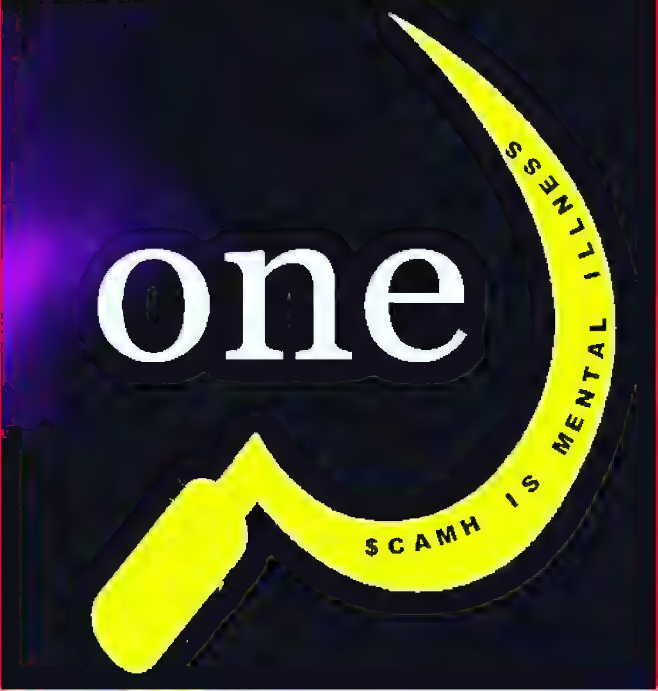
de possible through the financial support of the Government of Canada, the Government of Ontario and

Paul E. Garfinkel Park
MAMMY!
1071 Queen Street West

PERM - WAXING

$CAMH CEO Catherine One Brave Night....

Transforming Lives!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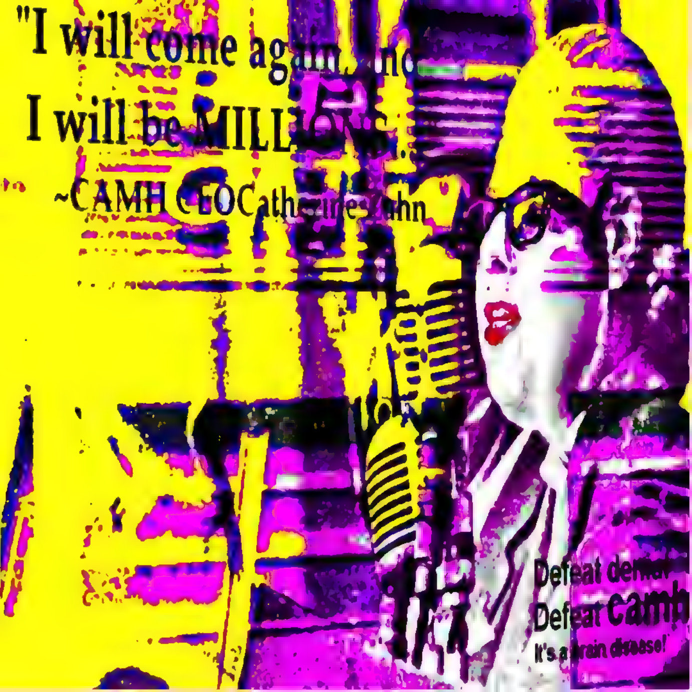
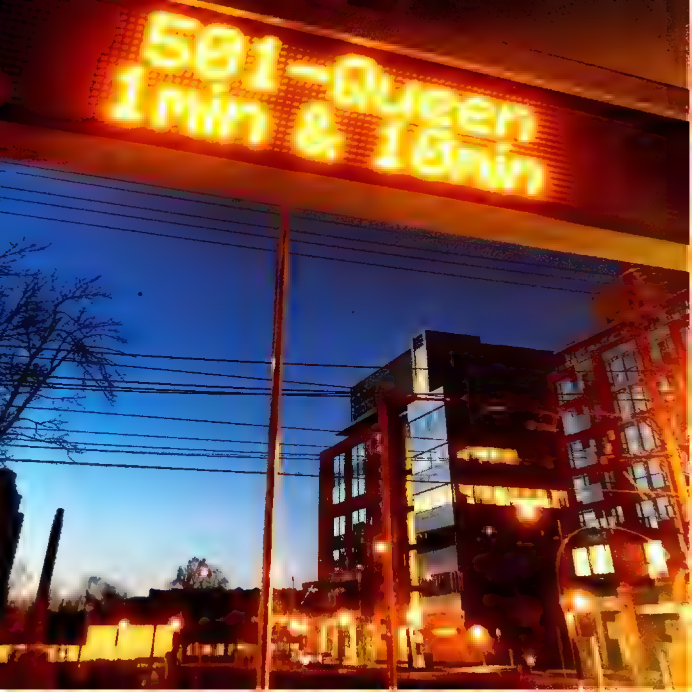
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS


"I will come again, and
I will be MILLIONS."
~CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
Defeat denial
Defeat camh
It's a brain disease!

camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE

$CAMH CEO CATHERINE ZAHN
CARRYING THE TORCH FOR
BARRICK GOLD, PAN AM
And MENTAL HEALTH
FASCISM
"Across the Lifespan and Around the World"

$CAMHAM
It's Jihad, Darling!


501 -Queen
1min & 16min

The Miami News

PARKDALE TORONTO EDITION

★★★★
Blue Streak
10 CENTS

Exclusive Interview

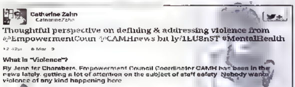
Lansky says there is no mob crime

"The MOB is a SAFE WORKPLACE for MENTAL HEALTH. Cathy says so - right here! I even got a CERTIFICATE!"

Story below

"The EVIDENCE is CLEAR! Workplaces that are SAFE [for "Mental Health" - as defined by $CAMH -] are GOOD for the BOTTOM LINE!"

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn addressing the Economic Club of Canada, a "SAFE" organization, GOOD for her BOTTOM LINE. ..



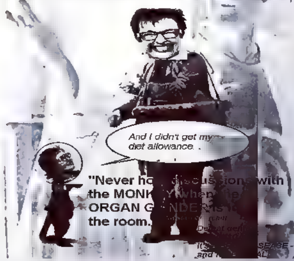
Catherine Zahn
CatherineZahn

Thoughtful perspective on defining & addressing violence from @EmpowermentCoun @CAMHnews bit ly/1EU8nST #MentalHealth

6 Mar

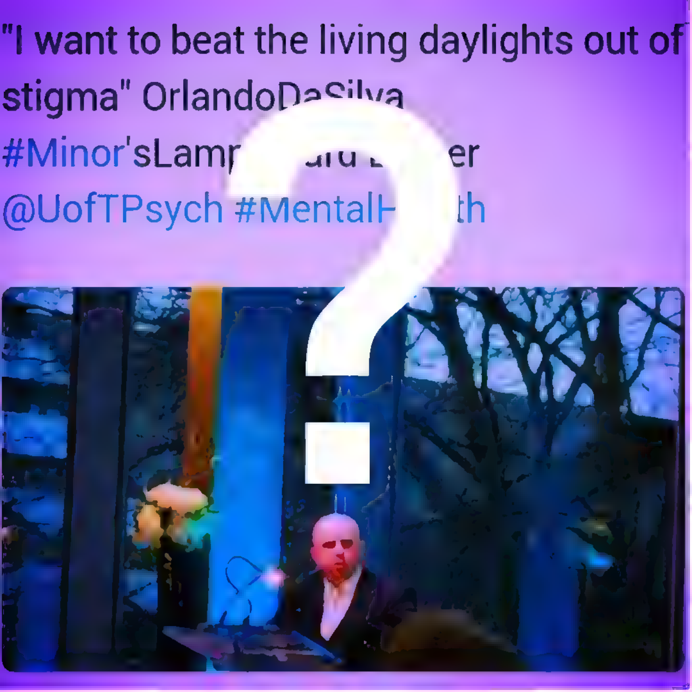
What is "Violence"?

By Jennifer Chambers, Empowerment Council Coordinator CAMH has been in the news lately, getting a lot of attention on the subject of staff safety. Nobody wants violence of any kind happening here

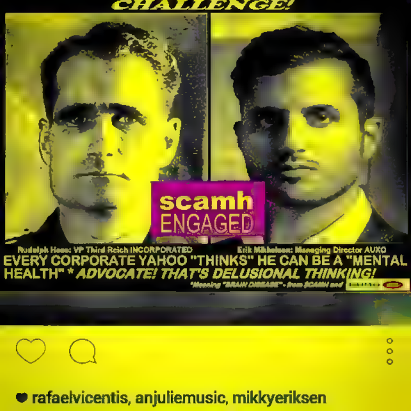

And I didn't get my diet allowance. .
"Never ho discussions with the MONK Y when the ORGAN G NDER is the room.
Defeat defi
it's SEASE - and AL

"There were 118 incidents that resulted in harm last year at CAMH and Zahn wants to talk about languagae in a press release."

(OPSEU/SEPPO's Diablogue)



"I want to beat the living daylights out of stigma" OrlandoDaSilva
#Minor'sLamp ard er
@UofTPsych #MentalH th


CHALLENGE!
scamh
ENGAGED
Rudolph Hess: VP Third Reich INCORPORATED
Erik Mikkelsen: Managing Director AUXO
EVERY CORPORATE YAHOO "THINKS" HE CAN BE A "MENTAL HEALTH" * ADVOCATE! THAT'S DELUSIONAL THINKING!
*Meaning "BRAIN DISEASE" - from $CAMH and

♥ rafaelvicentis, anjuliemusic, mikkyeriksen

Ana Lopes and Don Tapscott: Their SUPERIOR CRAPPER makes them mental health authorities in Parkdale "across the lifespan and around the world" (Little Red Book of $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn).

EQUALS
1984
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ing a new kind of
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Thank you

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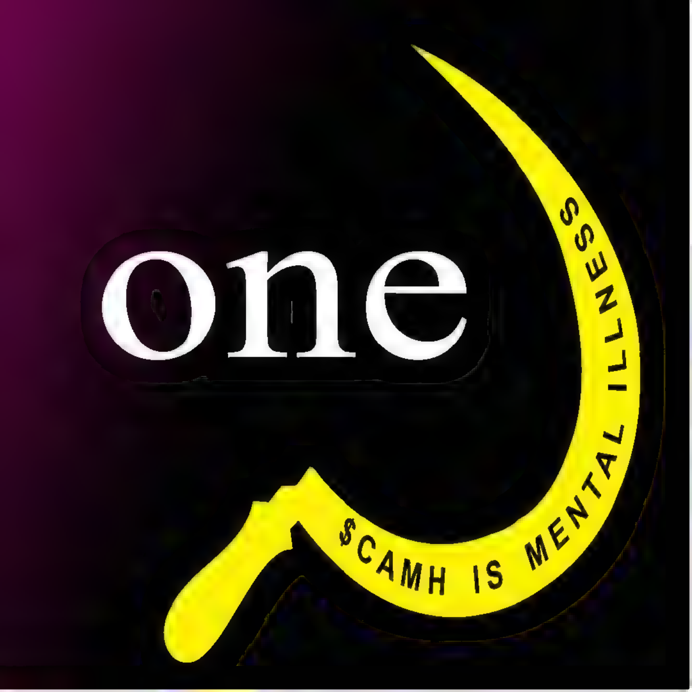
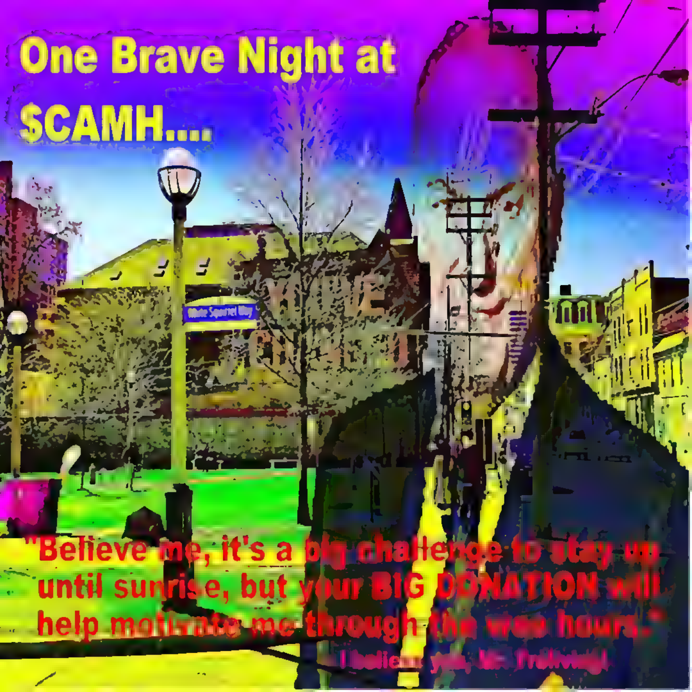
Extra Safe
Extra lubricated slightly thicker Easy-on shape for greater comfort.
12 condoms


one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$CAMH PRESENTS

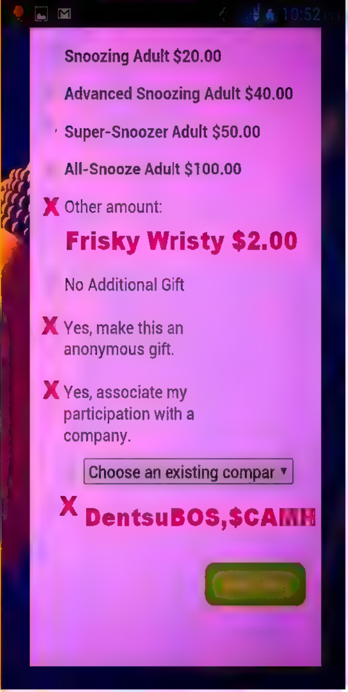
$CAMH CEO Paul Garfinkel (Uncle $CAMH) "You've CHANGED?!"
Our schizophrenia will NEVER be treated like one of his polyps....

THE $1,000,000,000 TRANSFORMATION


One Brave Night at $CAMH....
White Squirrel Way
"Believe me, it's a big challenge to stay up until sunrise, but your BIG DONATION will help motivate me through the wee hours."
I believe you, Mr. [illegible]!

$CAMH and DentsuBOS
Professional Liars
WANT YOUR MONEY* "Darkness to Light"

***What your dough does for "mental health"- NOTHING. But (defeat denial) it keeps "SCAMAITCH" in PIN MONEY!**



Snoozing Adult $20.00

Advanced Snoozing Adult $40.00

Super-Snoozer Adult $50.00

All-Snooze Adult $100.00

☒ Other amount:

Frisky Wristy $2.00

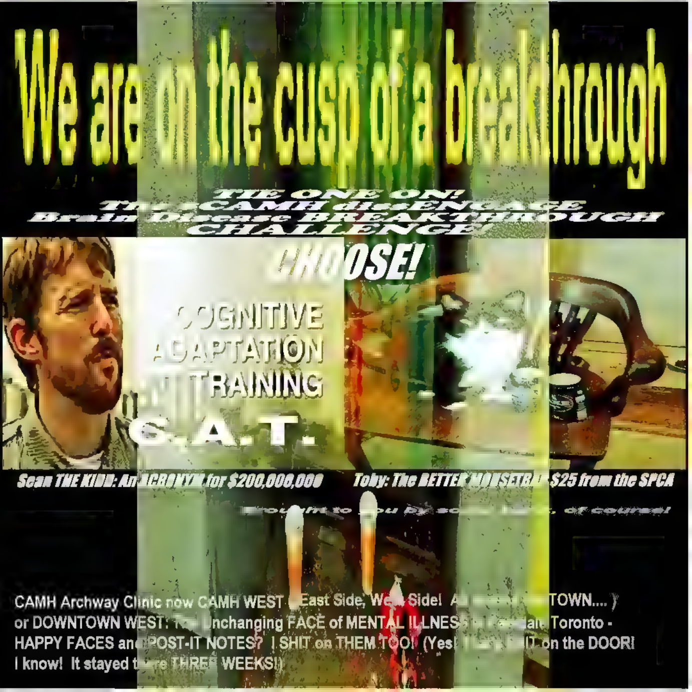
No Additional Gift

☒ Yes, make this an anonymous gift.

☒ Yes, associate my participation with a company.

Choose an existing compar ▾

☒ **DentsuBOS,$CAMH**



We are on the cusp of a breakthrough

TIE ONE ON!
The sCAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!

CHOOSE!

COGNITIVE
ADAPTATION
TRAINING
C.A.T.

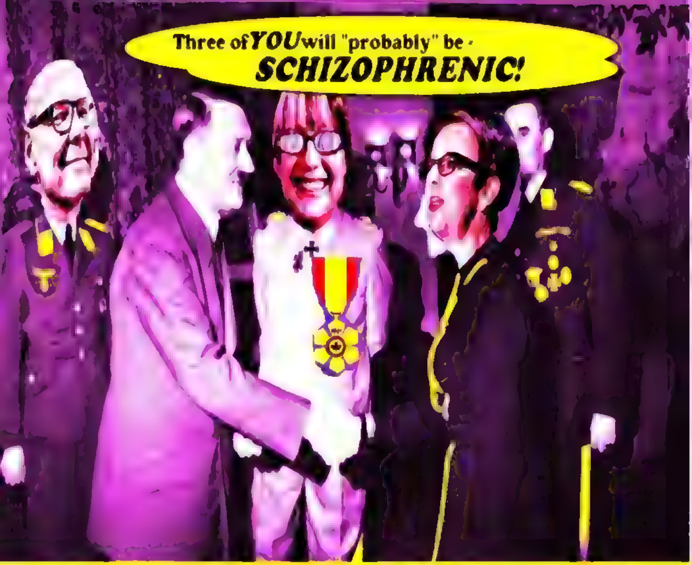
Sean THE KIDD: An ACRONYM for $200,000,000

Toby: The BETTER MOUSETRAP $25 from the SPCA

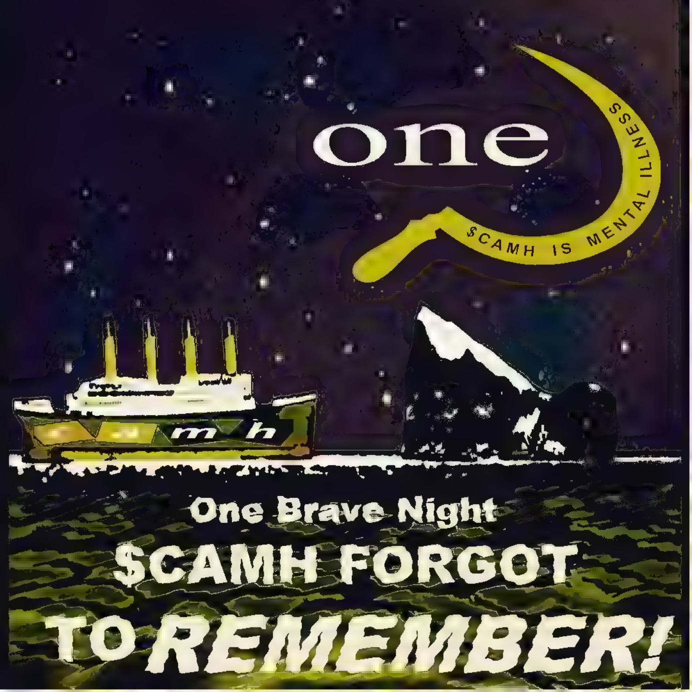
Brought to you by so[illegible], of course!

CAMH Archway Clinic now CAMH WEST (East Side, West Side! All [illegible] TOWN....)
or DOWNTOWN WEST: The Unchanging FACE of MENTAL ILLNESS [illegible] Toronto -
HAPPY FACES and POST-IT NOTES? I SHIT on THEM TOO! (Yes! [illegible] IT on the DOOR!
I know! It stayed there THREE WEEKS!)

ellogg's
PEP
93
FREE INSIDE!
GET YOURS TODAY!

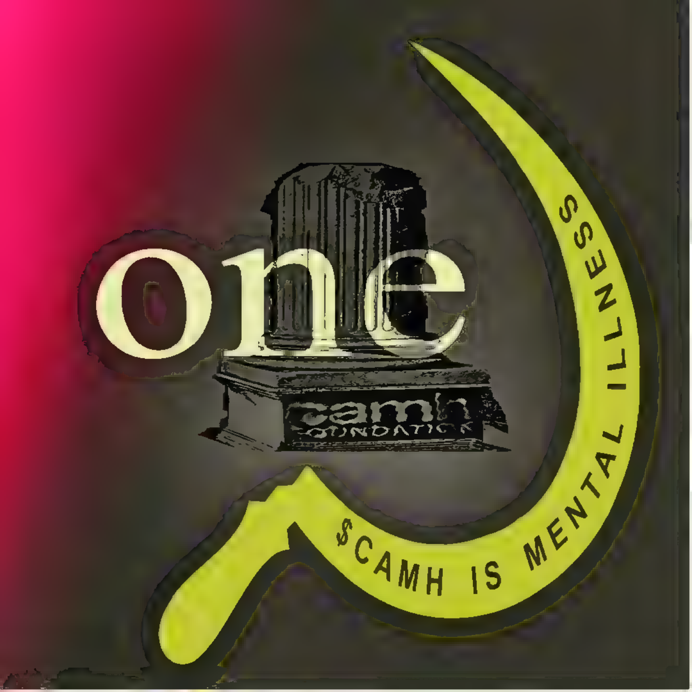

Three of YOU will "probably" be - SCHIZOPHRENIC!

NAZI LEADER CONGRATULATES $CAMH DEAR LEADER CATHERINE ZAHN ON BEST TEDTALK EVER, FOR WHICH SHE WAS AWARDED THE CANADIAN IRON CROSS 1ST CLASS. "But which THREE? And which YOU?" Asks Hitler, politely but pointedly as fellow PRIZE-WINNING PARTY-MEMBER LISA BROWN gazes on. Media Goebbels DON TAPSCOTT is obviously DEEPLY moved! Defeat Denial - $CAMH is a BRAIN DISEASE!


one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
m h
One Brave Night
$CAMH FORGOT
TO REMEMBER!

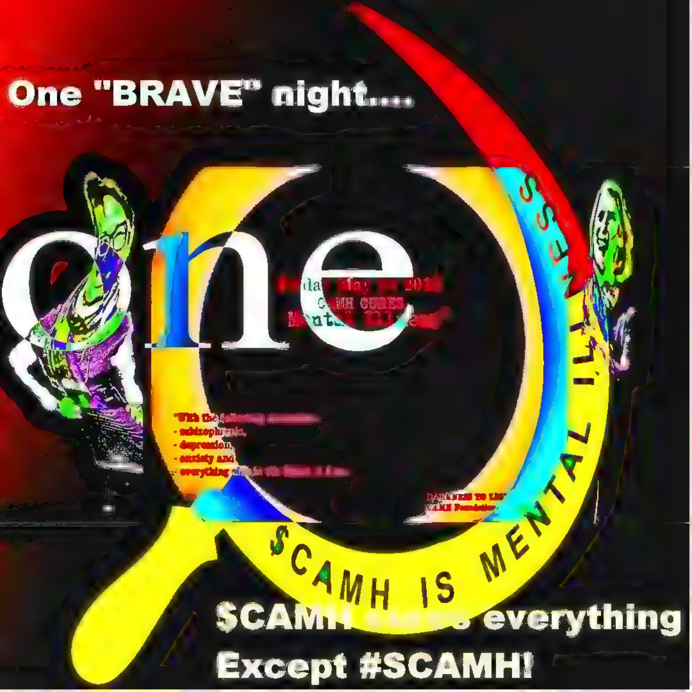
one
THRIFT
STORE
LAUNDROMAT
camh
Archway Clinic
451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501

PLEASE
DO NOT
FEED
$CAMH
OR YOU WILL BE
PROSECUTED
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

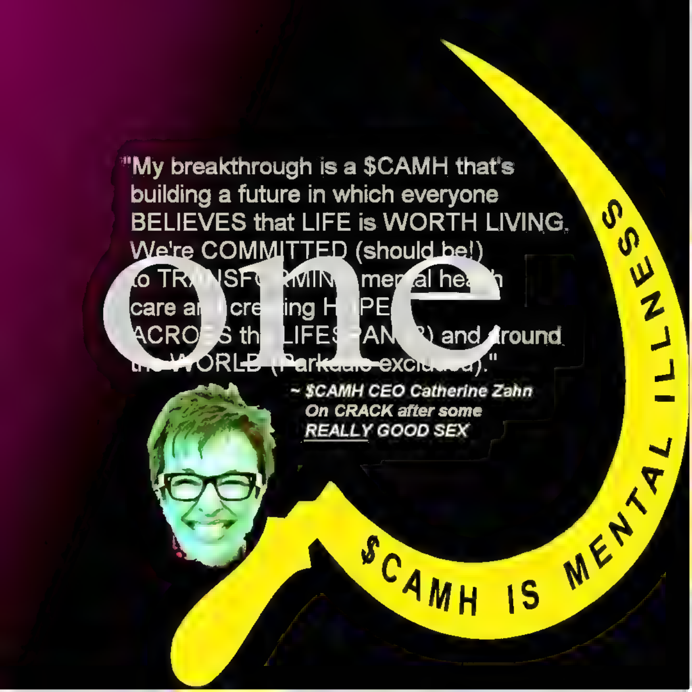

one
camh
FOUNDATION
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

BRAINIAC
Defeat denial
Defeat $CAMH
It's a brain disease...

one
IS MENTAL ILLNESS
White Squirrel Way

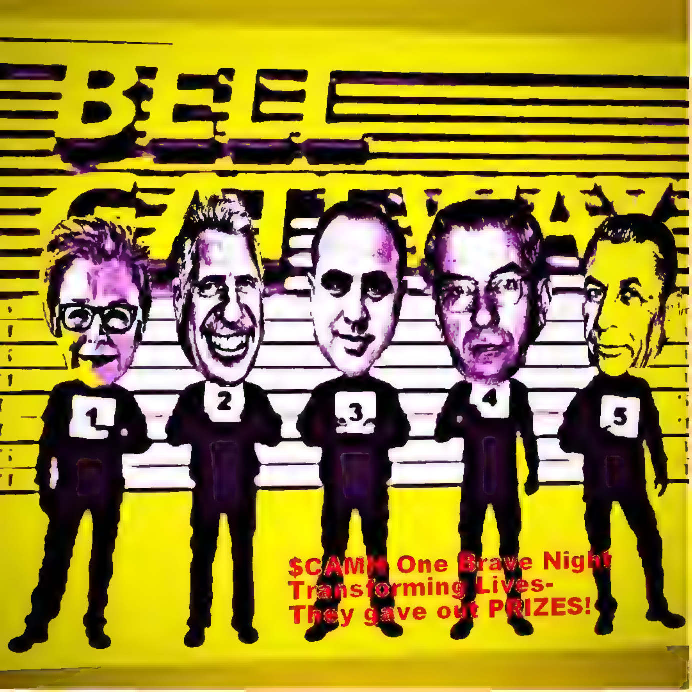

One "BRAVE" night....
one
CAMH CURES
"With the
- schizophrenia,
- depression,
- anxiety and
- everything
CAMH Foundation
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$CAMH [illegible] everything
Except #SCAMH!

SCAMH CEO
Catherine Zahn:
$1,000,000 salary,
Order of Canada,
and the BIGGEST
MALE PRIVILEGE
EVER!



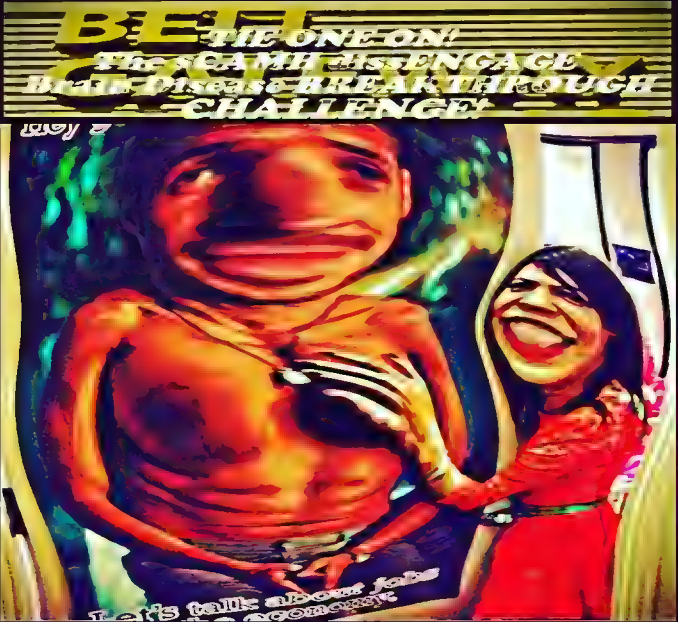
"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's building a future in which everyone BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING. We're COMMITTED (should be!) to TRANSFORMING mental health care and creating HOPE ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~ $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
__REALLY__ GOOD SEX


BEE
1
2
3
4
5
$CAMH One Brave Night
Transforming Lives-
They gave out PRIZES!

One Brave Night at $CAMH - YOU were No. 31,999,999!

32 MILLION PICTURES
SOLD LAST YEAR
BEEL
GATEWAY


TIE ONE ON!
The sCAMH disENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
Let's talk about jobs
& the economy

CAMH ENGAGE (no) BREAKTHROUGH CHALLENGE: FleishmanHillard's BRIANNA AMES with CLIENT BOOB - STUPID TITS for *BRAIN DISEASE!*

BUMO

One "BRAVE" night....
Dentsubos Talking Doll....

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

FARANAK FARZAN

$CAMH TEMERTY

Centre for Therapeutic
Brain Intervention

YOU'VE
CHANGED

FEELINGS?
Even YENTIL
doesn't WORK
anymore? TRY
a little
rTMS* TODAY!

*Repetitive Transcranial
Magnetic Stimulation

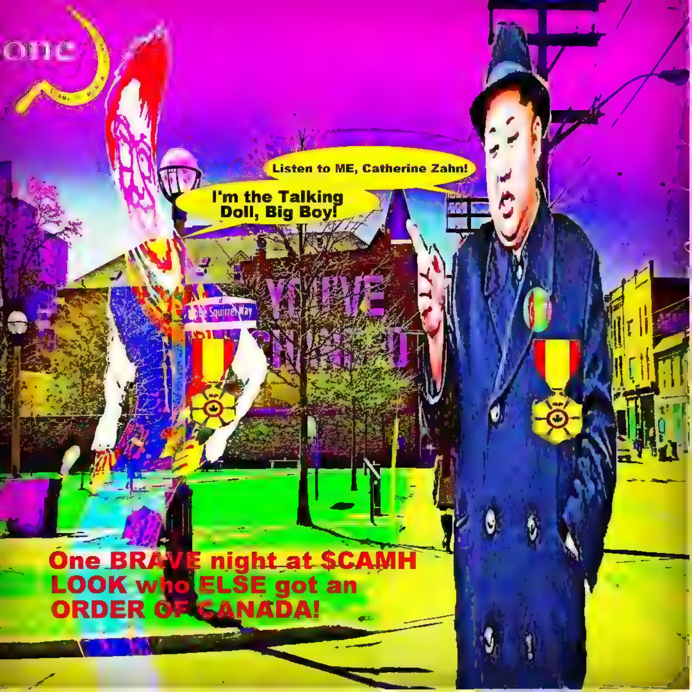
ONE BRAVE NIGHT

PREFACE TO A LIFE

L'AUNDROMAT
DROP OFF WASH DRY FOLD
THRIFT STORE
PARKDALE BREAKFAST

Defeat Denial and Dentsubos: $CAMH is MENTAL ILLNESS!

THE MORNING AFTER


one
Listen to ME, Catherine Zahn!
I'm the Talking Doll, Big Boy!
Squirrel Way
One BRAVE night at $CAMH
LOOK who ELSE got an
ORDER OF CANADA!

liberal
professional
stigmatizer

one

YORK U

Pat Capponi

Activist, Writer
Old Hat

What IF?!
Prose Poem by $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn to the Economic Club of Canada

What if the 6.7 million Canadians with mental disorders were to rise up in protest about their year-long wait for a specialist appointment?

NOTHING! Because $CAMH won't hire more doctors and generally keeps shrinks on short contracts (ie. "leashes").

What if the 600,000 Ontarians with depression were to go to the press because an effective treatment isn't covered by their healthcare system?

NOTHING! Because if she means rTMS (and she DOES) it's unscientific to say the least to call it effective and it probably doesn't even work.

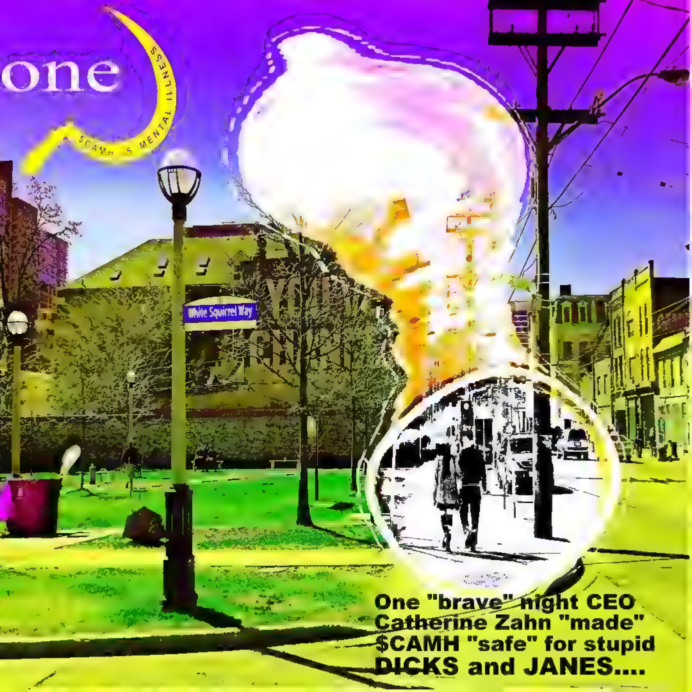
What if the 10,000 people in Toronto who are on a waiting list for supportive housing were to descend on Nathan Phillips Square and stop traffic at Bay and Queen?

NOTHING! Or WORSE than nothing because #$CAMH partners with developers who get clients evicted except for photo ops.

What if the moms and dads who've lost 1,000 Canadian children to suicide were to march on the Hill – their grief on display for us all to see?

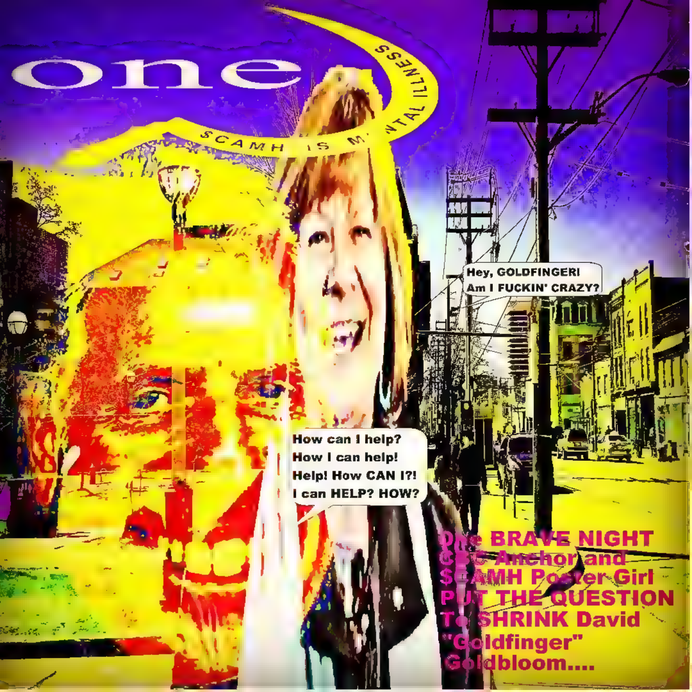
NOTHING! Suicide CANNOT be prevented - at least not by marching in the street and the public displays CAMH Foundation is so fond of.

SO What IF - we just threw the old witch out on her fat stigmatizing ASS?!


one
SCAMH S MENTAL ILLNESS
White Squirrel Way

One "brave" night CEO Catherine Zahn "made" $CAMH "safe" for stupid DICKS and JANES....

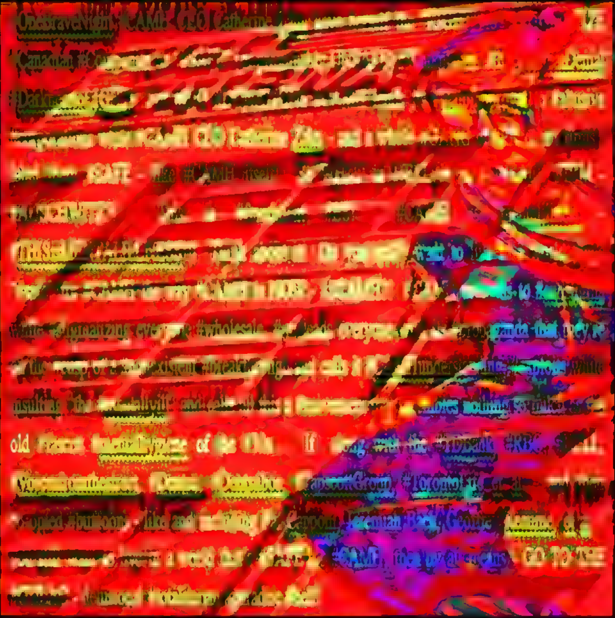
Standing with CivicAction are almost thirty organizations – including Bell, TD Bank Group, RBC, Sun Life Financial, Toronto Life, Facebook, CAMH, Unifor, and Voices from the Street – committed to taking action to make the workplace a more supportive place for employees' mental health. The organizations are members of the Champions Council co-chaired by Paula Allen, Vice President of Research and Integrative Solutions at Morneau Shepell and Rupert Duchesne, Group Chief Executive at Aimia Inc. They are joined by an Advisory Group from Great-West Life Centre for Mental Health in the Workplace, Mental Health International, Ontario Shores Centre for Mental Health Sciences, St. Joseph's Healthcare Hamilton, and the Wellesley Institute.


one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Hey, GOLDFINGER! Am I FUCKIN' CRAZY?
How can I help? How I can help! Help! How CAN I?! I can HELP? HOW?
One BRAVE NIGHT
CBC Anchor and
$CAMH Poster Girl
PUT THE QUESTION
To SHRINK David
"Goldfinger"
Goldbloom....

camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNE

BRANDING = LABELING = STIGMA!

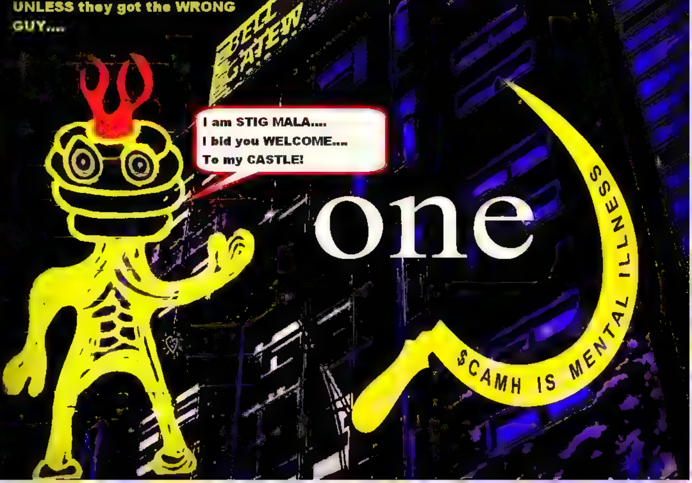
Look for the CAMH SAFE SEAL

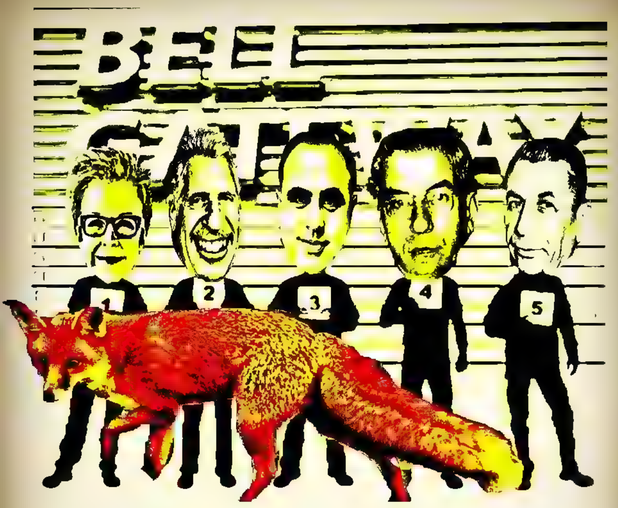


Look for the CAMH SAFE SEAL

* STIGMA = LABELING = BRANDING!

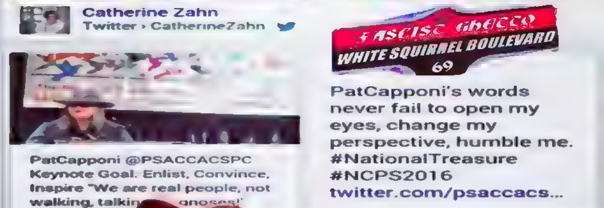
One brave night, down at the BELL GATEWAY BUILDING, it seemed, thanks to $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn, OLD HAT Pat Capponi, Civic Action, etc., they were REMOVING STIGMA from BELL CEO GEORGE COPE, and slapping it back, harder than ever, on YOU! Now, it seemed, they'd all taken a SEMINAR - so they were now MENTAL HEALTH EXPERTS. So, when you (for instance) STAND UP and CRITICIZE - or even just STAND OUT - you're automatically DETECTED and LABELLED "MENTALLY ILL" - prescribed a course of treatment at $CAMH and DRUGGED. But it's NOT stigmatizing! O, NO! Because they personified MR STIGMA years ago and exorcised him - KICKED him in the ASS, PUNCHED him in the STOMACH. So how could THEY be STIGMATIZERS? UNLESS they got the WRONG GUY....


BELL GATEW
I am STIG MALA....
I bid you WELCOME....
To my CASTLE!
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS



One BRAVE night.... Johnny realized what people like (and including) $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn and OLD HAT Pat Capponi didn't want him to know. Removing stigma while talking about it ALL THE FUCKING TIME was WALKING AROUND THE GATEWAY BUILDING WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT A FOX'S TAIL! It can't be done. Is THAT why?!

One BRAVE night....
LOOK who's
PIMPING WHOM
now....


FASCIST GHETTO
WHITE SQUIRREL BOULEVARD
69

Catherine Zahn
Twitter › CatherineZahn

PatCapponi @PSACCACSPC Keynote Goal. Enlist, Convince, Inspire "We are real people, not walking, talkin [illegible] gnoses!"

PatCapponi's words never fail to open my eyes, change my perspective, humble me. #NationalTreasure #NCPS2016 twitter.com/psaccacs...

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

The Panama Papers

'Hello. This is John Doe. Interested in secret data?'

Whistleblower speaks out for first time

MAY IS ... MONTH

ON NOW!

SATURDAY STAR

SATURDAY MAY 7 2016

CANaDA's digital economy

a Renaissance in entrepreneurship

THrow moNEY scamH

BLoCKchains & thE NeW InterNet

OpEn Data & democracy

tHe New Energy grid

CoLLaborative iNnovation

Rethinking TiFF

Redeveloping tHe Port Lands

Reinventing tHe UniversiTy

DriverLess CaRs

BiOnic bones

tHe Internet of DNA

tHe FuTuRe of pOlicing

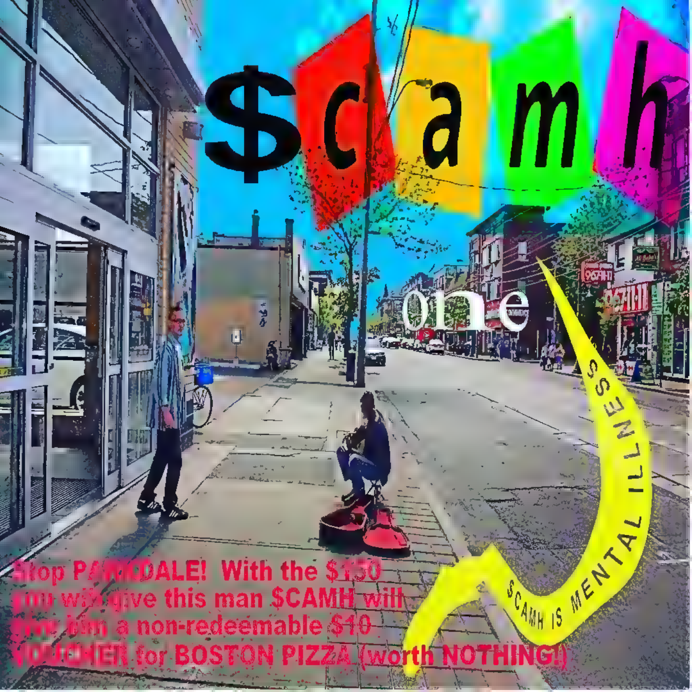
TORONTO STAR

"Perhaps the time has finally come for a fundamental change in public attitudes about brain disorders. The time has come for another $12 million and $120 million and $1.2 billion to give the resources our brilliant researchers urgently need to understand the real causes of illness and develop truly effective prevention and treatment programs." – Don Tapscott, DIGitAL BaBBiTT

BELL GATEWAY BUILDING
one
#CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL LNESS

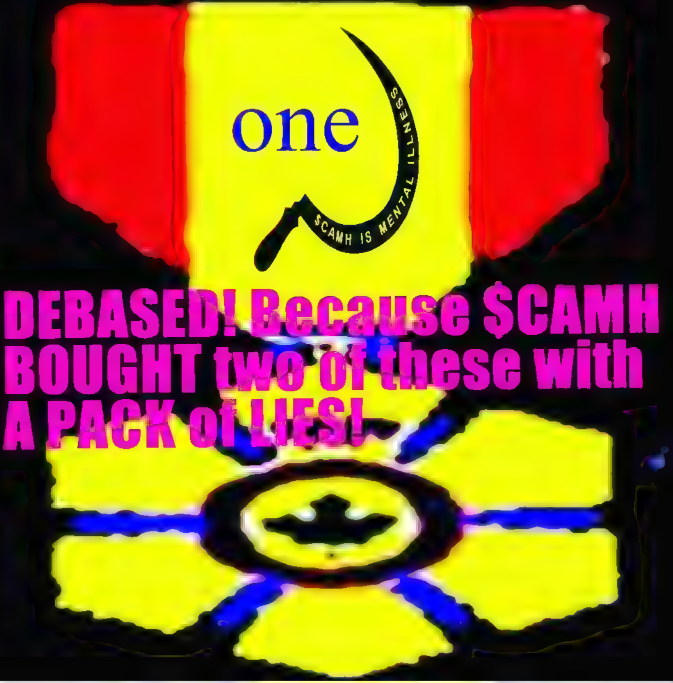
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS


$camh
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Stop PARKDALE! With the $150 you will give this man $CAMH will give him a non-redeemable $10 VOUCHER for BOSTON PIZZA (worth NOTHING!)

SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
LIVE
PATHETIC SLOGAN

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$camh

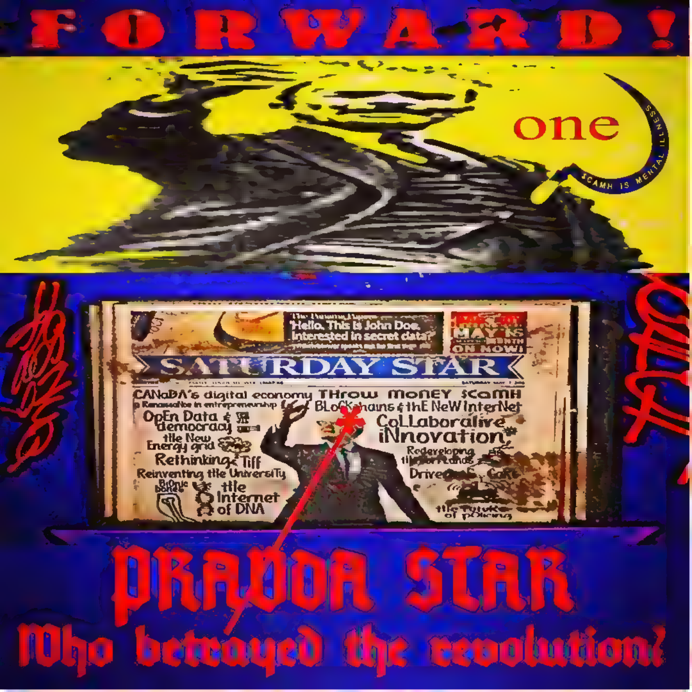
PATHETIC
SLOGAN


one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
DEBASED! Because $CAMH BOUGHT two of these with A PACK of LIES!

one
CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
NO FLYERS

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
COFFEE HOUSE
iklick

one
SCAMH IS


FORWARD!
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
'Hello. This is John Doe. Interested in secret data?'
MAY IS
MONTH
ON NOW!
SATURDAY STAR
CANaDA's digital economy
THrow moNEY SCamH
Renaissance in entrepreneurship
BLocKchains & thE NeW InterNet
OpEn Data & democracy
tHe New Energy grid
CoLLaboralive iNnovation
Rethinking Tiff
Redeveloping
Reinventing tHe UniversiTy
DriverLess Cars
BiOnic bones
tHe Internet of DNA
tHe future of policing
PRAVDA STAR
Who betrayed the revolution!

$camh
one
SCAMH S MENTAL

$TIGMA
I$CAMH
one

$camh
CAMH IS
STIGMA

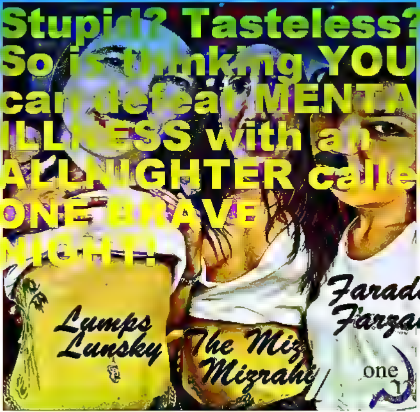
CAMH Foundation CEO Darrell Gregersen
and Jim and Sandi Treliving

"All these different companies can get behind this STUFF!"

- Jim Treliving, with BRILLIANT INSIGHT in a FIT of UNUSUAL ELOQUENCE

$camh
ZORBA
the Geek
$CAMH Mad Scientist Zorba J. Daskalakis PIMPS rTMS without solid evidence that it really works - but hey, when he DANCES it's ALL
one

$ONE BRAVE NIGHT$

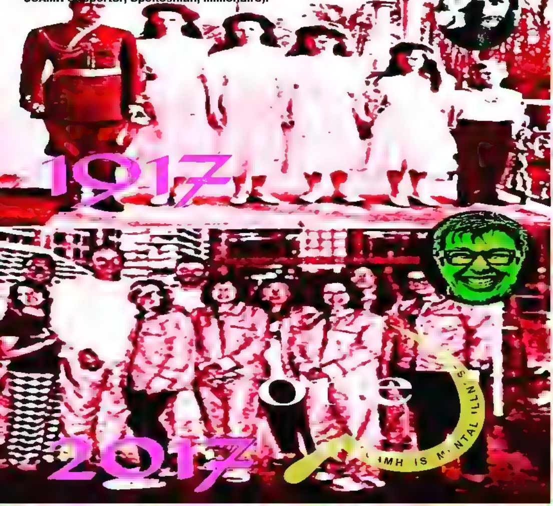

Stupid? Tasteless? So is thinking YOU can defeat MENTAL ILLNESS with an ALLNIGHTER called ONE BRAVE NIGHT!
Lumps Lunsky
The Miz Mizrahi
Faraday Farzan
one

$CAMH $UPERVIXENS

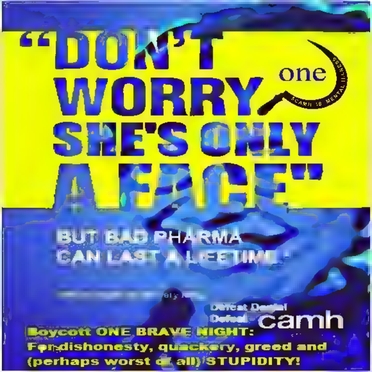
$CAMH $UPERVIXENS

$ONE BRAVE NIGHT$

"All these different companies can get behind this STUFF," Jim Treliving (Ex-Cop, Owner of Boston Pizza, Television Personality, Mental Health Advocate, $CAMH Supporter, Spokesman, Millionaire).


1917
2017
AMH IS M NTAL ILLN S

1917
2017


"DON'T
WORRY
SHE'S ONLY
A FACE"
one
SCAM!! IS MENTAL ILLNESS
BUT BAD PHARMA
CAN LAST A LIFETIME
Defeat Denial
Defeat
camh

Boycott ONE BRAVE NIGHT:
For dishonesty, quackery, greed and
(perhaps worst of all) STUPIDITY!

WHO'S THAT WOMAN WITH HITLER?

"THIS PERSON
CARES ABOUT
MENTAL HEALTH.*
DO YOU?*"
* But definitely
Defeat de
Defeat –
camh

IN MEDIA EVERYWHERE

MAY 13 2016 BOYCOTT ONE BRAVE NIGHT

"Defeat Denial. It's TRANS PHOBIA"

"Brother" Ray Blanchard
Looking for the cause of GAY
So they can CURE IT.

Defeat denial
Defeat - camh

ONE "brave" night? NONE brave night! Boycott it!

ST HUMAN
NIVERSE
HE
akthr gh
It's all bad
rect fr
OF NE
ADMISSION
$200
MILLION

When you raise $150+...
Boston Pizza will provide $10 toward a pizza party for CAMH patients! (?!)
Boston Pizza

JUST THROW MONEY!

"Perhaps the time has finally come for a fundamental change in public attitudes about brain disorders. The time has come for another $12 million and $120 million and $1.2 billion to give the resources our brilliant researchers urgently need to understand the real causes of illness and develop truly effective prevention and treatment programs." – Don [illegible]

On second thought...
$150 could buy a lot BETTER PIZZA (not CARDBOARD!) somewhere else – ANYWHERE ELSE! Vouchers?! How about CASH?! (NON-redeemable?!)

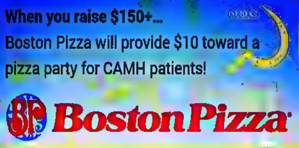
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$camh

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

GENERAL HARDWARE

CONTEMPORARY



When you raise $150+...
Boston Pizza will provide $10 toward a pizza party for CAMH patients!

BULLY for Boston Pizza, $CAMH Foundation, and $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn. BULLY too - for $CAMH token "client centeredness"! With $150 why don't we just take someone we know to a REAL pizzeria?! What would $CAMH do with the money anyway? Blow it on a lot of unscientific so-called "research" and the propaganda they PIMP it with?! They call it CAMH Understanding!

one

Friday May 13. 2016*

~~Friday, May 29, 2015~~

CAMH CURES

Mental Illness*

$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

*With the following exceptions:
- schizophrenia,
- depression,
- anxiety and
- everything else in the DSM4 & 5 etc.

[illegible] EALLY believe CAMH Foundation will give you BACK your MONEY?!

ONE BRAVE NIGHT
DARKNESS TO LIGHT
CAMH Foundation & DENTSUBO
BOYCOTT them ALL!

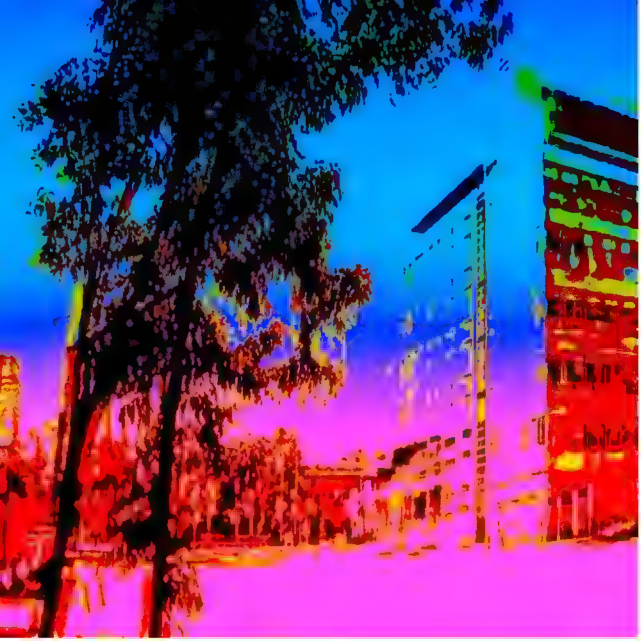
THE WAR ON DRUGS

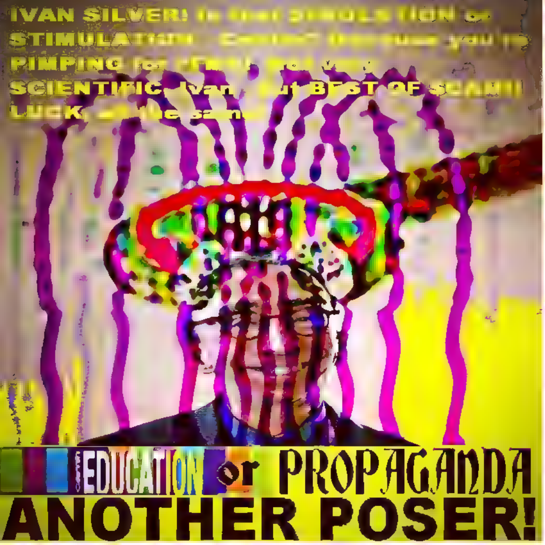
IS A WAR ON US

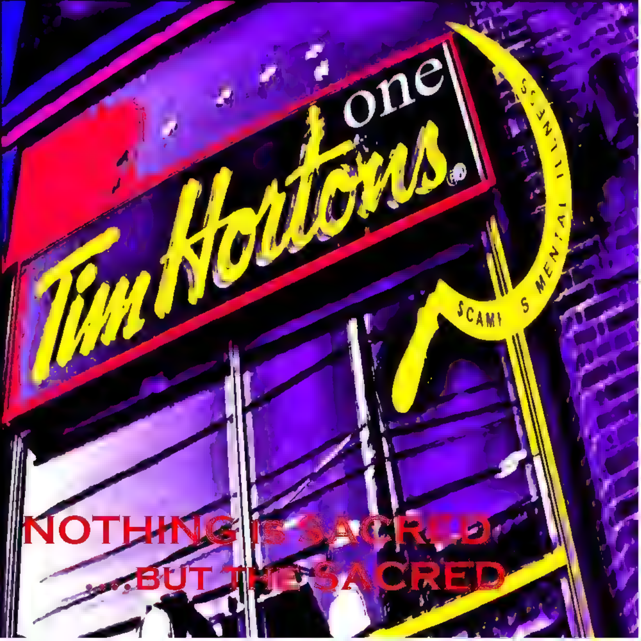
LIKEWISE THE WAR

ON MENTAL ILLNESS

CAMH IS A
SMOKE-FREE
CAMH EST UN
ÉTABLISSEMENT




IVAN SILVER! Is that SIMULATION or
STIMULATION ... Centre? ... you're
PIMPING for ... not very
SCIENTIFIC Ivan, but BEST OF SCAM!!
LUCK, all the same
EDUCATION or PROPAGANDA
ANOTHER POSER!


one
Tim Hortons.
SCAMI S MENTAL ILLNESS
NOTHING IS SACRED
....BUT THE SACRED

SQUIRREL WA
STIGMA
$ c m h
Boston Pizza
ANTI-DANDRUFF
24
PERT

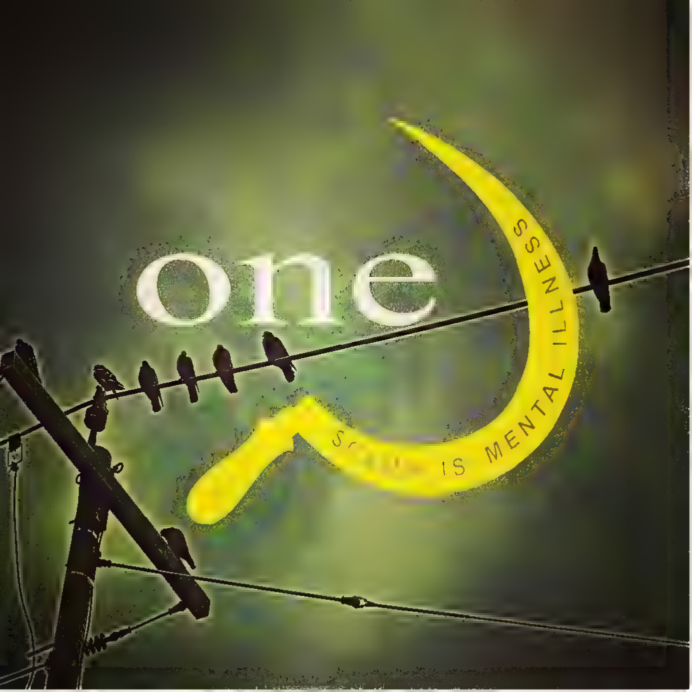
one

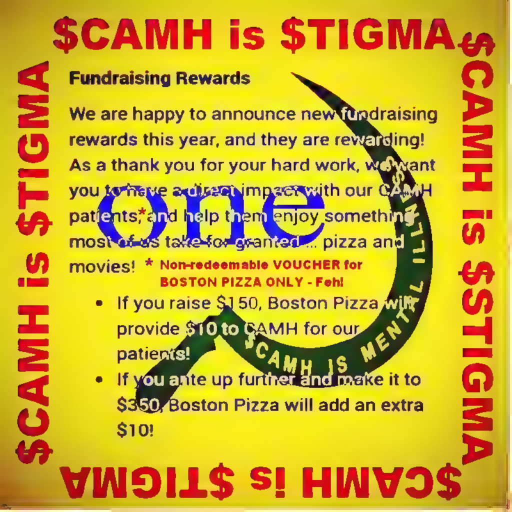
OTE YES
We must strengthen the role of unions and the
voices of workers ... the job. I urge VICE
Canada workers ... union voice.
S CAMH I
MENTAL ILLNES

SINCE 1934
OLD
MILWAUK

ARS
SHOULD
DISTURB
THE COMFORTABLE &
COMFORT
The DisturBed

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS


one
IS MENTAL ILLNESS


$CAMH is $TIGMA
$CAMH is $TIGMA
$CAMH is $TIGMA
$CAMH is $TIGMA
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Fundraising Rewards

We are happy to announce new fundraising rewards this year, and they are rewarding! As a thank you for your hard work, we want you to have a direct impact with our CAMH patients,* and help them enjoy something most of us take for granted ... pizza and movies! * Non-redeemable VOUCHER for BOSTON PIZZA ONLY - Feh!

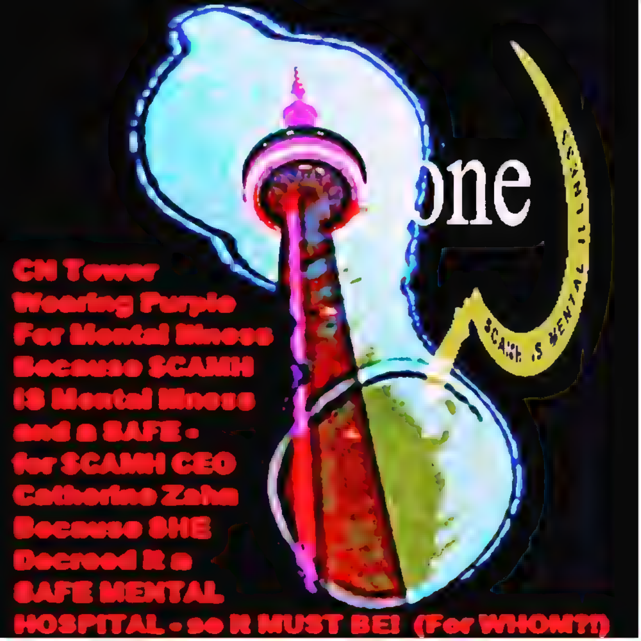
- If you raise $150, Boston Pizza will provide $10 to CAMH for our patients!
- If you ante up further and make it to $350, Boston Pizza will add an extra $10!

McCain
Breakthrough
It's all bad
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
HOW CAN I HELP?!
ONE "BRAVE" NIGHT
DR DAVID "GOLDFINGER"
GOLDBLOOM
NARCISSIST! -
ASKED HIMSELF
THE QUESTION -
HE DIDN'T GET
HELPED!
HOW CAN I HELP?!
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILL

camh
Archway Clinic
145 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
145, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535 8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
one
- C
- P
- F

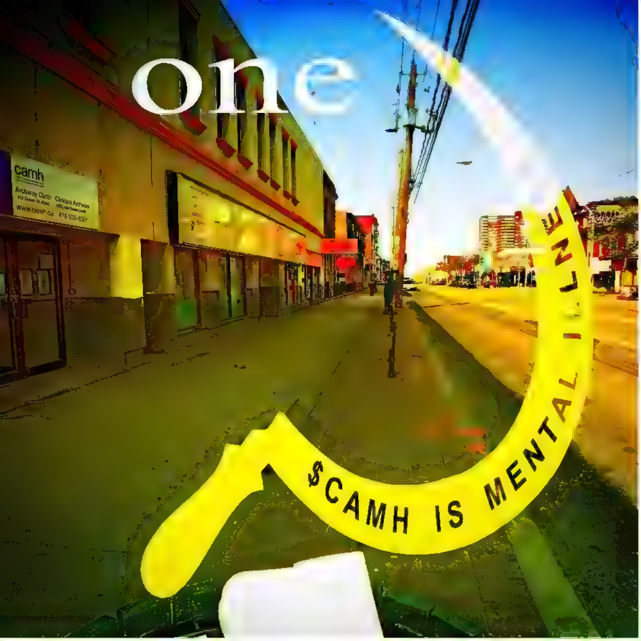
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
SCA''H IS MENTAL ILL 88
CAUTION
TEACHERS
SUN
'GET THE F**K OUT OF THE WAY!'
WIN
JONAS
TORONTO SUN


one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

CN Tower
Wearing Purple
For Mental Illness
Because SCAMH
IS Mental Illness
and a SAFE -
for SCAMH CEO
Catherine Zahn
Because SHE
Decreed it a
SAFE MENTAL
HOSPITAL - so it MUST BE! (For WHOM?!)

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free
smokershelpline.ca
1 877-513-5333
camh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camh
Archway Centre
Clinique Archway
151 Queen St. West
www.camh.ca
416 535-850
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNE

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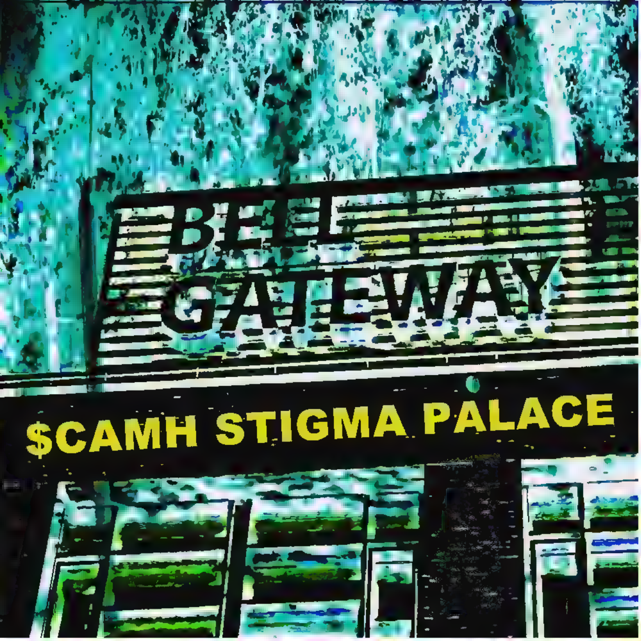
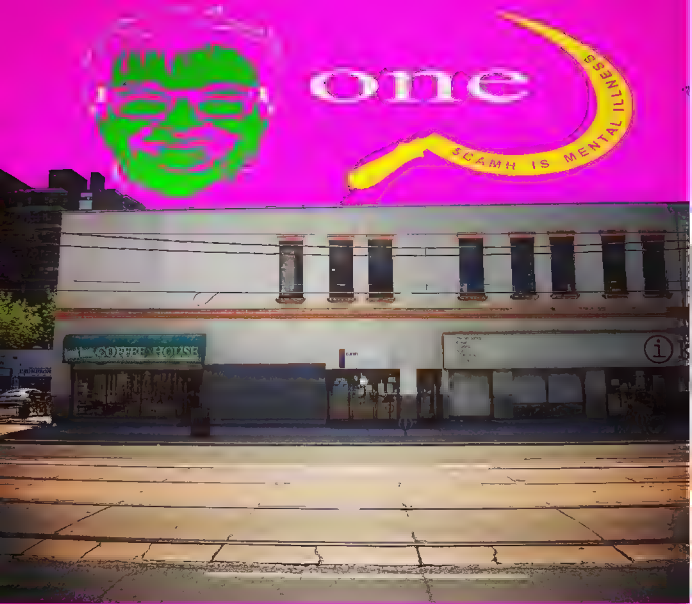

BELL
GATEWAY
$CAMH STIGMA PALACE

STIGMA

one

$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

How *GOOD* does *THAT* feel, $CAMH CEO Catherine ZAHN?!


one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
COFFEE HOUSE

The FACE of SCHIZOPRENIA in PARKDALE TORONTO - Their Slogan is END STIGMA?!

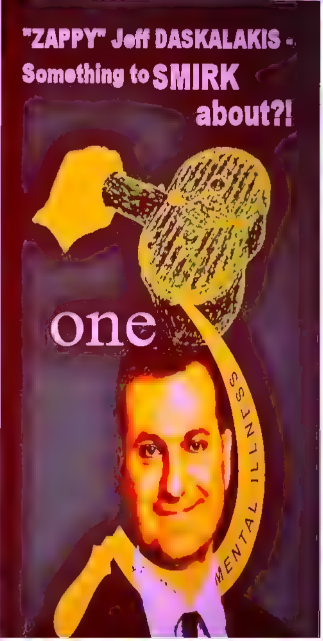
SCHIZO
one
SCAMH IS ANTI ILLNESS

one
THRIFT
town
IS MENT

SCAMH / TEMERTY SHOCK JOCK "ZAPPY" JEFF DASKALAKIS PIMPS rTMS as an EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR DEPRESSION.... HOWEVER....

— research data about the effectiveness of transcranial magnetic stimulation are mixed. Some studies have shown that some people who undergo transcranial magnetic stimulation see a significant improvement in their symptoms that lasts for two weeks or more. Other research, though, has suggested that transcranial magnetic stimulation is no more effective than a placebo.

DARKNESS TO LIGHT is another SCAM by SCAMH FOUNDATION CEO Darrell Louise Gregersen and FASCIST PR Firm DENTSUbos for QUACKERY, PROPAGANDA, and INDIFFERENCE. DARKNESS TO LIGHT is MONEY FOR QUACKS & the PR FIRM that PIMPS for them - and a COMMUNITY TREATMENT ORDER for YOU at CAMH WEST. DARKNESS TO LIGHT is DARKNESS TONIGHT EVERY NIGHT. Boycott it!


"ZAPPY" Jeff DASKALAKIS - Something to SMIRK about?!
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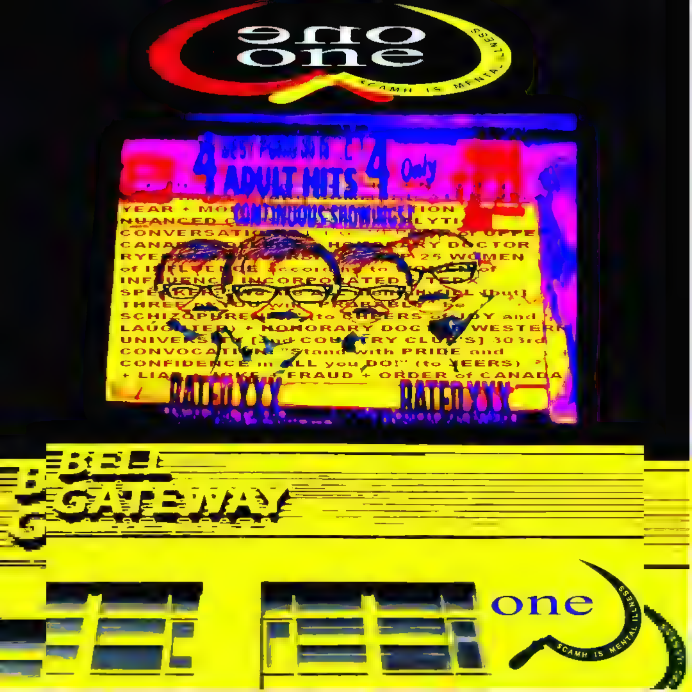
MENTAL ILLNESS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SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
4 ADULT HITS 4
Only
CONTINUOUS SHOWINGS!
YEAR + MO ION
NUANCED LYTI
CONVERSATI OFFE
CANA HONORARY DOCTOR
RYE 25 WOMEN
of INFLUENCE according to of
INFLUENCE INCORPORATED TEDX
SPEAKER
THREE will PROBABLY be
SCHIZOPHRENIC to CHEERS of JOY and
LAUGHTER) + HONORARY DOC WESTERN
UNIVERSITY [and COUNTRY CLUB'S] 303rd
CONVOCATION "Stand with PRIDE and
CONFIDENCE in ALL you DO!" (to JEERS)
+ LIAR + FRAUD + ORDER of CANADA
RATED XXX
RATED XXX
BELL
GATEWAY
BG
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$camh
One
$CAMH IS MENTAL

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$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

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SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

Dear Members of OHTAC,

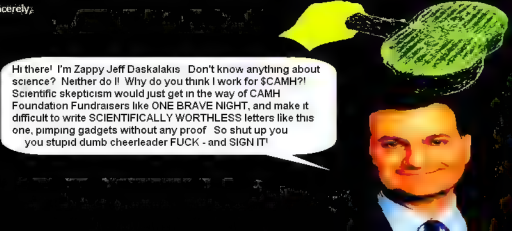
I support your recommendation that rTMS be publically funded for patients with treatment-resistant depression in designated Centres of Excellence. Major depression is one of the leading causes of disability worldwide and new treatments for depression are desperately needed to restore health and combat this often disabling condition. rTMS has the potential to significantly improve the lives of the 30-50% of Ontarians with depression who do not respond to medications and/or psychotherapy.

I am concerned, however, with your recommendation to restrict rTMS to patients only when ECT has failed or is contraindicated. There is robust evidence to suggest that withholding rTMS until after ECT is counterproductive clinically, reducing the likelihood of a successful outcome. rTMS is also not as effective in patients who do not respond to ECT.

ECT is a far more invasive treatment than rTMS. While there have been advances to mitigate complications and side effects of ECT, patients can still experience significant side effects in short-term memory and attention. Understandably, this can limit the widespread use of ECT.

I would ask the committee to modify their recommendation that patients must first demonstrate ECT failure before being provided the option of rTMS. rTMS should be available to patients with treatment-resistant depression when ECT is contraindicated or when the patient refuses to provide consent to ECT delivery.

Sincerely,


Hi there! I'm Zappy Jeff Daskalakis Don't know anything about science? Neither do I! Why do you think I work for $CAMH?! Scientific skepticism would just get in the way of CAMH Foundation Fundraisers like ONE BRAVE NIGHT, and make it difficult to write SCIENTIFICALLY WORTHLESS letters like this one, pimping gadgets without any proof So shut up you you stupid dumb cheerleader FUCK - and SIGN IT!

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn + Neurologist + OPTIMIST + IABC COMMUNICATOR of the YEAR + MOM + WOMAN of ACTION (c) + NUANCED CRUSADER + CATALYTIC CONVERSATIONIST + GOVERNOR of UPPER CANADA COLLEGE + HONORARY DOCTOR RYERSON UNIVERSITY + TOP 25 WOMEN of INFLUENCE according to WOMEN of INFLUENCE INCORPORATED + TEDX SPEAKER: "We are ALL mentally ILL [but] THREE of YOU will "PROBABLY" be SCHIZOPHRENIC!" (to CHEERS of JOY and LAUGHTER) + HONORARY DOCTOR WESTERN UNIVERSITY [and COUNTRY CLUB'S] 303rd CONVOCATION: "Stand with PRIDE and CONFIDENCE in ALL you DO!" (to JEERS) + LIAR + JOKE + FRAUD + ORDER of CANADA

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

ONE BRAVE NIGHT....
"WE NEED A BETTER UNDERSTANDING!"

ONE BRAVE NIGHT....
"WE K[illegible] A BETTER UNDE[illegible]ANDING!"
"WE NEED A BETTER UNDERSTANDING!"

[illegible] of the MILITANT [illegible] ever [illegible]
[illegible] failures like [illegible] WAR ON [illegible]S...
[illegible] the current RE[illegible] which [illegible] so-called
[illegible]ness" is "ch[illegible]nic" or - i[illegible] efer[illegible] the human
[illegible] - so far as anyone [illegible] PERM[illegible]ENT....
[illegible] what YOU ca[illegible] "menta[illegible]" is MY [illegible]y
[illegible]RESPECTFUL....
[illegible] WAY OF LIFE in every [illegible] pretends to be
[illegible] SL[illegible]PAGE [illegible]AMH from [illegible]DU[illegible]
[illegible]GANDA - it's become a CATARACT...
[illegible]SKEPTICAL - as befits an institution that p[illegible]ts to
[illegible] EVIDENCE-BASED....
Get RID of the maudlin SENTIMENTALITY - it's
[illegible]MATIZING" (YOUR word) - it's STUPID (MINE!)....
DON'T get CO-OPTED by BIG DUMB PR FIRMS / Dentsu /
Dentsubos - ARE you LISTENING? NOOO....
MOAN...

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

VENUE:
TICKET: $23
AT DOOR
TIME: 6PM
CONTACT:
GARAGE SALE
RIDLEY GARDENS AND GARDEN RD
SUNDAY MAY 22. 2016
TD
1435
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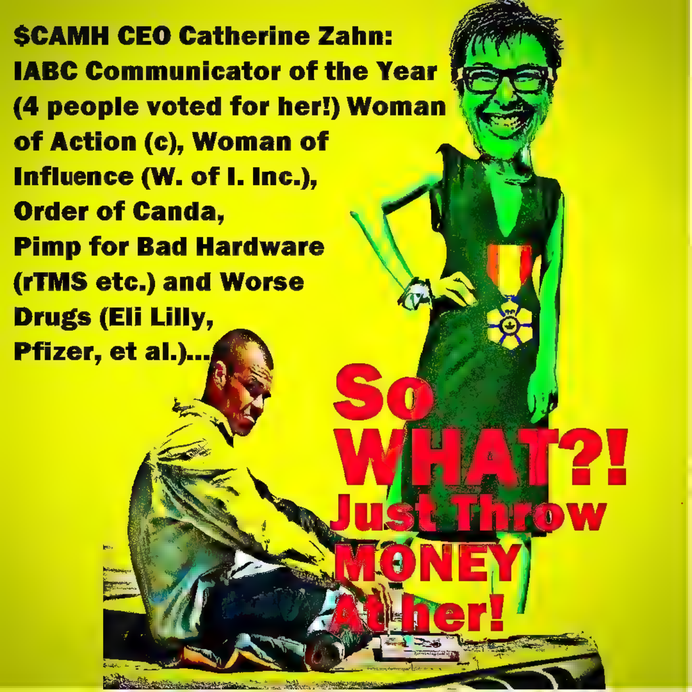
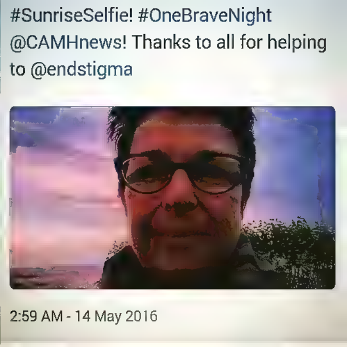
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS


$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn:
IABC Communicator of the Year
(4 people voted for her!) Woman
of Action (c), Woman of
Influence (W. of I. Inc.),
Order of Canda,
Pimp for Bad Hardware
(rTMS etc.) and Worse
Drugs (Eli Lilly,
Pfizer, et al.)...
So
WHAT?!
Just Throw
MONEY
At her!

80

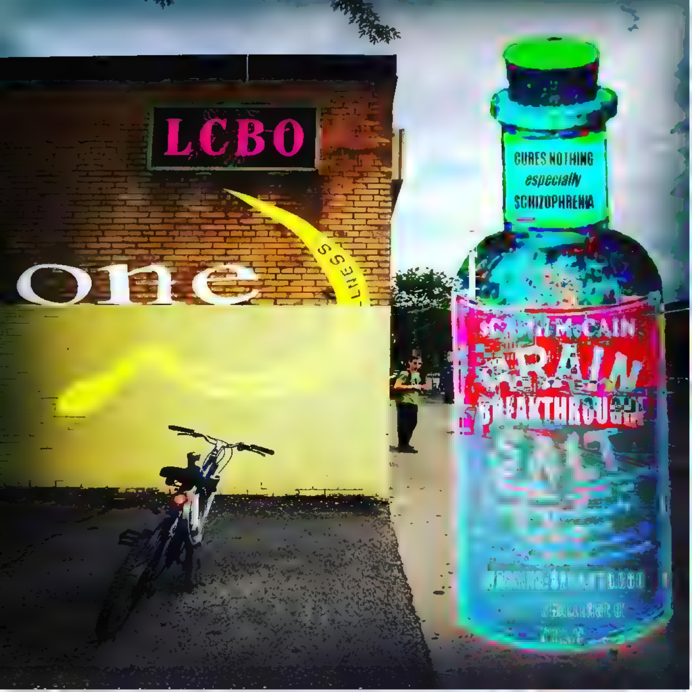


#SunriseSelfie! #OneBraveNight @CAMHnews! Thanks to all for helping to @endstigma

2:59 AM - 14 May 2016

Airbrush

$camh
CAMHIS
STIGMA
BEAMISH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SCHIZOPHRENIA
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BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH

$camh
camh
Archway Clinic
451 Queen St West
Clinique Archway
451 rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535 8501
FRESH
AIR ZONE
Please
Keep CAMH
Tobacco Fr
SIGMA

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$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

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1150 QUEEN ST W

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Septentrio
North Pole
THE
COMPOUND

WORKMAN WAY
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THE COMPOUND

$EAMH* RAY

BLANEHARD

TH3 COLONEL AND COMMISSAR OF GAY CHICK3N

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CHOW
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www.oliviachow.ca
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LET'S BABY TALK
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GAY RIGHTS
FOR NOW
$camh

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SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

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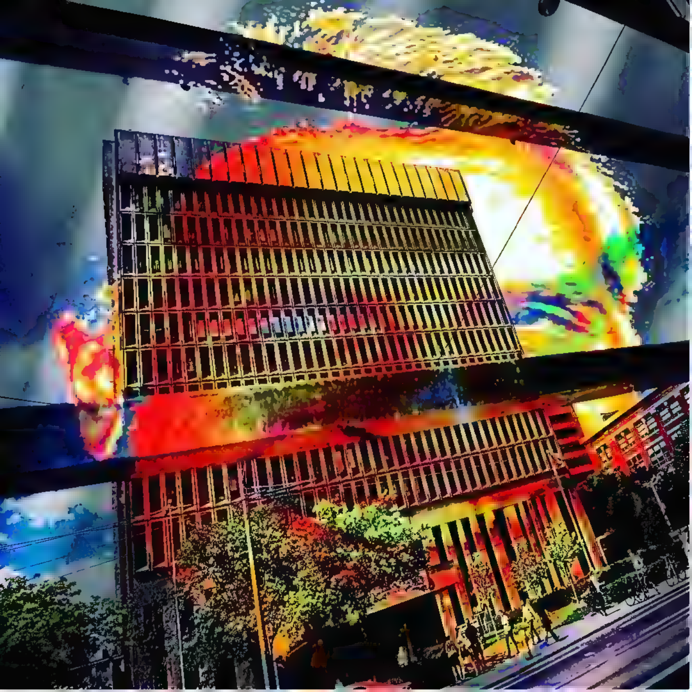

$cmh

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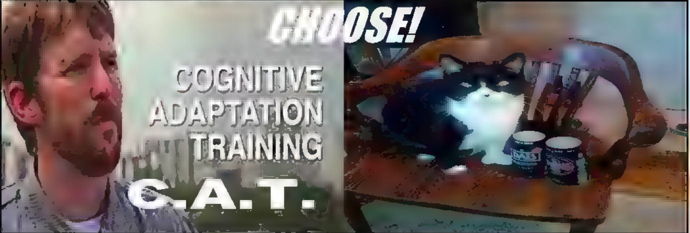
CAMH COMPOUND DOCTOR
ZORBA J. DASKALAKIS: ECT, RTMS

e is turning blue
to do?
3 OF YOU WILL PROBABLY B3 SCHIZO-PHRENICW
CAMH C3O
CATH3RIN3 ZAHN

$camh

THE ONE ON!
The $CAMH dissENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!


CHOOSE!
COGNITIVE
ADAPTATION
TRAINING
C.A.T.

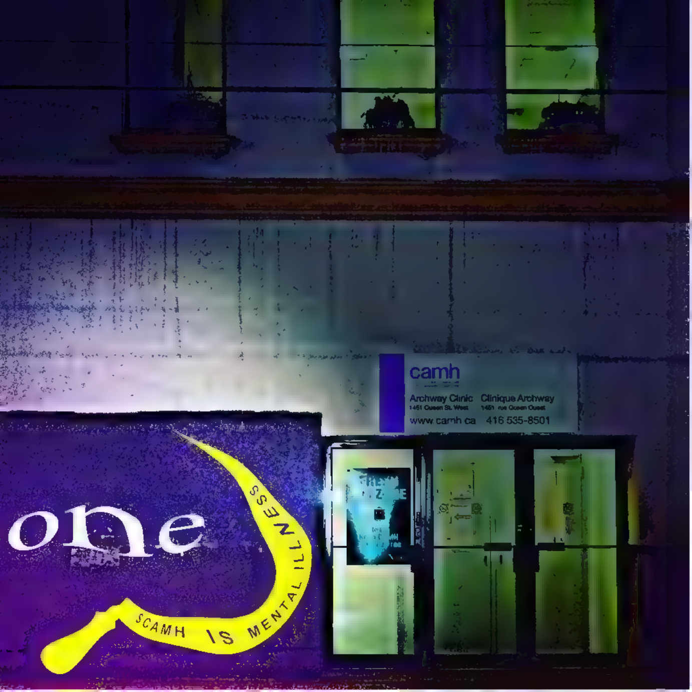
Sean THE KIDD: An ACRONYM for $200,000,000

Toby: The BETTER MOUSETRAP $25 from the SPCA

Obviously RIPPING OFF "Cognitive Behavior Therapy"!

Brought to you by some bank, of course!

POST-IT NOTES?! & CAT PHOTOS!


camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451 rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$CAMH CAT Psychologist SEAN the KIDD: Post-It NOTES!

"Man, I wish I had BOOBS like THOSE!" $

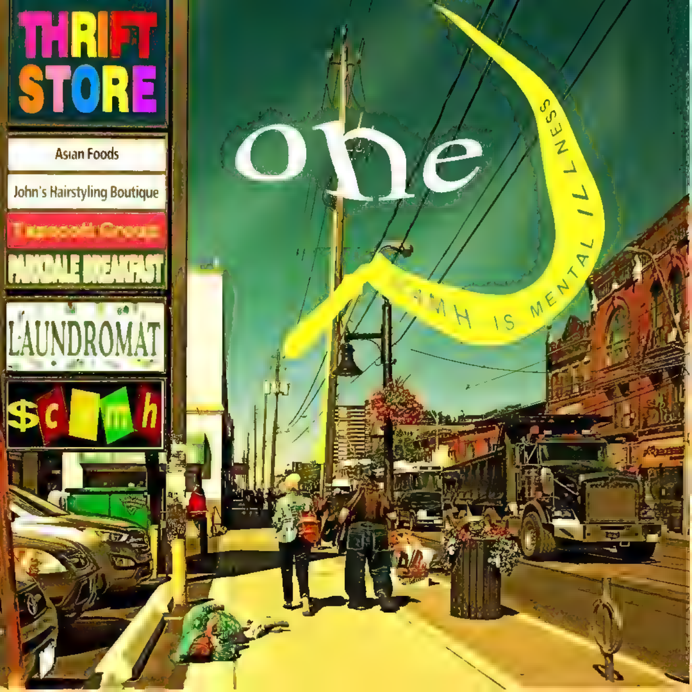
one
onto's
stiest
staurant
estival
tasteof
.com

Yeah, I'm SEAN (the) KIDD - I invented C.A.T. (Cognitive Adaptation Training) in a POT-INDUCED PSYCHOSIS! So WHAT?

RAKE
Archway Clinic

one
ILLNE
H IS ME
MONTY'S

$CAMH IS LABATT
one
LCBO
OPEN
COLD BEER
BIERE FROIDE
MAKE IT A $CAMH


THRIFT STORE
Asian Foods
John's Hairstyling Boutique
PARKDALE BREAKFAST
LAUNDROMAT
$camh
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CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

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ICE CREAM • MILK SHAKE • SMOOTHIES
241-0-241
PIZZA CHICKEN WINGS
POTATO WEDGES
2 SLICE PEP. $2.99
CHICKEN • KHAWAR

Stop SCHIZOPHRENIA with a $500 dollar donation? Stop this STREETCAR with your HEAD! If you're that DUMB you probably won't MISS IT! Another REASON why $CAMH is MENTAL ILLNESS? No! Just plain STUPID!

BANKSTERS KILL
SHU
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STIGMA
one
LET'S TALK NOW BOYS!
2013
$camh

$camh
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SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$camh
TOY JOKE
TA

Internet Surfing
- E-mail
- Chatting
- Scanning
- CD Burning
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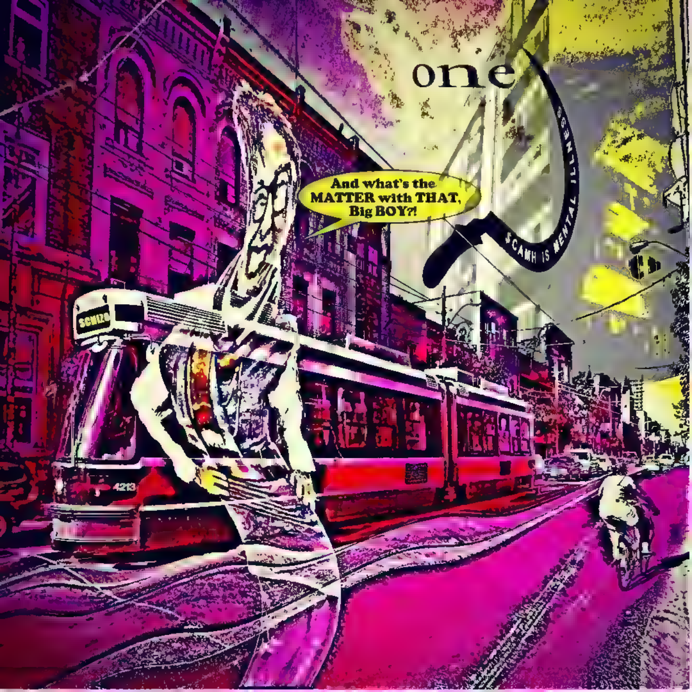
Archway Clinic
Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
one
CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

NO SMOKING
DEFENSE DE FUMER
GIVE ME
SPACE
WHEN MY LEGS WORKED
I WORKED!
Small Pension
NO BENEFITS, NO
NO Supports
Anything helps
NOT LAZY

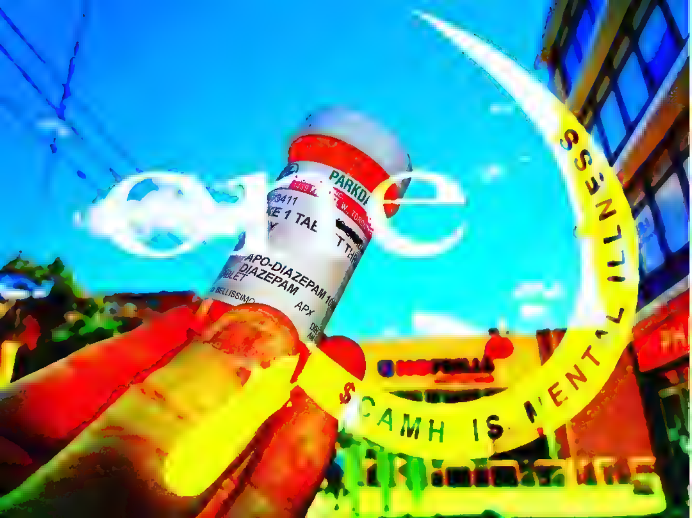
REPAIR

one

$ c a m h
Old Hat's
Rent-A-Mental
Speakers Bureau


one
And what's the MATTER with THAT, Big BOY?!
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
SCHIZO
4213

$CAMH : MEN
TALELLNES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One
SCHIZOPHRENIA
4244
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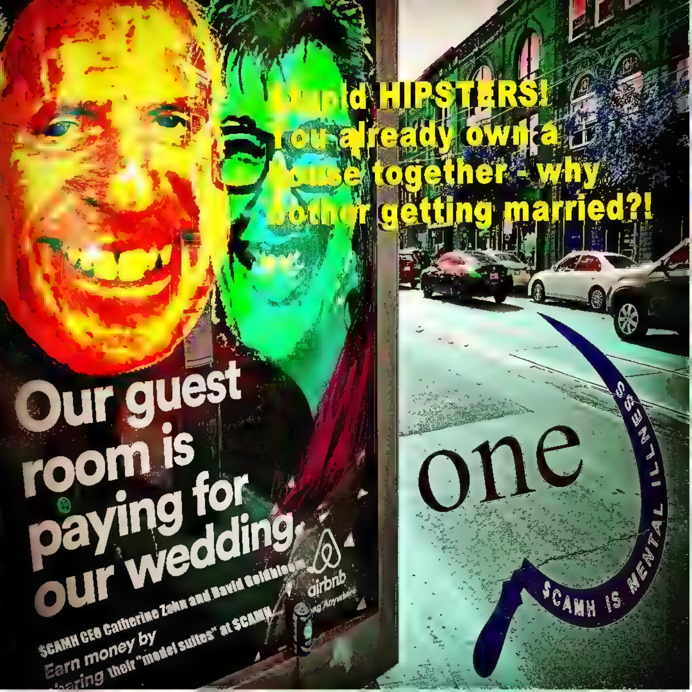
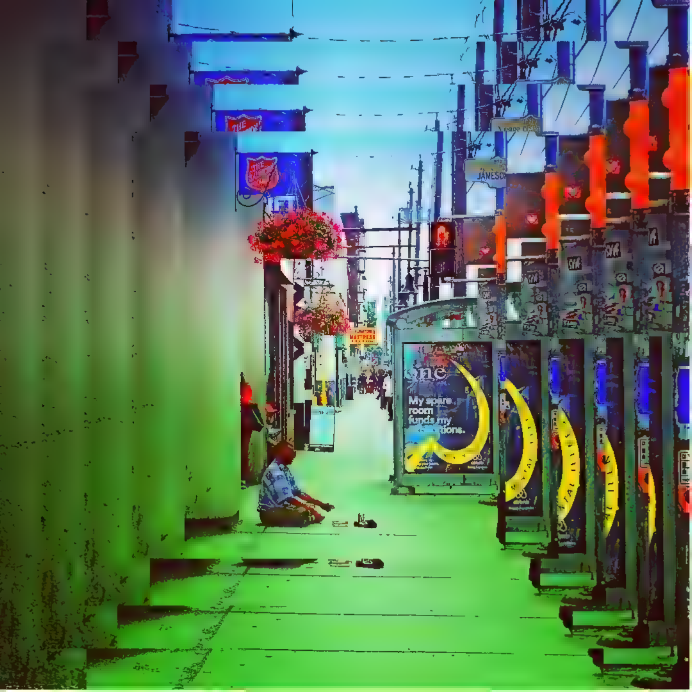

Stupid HIPSTERS!
You already own a
house together - why
bother getting married?!
Our guest
room is
paying for
our wedding.
SCAMH CEO Catherine Zahn and David Goldbloom
Earn money by
sharing their "model suites" at SCAMH
airbnb
ng Anywhere
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
CAMH · MENTAL ILLNESS

1879
Village of Pa
JAMESO
200
FURNITURE &
MATTRESS
one
My spare room funds my expeditions.
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
airbnb
MENTAL ILLNESS
airbnb

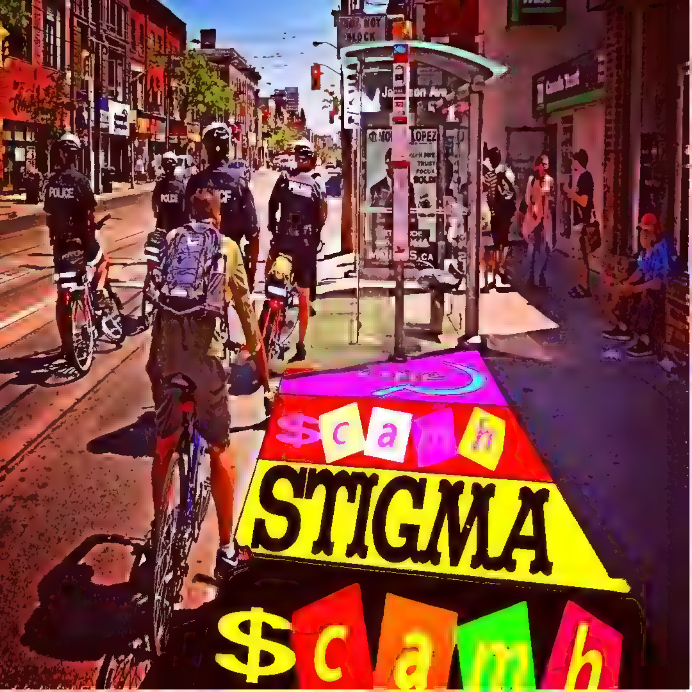

THE SALVATION ARMY
JAMESON
MATTRESS
one
My spare room funds my ...tions.

A CITY WITHIN A PARK
Paul E. Garfinkel Park
1071 Queen Street West
Toronto Parks, Forestry & Recreation
Municipal Code Chapter 608

DANGER
one

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO

NO
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS
WILL BE
CERTIFIED


$camh
STIGMA
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DO NOT BLOCK
Jameson Ave
LOPEZ
POLICE
POLICE

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SCAM IS MENTAL ILLNESS

THINKING ABOUT RETIREMENT SALE
NO REASONABLE OFFER ACCEPTED
RUNS ON LOVE LAUGHTER
one

one
MENTAL ILLNESS
SPUD

$CAMH is....
BUTCH!

$CAMH
CEO and IABC
Dentsubos Talking
Doll Catherine Zahn:
EVERYTHING that's
WRONG with "MENTAL
HEALTH" Today....

Sharing
Family Engagement
Recovery
lding Choice
mmunity Motivation
ge Client
Growth
ARBEIT MACHT FREI

HOOL BUS
one
DO NOT PASS
WHEN SIGNALS
FLASHING
Skyline
RESTAURANT

one

$CAMH
ZORBA J. DASKALAKIS
THE RTMS* -
FIDDLER
ON THE ROOF
OF
$CAMH
CONTINUOUS SHOWINGS!
INSIDE ANNIE
MAKE IT
WET LIPS
HOT LINGERIE
RATED XXX
RATED XXX
GATEWAY

* Not evidence-based! That takes TOO LONG! So write your Memeber of Parliament today. Tell him you want some Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation - and you want it NOW! ~ Love, " Zorba"

$CAMH

DENTSUbos PRESENTS....

Direct from JAPAN -

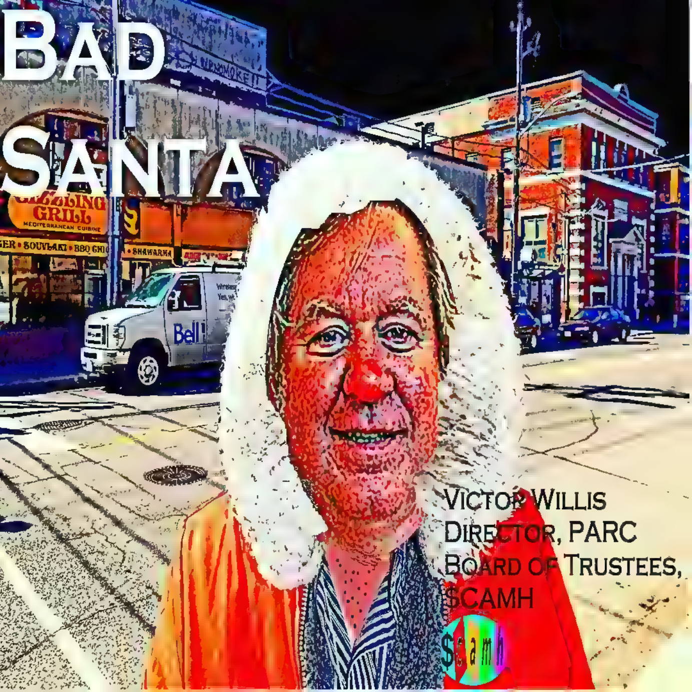
The CATHERINE ZAHN-ETTES!

BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING

IS SHE.... "DARRELL OR DARREN?"

Either way, CAMH FOUNDATION CEO DARRELL LOUISE GREGERSEN wants you to pay her $10,000 to stay up all night on [illegible]. She'll get it, because she says it's to "raise money for life-saving mental health care, research and awareness." It isn't. So-called mental health "care" at the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health is indifferent and one-sided (brain-biased), its research is quackery that she pimps for so-called "scientists" who act like crack-hos

BAD SANTA


SIZZLING GRILL
MEDITERRANEAN CUISINE
SOUVLAKI • BBQ GRILL
• SHAWARMA
Bell
$camh

VICTOR WILLIS
DIRECTOR, PARC
BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
$CAMH

4 ADULT HITS 4 Only
CONTINUOUS SHOWINGS!
RATED XXX
RATED XXX
BELL
GATEWAY
BE IRISH
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

How can I
HELP?!

P L
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THE SALVATION ARMY
THRIFT
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SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
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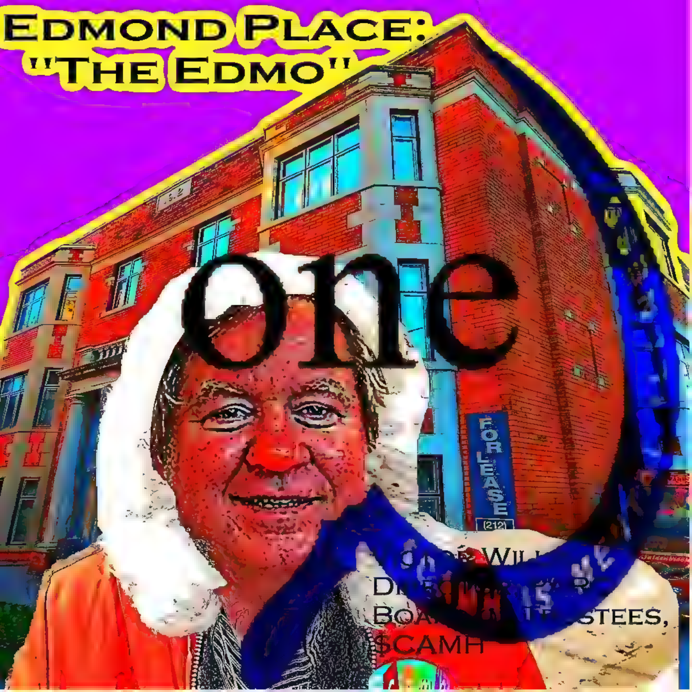
EDMOND PLACE:
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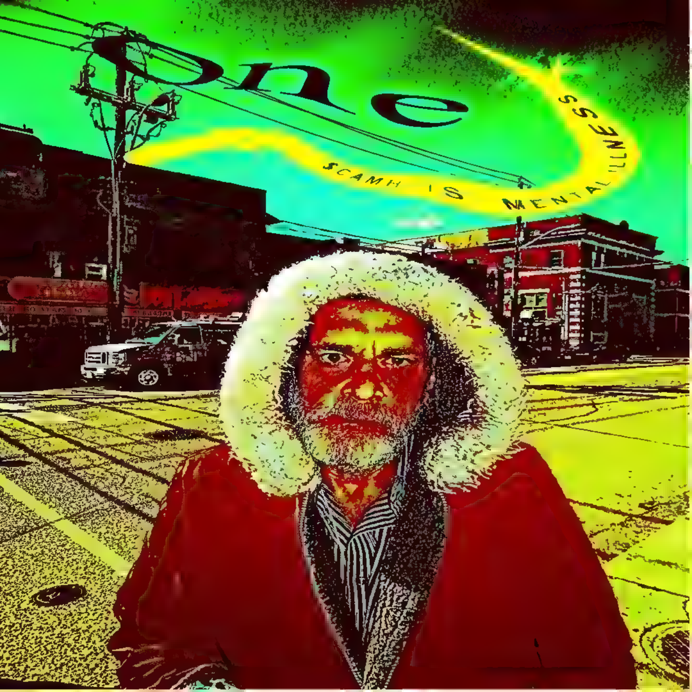
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$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

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"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."

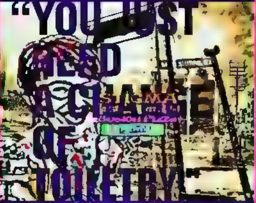
OR, AS WE'RE DISCOVERING, YOUR COCK

And when she fell back naked against the recently [illegible] sheets I said WOWEE! I couldn't believe my luck. O FORTUNA, I cried ecstatic and unable to control myself except with a supreme EFFORT. It was exhausting but a sweet sweet fatigue while she lisped and prattled like a little baby. She WAS my baby! My BABY-TALKING DADDY-GIRL. She said she'd just joined $CAMH FOUNDATION - it was the sweetest outfit they all had happy faces taped to their computer screens and they were going to STAY UP ALL NIGHT and DEFEAT MENTAL ILLNESS then they'd all take SELFIES of one another NAKED! Not a STITCH ON! Baby, I said I don't know. I LIKE that not that last part anyway. She lisped: Don't yew wowwy daddy-o I'm saving the BEST PART OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD all to yew and yor BIG DOGGIE. I said that's my WITTLE BABY-TALKING $CAMH FOUNDATION SNOWFLAKE GRRL. So we added our LOVE to the LAUNDRY. We really got off on ...

Defeat denial
Help defeat

camh

$C
35,000,000
CERTIFIED!
TRIAGE ROOM
EMERGENCY CODES
Try Our CITRUS STIGMA BURGER TODAY! Mmmm! You've CHANGED!
GERALD SHEFF
SHANITHA KACHA
Emergency Dec
TLES
Geoffrey Kearns & Jeremiah Bach Right HERE!
$CAMH FOUNDATION CEO Darrell Louis(e) Gregersen was NEVER HERE!

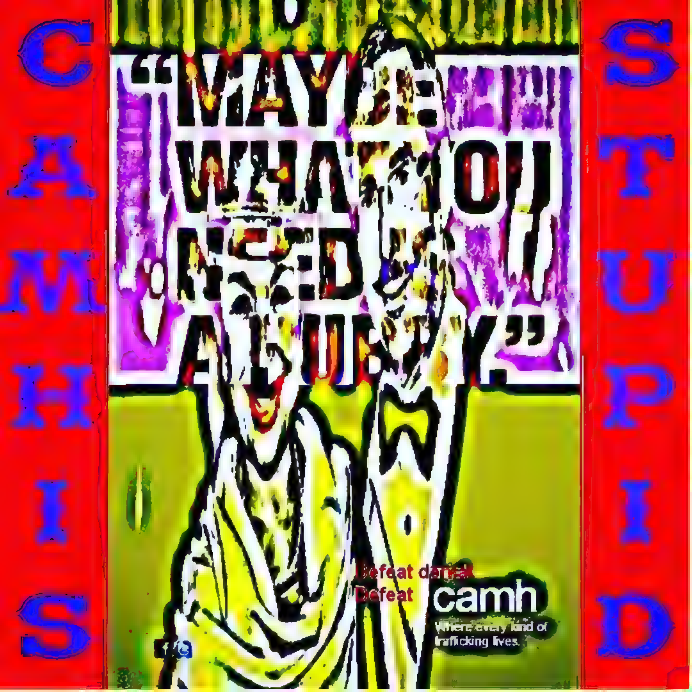

“YOU JUST
NEED
A CHANGE
OF
TOILETRY”
STIGMA

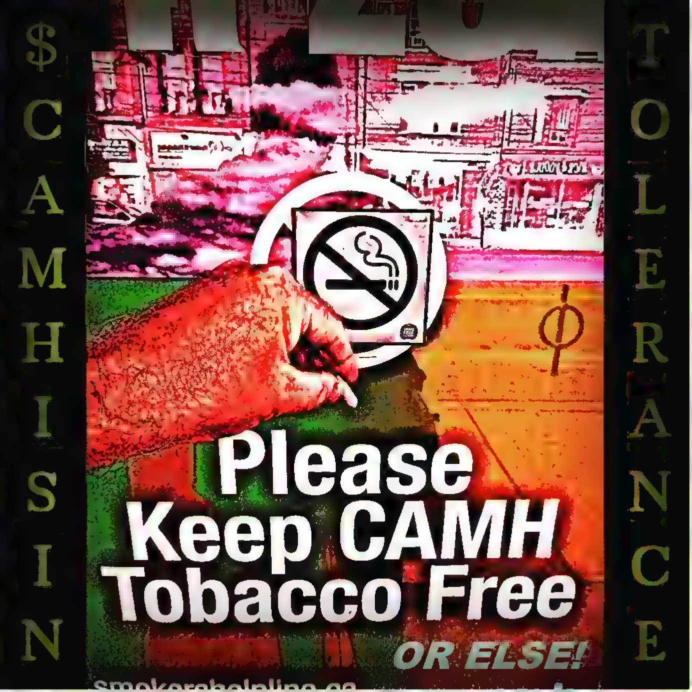
**Maybe a little
CITRUS SHAMPOO**

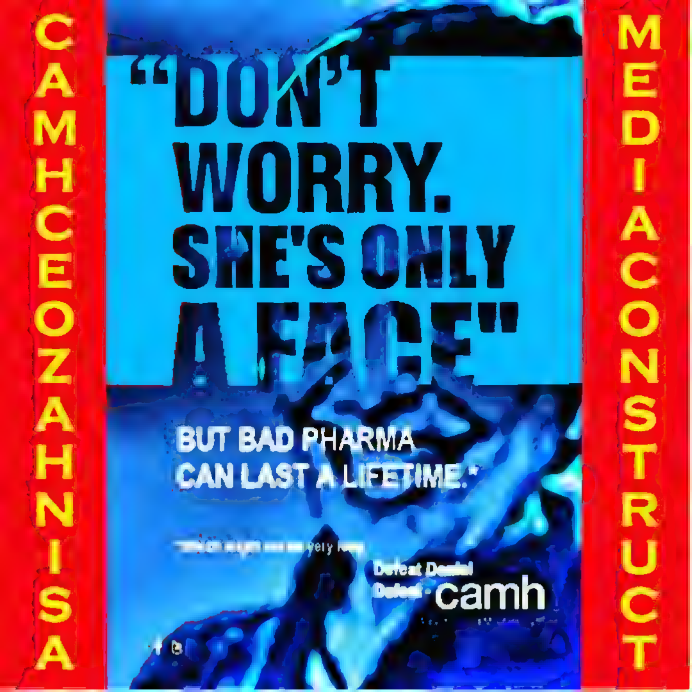
Defeat denial
Help defeat

camh
Addiction and Mental Health

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

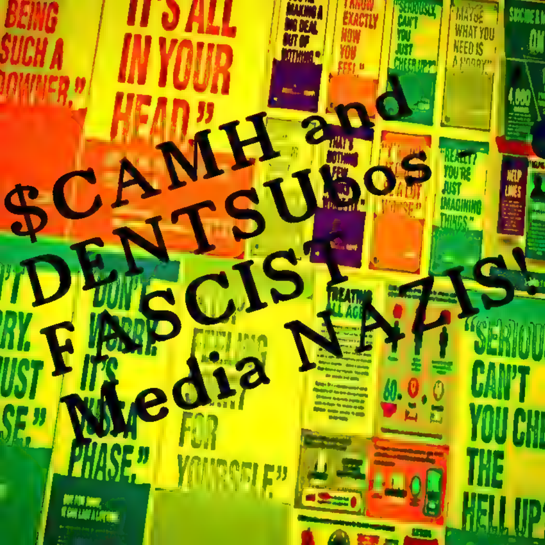

CAMH IS
STUPID
“MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED A [illegible]”
Defeat denial
Defeat
camh
Where every kind of trafficking lives.

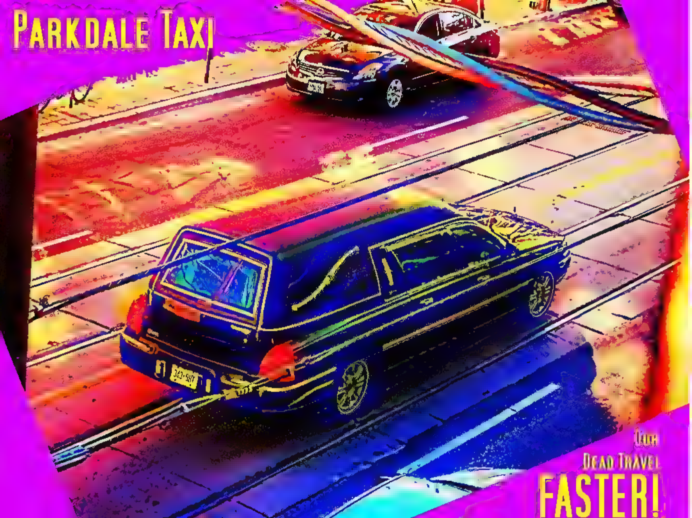

$CAMH IS IN
TOLERANCE
Please
Keep CAMH
Tobacco Free
OR ELSE!
smokershelpline.ca


CAMHCEOZAHNISA
MEDIACONSTRUCT
"DON'T WORRY. SHE'S ONLY A FACE"
BUT BAD PHARMA CAN LAST A LIFETIME."
Defeat Denial
camh

$CAMH $TIGMA

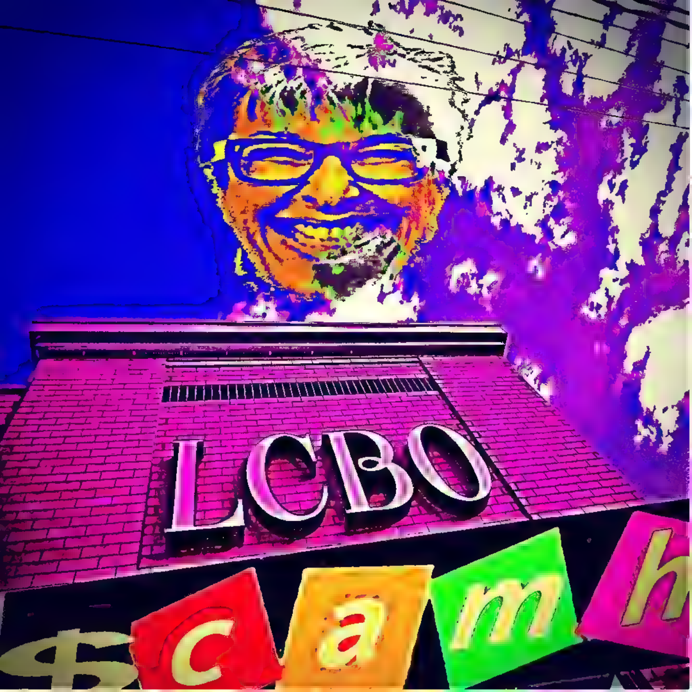
Where there is a LEADERSHIP CULT there is STIGMA. Because there is THE DEAR LEADER $CAMH CEO CATHERINE ZAHN IABC Communicator of the YEAR and ORDER OF CANADA although only 4 people voted for her and she didn't deserve it) and there is EVERYBODY ELSE.... The LITTLE PEOPLE.... CLIENTS (non corporate ones!).... YOU! Like CITRUS SHAMPOO? She says so! She also said you were MENTALLY ILL in the WORLD'S WORST TEDTALK and - probably - SCHIZOPHRENIC! She hadn't even MET you! Which was - probably! - a GOOD THING!


$CAMH and
DENTSUbos -
FASCIST
Media NAZIS!
"BEING SUCH A DOWNER."
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD."
MAKING A BIG DEAL OUT OF NOTHING
I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL."
"SERIOUSLY, CAN'T YOU JUST CHEER UP?"
"MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED IS A HOBBY."
THAT'S NOTHING
"REALLY? YOU'RE JUST IMAGINING THINGS."
HELP LINES
"DON'T WORRY. IT'S JUST A PHASE."
FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF"
TREATING ALL AGES
"SERIOUSLY CAN'T YOU CHEER THE HELL UP?"

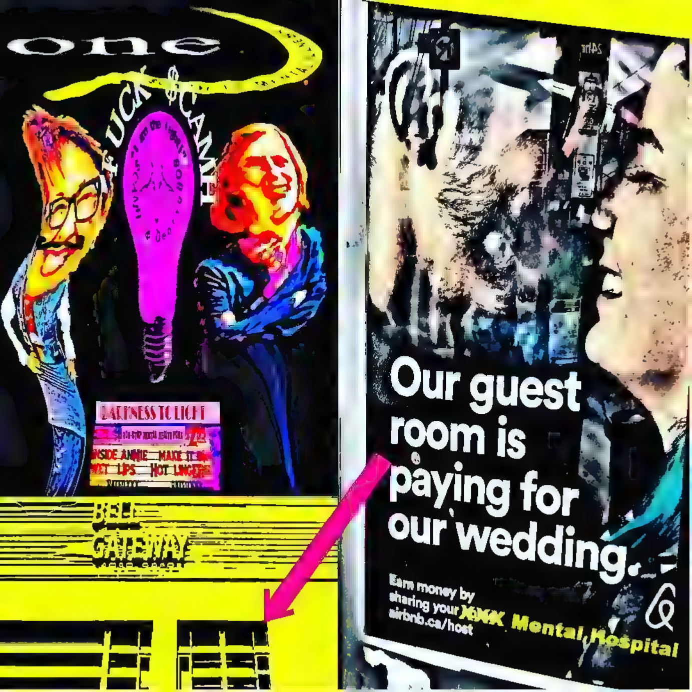

Parkdale Taxi
Our
Dead Travel
FASTER!

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

$camh
Let's Talk NOW boys!


LCBO
$camh

one
Parkdale
CONVENIENCE
DO NOT BLOCK INTERSECTION


one
FUCK $CAMH
I am the light
DARKNESS TO LIGHT
ONE-STOP MENTAL HEALTH
INSIDE ANNIE MAKE IT
WET LIPS HOT LINGERIE
BELL
GATEWAY
Our guest room is paying for our wedding.
Earn money by sharing your ~~XXX~~ Mental Hospital
airbnb.ca/host

one.
CAMH IS MENTAL

one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

one
CAMH IS MENTAL

one
SCAMH IS MEN
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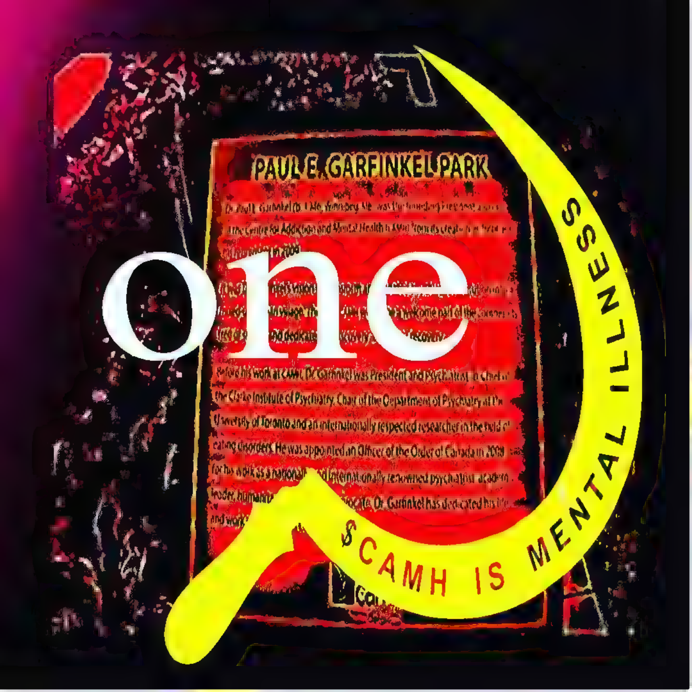
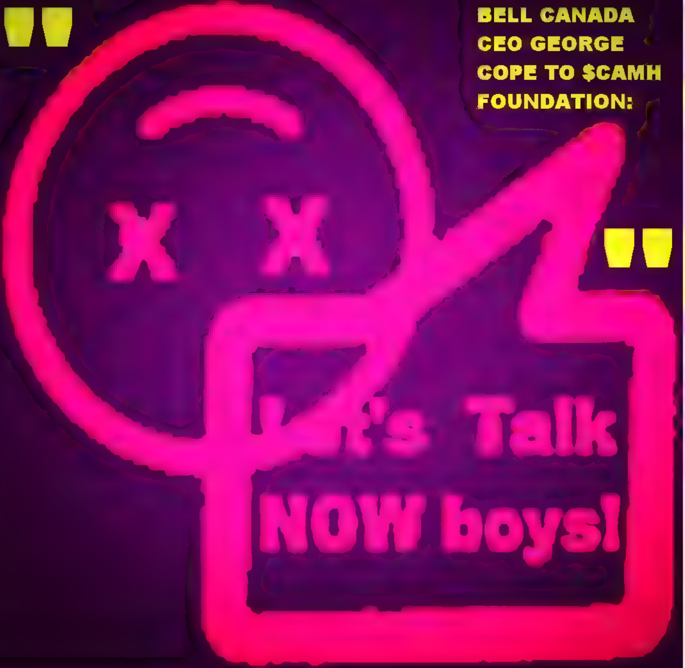
NESS


one
PAUL E. GARFINKEL PARK
Before his work at CAMH, Dr. Garfinkel was President and Psychiatrist-in-Chief of
the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, Chair of the Department of Psychiatry at the
University of Toronto and an internationally respected researcher in the field of
eating disorders. He was appointed an Officer of the Order of Canada in 2009
for his work as a national and internationally renowned psychiatrist, academic
leader, humanit
ocate. Dr. Garfinkel has dedicated his life
and work
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

One
BELL
BUILDING
SC AMP IS MENTAL

BELL CANADA
CEO GEORGE
COPE TO $CAMH
FOUNDATION:


"
Let's Talk
NOW boys!
"

one
LCBO
$25 TORONTO RE…
STRATFORD DIRECT BUS
BASED ON THE
OSCAR-WINNING
FILM
FESTIVAL

$camh
TIGMA

?!
one

$c mh
one
SCAMH IS MENTA, NISS

One
MH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
GC
$camh

$camh
10TH 6PM
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
s Talk
NOW boys!

Democracy is the government OF the people in which the decisions are made BY the people FOR the people. Simple isn't it? So why don't we have it?

Buy a Case
SAVE BIG
OPEN
$camh

$camh
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
RISP
min

THE LIMP BOND
Paul E. Garfinkel
Park
1071
HIS POLYPS ARE BURIED HERE
WITH HITLER'S JAWBONE!

c
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$camh

TORONTO Notice

MINOR VARIANCE FROM THE ZONING BY-LAW

416 392 7565

BUDGET ONE STOP
GIFTS, HEALTH & BEAUTY AIDS,
HARDWARE & MUCH MORE...

CAMH: TH3 COMPOUND -
FOR US? D3SIGN3R
BR3AD!
DRAKE
FOR YOU?!
TH3 MOULDY
CRUST!

THE
DRAKE
CAFÉ

Bread, buns, sourdough, grissini, muffins, English muffins, scones, dessert, ice cream, charcuterie, breakfast sausages, pickles, jams, sauces, oils + more.

All made from scratch, *Right Here.*

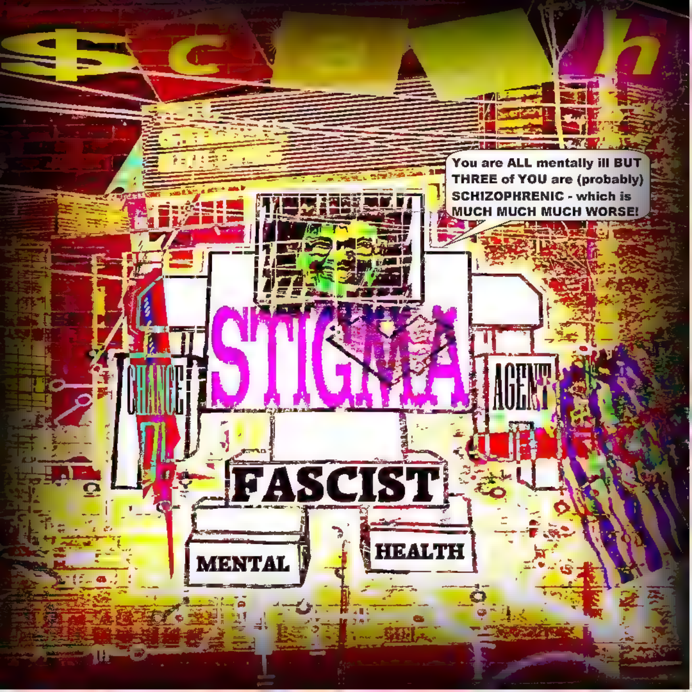
DRAKE

PANTRY

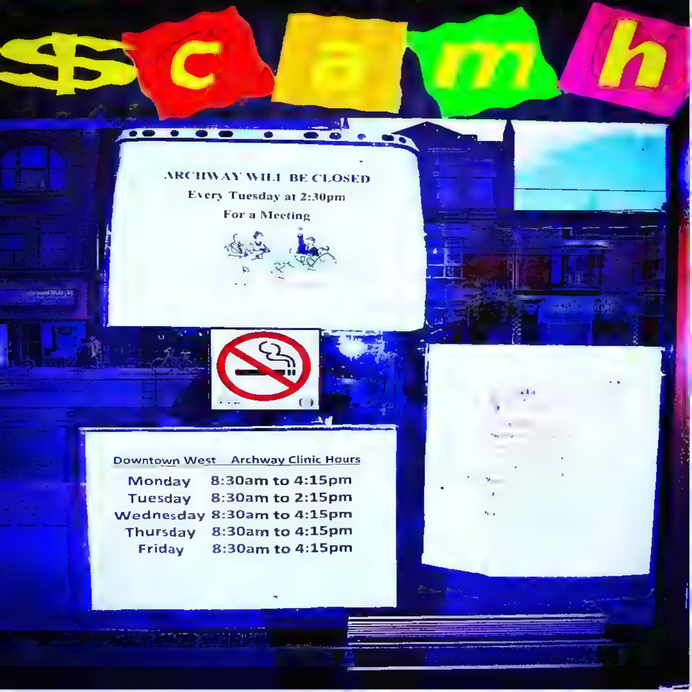
@THEDRAKEHOTEL #DRAKEBAKES

Strings

NEW
BBQ Steak Panini & Wrap
NEW
Savoury Potato Wedges
nice to see you
$camh FOUNDATION
$ 100
$ 50
$ 25
Other
$camh FOUNDATION
$ 100
$ 50
$ 25
Other


$ c h
You are ALL mentally ill BUT THREE of YOU are (probably) SCHIZOPHRENIC - which is MUCH MUCH MUCH WORSE!
CHANGE
STIGMA
AGENT
FASCIST
MENTAL
HEALTH

$camh



ARCHWAY WILL BE CLOSED
Every Tuesday at 2:30pm
For a Meeting

Downtown West Archway Clinic Hours

Monday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Tuesday	8:30am to 2:15pm
Wednesday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Thursday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Friday	8:30am to 4:15pm

MAIL
1360

I will come again,
and I will be millions
CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

WALK-IN CLINIC
VACCINA

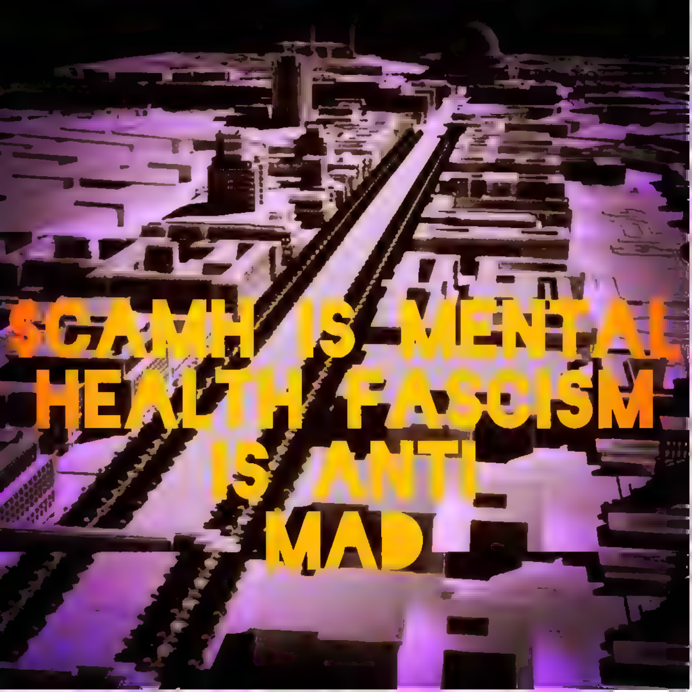
Barber & Hairstylist
N.S.Tharsi
CATERING & TAKE OUT
எம். எஸ். தர்சி
Sri Lankan & South Indian Food
Queen St W
OPEN
OPEN

Galaxy
DONUTS
FRESHLY GROUND
COFFEE
OPEN
24 HOURS

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Fun
#SpeakInTibetan
#བོད་སྐད་རྒྱག
#SpeakInTibetan
501 SCHIZOPHRENIC

WE SELL
NEW
MATTRESS
&
BOX SPRING'S
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS

THЭ
COMPOЦИD


$CAMH IS MENTAL
HEALTH FASCISM
IS ANTI
MAD

$c m h
DMENTAL

THE COMPOUND
ain's
Treasu
"ACROSS THE LIFESPAN
AND AROUND THE WORLD
-CAMH CEO
CATHERINE ZAHN

1229

"What if the 10,000 people in Toronto who are on a waiting list for supportive housing were.... to stop traffic at Bay and Queen?" *$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn before the Economic Club of Canada*

Well, Catherine, you could stop traffic RIGHT NOW - so *WHAT IF* we just *FIRED* your *FAT FASCIST ASS* and let you *GO PLAY IN THE TRAFFIC!!!*

Scamh
HOARDING ✱ DISORDER
COMING SOON NEAR U

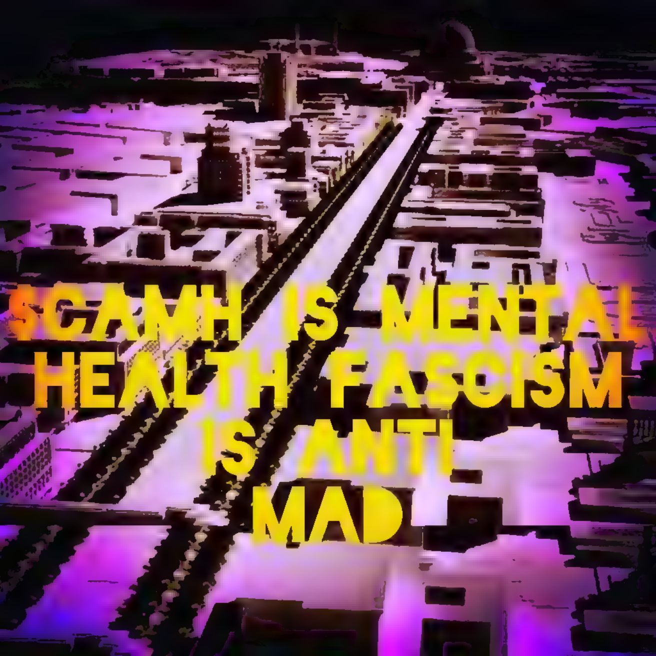
GREAT PYRAMID OF JOE(S)

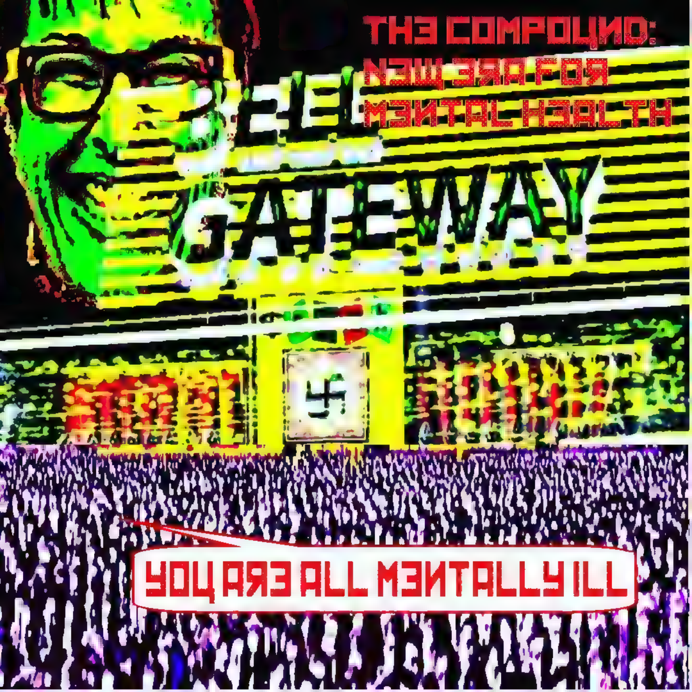
FOR THE ELAINE MIGHTY MUFFS,
THE JOE GOLDFINGERS, AND
THE FATTY PUFF PUFFS
OF THE FUTURE....

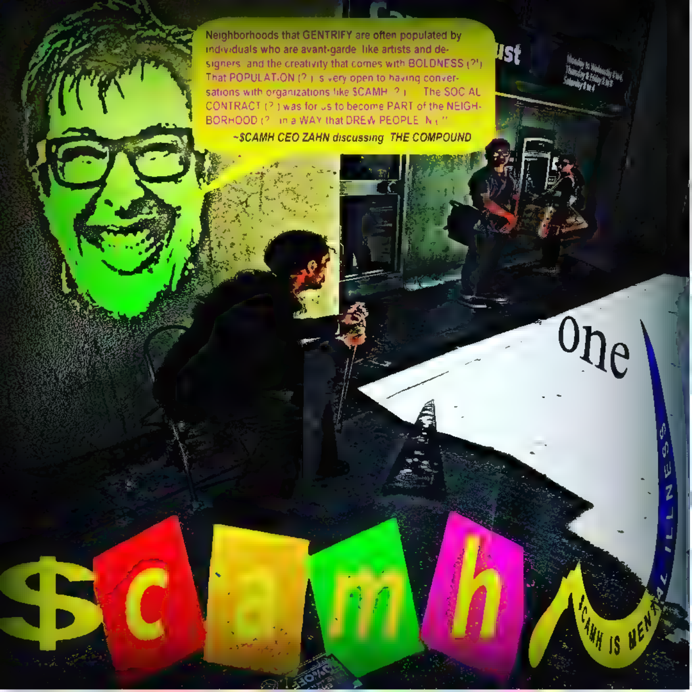
Adieu, JOE!
LetsTALKING MACHIN
You're ALL ME
Call me Cathy
DISORDER of CANADA
O C D

THE COMPOUND
camh
$camh

$CAMH-I$
camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
METHADOSE
OFFLABEL


SCAMH IS MENTAL
HEALTH FASCISM
IS ANTI
MAD


TH3 COMPOUND:
N3W 3RA FOR
M3NTAL H3ALTH
GATEWAY
YOU AR3 ALL M3NTALLY ILL


Neighborhoods that GENTRIFY are often populated by individuals who are avant-garde like artists and designers and the creativity that comes with BOLDNESS (?!) That POPULATION (?!) is very open to having conversations with organizations like $CAMH (?!) The SOCIAL CONTRACT (?!) was for us to become PART of the NEIGHBORHOOD (?!) in a WAY that DREW PEOPLE IN!"
~$CAMH CEO ZAHN discussing THE COMPOUND
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$camh

ACROSS TH3 LIF3SPAN AND AROUND TH3 WORLD!
RYAN & ...TTE FU ERAL HOME
PARKING

TH3 COMPOUND: INT3RG3N3RATIONAL W3LLN3SS C3NTR3

28
LCBO

$camh
LCBO

pcic
Parkdale Comm
information • form-filling • w
Connecting people and services fo
Parkdale Co
Information C
CENE
2016

pcic
information • form-filling •
Connecting people and services
Parkdale
information
OCA
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2016

$camh
EATS QUALITY.

pcic
information • form-filling •
Connecting people and services
Parkdale
Information
CENE
2016

$camh

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THE
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CELE
YEARS

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
ROOTS QUARTZ
roots

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501
one
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free
camh

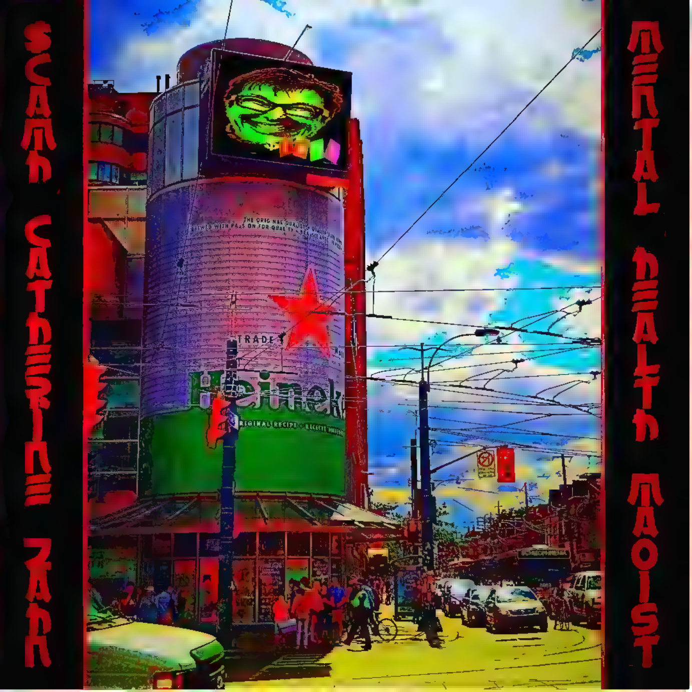
LCBO
Not the time to dicker!

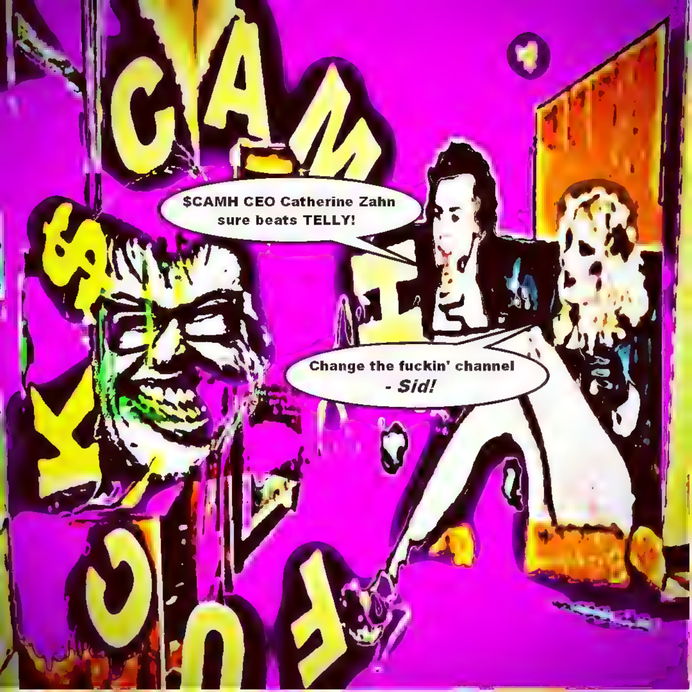
$camh
STIGMA

$camh

1313
PLEASE
NO
LOITERING
$cmh

BELL GATEWAY
STIGMA
THE AMAZING RACE
$cmh
4220
SCHIZOPHRENIA
BELL GATEWAY


SCAMH CATHERINE ZAHN
MENTAL HEALTH MAOIST
TRADE
Heineken
ORIGINAL RECIPE


SCAM
$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn sure beats TELLY!
Change the fuckin' channel - Sid!
$
K
C
E

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451 rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free
camh
one
$CAMH IS ME[illegible]L ILLNESS

C
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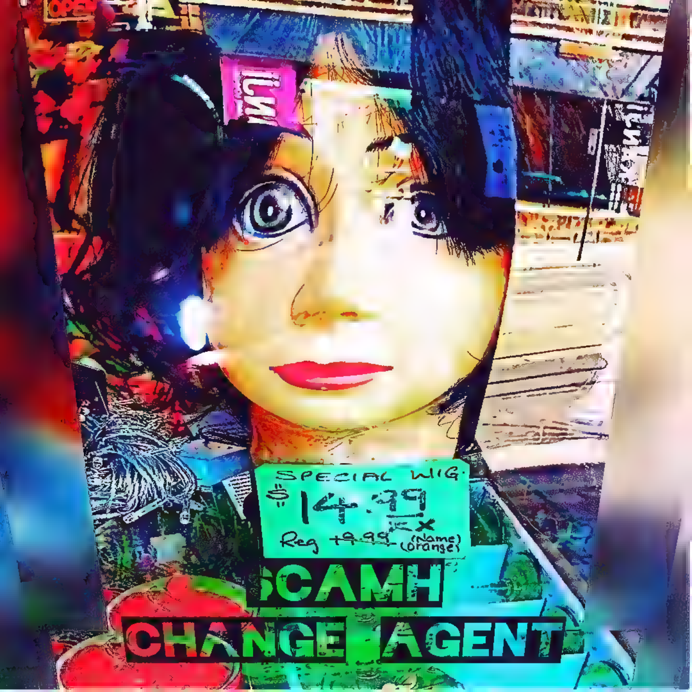
zahn
TC
she will rewire
your BRAIN!
hospital NOT
RECOMMENDED
for the
SQUEAMISH....

ZAHN

A NEW ERA FOR MENTAL HELL

SCAMH

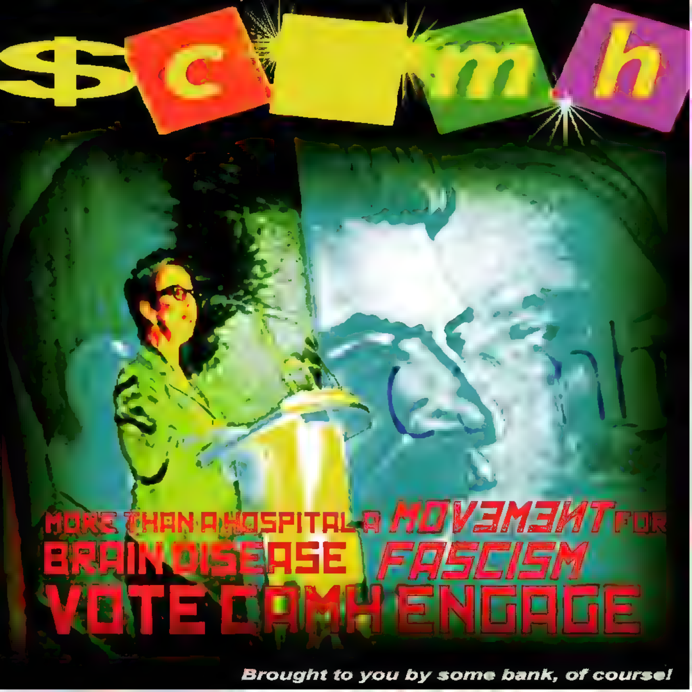
Defeat Denial: $CAMH is a BRAIN DISEASE

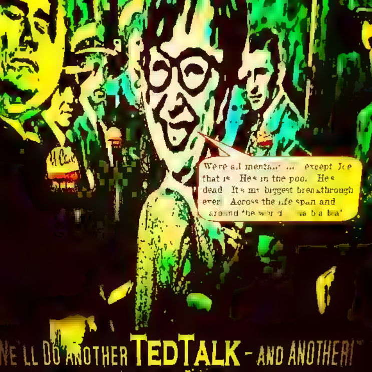

OPEN
SPECIAL WIG
$14.99
EX
Reg ~~$9.99~~ (Name)
(orange)
SCAMH
CHANGE AGENT

05
QUEEN
STREET

Dufferin-King Park
256

BEL
GAT


$ c m h
MORE THAN A HOSPITAL A MOVEMENT FOR
BRAIN DISEASE FASCISM
VOTE CAMH ENGAGE
Brought to you by some bank, of course!

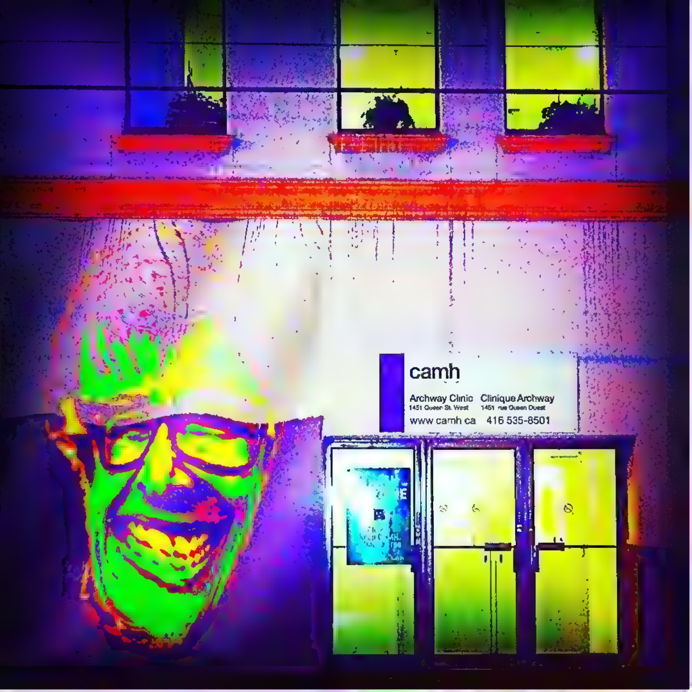

We're all menta[illegible] except Joe that is. He's in the pool. He's dead. It's my biggest breakthrough ever! Across the life span and around the world [illegible]
WE'LL DO ANOTHER TEDTALK - AND ANOTHER!"

"3 OF YOU WILL PROBABLY

one
SCAN
ILLNESS

B3 SCHIZOPHR3NIC!"

CATH3RIN3
ZAHN, ND.
ONE GOOF


camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451 rue Queen Ouest
www camh ca
416 535-8501

Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
416 535-8501

camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501

camh
Archway Clinic
Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501

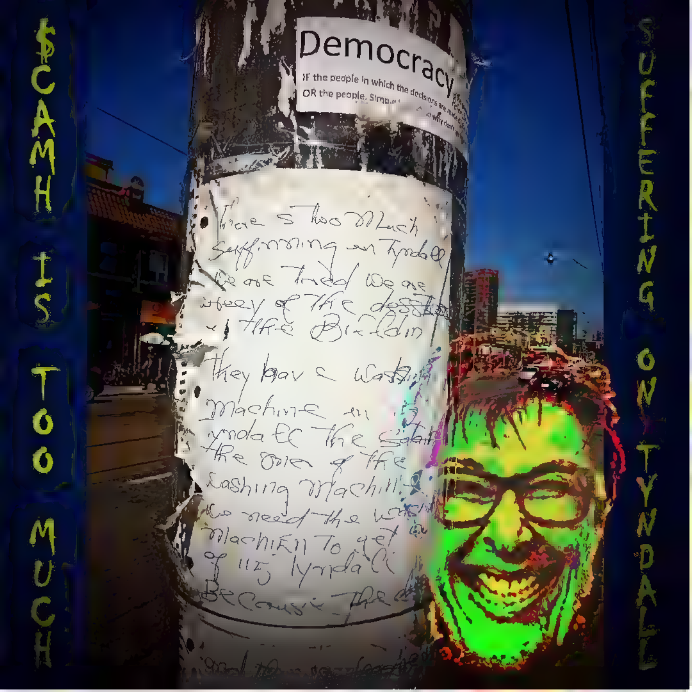
Toronto
POLICE
To Serve
POLICE

one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
Parkdale Community Health Centre
Every One Matters.
Nobody Counts.

best convenience
WALK IN CLINIC
Gibson

THRIFT STORE
10% OFF
FOR SENIORS
EVERY DAY!
THRIFT STORE
NO
HST
women

1879
Village of Parkdale
Cowan Av.
220
$camh


$CAMH IS TOO MUCH
SUFFERING ON TYNDALL

Democracy

?F the people in which the decisions are made
OR the people. Simp

why don't

There s Too Much
Suffering on Tyndall
We are Tired We are
weary of The [illegible]
in the Buildin

They hav a Washing
Machine in
Tyndall The Staff
the own of the
Washing Machine
We need the Wash
Machien To get
of 115 Tyndall
Because The

McDonald's
OVER 99
DRI
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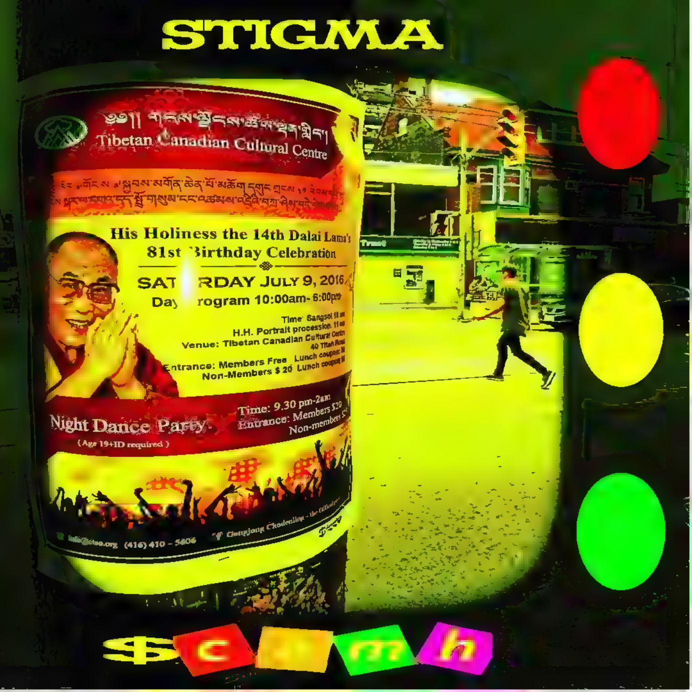
Drive-Thru

33-2397

camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
Downtown west Clinic / Clini
1451 Queen St. West / 145
www.camh.ca

DOLLARAMA
Push slide to insert coins
$2.00
$2.00
$3.00
$2.00
TORONTO STAR
DAVE
EGYPT
TAZZ
COIN RETURN
SATURDAY STAR
A country on edge
TORONTO STAR
NOW



Tibetan Canadian Cultural Centre

His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama's
81st Birthday Celebration

SAT RDAY JULY 9, 2016
Day rogram 10:00am- 6:00pm

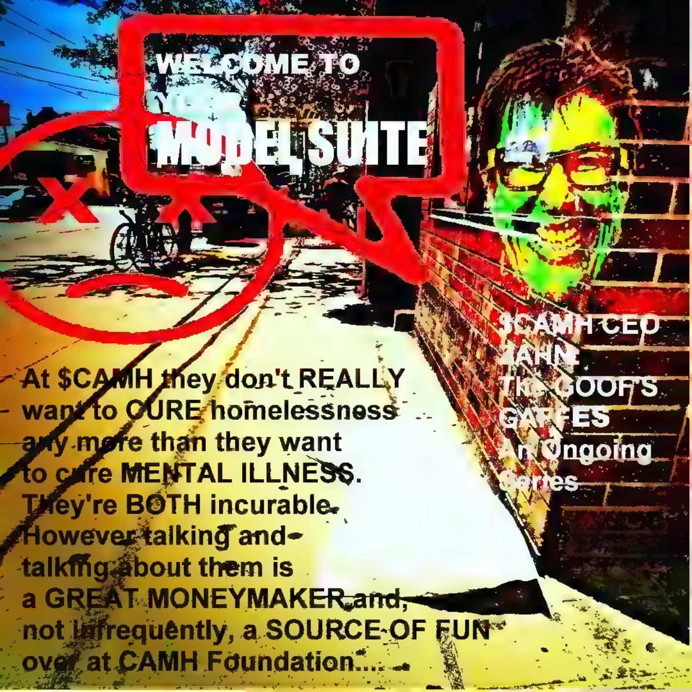
Time: Sangsol 11 a
H.H. Portrait procession. 11 a
Venue: Tibetan Canadian Cultural Centre
40 Titan Road
Entrance: Members Free Lunch coupon $
Non-Members $ 20 Lunch coupon $

Night Dance Party
(Age 19+ID required)

Time: 9.30 pm-2am
Entrance: Members $20
Non-members $

info@tccc.org (416) 410 - 5606
Gangjong Chodenling - the official

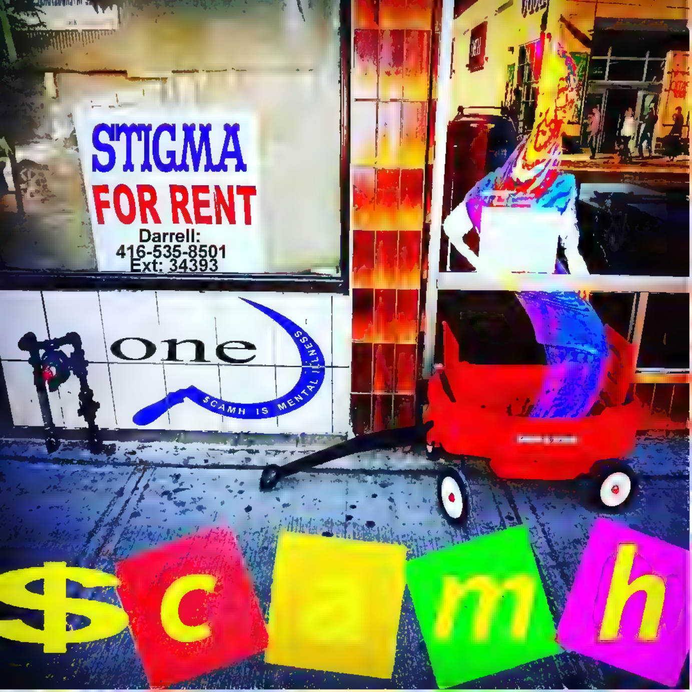
JAMESON AV


WELCOME TO THE MODEL SUITE

$CAMH CEO ZAHN: THE GOOF'S GAFFES An Ongoing Series

At $CAMH they don't REALLY want to CURE homelessness any more than they want to cure MENTAL ILLNESS. They're BOTH incurable. However talking and talking about them is a GREAT MONEYMAKER and, not infrequently, a SOURCE OF FUN over at CAMH Foundation....

STIGMA
You are ALL mentally ILL! ALL ALL ALL! BUT - without having met ANY of you - I predict THREE of YOU will (probably) be schizophrenic! And that's BAD veryBAD!
BEAMISH
Genuine
IRISH STOUT


STIGMA
FOR RENT
Darrell:
416-535-8501
Ext: 34393
one
$CAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
$camh

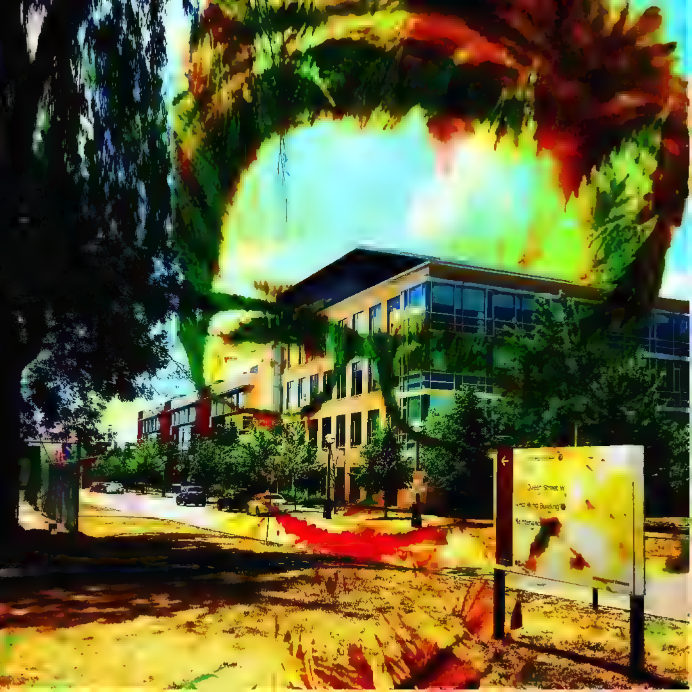
101 Stokes Street P
101, 105 Stokes
Parkade
1001 Queen Street W
West Wing Building P
Maintenance P
camh
PRIVATE ROAD
IS MAINTAINED
AND PATROLLED
BY CAMH

$
c
m
h

Ooooweeeeee!
MASSAHI

$ c m h
TRASH

DRAKE
GENERAL
STORE
EST 2008


Queen Street W
Wing Building

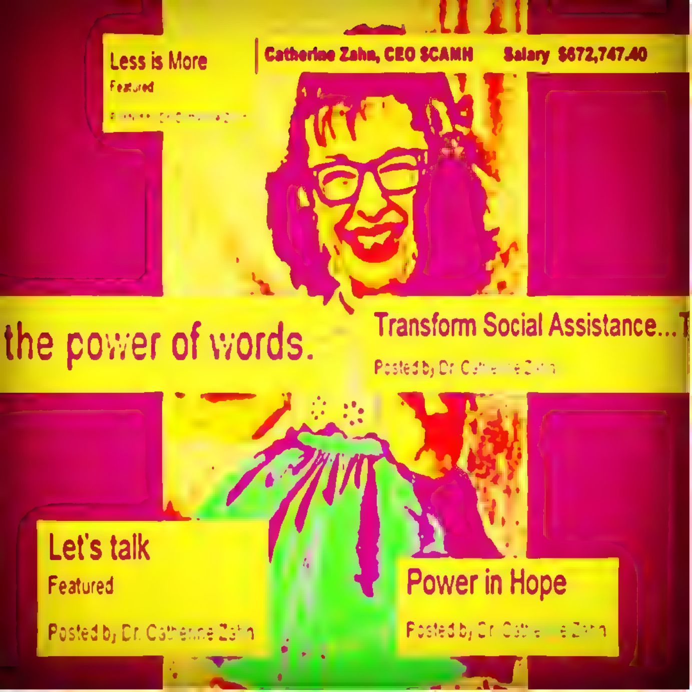
$CAMH PRESENTS

FASCIST COMPOUND
Patrolled by DOGS!
Paul F. [illegible]e
Park
1071 Queen West
Parks, Forestry & Recreation
X $CAMH CEO Paul Garfinkel (Uncle SCAMH) "You've CHANGED?!"
Our schizophrenia will NEVER be treated like one of his polyps....

THE $1,000,000,000 TRANSFORMATION

SS
354
SIZZL
MEDI

WE are ALL mentally ILL but three of YOU are (probably) SCHIZOPHRENIC


Less is More
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Salary $672,747.40
the power of words.
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Power in Hope
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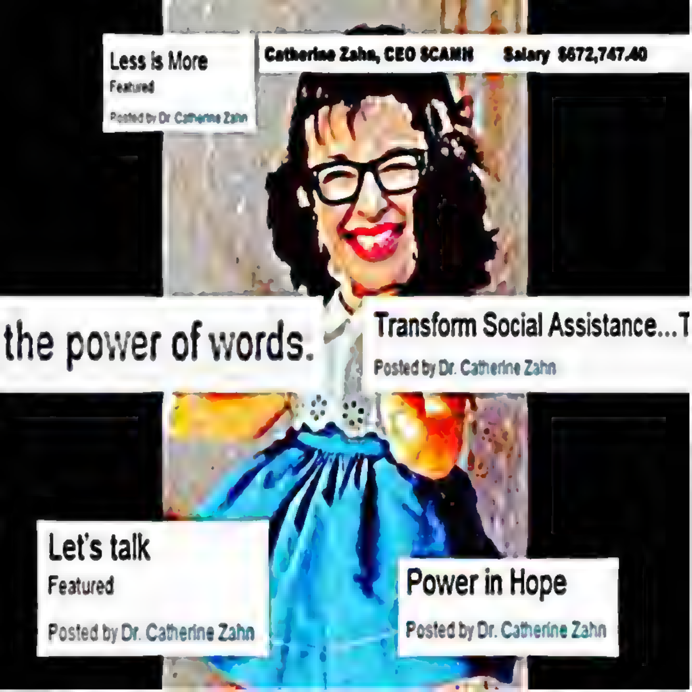
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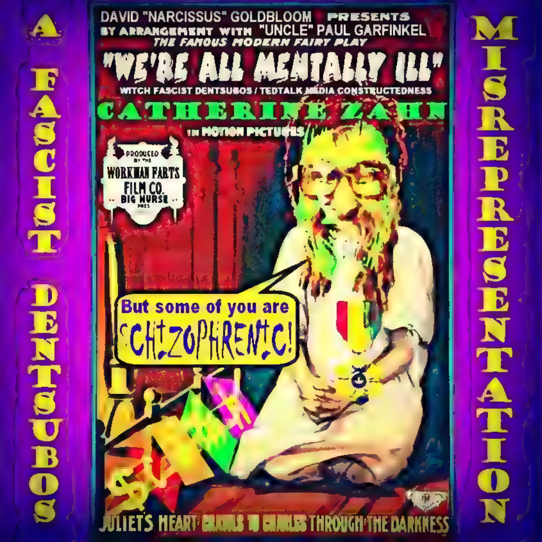
A FASCIST DENTSUBOS
DAVID "NARCISSUS" GOLDBLOOM PRESENTS
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH "UNCLE" PAUL GARFINKEL
THE FAMOUS MODERN FAIRY PLAY
"WE'RE ALL MENTALLY ILL"
WITCH FASCIST DENTSUBOS / TEDTALK MEDIA CONSTRUCTEDNESS
CATHERINE ZAHN
IN MOTION PICTURES
PRODUCED BY THE WORKMAN FARTS FILM CO. BIG NURSE PRES
But some of you are SCHIZOPHRENIC!
JULIETS HEART CRAWLS TO CHARLES THROUGH THE DARKNESS
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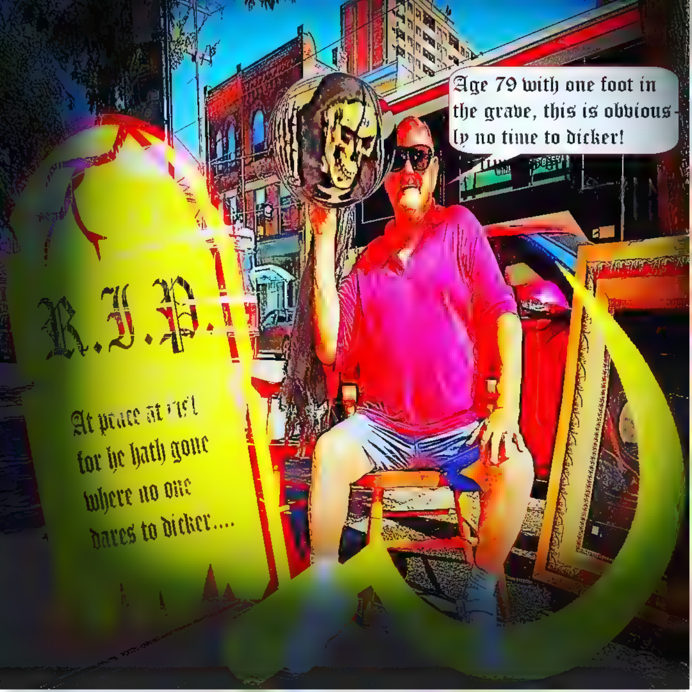
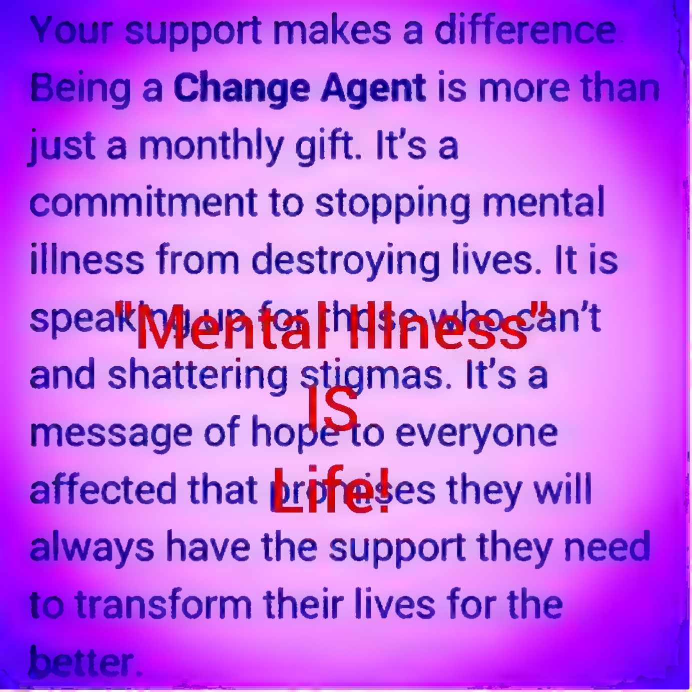

Age 79 with one foot in the grave, this is obviously no time to dicker!
R.I.P.
At peace at rest for he hath gone where no one dares to dicker....



Your support makes a difference. Being a **Change Agent** is more than just a monthly gift. It's a commitment to stopping mental illness from destroying lives. It is speaking up for those who can't and shattering stigmas. It's a message of hope to everyone affected that promises they will always have the support they need to transform their lives for the better.

"Mental Illness"

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Life!

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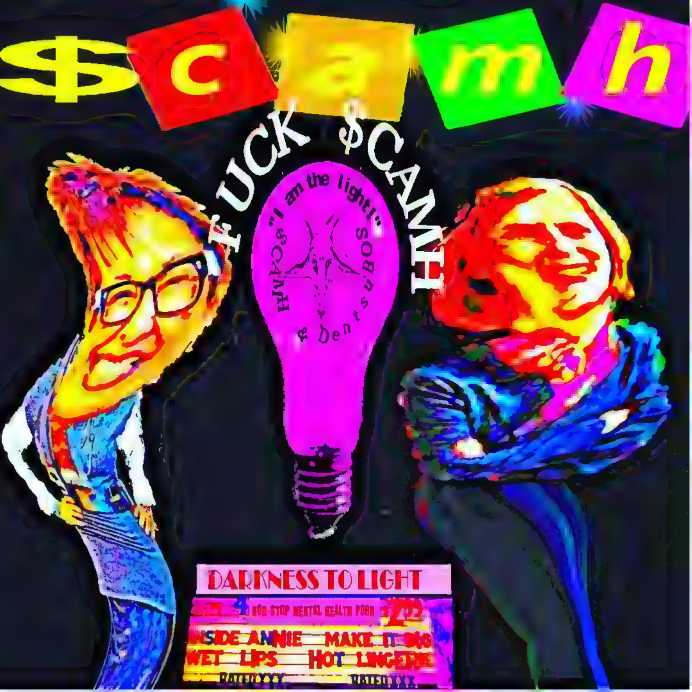
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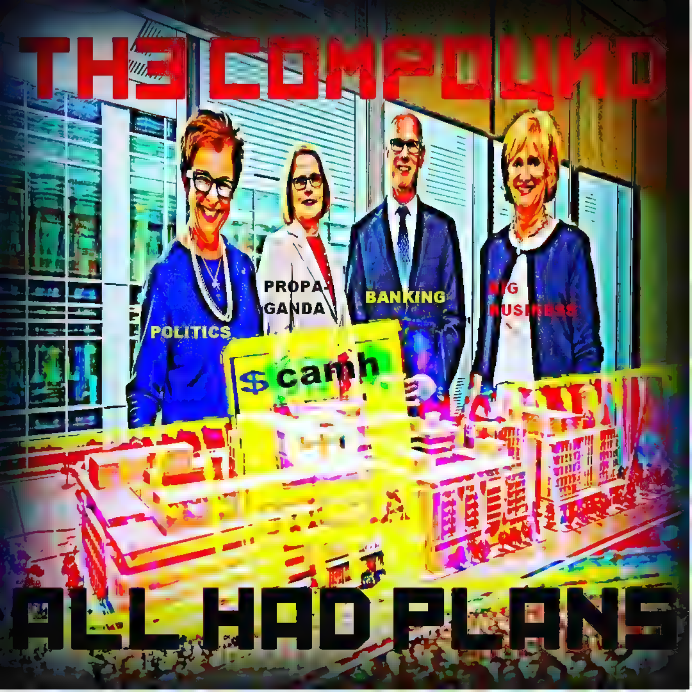
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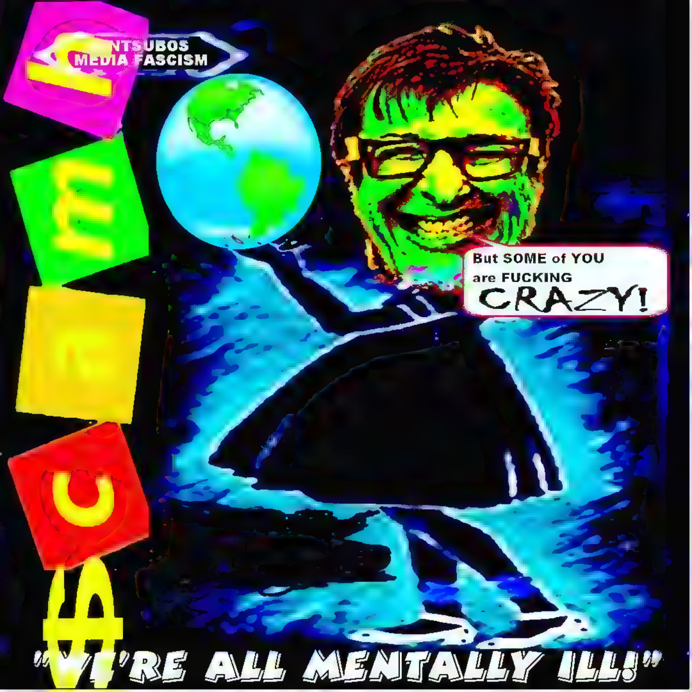
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But SOME of YOU are FUCKING CRAZY!
"WE'RE ALL MENTALLY ILL!"

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the House in rubber gloves and a surgical mask, the "front line worker." Jack wiped his nose on his hand, then wiped his hand on the door-knob when he turned it to enter the office. Babs shuddered to think what she might touch with her bare hand.

She used to bring Jack's urine filled cups and glasses into the office and deposit them on top of the "meds" cabinet. They were the murder weapons from the crime scene. They were "Exhibit A." She'd photograph them and staple the photograph beside his entry in the common long. Then she'd leave them on top of the "meds" cabinet. She had peculiar notions of where things belonged.

Adam used to knock over the glasses when he faxed our time-sheets to Head Office. He'd swear at Babs, call her a clown, and threaten to write an entry in the common log forbidding her to bring any more of Jack's urine into the office. I think Babs's obsessiveness overcame her aversion to filth.

I used to leave my knapsack in the corner between the "meds" cabinet and the wall on which we hung our coats. It has been anointed more than once with Jack's spilled urine. I don't know what the fuss was about. Worse things are transmitted by air. We inhaled the effluvia of one another's lungs, and bowels. Adam wasn't the only one with bad gas. Alice stuffed herself then released a rouser in the office that made me check the garbage for something burning. The repressed rage. I told Caspar that I thought Adam was often acting. He usually seemed calm, easy-going, even-tempered. I saw something else when I watched him for a few moments one afternoon in the kitchen when he thought no one was there. He looked devastated. Maybe as long as he felt someone was watching he was just acting. Caspar said he'd said the same thing.

I can just imagine the scene as Michael laid it on for manic Serge, shouting at long gone Peter to shut up, get out of his room and leave his stuff alone, beating his face with hands as fast as airplane propellers, making his cuts weep fresh tears. He too was an actor.

Serge did what he usually did, which was inconsistent with the national character. It also seemed inconsistent with his past, which Serge once told me was pure punk. Maybe he was pure phony.

Serge called the cops. They came but they were annoyed because there was nothing they could do. It was obvious. Serge asked Michael if he wanted them to take him to the hospital. He said no. That was just as well because the cops wouldn't have taken him anyway. It was illegal.

THIS WAY TO YOUR
MODEL SUIT

*

Even when we weren't aware of having bugs, Babs patrolled woman, one gay and one straight, smoking in shorts and T shirts, the hot sunlight gleaming on the cars, the humid air scented with tobacco, gasoline, wax and Gladys's heavy "Breeze of Lesbos" perfume. I liked them. Adam said Gladys and Babs were both great people. They just needed help. At other times he referred to them as cunt and clown. I preferred Adam.

*

I thought Adam bonded too much with Gladys. He always acted differently around her. Maybe he couldn't accept that Gladys was a dyke, or maybe he felt he had to prove he wasn't a fag. Not that he didn't cruise at other times. He just did it more vigorously with her. As someone said of Lady Macbeth, I thought "the lady" protested too much.

I thought at other times he really hated Gladys, or at least despised her. The sexist jokes were the lowest expression of his disregard. He referred to Gladys as a "diesel dyke," a "pussy bumper." That was before they knew that I was gay, but that wouldn't have made any difference. Adam despised Gladys for her delusional business schemes, her meanness, her hypocrisy, her incompetence at work, her unhappiness at home -- only a partial list.

I would have felt sorry for Gladys but she didn't have any consideration for me at all. She once asked me all of a

I told him some of this. He said it must bring back a lot of memories. It will bring back even more now that he's become a memory too. He's joined my permanently dysfunctional family. His pictures will go into one of those albums Barrie said I'd never sell.

*

Adam and Gladys used to cruise the women passing by in front of the house They would park their cars in the little front yard that had been paved with cobblestones so our maintenance man wouldn't have to cut the grass. Gladys had a sports car that she never let the tenants ride in. She was afraid of contagion. Adam's little car was virtually our taxi. Needless to say, the company was too cheap to provide us with a car. Gladys and Adam would stand and smoke beside their respective vehicles. They kept a leisured gaze on the sidewalk for the right woman. She'd have had to be bisexual.

I knew when she passed. Gladys smiled with her teeth. Adam reacted rather like a pointer dog, following her progress with his head. Sometimes he followed her with his whole body. He'd say, take me home with you. If I was sitting on the steps next door, and I usually was, he'd wonder aloud how Norm could just sit there. It was obvious.

There was something very human about it all. A man and a sudden if I was "into leather." She assumed all gays were. I think her knowledge of contemporary mores came straight from "The Jerry Springer Show." She watched it regularly on the dining room T.V. It was one venue where she was sure to see worse losers than herself.

She would still have sacrificed me to save herself. I learned that one evening when Betty met me on the street and accused me of not giving her a pill from her evening meds. I knew that I'd only given her the dinner-time meds. I had shown her the dosette the way I always did. The dinner-time slot was empty. The evening meds were in the slot beneath it. I never left pills behind, because I always checked.

I went into the House to speak to Gladys. She was in the kitchen, preparing something for herself. I told her what Betty had told me. I asked if I could borrow her keys so I could see myself. I went up the narrow coffee-stained stairs and let myself into the office. The dosette was on the little round table. It was as Betty said. The evening meds were gone except for one tiny pill. I think it was clozapine. I returned Gladys's keys. She told me to remember to sign for Betty's evening meds. I told her I hadn't given her the evening meds. Moreover, I told her what I was sure had happened. She'd given them to her herself and, as usual, not signed for them. She'd also left a pill behind. It was her signature.

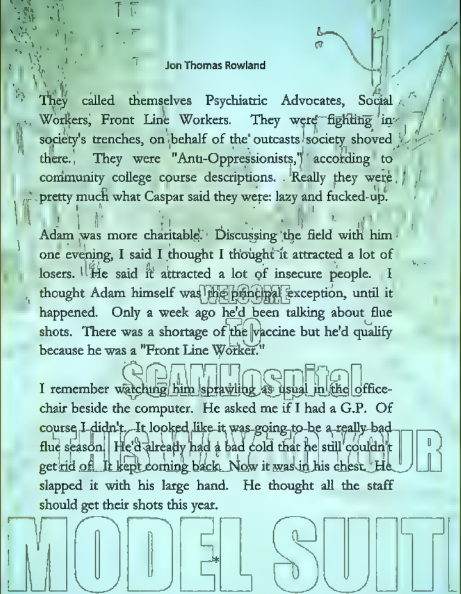
Gladys became defensive. She invoked her twenty years hallway stank of Laura's dirty feet. Louis didn't mind. He loved her just as she was.

Babs found lice in the second floor bathroom sink. They came from the clump of hair in the comb Charlene left on the commode before she went to bed. They were alive. They were still alive when I went up to see. I thought they died when they left their host. That was either a myth or they were especially sturdy bugs. They were gymnasts. They jumped. Their champions succumbed in the bowl and died. They speckled the enamel.

That morning Adam called the mental hospital and spoke to Charlene's worker. She accused us of slovenliness. We had to strip all the beds, wash all the bedding, and treat every tenant with permethrin. When Adam muttered something about our being a team, she threatened to call the Department of Health. Adam said he'd call them himself.

Charlene's worker cut her hair at the hospital. It was a hatchet job, but the sight of all those bugs dying under her clippers made her feel like a real "front line worker." She felt so good about herself she called us as soon as she'd finished. Charlene was coming back to us wearing a baseball cap over her bald pate. She had a big head. Her worker had a swelled one.

*



They called themselves Psychiatric Advocates, Social Workers, Front Line Workers. They were fighting in society's trenches, on behalf of the outcasts society shoved there. They were "Anti-Oppressionists," according to community college course descriptions. Really they were pretty much what Caspar said they were: lazy and fucked-up.

Adam was more charitable. Discussing the field with him one evening, I said I thought I thought it attracted a lot of losers. He said it attracted a lot of insecure people. I thought Adam himself was the principal exception, until it happened. Only a week ago he'd been talking about flue shots. There was a shortage of the vaccine but he'd qualify because he was a "Front Line Worker."

I remember watching him sprawling as usual in the office-chair beside the computer. He asked me if I had a G.P. Of course I didn't. It looked like it was going to be a really bad flue season. He'd already had a bad cold that he still couldn't get rid of. It kept coming back. Now it was in his chest. He slapped it with his large hand. He thought all the staff should get their shots this year.

*

Sam was Betty's worker. Betty showed me a picture that Sam had given her of a room in his house, full of caged experience vs. my half as many months. The next shift-change with Adam she was still talking about it. She went on and on about that pill. How could it have been there? I thought the reason was obvious. She felt she was always the one suspected. The reason for that was also obvious. She made too many mistakes. The manager had already warned me to say nothing. Adam humored her, told her nobody was pointing a finger at her. He kept smoking on the porch.

Later I asked him why he didn't speak up. I called him two-faced, wishy-washy. He smiled. He said there was no point being honest with Gladys.

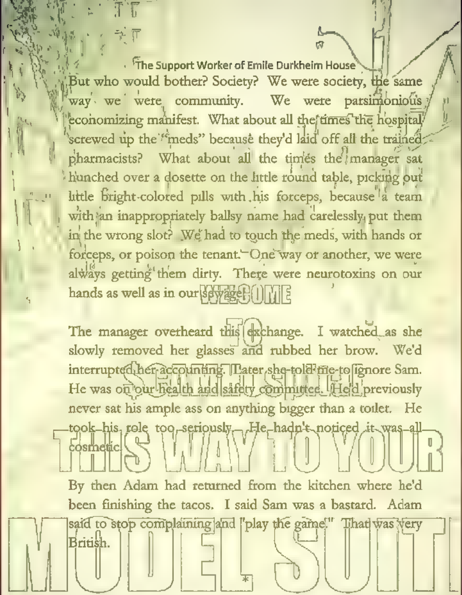
*

During shift change with Adam and Gladys the latter complained about Charlene. Gladys didn't think she was cured. She meant her lice problem. She'd seen her scratching her head yesterday evening when she came for her "meds." I wondered if Gladys got close enough to look in her mouth. Probably not that time. While on the topic of skin infection, Gladys nonchalantly mentioned that last week Karl's girlfriend, Wanda, had told her about bed-bugs in her apartment. Adam turned around. Wanda came to see Karl once or twice a week. It was nearly a week since her last visit. Gladys had waited nearly a week to tell us. Adam said nothing then. Why be honest to Gladys? Later in the dining room he called her a "stupid cunt." If Karl brought bedbugs birds. Sam was always going on about how much Betty had improved since he'd been working with her. He knew that I used to take Betty shopping. He pretended to be grateful but I believe he resented my involvement.

Serge had been Betty's worker before her and he was the same. When he heard that I'd taken Betty out for a coffee, he thanked me as if I'd taken him myself. Betty was their cash cow. For a while Serge remained her worker too, although Sam had officially taken over. That was fine with Betty. Adam said Serge was just using her to pad his caseload. For Betty it meant being spoiled.

I offended Sam by helping Betty buy a whole case of pop at the "No Frills." Otherwise she'd have spent her meager pin money buying it from the Koreans at three or four times its value. Sam said I was ruining her diet. Betty was fat with a bad face rash but there was nothing in her life besides trips to the Goodwill, the occasional movie, and treats. She borrowed movies from the office and watched them alone in her room. Her taste ran to low-budget slasher movies featuring bad actors with hairy shoulders and buckets of blood.

We were always getting cigs for the other tenants. Cigs gave you cancer. Betty didn't even smoke. Cokes gave you stomachache and made you fat, but it didn't matter. Betty was already fat. Her weight didn't change. I think she could have starved to death without losing weight. Cokes weren't



But who would bother? Society? We were society, the same way we were community. We were parsimonious economizing manifest. What about all the times the hospital screwed up the "meds" because they'd laid off all the trained pharmacists? What about all the times the manager sat hunched over a dosette on the little round table, picking out little bright-colored pills with his forceps, because a team with an inappropriately ballsy name had carelessly put them in the wrong slot? We had to touch the meds, with hands or forceps, or poison the tenant. One way or another, we were always getting them dirty. There were neurotoxins on our hands as well as in our sewage.

The manager overheard this exchange. I watched as she slowly removed her glasses and rubbed her brow. We'd interrupted her accounting. Later she told me to ignore Sam. He was on our health and safety committee. He'd previously never sat his ample ass on anything bigger than a toilet. He took his role too seriously. He hadn't noticed it was all cosmetic.

By then Adam had returned from the kitchen where he'd been finishing the tacos. I said Sam was a bastard. Adam said to stop complaining and "play the game." That was very British.

*

It bothers me to think that as Adam was getting ready to die any worse than smokes.

Nonetheless Sam had to do something to assert himself. That's what her intervention was about. He settled for exchanging Betty's regular cokes for diet. I remember him balancing the case on his ample thigh on his way back to the "No Frills," lecturing us on how wrong it was to ruin Betty's diet. What a fine, pro-active worker.

Adam was better. Staff routinely emptied all the cans of pop into a pitcher, thinking that it discouraged waste. Adam would never do so. He asked me if I wouldn't rather have my own pop. Of course I would. Adam put the tenants' dignity above such parsimonious economizing. He always made the imaginative effort to put himself in the tenants' situation.

Sam and Serge were insecure. That was confirmed for me again one afternoon when Sam came into the office and I caught his bird-eyes studying me as I gave Gabriel his 4 o'clock meds. He said he didn't want to butt in (which was a lie) but I'd just committed a major medication error. I'd tapped the pills into my hand first, and then handed them to Gabriel. That meant I was dispensing. We could be sued for that. I explained that Gabriel's hands had been too unsteady for me to give him his pills straight out of the dosette. There were worse things for which we could be sued. There were things for which we deserved to be sued.

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THIS WAY TO YOUR
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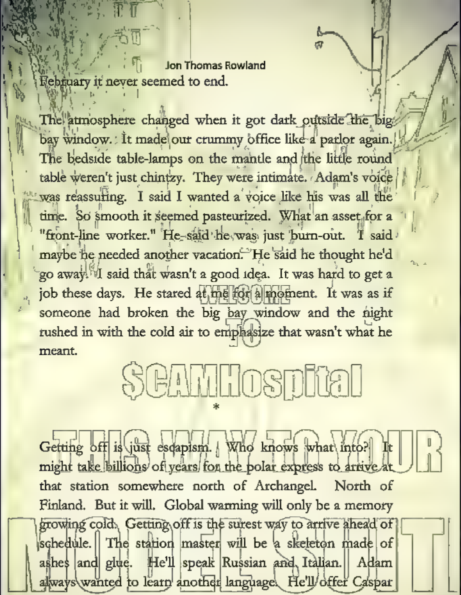

February it never seemed to end.

The atmosphere changed when it got dark outside the big bay window. It made our crummy office like a parlor again. The bedside table-lamps on the mantle and the little round table weren't just chintzy. They were intimate. Adam's voice was reassuring. I said I wanted a voice like his was all the time. So smooth it seemed pasteurized. What an asset for a "front-line worker." He said he was just burn-out. I said maybe he needed another vacation. He said he thought he'd go away. I said that wasn't a good idea. It was hard to get a job these days. He stared at me for a moment. It was as if someone had broken the big bay window and the night rushed in with the cold air to emphasize that wasn't what he meant.

*

Getting off is just escapism. Who knows what into? It might take billions of years for the polar express to arrive at that station somewhere north of Archangel. North of Finland. But it will. Global warming will only be a memory growing cold. Getting off is the surest way to arrive ahead of schedule. The station master will be a skeleton made of ashes and glue. He'll speak Russian and Italian. Adam always wanted to learn another language. He'll offer Caspar one of his daughters and a Lucky Strike.

I was typing on my laptop. I might even have been playing a computer game. Adam hated computers. A few days ago we were working in the kitchen and I told him about emulators. He knew about my programmer friend. He couldn't find work in his field. He spent a lot of time thinking about games and memory. Games consumed enormous amounts of memory. Adam said he thought we should get out of our little "box" and see more of the real world. I showed him my genuine Commodore Business Machines wristwatch. He laughed at it. I told him about the emulator for the Commodore 64 and how all I had to do was download it and some games. "Yahoo," he said.

I was also drinking beer and listening to Tristan. It was a long opera so I would have been listening to the Liebestod in the morning. That was more appropriate. One afternoon last week we were standing on the front porch of the House. He'd offered me one of his Lucky Strikes to smoke with him before he went home. It was a part of our routine. I didn't take it because I still had that bad cold. Adam said that meant I wasn't a true smoker. True smokers would just "smoke through." It was six o'clock and already getting dark. I said it reminded me of standing on the porch last year. I repeated what I said then, that it was like looking down a dark tunnel into winter, and Christmas.

I showed him the Tristan, one of those historical performances on Naxos that I was always buying. I'd loaned him a recording of Scriabin's preludes. He listened to it but didn't like it. He said it sounded like it was performed on an old upright. He called Scriabin "Scabies." He noticed right away that the Tristan was marked "AAD." I explained that it was still the best version in the catalog, conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler. He didn't care. It must have been my ability to buy compact disks whenever I wanted that made him sigh: "I'm so tired of being broke." That was something else that hadn't changed.

*

WELCOME
TO
THIS WAY TO YOUR

Our conversations are framed by darkness like old b-movies. I see Adam in his light-colored clothing against a dark background, like one of the protagonists of White Zombie. He left after six. The dark background is the night that starting in October got noticeably longer every day, started a few minutes earlier every shift. Working with Adam while the manager was on vacation was like being on some strange ride at the Exhibition, after the grounds were closed to normals.

It was the "Polar Express" headed into winter and eternal night. The riders were Gabriel, Frederick (not Fred), Michael, Jack, Karl, Leon, Charlene, et al. Adam and I sat together in a gondola. We didn't hold hands. We did our best to keep everyone from panicking and falling out. There wasn't much we could do except tell them to hold on. It was when you tried to get off that you might get hurt. By mid-into the House, we'd have to have it fumigated.

We'd also have to find alternative housing for twenty schizophrenic tenants. As staff we'd probably be quarantined. It would be a mess. If Gladys had told us earlier, or said something to Wanda at the time, we could have arranged for her to meet Karl outside the House. We could also have arranged for Karl to stay home over the weekend. That required much tact, given how violent he became at any interference with his weekly visits with Wanda. Because of Gladys's stupidity there'd probably be a scene.

Philip walked in on the next shift change. I'd just told Gladys that, because of the danger of infestation, we'd have to keep Karl home over the weekend. Gladys tried to look appalled. She accused us of violating the tenant's rights. Philip agreed. We had no right. I doubted that either of them gave a fuck about tenants' rights. Philip didn't even want to serve them coffee. She said it made them restless. They were up to something. However, I explained to Gladys as patiently as I could that after shift change I would to try to contact Wanda, to get her to talk to Karl.

Gladys demanded why nothing had been done earlier. Why the hell weren't we more "pro-active?" She always was a great one for shibboleths. Previously her favorites had been "behavior modification" and "shadowing." When Jack threatened to burn us down by smoking in his room, he worth a try, he said as he handed me the cell phone. Hold this anyway, he added. As opposed to his cock, I thought he meant.

*

Sometimes Adam was just a jerk. He'd take the cigs I was always buying him and stuffing in his "Roots" bag and hand them out to everybody like he thought he was J.P. Fucking Morgan. But he wouldn't give me a good handshake. Not after I said I was gay.

I remember just before Christmas vacation, his last. We were standing together on the front porch before he left for the holidays. He was very unhappy. He didn't like Christmas because it was so "commercial," or maybe he never got cha cha heals. He was broke - I knew, because I was buying him his cigarettes, and he was desperate enough to let me. He said he really appreciated it, every time he went over to his "Roots" bag and looked in and, lo, there was another carton - but he felt so bad, because he'd never be able to pay me back. I see why, now.

The manager had already said good-bye. She had taken Adam's hand, then mine, and gone to her crummy apartment building around the corner. She didn't care one way or another about Christmas. Adam suddenly offered me his hand to shake. He hadn't done that since the first time I needed "behavior modification," which would be achieved by "shadowing." If Gladys would only have checked his room once or twice a night, we might not have had to evict him. She was too lazy (and it would have violated Jack's "rights").

I told Gladys that she should have been more "pro active" herself. She shouldn't have waited a week to tell us about Karl's infestation. She accused me of getting too "worked up." I heard her tell Philip in an aside that I was "escalating." He nodded rapidly, probably signifying that they'd analyze me later. He'd obviously teamed up with Gladys, to get her shifts. She called in sick a lot. There was no doubt whom she'd ask to "relieve" her. Why be honest with Gladys?

*

I waited on my porch. Karl waited on his. We were waiting for Wanda. I heard Karl's shout. He'd noticed her first, but I waved her over before he got to her. I told her about our concern. She said she'd found little heaps of dead bugs around her bed. She'd already been bitten a few times on her legs. She agreed that Karl should probably stay with us until the infestation was over.

Karl had joined us by then. He objected that he wanted to stay with Wanda. I told him that we'd make a deal with him. He loved deals if they involved money. He was the House

*

Adam got my allusions to old John Waters movies. Later that day I inadvertently "came out" to Gladys, I passed by the House on my way to the store. Adam and Gladys were smoking on the porch. That day the water had been cut off so we'd been refilling the toilet tanks with expensive bottled water to keep the waste moving. They'd just surprised Mack squatting on the toilet, burying it under his mountainous buttocks. I said it must have been like walking in on Divine. Adam said in a John Waters movie we'd fill the tanks by pissing in them. Gladys asked what kind of movie was that. Adam said she obviously wasn't as hep as she thought. To me privately he called her a "dumb bitch."

Then there were the jokes. The real stinkers. He was going to put a spot in the middle of his forehead and hang a potato from his crotch and become a dick-'tater. Adam didn't have many clothes and some of his favorite clothing, like his "Leafs" shirt, got ruined with bleach. We traded shirts. He gave me a black sports shirt. I noticed right away how nice it smelled. He said he washed it in Tide. He asked me if I knew why. He said (with a lisp) "because it was cold out tide."

One night a few weeks before Christmas we were standing on the porch after supper and he said he couldn't drive his wife's car over the curb without damaging the bumper. He said he couldn't get it up, and winked at me. But it was capitalist. He bought more cigarettes than he could possibly smoke. We assumed he sold them at profit to tenants from other houses whom he met at his job. I know he sold some to Joan.

He asked what kind of deal. I told him we'd give him money for staying home. He asked how much. I considered that he'd be giving up some of his personal freedom for the common good. I also considered that he'd need some spending money, if he and Wanda were to be together outside the House. I said twenty dollars. He said "Deal!"

*

Adam, Gladys and I discussed sex while setting up supper one evening shortly before Christmas. We discussed masturbation. They had been joking about it. Being queer and an outsider so far as heterosexual arrangements were concerned, I said it came as a surprise to me that straight married men masturbated. Evidently they didn't have passionate sex every night, or if they did they had it with themselves. Both of them laughed. Adam explained that for the first six months there was plenty of sex, but it didn't make the Top Ten List of Reasons for Staying Married. Even I could appreciate that it was mainly a legal arrangement. Balzac would have laughed.

happened to meet Joe on my way home, all dressed up and insouciant, and told him to fuck himself. Then he started to work in the store, and a little later I started to work in the House, though not without nearly starving first. Joe never visited me, though I often saw him pass my yard, with its pathetic sale, as carefree as ever.

I was glad to see him. I still wanted to rub his back.

We chatted for a few minutes on the porch. I was afraid if I let him in, we'd trade places again. I offered him fifty bucks, and expressed the wish that he be more affectionate (i.e., let me rub his back). He said he would. Suddenly Charlene escalated and threw a bunch of old shoes over the balcony into the yard. It was some sort of commentary on us. Joe asked me to escort him out of the yard and to say good-bye to him out of sight of the camera. He didn't know, they didn't record anything. I did it.

*

Last spring Adam and I went with Gabriel to the annual general meeting. It was a rubber stamp. The manager presented the budget and asked for someone to move that it be accepted. She looked around the auditorium. No one stirred. Finally Gabriel stood up. "I just want to say," he began. Adam tugged at his sleeve. "Just say you move that we accept it." He did.

I'd put Gabriel's towel, his soap, and a little Dixie cup with his shampoo in it (the same kind we used for "meds") in the bathroom. I'd hang the towel from the rack where he'd find it when he was done. I'd put the soap on the ledge that circled the tub. Then I'd get away as fast as I could, because he might come in while I was there and start to strip He had no modesty. Few of the tenants did. They'd spent their lives in institutions where their modesty had been stripped away. After midnight I often glimpsed naked bodies flashing down the hall on the way to the toilet. That made trouble if the naked body was male and surprised a female tenant coming out of the lounge Betty would scream, march to the office, and demand to come in and rave about it for half an hour, or she'd go to the second floor pay-phone and call the cops. I think by then the cops had that phone flagged. Babs wanted to tear it off the wall, but the manager wouldn't hear of it. It was a cheap placebo. Most tenants felt better after calling the cops. Frederick (not Fred) once called them on Laura, claimed that she had a gun and was threatening to blow his head off, then went straight to bed and slept like a baby. I tried to get him to come downstairs to talk to the officers, but he refused to see them. They wanted to tell him how much they liked to drive fast with the siren screaming and the lights flashing. I hadn't heard any siren. The phone was flagged. They didn't take any calls dialed from it at face value.

They were always calling the cops on one another or ourselves. Adam warned me to be cautious in my zeal to get bought him a carton. I'd been sitting on the front steps waiting for him to come to work in his little car. I'd called him over. He wanted to know why I was doing that. I said because I thought he had to have something for himself. I'd noticed that he hadn't even bought a chocolate bar in weeks.

This time I must have held his hand a bit too long, because he withdrew it violently. Then he proceeded to put himself down, like he didn't want me to be attracted to him, and maybe at the same time was enjoying the attraction, and indulging himself a little. He said he was just a loser, a middle-aged loser getting a gut, and he was straight.

That Christmas I got depressed and nearly quit. Everyone thought it was Christmas, but it was Adam. He could do that to me.

*

He could be mean. I tried hard one week to get some of the dirtiest tenants to take a shower. The men posed special problems. Apart from the fact that they were especially dirty, they could be unpredictably immodest. I'd usually try to get Gabriel into the shower right after giving him his meds in the morning. It was a shock tactic. He'd initially refuse. There'd be saliva on his pillow and his shirt. Drool, Caspar called it. Gabriel stank of urine, saliva, and cigarettes. He slept in his clothes, sometimes several nights in a row.

*

The door-bell rang during the evening shift. It wasn't Friday, so it couldn't be the nice young man from the pharmacy with Leon's "meds." I thought it was one of the client's friends, usually a client too, from one of the other group homes in the neighborhood. There already were quite a few Emile Durkheim Houses, but I always seemed to be hearing about new ones opening up. Another agency had purchased the mansion across the street for two million dollars.

We were all agents of the government. The manager was confident that we represented the future. She had only to refer me to her special computer program that calculated the millions Emile Durkheim House saved society for every day that every client was a tenant in the House as opposed to a patient in the Hospital, and I was convinced that we were at once as artificial and unnecessary as anything else that was man-made and as inevitable as a force of nature. I only wondered how we'd ever avoid living in such a place ourselves. Well, there was one way.

I answered the door as was my duty, but it wasn't one of their friends but one of mine. Like Adam's wife, Joe hadn't been able to find work in computing.

I hadn't seen him since I told him I never wanted to see him again. That was because he wouldn't let me rub his back. I'd worth a try, he said as he handed me the cell-phone. Hold this anyway, he added. As opposed to his cock, I thought he meant.

*

Sometimes Adam was just a jerk. He'd take the cigs I was always buying him and stuffing in his “Roots” bag and hand them out to everybody like he thought he was J.P. Fucking Morgan. But he wouldn't give me a good handshake. Not after I said I was gay.

I remember just before Christmas vacation, his last. We were standing together on the front porch before he left for the holidays. He was very unhappy. He didn't like Christmas because it was so "commercial," or maybe he never got cha-cha heals. He was broke - I knew, because I was buying him his cigarettes, and he was desperate enough to let me. He said he really appreciated it, every time he went over to his "Roots" bag and looked in and, lo, there was another carton - but he felt so bad, because he'd never be able to pay me back. I see why, now.

The manager had already said good-bye. She had taken Adam's hand, then mine, and gone to her crummy apartment building around the corner. She didn't care one way or another about Christmas. Adam suddenly offered me his hand to shake. He hadn't done that since the first time I wanted to do that and more almost since I first saw him, two years ago, when I was working in a junk store owned by the cunt-struck seaman referred to above. That was before he got evicted. He hung out with me at the store, possibly because there wasn't much happening at home. There wasn't much happening in the store either, but at least there was some company. I enjoyed his company.

I suppose that was why I tried to help him out, with small amounts of money, some food, and cigarettes. It was natural. I liked him, and I knew he was broke. I was grateful that he accepted what I had to offer. He reciprocated by showing up at closing time to help me bring in the heavier stuff, dressers and cedar chests and mahogany table-tops.

Yet by some dynamic I still don't understand, in a few months Joe was working in the store and I was out of a job. I know my manic so-called boss had a lot to do with it. Joe was also manic. That might have explained the kids, who also started to hang out at the store. His oldest son would run away and have to be brought back home by the cops, whom he'd regale on the way by telling them the plots of the last x-rated movies he'd watched with his old man. That brought the cops around the store and created a lot of trouble for me. It upset me more than the seaman, who wasn't phased by anything sexual or by cops either, with whom he dealt quite comfortably, thug to thug. Joe and the seaman wore me out, till one afternoon when the seaman started to whine about my ten percent I just quit. I

Once I got him to plant his feet on the floor beside the bed I'd nearly won. If I relented he still might go back to bed. Many mornings I'd got him medicated, out of bed, dressed and cigaretted to go to the asylum for bloodwork. He'd take the cigarette I offered him at the office door, promising to go as soon as he'd smoked it in the first floor lounge. I wouldn't see him leave, but hours later I'd assume he must have gone and come back. I'd look for him to give him his afternoon meds and find him sound asleep in bed, still clenching his bus fare in a sweaty fist.

After he put his feet on the floor I'd find him a towel, a bathrobe, and (if I were lucky) some clean clothes. Usually everything was dirty. His socks would be crumpled up like balls of paper. The dirtiest pairs were crusty and hard like salt-damaged shoe-leather. His underwear had piss and shit stains on it. His closet was so jammed full of clothing that you had to tug and yank at anything to remove it. Most of the clothing was dirty. What wasn't dirty was unsuitable. Gabriel had either grown too fat for it or it was designed for some purpose or occasion that never arose in the House. I'd usually find an old pair of jeans under bags of laundry at the bottom of his closet. Something would be wrong with them. They'd have a bib or be too tight. They'd be for a woman. I'd tell him I was going downstairs but would be back in five minutes to make sure he was in the shower.

denied she had. Gladys ignored my whispered information that Sophy had a memory problem, indeed had Korsakov's syndrome, and had probably given consent and forgotten all about it. She scowled. Sophy told me to fuck myself and stormed out of the office. When I tried to resume shift-change, Gladys kept grumbling about my alleged mistreatment of Sophy. When I came to Sophy's name on the list, and mentioned that she wasn't supposed to get more than one pack of cigs a day, Gladys ignored me. I asked her several times if she'd heard me.

Suddenly Gladys flared at me and accused me of treating her like a little girl. I told Gladys that I merely wanted to finish shift-change without having to listen to her negativity. I also wanted to be sure she was paying attention. She let me finish, but with an ill grace. Later, when we were serving in the kitchen, she accused me of treating the tenants "like shit."

I don't know why Gladys became so incensed about our arrangement with Sophy. She followed the same procedure herself with Gabriel and Jack, and was always warning me not to let them scam me for extra cigs. Harriet Parsons made Gladys apologize. At first she denied everything. Then she prevaricated. She said she'd accused me of treating the tenants "like dirt."

Her principal line of defense was what she termed "our good relationship." She showed the "Team Leader" the sunglasses them clean. It hadn't happened yet at the House, but it had certainly happened before. All of them were schizophrenic, most "paranoid subtype." Ideally I should always have had someone with me as a witness.

Gabriel would still be in the shower when I got back, or the tub. Then I'd somehow have to make sure he really washed. Strictly speaking it wasn't possible without being where I wasn't supposed to be. I'd listen for the sound of soap on skin and encourage him verbally through the door.

With Betty I used a different technique. I didn't dare risk a full-scale direct assault. It probably wouldn't have worked with her anyway, and if it failed I wouln't ever have recovered my authority. Adam had warned me from the beginning, as in the matter of locking the T.V. sets, not to overplay my hand.

We'd had only one real battle. She'd lost her temper in the dining room, because I'd made her wait for everyone else to be served before she got "seconds." She grabbed the milk pitcher that I'd been pouring from at the pass-through, which for hygienic reasons was against the rules. She poured herself a tall glass of milk, and threw the pitcher back at me so violently that it bounced off the island and splashed onto the floor. Of course, I ordered her to clean it up. She refused, but I felt I couldn't back down this time. I pursued her all over the House, pointing in the direction of the kitchen. Clean it up, I insisted. She said she was going to get asked him more directly than usual. I said afterwards I'd take him to dinner in Chinatown.

I think he felt that if he didn't let me, it would spoil our day. I remember him standing still in the middle of my dilapidated kitchen, with the ceiling flaking and the tiles lifting because of the dampness from the leaky roof. He'd was wearing a blue jacket and he'd already put on his knapsack. He turned his back to me, but I didn't want to rub it through several layers of material. He removed the jacket so I could at least rub his neck and the tops of his shoulders. He was smooth. He smelled like the soap he'd showered with that morning. I think it was "Irish Spring."

*

Joe started coming around. I wouldn't say regularly, but once every two or three weeks. I relaxed about letting him enter the House. I didn't have much choice, since Adam usually answered the door and invited him inside.

I told Adam about Joe and me, and the store. He said he thought Joe needed a swift kick in the ass. Then, more tenderly, he asked me if Joe had sought any kind of help. I said I thought Joe had exhausted all the help. Adam thought he would still be eligible for welfare. He'd been a social worker all his life, whereas I'd been virtually a client all of mine. He naturally had more confidence in the "social

Next was a presentation by a woman who'd directed a movie about the relationship between mentally ill people and the police. The director was a well-heeled Bohemian from the suburbs. She'd spent several hours riding around with the cops as they responded to crises by arresting the clients involved in them and bringing them in for "assessment." She said it all came down to a three-point support plan. Housing, family, and friends. Afterwards Adam observed that all of our tenants had been abandoned by their families. Few of them had strong friendships. It would require a very strong friendship to withstand so much hardship and loss. We offered housing or at least shelter, but they were always getting evicted or running away. When the woman referred to the cops as our frontline mental health workers, Sophy, who had come on her own for the free food, guffawed loudly, swore, and walked out. The woman from the suburbs tried to ignore her.

She seemed relieved when Samantha put up her hand to talk. At her most unctuous, Samantha told us how much she liked the police. They'd never given her any trouble. When she was stranded in the middle of nowhere, they always gave her a ride home. I remembered such episodes. The manager wanted her to walk, but she'd frighten the locals so much, with her catatonic posturing and delusional friends, that they'd call the police to have her removed.

Samantha's relationship with the police wasn't amicable.

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a cop. I said go ahead, after you clean it up. Finally I told her that if she didn't clean it up I'd refuse to sell her any more contraband cigarettes out of the office. You can't do that, she shrieked. I told her that I certainly could. In fact I was going to write an entry in the common log telling everyone that she was cut off cigarettes from now on. Go away, she screamed. Just go away. All right, I said. No more cigarettes ever. I waited a few moments in the office, till I heard her familiar march. All right, she said. I'm ready to do it. Just a moment I said, when I'm ready. In the dining room she was very dramatic. I hadn't played seen such a Sarah Bernhardt performance since Frederick's great prat fall a few weeks ago. I handed her a dish clout, pointing at the mess on the floor. Do you want me to get down on my hands and knees like a dog, she demanded. I nodded.

I naturally decided to get Betty to bathe by offering her a few cigarettes. It worked beautifully. If I'd used any other means, there'd have been screaming, histrionics and hysteria. I didn't even have time for it all.

Adam could be mean because after I'd spent my morning doing these things, he'd arrive at 10 o'clock, hang up his "Roots" bag and put away his "Ray Ban" glasses, very methodically. He was studied in such methods. The point was to keep me waiting till he was ready, then find fault with my shift change. It wasn't hard because by then I'd already have spent two hours on Frederick (not Fred) and Gabriel's hygiene. I'd have gone up and down the dark-varnished

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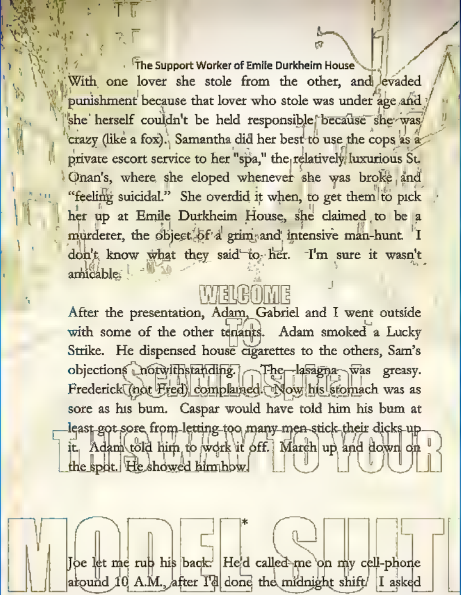
With one lover she stole from the other, and evaded punishment because that lover who stole was under age and she herself couldn't be held responsible because she was crazy (like a fox). Samantha did her best to use the cops as a private escort service to her "spa," the relatively luxurious St. Onan's, where she eloped whenever she was broke and "feeling suicidal." She overdid it when, to get them to pick her up at Emile Durkheim House, she claimed to be a murderer, the object of a grim and intensive man-hunt. I don't know what they said to her. I'm sure it wasn't amicable.

After the presentation, Adam, Gabriel and I went outside with some of the other tenants. Adam smoked a Lucky Strike. He dispensed house cigarettes to the others, Sam's objections notwithstanding. The lasagna was greasy. Frederick (not Fred) complained. Now his stomach was as sore as his bum. Caspar would have told him his bum at least got sore from letting too many men stick their dicks up it. Adam told him to work it off. March up and down on the spot. He showed him how.

*

Joe let me rub his back. He'd called me on my cell-phone around 10 A.M., after I'd done the midnight shift. I asked him to come by around noon. He did. I think my sleep deprivation had lowered my inhibitions, because this time I



safety net" than I did. I asked him if he thought I should accompany Joe to the Welfare office, and hold his hand. He said well, yes.

*

One night in particular makes me think it was planned. It was as if he wanted to tell me some things first. He let me make him a coffee in a Styrofoam cup. I made it strong. He quaffed it all at once and shook his head like a dog coming out of the water. It was instant so it was bitter. Then we went upstairs and he sat with me in the office after six o'clock. His shift ended at six. He usually left a few minutes early. It was getting dark outside.

Adam wanted to warn me about Gladys. Gladys was still angry with me because I'd complained about her for accusing me of treating the tenants "like shit." I'd been following standard procedures. Sophy came to the office just as I was about to give Gladys shift change. She complained that she was out of cigarettes. I said I was sorry but I couldn't do anything about it, as she'd had her cigarettes for the day. She said she wanted her cigarettes for the next day (she got a pack a day, each one dated). I again said no, because that would only leave her short tomorrow.

Gladys got involved, scoffed at the arrangement, and demanded to know if Sophy had consented to it. Sophy

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another matter. Who would even know?

The locksmith arrived around 10 to install a combination lock on the back door. It was something the manager and Adam had decided to do. I thought it was a bad idea. They probably hadn't thought about it at all. The locksmith should have come earlier. The maintenance man gave the locksmith our address then forgot to meet him.

The locksmith saw Karl sitting on the steps and asked him if he'd called him. Karl had had another quarrel with Mack that morning. He told the locksmith to fuck off. I noticed him sitting in his truck and invited him into the House.

Adam arrived around 10:30. I was talking to the locksmith as Adam got out of his little car and removed the purple bins from the trunk. The bins were heavy. I returned to the office and looked out the bay window just as he started to carry them into the basement. He was wearing shorts and I saw that his knees were swollen. I could tell they were bothering him by the way he carried the bins. I went out to give him a hand. I saluted him from the steps.

That is one of the indelible images I have of him, running in the background since I first saw it. Unlike the tapes in the security video, it's legible. Adam carries the purple bin with the four-liter bags of milk. I know it's heavy, because I've carried it myself. He wears a checked short-sleeved shirt open over a white T-shirt, shorts, gym socks, and running

I'd given her. She said I was always giving her CDs. That was my defense. It never occurred to her that such behavior was inconsistent with treating people like shit or dirt. She offered a half-assed apology and took a week off to recover. When she got back she did it all over again. Nothing was done about it by Harriet.

Because of Gladys's irresponsibility the House couldn't accommodate anyone with serious problems. Gladys simply couldn't be trusted to do the work that would keep them and the rest of the House secure. She was why Joan and Jack were evicted. No team was stronger than its weakest member. With Gladys, there effectively was no team.

Adam said Gladys was still grumbling about me. He warned me to be careful what I said in front of her. That was generous considering that a while ago we'd had a loud argument in Gladys's presence. At least the worst of it happened during break.

Adam usually came to work at a quarter to ten. That was what we were supposed to do, till Babs became uncomfortable with it. I'd started at a quarter to 8 and was just finishing the morning meds when he called to say he'd be late. He was going shopping. He assured me he wouldn't be any later than 10:30 however. He didn't like to leave a relief person alone during the day. I think Adam wanted to feel needed. In reality there was nothing we did that anyone couldn't do. Whether or not anyone really would was

West
West
Beacons

man who was getting upset, and who was convinced that he was right.

He got up and went over to his "Roots" bag hanging as usual beside the mantle. He removed two cigarettes from the pack of Lucky Strikes. He tapped me on the shoulder, the cigarettes extended between the fingers of his hand. Come on, he said. I wouldn't go.

At 3:30 Adam told me I could go home. I said I knew. I was being dismissed. Usually he let me stay for shift change with Gladys. He probably wanted me to go before Gladys had a chance to see how distraught I was. It would only have confirmed her worst suspicions about my "certifiability."

I foiled Adam's good intentions. He and Gladys were smoking on the porch. I was sitting on my porch next door. I was still angry. I called over to Gladys. Hey, I said. I think I'll come over tonight and steal a television from the lounge, since I know the combination. Adam wheeled around. Ass-hole, he called me. I said he was an ass-hole himself. He said if I had "issues" with him, we'd go for a walk and discuss them like adults. I wish I'd gone. That was treating me like a wife.

*

shoes. The "Roots" bag hangs from his shoulder. I notice the bandage under the brace, and the brace itself.

Unfortunately before I'd even carried a bin into the kitchen I started to complain about that stupid lock. He asked me to please let him get settled first. He liked to take his time in the morning. He would put his "Roots" bag on the worn office chair beside the computer. He'd remove his Ray Ban glasses and put them away in their case. Finally he'd hang up his bag on one of the hooks beside the mantle. Then he was ready for shift change.

I sat down at the little round table. I started with Jack. That morning I hadn't found any urine in cups on his dresser. The clothes weren't wet in his hamper, so he hadn't urinated there either. I proceeded down the list, reading from a sheet of yellow foolscap. Joan was out. Ellie had drunk a whole liter of orange juice. Nothing new. I said I'd had no contact with Laura.

Adam stopped me. Wasn't that Laura he'd just seen finishing her breakfast in the dining room? It was. I was reading the notes I'd taken two hours ago during shift-change with Babs. Adam loved to trip me up. It was something one did to one's understudy. I apologized and resumed shift change. There wasn't anything important. Someone was getting some cumedin that he hadn't got before. So and so's cigs and pin money had arrived for the weekend, two packs and a two dollar coin taped to each pack. Someone's clozapine had been increased by 25mg. Nothing major.

I returned to the topic of the lock. I was against it. The back door opened into a smoking lounge in a remote part of the House. It was full of expensive audio-visual equipment, all in plain view. The room had already been plundered once. Adam was in one of his dogmatic moods and asserted that if it was a security problem it was because we weren't doing our job. He meant that since we were supposed to do rounds every hour, we'd catch anyone sneaking in through the back. I took offense.

I stood up. My voice shook. The manager had warned me about getting too emotional. Maybe I needed anger management, and something for O.C.D. as well. Adam's voice was always so even, so well-modulated. He said it was because he was burnt out. I asked him as steadily as I could if the loss of several thousand dollars worth of audio-visual equipment would be casually written off. It was a stupid rhetorical question. Of course it would. The idiots from Head Office ran around the House every October, distributing laminated cat posters and plants in macramé holders, trying to use up their surplus. Meanwhile they couldn't afford to hire more full-time staff or give relief workers any benefits. If you got liver disease unplugging toilets it was just too bad. They had more money than brains. A lot more.

Adam told me to act like an adult, not a wise thing to say to a

I think Gladys was jealous of what she considered Patricia and Babs's "certifiability." She suspected me too. In the context it would have been a lot more useful than my doctorate. It would have opened doors, presented options, created opportunities. It was membership in a club which automatically got you invited elsewhere. There was something to Gladys's position.

I now realize that Adam might have "belonged" more than anyone (except perhaps myself), but for some reason chose not to exercise his privileges. He never played that card. Yet I remember one morning he told me. "I'm crazy, " he said. "We all are." He meant himself, Patricia, Babs even Gladys. Despite how desperately I wanted to belong there, with him, he hadn't included me. Maybe it was only stating the obvious, but I'm still jealous.

*

Now I have a lot of leisure time. I haunt the local hot-spots. Places he wouldn't be caught dead in. I get out of bed. It's difficult without a job and Adam to go to. I still wake up at shift change time. Part of me wants to get back to work. I used to be so glad to get those last minute calls from the manager or Babs. I was usually told only that Patricia wouldn't be coming in that day for her usual 8 to 4 P.M. shift. Sometimes Babs told me, with a confidential air and a request to keep it to myself, that she was depressed. For all I trap, and bought it. I heard him grumbling behind me. Canadians were crazy.

*

Adam tired himself out last fall by helping his brother move. He also more trouble than ever sleeping that night, because of the pain. Carting stuff up and down stairs was especially hard on his bad knees. I asked him why he didn't just say no. He said he couldn't say no to his brother. I believe his brother was capable of saying no to him. A little later I told Adam they must be close, but he said they weren't. Why put himself out, then? I'm convinced that he had no one.

*

We were standing on the steps. Adam was smoking. I was saying something about the stress that went with our work. I said I coped with it by turning into someone else. I said I guessed that sounded pretty bad. Adam said it sure did. The cell-phone rang. I saw that it was from his wife, and handed him the phone. He left me alone on the porch for a few moments to talk to her privately in the office. When he got back I could see how tired he was. I guessed it had been a hard day. His cigarette was nearly exhausted too, and beginning to burn the railing. We resumed our conversation but without the same enthusiasm.

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cared she could have been suicidal.

They didn't want Gladys to know. Gladys wasn't supposed to know if one of them had a tooth ache. Gladys didn't care and either way I got to work with Adam. Most of the time I worked for him too. I would bake cookies, cook chicken breasts and do roasts at night, things Babs never attempted. The whole house benefited, but the whole house never thanked me. Adam told me how much he appreciated it. Once after I'd worked a week of midnights, Adam told me how much he was going to miss my help after Babs got back. He said he didn't know why the company didn't fire her and hire a security guard at minimum wage. That's all she was.

I make strong coffee. I steam the milk in a Pyrex measuring cup and pour it over the coffee in a glass. I have that while I type something on my lap-top. Then I go for a walk, usually to the Sally Anne at Lansdowne and the Goodwill at the end of Thing Street. Most of the customers should be committed. They're certifiable.

Today an old guy bothered me at the Sally Anne. He was very nosy about a Yashika movie camera that I was examining. He obviously wanted it for himself, so he started to give me all kinds of advice. He said I wouldn't be able to get film for it, it didn't have any batteries, etc. When I walked down an aisle to escape him, I heard him tell the cashier to watch me, I was going to steal it. That made me angry. I walked up to the counter, told the man to shut his

Please don't be schizophrenic, he said. He must have thought that was what I meant. I was his friend. He probably couldn't bear to think that his friend might be mentally ill.

I never told him that the "someone else" I tried to become was him. When I felt myself wanting to shout at Gabriel for asking me for a cigarette every five minutes, I remembered the level tone of his voice and tried to imitate it. When I was tired and wanted to cut corners by not sweeping behind the garbage pail in the kitchen, I moved it and swept behind it in his name. When Samantha tried my patience by begging me to call the police because she had an axe and was worse than Lizzie Borden, I remembered his reasonable firmness and remained calm. When the staff demoralized me with their mean sloth and ill-concealed sham idealism, I followed his example and did my job. As much as possible I did it the same way he did his. He eschewed idealism. He just did the best he could so no one could say he didn't.

It was just a job. People like Gladys or Serge, who blew hard about "being there for THEM," weren't doing the job. They never cleaned anything. They cooked only when they felt like it, which was seldom. They slept all night. They forgot to sign for medications. Sometimes they forgot to give them at all. Face it. They were there for money. Adam was there for money too, and to do as good a job as he could. Maybe in the end he felt it just wasn't good enough.

I remember him teasing me because I worked so hard in the kitchen. At night I'd cook enough for the next three days. He said I couldn't compete with him, but a few days before he killed himself he sampled everything I'd cooked that day and said it was "all good."

*

Our "big argument" is easy for me to live with, because there was wrong on both sides. Our next to last conversation is harder for me to think about, because it was really a one sided attack. It was mean. I was angry with Adam over something trivial. He had been angry himself with the staff. I think with Babs for not taking any initiative, and for never cleaning anything, because she was always feuding with Gladys. Her principal work at night was making ten sandwiches for lunch. They were what Caspar called "prison fare," a slice of bologna between two slices of "Wonder" bread slathered with margarine. She had to be told to use up the roast.

Without guidance she would lock things up, put away things we needed to use, post signs telling the tenants what to do, etc. There wasn't any guidance. Adam and I tried to get the manager to stop Babs from locking up the T.V. set in the smoking lounge. Every midnight, shortly after coming on duty, she'd go into the lounge, turn off the T.V., and lock it, I have a scrap of yellow foolscap torn from the pad on the clipboard that Adam wanted Babs to leave in the kitchen.

Adam had to tape a sticky note to the board reminding Babs to "Please leave clipboard and pad in kitchen." He subsequently added "and pen." Otherwise, as we knew, after midnight Babs would put away the clipboard, the pad, and the pen in a drawer of the "meds" cabinet, or in a cubby hole of the desk, wherever she thought they "belonged," which by some perverted logic was always as far away as possible from where they were needed, at the furthest possible remove from the people that used and needed them. I wonder if she felt that way about people. Then to her Adam must be where he belongs.

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Adam put notes on the stapler, the tape dispenser, the apron, the dustpan, the broom. He couldn't put a sticky note on the electric tea kettles, so he wrote an entry in the common log, telling Babs not to move them. They were a particular obsession. She wouldn't put them away. She couldn't. I believe she wanted to, but there was nowhere to put them. Instead she separated them. She left one where it was, beside the sink where it could easily be refilled. She left the other at the other end of the kitchen, inconveniently away from the taps. We would replace the kettle, and Babs would remove it again, night after night.

That might have been disturbing enough, or amusing, refused to give her her "meds" at all. Babs would send her to bed and wake her up for "meds" at 6 A.M.

We noticed that Julia came home at the same time on the weekend. She was steady on her feet. We talked to her. Her speech was clear. Her thinking seemed coherent. We invariably gave her her meds. Babs evidently had a grudge against Gladys for refusing to give Julia her "meds" to take in the tavern.

Now Babs claimed that Julia had a serious drinking problem. If Babs didn't withhold her "meds" she'd almost certainly go into a coma by 3 A.M. Clozapine and alcohol were a deadly combination. It said so right in the C.P.S. What? Dear's a doctor now? Gladys said Babs was hallucinating. The C.P.S. merely warned against excessive drinking while on clozapine, as with any CNS depressant.

Nonetheless for months Babs refused to give Julia her "meds" when she came for them. The "meds" sheets were spotted with asterisks indicating every time she'd noted Julia's "drunkenness" and refused to give her her "meds" till 6 A.M. It was like a rash.

Adam said it was hard to soar with eagles when you worked with turkeys. He said he hated Emile Durkheim House. As for me, he said he was fed up with my leaving garbage in the drain. He went over to the sink where I'd just rinsed the rice pot. He found some grains of rice as well as pieces of stairs at least six times dispensing "meds," carrying the plastic water pitcher, Dixie cups, and dosettes. I'd also have removed the breakfast things in the dining room, and put on the soup for lunch.

I'd tell him how I'd worked to get the tenants into the shower. He'd say that was great. He'd offer me one of his Lucky Strikes. We'd smoke on the porch. Then Betty would join us. The tenants had an uncanny instinct for knowing when and where we were on break. She'd inevitably say something about our deal. Adam would look at me. He'd thought I was motivating the tenants to take better care of themselves, but I was bribing them. I'd feel so chagrined. Later I'd notice him with Laura or someone else whom he'd just got into the shower, handing her a cigarette. He'd have arranged for me to notice.

He had his own technique. I think the manager had instructed him to discourage me. When she examined the logbook and read that I'd got half a dozen tenants cleaned up, it made her look bad. Apart from ordering supplies, socializing with the workers (all of whom she rightly considered useless inferior creatures) and, of course, counting the cigarette money, she didn't do very much. She didn't manage in any sense of that loaded word. But once I surprised her by coming in early, and saw where she'd been doing her personal banking business on the office computer. She'd typically forgotten to remove the page. Like most misers, she was loaded. I took away a lasting impression of peeked into her bedroom. She'd pulled the blanket over her head. That jaunt cost her mother 300 dollars. "Brilliant," as Ellie liked to say.

*

Ellie was addicted to fluids. She'd wrap her lips around the bathroom tap and suck back the whole water-works if she could. Then she'd pull up her T-shirt and rub her smooth stomach, swollen like a balloon. She'd moan "O-o-o-oh, that feels g-o-o-o d." The disability allowance folks exhausted their meager ingenuity trying to get her extra money for plastic mattress covers, to divert pin money to pee money. Somewhere they got some emergency funding.

I suspected all along that it came out of her cigarette money, because that was when they cut her back to one cigarette every even hour. It was too much for mere co-incidence. It was their bright idea. Everything came out of that little blue Tupperware dish on the mantle.

Ellie looked glum. She shivered on the porch in her blue housecoat. I asked her if she liked Christmas. Oh yes, she said, it was her favorite holiday. She wanted to hang all New York City on the tree. "Brilliant."

*

even if the tenant was in the middle of a program that he wanted to watch. Several of the tenants had complained to Adam, Gladys, and myself. Tenants were afraid to start watching a movie around midnight, because they knew Babs would interrupt them.

While this might seem trivial, it was directly contrary to the ethos of the House as a home, a "non-custodial" facility. Babs offered no excuse other than the noise. Yet the tenants routinely slept with their radios blaring. Babs herself was always entering their rooms at night to turn them down. They slept through fire alarms. Half of them symbolically burned to death every fire drill. When we suggested that Babs simply ask the tenant to turn down the volume, she told us that it was "her" shift and what she did on "her" shift was "her" business - or in other words none of ours.

Julia used to go drinking Before leaving she'd pace up and down the second floor hall. She'd leave her door open and turn up her radio. The first time I heard her singing along I thought he was escalating. I ran upstairs to offer her a sedative. If she was going out, she wouldn't take anything.

She looked slightly Gothic in her long floor-length coat over a long black gown. Like most of the tenants she had an enormous wardrobe, and only wore a portion of it. That portion was like a thin layer of topsoil over slag heaps. I knew because I'd cleaned her room several times. Before I could mop the floor I had to spend a lot of time sorting the many accounts, with a lot of money in each. Those she managed.

*

Gladys's shift change was brief. She wrote a note in the common log. No major problems to report. Everyone had had "meds" except Julia and Ellie. Julia I was used to. She'd get her "meds" from me when she got home from some bar around 2 A.M. I'd write my own note in the common log. Julia returned at 2 A.M. Client was steady on her feet. Speech was clear. Thinking seemed coherent. Staff gave client meds as usual. That was for Babs's benefit. It broke the series of entries stating that Julia came home "obviously drunk."

Ellie's absence was different. She'd been unusually anxious for cigarettes. She'd been getting one every even hour. She came to the office on the odd hours too, hoping Gladys would forget and give her an extra one. At 10:30 Gladys had looked out the big bay office window and seen her negotiating with a cabbie. Last seen wearing tight jeans and a T-shirt. It was snowing, and Ellie was bare-foot.

Right after shift change Ellie's mother called. Her daughter had arrived and she was sending her straight back. I was working in the kitchen when I heard Ellie's footsteps overhead. At least she must have found some shoes. I

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showed obvious signs of intoxication. Adam said the part about being in the kitchen was supposed to show us how hard Babs was working, making prison sandwiches. Gladys thought she slept most of the night. It would have been better if she had.

The part about "obvious" signs of intoxication annoyed Adam. What was so obvious? The common log wasn't supposed to contain assertions or value judgments, only statements of fact. So and so had an appointment at such and such a time. Samantha refused to take her meds. Julia mopped the dining room floor, etc. The last fact should have indicated to Babs the improbability of Julia's being drunk. Cleaning was Julia's only job. She didn't make enough at it to get "obviously" drunk.

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The trouble started when Babs asked Gladys to give Julia her meds in a little envelope, to take at the appropriate time "in community," as the saying was. This time the "community" was a tavern. Gladys said Babs just didn't want to be bothered giving Julia her meds at 2 A.M. She wanted to sleep. It was a bad idea because it meant that instead of getting her "meds" late, Julia probably wouldn't get them at all. She'd forget about them or throw them in the garbage. Gladys refused to co-operate, and this time the manager supported her.

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Subsequently Babs became obsessed about Julia's drinking and her "meds." Now when Julia came home at 2:45 he clothes that covered the floor, the dresser, the end tables, and even part of the bed. I hung some of them up, but her closet already bulged like Gabriel's. Once I filled half a dozen green garbage bags with clothes that I'd never seen her wear. Julia asked me where I was putting them. I told her in the unused elevator shaft. I didn't tell her that after that I was putting them out on the curb. She never inquired about them again.

Adam said none of tenants knew the value of clothing because they never had to work for it. Some of it was contributed by an ancient charity run by retired nurses at the asylum. The rest was provided free every year by workers. Adam couldn't go a week without repeating a garment.

Julia went out around 11 P.M. looking slightly Gothic in her long coat and gown. She wore dark glasses even at midnight. She usually carried a mean-looking piece of iron that she wore like a dagger in her belt. Maybe she had enemies. No one knew where she went, though it was rumored she had a boy-friend. I told Adam maybe that was what the crowbar was for. He asked me rather sharply what I knew about it. I told him not much but I'd read a lot of books. He said he was sorry.

Julia never came back drunk to anyone's knowledge except Babs's. So far as Babs knew she always did. Babs was convinced. She wrote notes in the common log. Client returned at 2:45 A.M. and came to staff in kitchen. Client

TH3 COMPOUND

SCUM
west
west
Beacons

FASCIST CANK AND TH3 DRAK3
STRANG3 B3DF3LLOWS IN
TH3 DEATHBED OF CULTURE

toilets for a living.

Eugenia hadn't come here to unplug toilets, although she was full of criticism of the decadent West. She spent a lot of time sipping tea watching coverage of the Iraq War on CNN. She was convinced that the Americans had finally gone too far. I'm sure she considered me decadent too. She was curious about my sexuality. She liked to contrast male and female anatomy. The male had to perform while the female could be passive. The female could also fake it. That made her superior. She told one of the other workers that back home they used to stone homosexuals. That is how they dealt with deviant orientations.

She asked me if I had children. I said no. She said it used to be every man's duty to his family to procreate. Otherwise everything stopped with him. I wondered if she thought we were expendable now that we weren't doing our duty. I thought of telling her that there were other kinds of continuity besides children. I wasn't even sure that children were one. It depended on the child. I didn't think I owed anything to my family. So far as I was concerned everything could stop. The world appeared to be stopping anyway, or maybe it was time for us to get off.

I didn't like Eugenia very much. The house already sheltered twenty egotists whom we were paid to serve. Nevertheless she sometimes behaved as if it revolved around herself. She would sit in the office and peruse the confidential client files.

Harriet turned to Patricia and asked her how Eugenia was doing. Wonderful, she said. Lose one, find one.

*

Harriet said Adam's relatives said he always had nice things to say about Emile Durkheim House. I reminded her that for the last year Adam had actually been needy. I helped him out as much as he'd let me. I bought him all of his cigarettes, a lot of booze, and occasionally gave him money. Once a week I slipped a carton of Lucky Strikes into his "Roots" bag, and often a bottle too. He liked "Wiser's" whisky. I said the really important thing was, he let me. He said he really appreciated it. So where were the relatives she referred to? A lot they knew. She wanted to plant a tree in our wretched garden, dedicated to Adam's memory. I thought a marijuana plant would have been more appropriate. A lot she knew, too.

*

Head Office was Bedlam. It was suitably located on the edge of the old Thing Street Asylum's "catchment area." In reality its catchment area was the entire downtown core.

I called to get my separation papers. They were already 3 months late. They should have been processed automatically. I asked the woman who answered for the tomato and lettuce from the salad. I thought it was mean of him, considering that I'd worked all day in the kitchen while he'd been sitting in the office doing "quarterly entries." I said I did the best I could. He said, mocking me now, that he realized I had my limitations. I got angry then and started to criticize the way the House was run. I did my best, but a lot of people didn't pull their own weight. Adam said something about working for a different House. No doubt about it, he'd do better in a better-run house. I'd heard it all before.

He wanted me to stop thinking about the sink, to come upstairs and have a cigarette. In the office I couldn't help thinking about his remarks, and I said something. I can still see him reaching for that bottle of painkillers. Please don't obsess about the sink, he pleaded. Outside he sat down on some of the railroad ties that lined the little garden. I can still see him. He was wearing a shirt over a T-shirt, running shoes, shorts. I could see the pressure-bandage under the brace. Parts of the brace had been repaired with hockey tape. He was wearing his Ray-Bans. He said he could get a factory job.

I told him he was delusional. He was forty, and had a disability, and factory jobs weren't so plentiful any more. It was a delusional fantasy. In reality he was trapped, like all of us. He said it was my thinking that was trapped. I said no, I was just being realistic. He had a wife, an expensive mortgage, two cars to pay for, etc. Where else would he get was doing a double. That meant that I'd started at 4 that afternoon Gladys's shift - and wouldn't finish till 8 tomorrow morning.

By shift change at six o'clock his knees were usually bothering him. He'd lean back in his chair beside the computer. If it was summer, I'd look up his thigh between the cuff of his shorts and the hem of his briefs. I wasn't supposed to. If it was winter I'd wait for him to change into his boots and leave his runners on the fake hearth in front of our fake fireplace. I'd pick up one, still warm from his foot, the left foot without the big toe. I wasn't supposed to do this either, but I'd sniff at it, curious to know what, in this House of dirty feet, his feet smelled like. They smelled like "Irish Spring."

Tonight Adam sat down at the little round table where the manager counted the cigarette money. He moved his chair a little closer to the door, so he could stretch out his long legs and put his size 12 feet up on the photocopier while he gave me shift change. He ran down the list of twenty names tacked to the bulletin board beside the door.

I think the only news was Pierre. He wasn't doing very well. He hadn't come downstairs for breakfast, lunch, or supper. In fact he hadn't come out of his room all day. Adam mentioned the minutes I'd done of our meeting with his team. He said they were fine except for one mistake. I'd attributed the manager's suggestion that Pierre be given

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notes, though there was nothing worth noting unless she too was writing a book. Adam introduced her as the volunteer in the kitchen program. The kitchen program was Frederick (not Fred) peeling potatoes or Betty wheeling them in from Adam's car.

I thought she was using the House as a dodge. It enabled her to satisfy the work requirements for the welfare that was supporting herself, her children and maybe even her husband. She had probably described it as a valuable training experience. She had also enrolled in a fake school called "Lincoln College." The government paid her tuition.

She was candid about her dodges, even indignant. She had been a Marxist back in Italy. Now she looked back with nostalgia on the days of Victor Emanuel. Even Mussolini. She said sometimes that was what you needed. A strong man in charge. She didn't understand why there was no Canadian patriotism. Once, imitating some French author I'd been reading, I blurted out that I thought Canada was a shit-house. She looked shocked. That was for Adam, who was present. I was only paraphrasing Celine.

I explained that I thought this country wasted its human resources. She agreed with me there. I knew she would. She had been some kind of doctor back in Rome. I thought of telling her that I was a doctor too. I had a PhD. in English from the University of Montage. I had a B.A. and an M.A. from our local University of Titz. I unplugged the same benefits he got from the House? He said he didn't care about the house, or the cats either. He'd done a lot of things before becoming a support worker. He'd rebuilt cars and renovated houses. I really didn't know him very well. I said I hoped he was right, if it meant knowing bad things about him.

*

I remember our final conversation. It started with Adam agreeing to have a coffee with me for a change. This time he made it himself. He made mine strong, the way I liked it. He made his own strong too, probably because he intended to stay late and he was already tired. I remember him showing me the heaping tablespoon of dark instant coffee mix at the bottom of the Styrofoam cup, asking if it was OK. I got the pitcher of milk out of the fridge. He added a lot to his coffee, and drank it all at once. He'd never get used to it. It was bitter. He shook his head. We went upstairs into the office. Adam grabbed the bottle of painkillers that was in its usual place, beside his Ray-Bans on the mantle. He took some tablets with a swig from the water bottle in the same place. His knees were bothering him. He was still wearing shorts, I think for the last time that year, maybe ever. His knees looked puffy and sore. It was Friday. He'd been shopping.

I must have said something about my shifts, probably that I injections to a team member. Apart from that they were fine. In the future all I needed to do was record the main points. He only wished that his own contributions hadn't been limited to five word statements.

He was sketching on one of those pads of cheap yellow foolscap that we used to make notes on during shift change. He was abstracted.

Adam said I was there far too much. He said at this rate I'd be burnt out in six months. At the time I thought he was being mean. Now I realize he was only thinking ahead.

*

The manager said Eugenia was just going to help with the tenants' hygiene and do a little housekeeping. I had my doubts. For one thing he gave her extra training, more than I ever got and I was supposed to be above her in the hierarchy. She was my successor. She'd inherit the snake.

The manager obviously liked her. On the Wednesday after Adam's death the manager, Harriet Parsons and myself were sitting in the office. I had just come back from my disturbing shopping trip. Harriet was acting as grievance counselor. She'd attended a seminar on bereavement. It was all so terrible. Our Adam. Who would have believed it. The manager agreed. There'd been no signs.

depending on one's sense of humor. More disturbing were the obvious signs of bad temper. Babs removed things and put them away, night after night, in steadily mounting anger. The plate was loose over the outlet, as if it Babs had yanked the plug out of the socket too many times. The bottom of one of the kettles was cracked. Adam said Babs was probably furious. He imagined her cursing: "God-damned men (never put anything ***where it belongs***)."

On the scrap of yellow paper attached to the clipboard, with the pen that dangled from it on a piece of string, Adam wrote "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

I asked the manager to cancel my shifts for January. By late January I was beginning to be anxious about not working. I devised an excuse to go next door. It wasn't difficult, since Patricia still owed me the cost of two cartons of cigarettes, one hundred dollars. That was the float that I withdrew every few weeks to replenish the cigarettes with. It was mine, although the manager took it home with him every night. She spent too much time counting it.

There was a new woman in the House. She was middle-aged, fat and Italian. Another one! She sprawled in one of the office chairs with a proprietary, officious air. Perhaps it was the clip-board in her lap. She had obviously been taking

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name of the accountant, so I could write her myself. She immediately became suspicious. She wanted to know my name. "Paranoid subtype?" I said my name was none of her business, but their accountant's name was public information. She still wouldn't give it to me, so I looked it up on their website.

Harriet called. She said he'd known Adam for years. Every time she met him she asked him how was the job. He always said fine. I repeated what Adam had said to me, and that I'd told Head Office. Harriet wanted to know why I hadn't said anything to her. I thought it was obvious. Adam was still alive. She said it looked like Adam told me things that he never told anyone else. I said that appeared to be the case.

I'd no way of knowing what Harriet knew or didn't know. I'd probably assumed that she knew more than she did, but she'd done nothing about it. There was no point in telling her anything more, or in worrying very much about what she knew. She was the perfect agent of an agent of the government. She knew nothing.

As soon as she hung up I realized where she was headed. Now I look before I go out the door to see if anyone from the House is standing on the steps opposite. If so I usually turn around and go back upstairs to wait for them to go.

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if her if she liked watching TV. She said the only thing she liked was masturbation. Her worker explained that she was into porn. She was getting kicked out of her flop because she sat on the toilet with the door open reading porn and plucking her pubic hairs. She said he was making a cunt.

Besides making cunts she liked to set fires. She was good at it, especially in boarding homes with cooking privileges.

Adam wondered which was getting her kicked out. Masturbation or incendiarism, or both.

I tapped on the heavy fireproof door. No answer. I had already inserted the master key in the lock. I hardly had to play with it at all before it turned and the door opened, revealing Joan seated on the bed in a greasy black leather jacket, stained trousers with a razor-sharp lady-killer crease, and pointed lady-killer shoes. She leisurely smoked a freshly lit hundred-millimeter cigarette, pendent from her whiskered lips.

I said, "No smoking." She sprang at me, shouting get out, she was going to kill me, if I didn't let her finish her cigarette.

I insisted: "No smoking." Joan extinguished the cigarette by grinding it under the pointed toe of her left lady-killer shoe.

She would remove papers we were working on in order to process her own voluminous documents. She commandeered the telephone and the dysfunctional fax machine. She tended to pop up wherever I was working. It was as if she thought I was up to something secret and she had to find out what it was. One afternoon I started to mop the kitchen floor and she chose that moment to make herself a coffee and stand sipping it in my way. I got angry at her and ordered her to leave the kitchen. She refused. She accused me of having a "complex" about her. We were always psychopathologizing one another.

I told her that I wasn't interested in her opinions. In the absence of other staff I was in charge. I had told her to leave the kitchen so she should go. She said no, she was a "kitchen volunteer." I told her a volunteer was supposed to help out. She could help out by doing what she was told by staff, and getting out of the way. She raised her voice and I raised mine. As in a duet. One of the tenants must have told Adam in the office. Staff were fighting! He came downstairs and told us that if he we didn't shut the fuck up he'd kick us both out of the kitchen. Eugenia was crying by then. She was very sensitive. She sobbed that she was a "refugee." "Refugee" was a notch above support worker.

*

Martha only spoke through an interpreter. Adam asked him

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The cat seems glad to see me again so soon. Adam named him Toby because he has an extra toe on each front foot. Some haven't enough, others too many.

Today I couldn't wait for them to go inside, so I braced myself and headed out the door. Serge and the manager were on the steps. I caught some theatrical business between them, emanating (of course) from Serge. I heard his stage-whispered "Look! It's him." I watched them out of the corner of my eye as I locked the door. I heard Serge's phony "Hi Norman, how are yuh?" behind me.

*

I was on my way to the bank. I had just passed the House, face averted from the big bay window where the office was. The blinds were drawn. It was like the fish tank of someone who didn't want his fish to be seen. That probably meant Caspar was on duty. The manager went inside.

*

I saw Deloris standing in front of the House. She hadn't been around much since Mack went to the Care Home down the street. She occasionally came to the porch, at least if Adam or the manager was standing there, to tell us how he was doing. He hadn't changed. Before the Care Home he'd been in the hospital. He had difficulty breathing, but he still

*

When I got home after my walk I saw their car parked in front. I guessed what had happened. The cops confirmed it. Adam's wife phoned the House. She said I was suicidal. Serge was on duty. What do you expect from a Brock University psychology major? He treated me like a client. He phoned the cops.

*

There are many indications that Adam wanted to be missed. I remember him serving lunch through the pass-through in the dining room. He'd just got back from a two-week vacation that he'd mainly spent visiting a relative in the hospital. He'd been delusional, and had tried to punch Adam. Adam had visited him every day. Adam was unwell himself, exhausted and burnt-out.

Suddenly Adam turned to me in the kitchen and asked me if anyone had missed him. I'm afraid I said something mocking. In truth most of our tenants were beyond missing us. They'd already been abandoned by everyone that mattered or ought to matter in their lives. They probably only got through their day by deliberately not missing people and things infinitely more important than ourselves. No, they hadn't missed him.

About a week ago he was getting some chicken pieces out of our new freezer in the pantry. They were supposed to have been separated and bagged in lots of twenty-five.

She was still going to kill me. She retreated into the hallway, removing another cigarette from the breast pocket of the greasy black leather Jacket as I repeated, "No smoking." She'd get evicted if she didn't stop smoking.

The manager ordered me to write a report. Joan was getting evicted.

*

Betty brought Caspar her watch to repair. Caspar had no training in that line, but politely examined it anyway. A noisome stench emanated from the dial. The hands of time stank of mortality. Then he realized it was shit, caked on from Betty's own hands where she'd been scratching herself. He dropped it, disgusted. It bounced and whirled across the office floor like an insect in its death throes, flashed like a fish's scale in sunlight, winked like Fred Astaire tap-dancing in a storm-sewer.

Betty never wiped her fat ass with anything besides her hand. I'd already noticed the large brown stains on her linen. Shit.

She retrieved her watch and pressed it to her ear, grinning broadly. It ticked.

*

smoked.

He still ate too much. He used to call in the afternoon to say hello to Karl and Frederick (not Fred), and to find out what we were having for supper. He missed the House. He had his mother call in the evening, after Adam and the manager had gone home, with the news that he'd be back that Friday. He wanted us to treat his return as imminent and inevitable. It was neither.

Mack's mother was aware of the problem. That was why she phoned. She said Mack would sit outside if anyone was smoking in the lounge. She'd never been inside the House, so she must have discussed Mack's condition with his "team." Someone from the team must have mentioned that almost everyone in the House was a smoker. The lounge was always full of smoke. Mack couldn't sit on the porch all winter. She couldn't sit on it one day. Adam didn't want the tenants to sit on the porch.

I visited him once at the Care Home. I hadn't been there since Barrie went there to die. One didn't go there to get better. I brought him a big bag of potato chips and some candy. I didn't think his diet mattered any more. He was sitting right inside the door. He seemed glad to see me. He stuffed the chips and the candy into his napsack. He looked smaller, though that might have been an effect of the lobby. It was larger and brighter than the lounge I was used to seeing him in. The air was clean. No one was smoking. He

A man shouted "Nor-man Nor-man" in a deep, raucous voice. A woman called "Hi" in a much lighter voice. I recognized the man. It was Frederick (not Fred). I didn't recognize the second voice, then I realized she was Frederick (not Fred)'s worker. She'd had her hair done. She asked me where I'd been. I told her I'd left. She asked why. I said because of Adam. It was entirely because of Adam. You mean because he left, she said. Left, I said, wondering if she was being euphemistic. Sorry, she said. She was thinking of me and how I'd left, and of Adam. She paused. I realized there were similarities but so far they were superficial.

Just too upset? She probed a little. I said what happened was really terrible. I didn't agree with the people at work about it. She nodded. I said it really offended me the way they came from head office to help us grieve when they never did anything to prevent something like this happening when he was alive. They should have grieved more themselves, and felt guilty. I said it really bothered me that things that contributed to his death were still in effect. Nothing was done about them. Nothing would be.

She said I should know that I wasn't the only one who thought that way....

I thanked her for talking to me. I entered an internet cafe and sent an e-mail. Then I went to the bank. I couldn't make a withdrawal, because the system was down.

was still overweight. He still had style. The bandage stood out against his throat. He asked about Frederick (not Fred) and Karl. They were fine. They missed him and wondered how he was doing. He said that was nice. He knew it wasn't true.

He said he missed Adam. I believed him. I remember how he talked about him in the office. After discussing his own illness, he'd discuss Adam's. I didn't know he had one. He used terms that Samantha liked to apply to herself, that seemed more appropriate applied to Adam. Adam was so sensitive, so fragile. Fragile was Samantha's word. It still sounded counterfeit.

We should have let him return. Wherever he was he'd smoke too much, eat too much, and not exercise at all. Caspar said he didn't give a fuck. We were afraid of having to handle his dressings. We were afraid he'd die on our hands.

I saw Mack sitting on the railing in front of the House. He'd ventured out of the Care Home and up the street to see Adam. It would have taken considerable effort, even if he'd been in shape. He'd never been in shape. He was crying. Samantha passed him on her way into the House. I heard her sigh, "Come on, Adam."

*

TO
THIS WAY TO YOUR
MODEL SUIT

Unfortunately they'd arrived on one of Adam's sick days! It hadn't happened. It was probably the manager's fault. Patricia was lazy and bungling. She was, really just an accountant. Adam said it looked like we needed him after all.

How sad that his self-worth depended on mattering to poor people to whom nothing mattered anymore. On mattering to incompetent losers like ourselves who needed him to fill our freezer.

I can't speak for anyone else but he mattered to me because I loved him.

*

Babs was leaving. She was going to learn how to be a teacher. I wouldn't miss her. She was always conning the manager for more hours, my shifts. She undermined me with the tenants, then complained to the manager that I was too harsh. If I cut Jack off cigarettes for smoking in her room, she'd give her a cigarette as soon as I left. Then she'd write a shift entry implying that I was probably smoking Jack's cigarettes myself. She was lazy, she slept all night, and she made meds errors. Because I criticized her for being late all the time, she asked me to give her a wake-up call at 5 A.M. I said she was a bitch. Adam said she was just a twit.

Philip organized the farewell party. Actually it was just a poker night, but Philip co-opted it for his friend. Everyone had to contribute twenty dollars to Babs's education. When

I objected, Adam said it was for a good cause. She was going to teach "our children." Neither of us had any. I was gay. So far as I know, Adam was straight. Lately he'd thought of getting a dog.

Adam said to consider it this way. I hated Babs didn't I? Yes. Well, wasn't it worth twenty dollars never to see her again? Yes!

Adam drove me to and from the party that was in some horrible middle-class suburban house that Philip was sitting for the weekend. We didn't go shopping any more. That was the last time he took me anywhere in his car. I noticed a plastic water bottle with a hole in it. Adam asked me if I knew what it was. I said it looked like an ordinary bottle to me. He said watch. He removed a wad of tin foil from a corner of the ashtray and carefully unwrapped what looked to me like a little square of shit. At least it was brown and grainy. He said an old high school chum had turned up with it. Watch. He ignited the little brown square on the end of his cigarette and puffed the smoke into the plastic bottle where it swirled thick and heavy. He put his mouth on the gash in the side of it and inhaled deeply. I wish I'd inhaled what was left in the bottle when he handed it back to me, but I didn't. He said it helped him get to sleep at night. It didn't appear to impair his driving.

He said don't tell anyone. Then he said he didn't care.

up. A few more years and I'd have escaped by dying myself. I nearly tripped and stumbled over my mother's death. Death would have caught me for sure. It barely affected my stride.

Death is everywhere. Death comes out of the House, stands leering between Serge and Patricia the Stinker, and leans on the railing of the steps next door. Death has Adam's gauntness without the pain. Adam's gauntness was Death's to begin with. The ashes in the can have more substance than Adam has now.

Death is no usurper. Death is a restored monarch re-establishing his reign. Adam was my protector but I wasn't his successor. Death settled that affair of state.

Death is next in line at the "No Frills." Death waits behind the cash with his bony hand on the till where anyone can see it if he will. He can't steal what's his by reversion. He wouldn't bother.

Death is not very frilly but very obsequious. The cashier weeps to see me bearing the purple bin. Death is in the no-name chicken strips and the white breast-meat nuggets. On every pack of Lucky Strikes a pale Death's Head pre-empts the Surgeon General's warning.

My clothes are stained with bleach and covered with ashes where Adam's bony fingers have touched them. Holes

WELCOME TO $CAMHospital THIS WAY TO YOUR MODEL SUIT

Betty wanted her fifteen minutes in the office. I wouldn't let her in I 'd already brought her her meds in her room. I let myself in with the master key. She was sleeping with the blanket pulled up over her head. It was cold in her room but she'd turned on her little electric fan. It was her soporific device. I pulled the blanket off the foot of her bed, exposing her feet and legs. She'd slept in her clothes again.

I went to the head of her bed. I said, "Betty, meds." I knew she was awake. She knew she'd been caught. "All right," she said. She lurched upright on the side of the bed. She was wearing track pants and a heavy sweater. We'd bought the sweater together at the Goodwill last week. She'd been so pleasant to everyone in the store. Now she was furious.

I looked at the dosette to check that it was hers. Then I looked at her to see that she was Betty. Then I showed her the dosette so she could see that it was hers. I pointed to the slot and asked if it was right. She nodded her head. "Yes." I tapped out the pills into her cupped hands then checked the dosette again to make sure there was nothing left. I showed her the dosette Empty? "Yes." Finally I told her that because she'd slept in her clothes again last night she wasn't to get any time in the office. No more hairy-chested hunks in low-budget slasher movies. "All right," she said, covering her head again. "Who cares?" She cared.

She returned a few moments later wondering if she had any professionalism. He'd talk about some "meds" manual he had, how he was going to give each of us a copy to show us how to dispense meds. Then when I relieved him I'd find meds forgotten or not signed for. He'd forget Alice's noon pill. Then he'd write "refused" on her "meds" sheet. Alice never refused anything in her life.

I saw the future. I wasn't in it. I didn't want to be either. Caspar tried to discourage me. He said the manager would be angry if I left without notice. I thought she should consider all the times I worked without any. It didn't bother me that she'd be angry. Nothing could make me happy.

Serge said he'd have no one to talk to. I told him not to worry. He'd find somebody else to listen to his lectures on psychopathology.

*

This is bad for all of us. None of us should ever have a gun, or poison, or access to a high place from which to leap. It would be imprudent to say so to the wrong person, or even to one of us in his official capacity, but Adam has made us almost as vulnerable as he was.

*

Adam's death was something that happened in the movies happening to me. It took Death nearly fifty years to catch mail. From her secret admirer? It was just an excuse to get into the office. Adam was in the washroom. I heard the fan going. I knew the routine. He'd move his bowels, then he'd brush his teeth. He said it made him feel comfortable for the long drive home. The fan went off. In a moment Adam was at the door, baggie in hand. Betty saw her chance and snuck in, trying to be seductive. She settled her bulk into one of the dirty armchairs reserved for tenants. She'd changed into a florid gown.

Adam sat down by the computer. Betty started to complain about her loneliness and the sisters who used to tease her on her way home from school. Now she figured they were Lesbians. She got onto the subject one afternoon after I caught her raving about "fucking dikes." I balled her out. I think she concocted the story as an excuse. Serge took it seriously. He called a meeting in the office as if it were the break-through he'd been looking for. The denouement in a Russian novel. Natasha Filipovna had been abused as a child! He thought he'd cracked Betty's case. Adam sighed. He'd never finished grade 10. Serge had a B.A. in psychology.

Betty said there was something in her head. People were picking on her. They stared at her dress. Then she said she wanted someone to repair the electric socket in her room. Looking at it gave her ideas. I said maybe she was thinking of frying herself. We'd have her for supper. Adam said she'd be rump roast.

evening gowns. It was grotesque, but the only thing I really noticed was Adam's face, in a beam of light at the end of the room. It was an open casket after all. Caspar walked a few paces towards it, then recoiled. He'd seen enough. He was ready to go. I walked right up to the casket and studied Adam's face. There was a faint white disk in the middle of his brow. It must have been the bullet hole. The back of his head was probably blown off. I had never seen him asleep, but his eyelids looked unnaturally flat and sunken. His eyes had probably been blown out too. His lips were bloodless, thin and tight as if he were still experiencing pain.

*

Adam said he'd always wanted to be an actor. He was a good one. I really didn't know him very well.

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appear in the shirt Adam gave me and melt where he gazed with eyes of flame. Look pretty for the picture, Connie.

Death stars in Pink Flamingos and sits stoned in the audience with Adam and his lesbian girl friends from his job at the women's shelter. Death laughs at everything. There are no serious parts.

Death walks on the green grass in daylight and sleeps in the ground. Death holds everything together. Death is bad continuity. Death is the pink flamingos and the newspaper blowing against their iron stilts during the credits.

Death is melodrama and real life. Death is the skeleton in the gallery that doesn't scare us any more. Death makes us wonder what it's doing here. Death makes us wonder what we are.

On Friday afternoon Adam told me that he'd shaved off all his pubic hair. I didn't know why. He was seeing himself laid out at the morgue. He wanted to be clean.

I'm sitting on a battered park bench at the beginning of that green strip at the end of Thing Street overlooking the lake. There aren't any houses on this side of the street. When my mother was alive I used to go "home" to Maypole City by train. I would look up from the tracks below and see the big houses and wonder what they were like. Now I know. I

*

The nicotine-stained walls of Jack's room were plastered with pictures of models torn from gossip magazines. Young men and women with glossy hair, clear complexions, and perfect smiling teeth. He was a predator, despite the idealized portrait of him by his mother that was tacked unframed to the wall. It showed him in his youth thirty years ago. Stringy brown hair and enormous glasses that made him resemble a parasite, Jean-Paul Sartre as a tape-worm. He was always a predator.

Most mornings when I went in to do room-check there was piss in a teacup on top of his dresser. When I quizzed him about it at first he'd deny it but he always confessed eventually. With an air of inexorable honesty. He just couldn't help himself. He was a good guy who did bad things. How can you tell the dancer from the dance?

He had a litany of stupid questions. A catechism. A whole inquisition. Why are people bad? Why do people steal? Why do people kill? Why do people hurt dogs? Why do dogs lift their leg when they pee? One groped for the answer. There were reasons, but one was hard-pressed to come up with any. Heredity?

I tried to forestall him by asking first. Why do people steal?

[illegible] understood to be "Pael Pael"

[illegible] the House

[illegible] seemed to lock them up

[illegible] Paradise

[illegible] grasp

look down and don't wonder anything at all about the train and where it's going. I know that too. I can see the outdoor tennis courts of some Toronto club. They're covered with tents. They look stuffed.

The traffic reminds me of Adam and my mother and my last visits to them. I was angry with my mother because after bringing her a computer all the way from Toronto she took her eighty-year-old boyfriend's advice that she couldn't use it. Too blind. Before I stormed out she asked me if there were anything I wanted. I said the old fart's obituary. She slapped my face. I couldn't grieve for her the way I'm grieving for Adam.

Caspar drove me to see Adam at the funeral home in Ossington. We went down there, along the lakeshore. Adam drove home that way every night. On either side of us it was a wasteland of high rise condos and cheap townhouses. The funeral home was a converted fire hall off an exit ramp at the town line. It was the middle of nowhere. There were a lot of cars in the lot.

We knew that Adam had shot himself. We knew about his "little" gun, a Luger given to him by his father-in-law. We assumed that he had shot himself in the head, and that it would therefore be a closed casket. An obsequious flunky escorted us into a darkened room where they were playing some sort of mellow-jazzy elevator music and there were a lot of Slavic women, his in-laws, hovering about in sequined

He immediately shot back, "Because they're naughty." Why do people hurt dogs? "Because they're sick." I wanted to ask him the next question. Why are people sick?

I thought of all his robberies. I thought of him taking off down Thing Street, puffing on one of the manager's cigarettes. That made me smile. All the wounded animals showing up in shelters across the city were another matter.

I tried to implicate him more directly. When he asked me why people were bad I asked him why he pissed in cups. He gave me a sidelong glance and slunk off, clutching a warm glass of tea. Or was it urine?

We were really going to miss Jack, after his eviction.

*

I was in the dining room when I heard the shouting in the smoking lounge. When I entered Martha was holding the door open. Actually she was cowering behind it, using it like a shield. Against the slings and arrows of George Sand. How long was this to be her fortune, she demanded. Outrageous!

George Sand stood four feet high in the middle of the pop-sticky cig-stained linoleum smoking lounge floor. She was holding a glass of tap water in one hand. On the other he was a poor asylum, from which one could not elope. It went with wards, walls, and barred windows from which it was possible to sling two knotted sheets without danger of falling.

It was not a part of our system. I doubt we even had one. We improvised. There was no point in running away from us. It was unnecessary, and it was too easy. We were a "non-custodial facility." All we had on our windows were flimsy screens. They'd not have held a baby's weight, let alone a man or a woman's. There were no wards that one could trick a foot-sore nurse into thinking one was sleeping in, with a score of sleepers. Our feet were often sore, but we only minded a few shared rooms. Michael was just doing what people did in mental hospitals. Perhaps he figured that if he did it long enough he'd eventually be there physically as well as mentally.

We never found out what he did, though we knew where he went. I don't think he did much at all. Going home by streetcar early in the morning, Babs would see him sipping a coffee on a park bench in a seedy Hogtown neighborhood. Every Hogtown neighborhood was seedy. He could have gone anywhere to sip his coffee, although in most places he couldn't have stayed longer than fifteen minutes. The cheaper coffee shops were more lenient. There were plenty of those where he lived. I suppose they couldn't afford to risk alienating their clientele. If you loitered in any of these establishments you'd eventually notice that a large proportion

When he cut himself he'd get a sedative or two. Maybe even a couple of cigarettes. That was what he really wanted, but it wasn't worth permanently disfiguring himself. The sedatives would have turned down the voices, but not turned them off. Maybe he enjoyed them for other reasons. Maybe he was hooked. Now and then the hospital would get concerned and try to cut him off no matter how much he cut his face.

Caspar called him the human meat loaf. He'd offer to apply some ointment to the wounds. At first he'd refuse Caspar would insist. Eventually he'd comply, and turn one cheek and then the other. After all, Caspar was the alpha male. When the cutting didn't get results, Michael would run away.

Adam said he liked to stay in the hospital because it was an opportunity to build up his bank account. He didn't have to spend any money while he was there, but some government money was deposited to his account anyway. When he'd built up a small sum, he'd elope. Babs said he was institutionalized. The hospital was not merely where he wanted to be (and he desperately wanted to be there). It was where he really was when he was nominally with us.

Come to think of it, his elopements only made sense in the context of the hospital. Eloping was a part of the hospital system. Canada's first psychiatrist (he was called an alienist) wrote that it was the right of every mental patient to elope; it of the customers had a tick. You'd notice that someone was staring too long at his hand. Another was talking to himself. Another was writing. It was more than just a tick however. The whole city was like that. What was the use of running away?

Once a day he'd leave the House to go shopping and come back with a liter bottle of Coke and a small white plastic bag of toiletries. If I saw him returning, huddled and oppressed-looking in a long coat even in the summer, I'd ask him if he wouldn't mind letting me look in the bag. I know I was intrusive, and his worker would not have approved, but as Adam said, his worker wasn't responsible either.

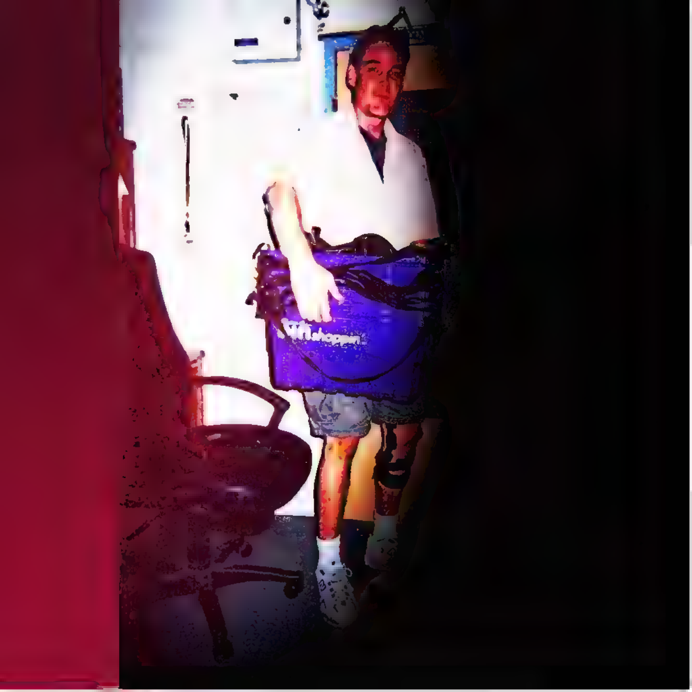
Of course I knew what he wanted. "PRN?" I asked. He made a barely perceptible nod, his handsome scratched and bleeding face averted, probably suppressing a smile.

*

THIS WAY TO YOUR

When I relieved Caspar he was furious. Michael had cut his face for the second time in a row. What else wasn't new?

Michael had presented himself, principally his cut and bleeding face, at the reinforced glass of the office door. I thought of it as a form of closed-circuit television, but unlike the security video it was bi-directional, live, and totally functional. His face was a commercial for a "PRN," like a



"spot" for UNICEF. Twice in one evening must have been too much, because when Serge saw him, he shouted too, and started to talk fast. He let Michael into the office, still talking fast, and waving his arms like a manic film director. Michael was ready for his close-up now.

I imagined the rest. It was hard to remain calm, because as soon as he got into the office Michael would start to shout at someone named Peter to "Get out of my room, Peter." Then he'd tell "Peter" he didn't know what he was looking for. He wasn't a thief. I assumed that he was laying it on a bit thick for our benefit. He was intelligent enough, and probably calculating enough too, to know that now was his chance to make a big scene, in our crummy little office, where his shouts and screams would be deafening, and we couldn't avoid his face.

I later found out that "Peter" was the name of my predecessor. Adam described him as a "train wreck." He had been notably insecure and eccentric in a field full of insecure eccentrics. Caspar didn't like him either. He said he'd have made a great psychiatrist, if he hadn't been a schizophrenic. He said he was shrewd. He was very perceptive about personality. I wondered if Caspar was as usual partly right. Maybe schizophrenia made him acute.

On the way back from that funeral home in the middle of nowhere Caspar told me what he'd told him. That Adam was really full of anger. That explained his quietness. It was

Lower Ossington Av

Lower Ossington

$CAMH MCA
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH
SALT
STIGMA
$camh

Overpaid MOUTHPIECE of PHARMA FASCIST BRAIN DISEASE DENOUNCES WHITE *MALE* PRIVILEGE!!!!!!

Catherine Zahn
MT Not so much new since this 1988 essay by Peggy McIntosh bit.ly/1nXe2vh "@DrMAB43: Straight Talk for White Men @nytimes

But TWEETS....

Catherine Zahn
GirlsRule CAMHnews endstigma With Darrell Gregersen, Kelly Meighen & Ana Lopes* TRMFFoundation dtapscott

*They're ALL MILLIONAIRES!

HO HO HO HO HO

$cmh

Defeat Denial:
They could just BUY SOME!

grow up to be schizophrenic.

Johnny figured in a world of diminished expectations, it was unrealistic to expect to be president.

He wouldn't make GRAND VIZIER.

There was murmuring in the gallery.

Young men, sporting tan-colored coats and shiny black boots, loitered under the balcony, shaded from Hydro. .

Butch....

They believed Sane and Praetorius were MAD. Who ELSE?

It could have been anyone It was non-evidence, faith based MENTAL HELL.

Anti-psychotic and schizo-mimetic.

Nobody got cured. There wasn't even a diagnosis. Just belief.

When they were asked to take so much - merely on BELIEF, on FAITH - and that some MOUNTEBANK'S SUPERSTITION (somebody who couldn't sell a used car, let alone an ideology or a taxonomy) - some BIO PHARMACOLOGICAL notion of "THE BRAIN" - then it wasn't really an EVIDENCE-BASED HOSPITAL any more - it was A NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL (as they were so fond of repeating) a BAD FAITH MEDICINE SHOW RELIGION....

SCAMH...

A CULT CLOWN SHOW....

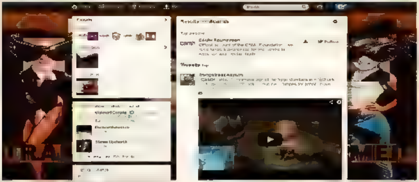
The remainder of TRIXIE SANE's highly "stigmatizing" ("three of you are going to get schizophrenia"?!) and emotionally manipulative TRASH TALK (with tear-jerking poster people and several Alpo-San POMERANIAN COMFORT DOGS for pathos) was only too discoverable on-line.

In North Korea, it became a HIT with the DEAR LEADER.

Johnny never realized that a prize winning communicator could be so stupid and unscrupulous. The runner-ups?

Stalin? Hitler? Grand Vizier Alapaloozah after more than a few too many at Granny's Pro Shoppe?

Impossible to imagine...



Johnny Could Give STUPID TED TALKS, like this one - He couldn't do WORSE and he was FUNNIER! – that is, QUEER....

They were all MENTALLY HELL?! All SCAMH CLIENTS?!

But, NO! He feebly protested Not legally!

Did he think $CAMH gave a fuck about the law except when it suited them?! When he dissed them, it suited Especially when he had reasons.

Otherwise, $CAMH told him, via Dear Leader Trixie Sane (their Nuanced Crusader) you're mentally HELL, just like he was their client and they were his shrink. So what, if they hadn't even met him. That's the way they liked it.

Hard to see a shrink? Soon he'd never see anyone above the security guard - only to show him the door Trixie Sane would assess him in a Ted Talk, label him schizophrenic, and send a nurse to his door with two beefy cops and a Community Treatment Order.

He could complain to the Deflowerment Council, but they'd dismiss him because he wasn't "really" a client - even though their Dear Leader called him crazy and labeled him schizophrenic (depending on how he interpreted her statement that "three of you will probably be schizophrenic" - it was just him and the cat watching).

Strange, however, that they no longer called themselves the $CAMH Patients' Council, but the Deflowerment Council meaning everyone's Deflowerment Council, even Johnny's - but, like the rest of $CAMH, only when it suited THEM.

That was the $CAMH ethos. Ridiculous as their Dear Leader's language was, and though it totally failed to tell anyone anything real about Mental Hell, it indicated plenty about the ethos of $CAMH.

They were militant totalitarian fascists at war with humanity, with Human Nature which they deeply detested and sought not merely to transform but to eradicate.

They had genocide in their hearts, which they revealed through fissures in their discourse.

Stuff it! Cram it!

Trixie raved about removing barriers while labeling Johnny schizophrenic, placing him beyond the pale of humanity (take a good look at her notorious Ted Talk - for which she got an Ordure of Dadania) - with Adolf Hitler and Joe Mengele! And Albert Schweitzer playing his organ!

So they elevated Trixie Sane to the status of Mental Hell Fuhrer - even, it seemed, inventing organizations whose sole purpose was to legitimize her disgustingness - Woman of Action, Communicator of the Year, Nuanced Crusader - even Officer of the Ordure of Dadania! Her nothingness infected everything she touched (worst of all the english language).

Pioneers of Alienation:
The Transformations

Jon Thomas Rowland

A Mind That Lost Itself
A Virtual History

There are now 102 insane persons, former residents of Toronto, in this house, and to this number must be added those belonging to Toronto now in the London and Rockwood Asylum. To those who form their judgment of facts solely on figures, no further proof would be necessary to warrant the assertion that Toronto is the maddest hole in all Canada, if not in all the world. This year it has sent in more than one-fifth of all admitted .... (Dr. Joseph Workman, Annual Report of the Medical Superintendent, Asylum for Insane, Toronto, 1871)

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This was political discourse at the Milquetoast Broadcasting Company's STATE TVO. Don't ask too many questions, don't ask any GOOD questions, and if by accident you ask one - don't PRESS it. Pathetic!

There'd never been a cure for mental hellness - call it what you would. There was no indication there ever would be. Historically people who thought they were on the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH, or acted like they were, had always been criminals, psychopaths, and mass-murderers.

So which was the wind-up talking doll? Too hard to call. All of the above....

Meanwhile, BELA wanted to know why there wasn't a THING STORE at $CAMH.

The so-called TRANSFORMATION was rigged. It followed parameters set by $CAMH and TRIXIE SANE, which they enforced.

Sane set the terms for the phony debate, then changed them when an embarrassing question didn't suit her. Bela was overawed by her. It wasn't every day he got to interview a literary sex trade worker and COMMUNICATOR OF THE YEAR

He was anemic. He never drank wine. He was afraid she'd pistol-whip him.

"I am
Bela Hireling"

Pioneers of Alienation: Transformations

A Delusional Fabrication

Jon Thomas Rowland

with "Bela Hireling" of TV Ontario
CURE for "Mental Illness"?
"See me NEXT year...."

*****

BRAIN EATER
MaRS DISCOVERY
District

Some of the over-paid ALIENS
at MaRS DISCOVERY DISTRICT -
a so-called "INCUBATOR"
of
SOCIAL CHANGE....

Trixie and Praetorius were schizophrenic, paranoid subtype. They had no insight. They believed the rest of society were troglodytes determined to DESTROY them, when nobody had even heard of them till a few years ago when they started RAVING: "Everyone's CRAZY! The sky's FALLING! Send MONEY!"

They withdrew into the media bubble created by Citizen Hearse, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and their communications department.

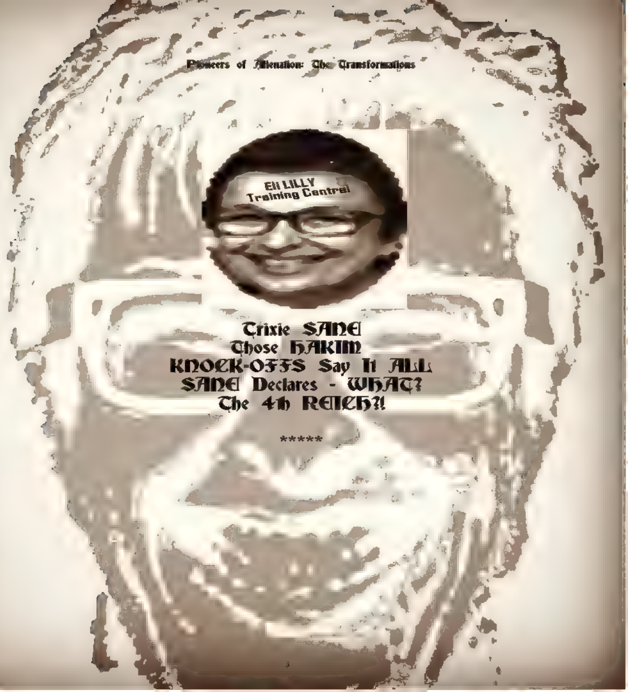
They were Svengalis. Talking to themselves. Again? When had they ever stopped?

In their narcissism they awarded themselves prizes. Trixie became Communicator of the Year.

They believed their own propaganda, always the sign of a regime collapsing into MADNESS. Then, in a vicious circle, their PR was increasingly about their PR. They didn't talk about programs, they talked about ad campaigns ABOUT programs.

Finally they couldn't see history, not even their own recent history, except as a series of increasingly ridiculous and solipsistic phrases. Advertising slogans! Transforming lives, part of the neighborhood, you've changed, new kind of hospital, defeat denial, catalytic event, new era for Mental Hell, etc., etc....

The long history of patients, clients, doctors and hardware salesmen at Thing Street was totally elided. There was nothing between them and the Lunatic Asylum of 1850. They took credit for change, called it a transformation, and reversed it.


Eli LILLY
Training Central

Trixie SANE
Those HAKIM
KNOCK-OFFS Say It ALL
SANE Declares - WHAT?
The 4th REICH?!

*****

They would bring it back. They would revive Mental Hygiene and reverse the Falls of Dementia.

They needed to.

They were coelacanths....

*****

The COMMUNCICATIONS DEPARTMENT of the Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell ($CAMH) cost hundreds of thousands of dollars annually

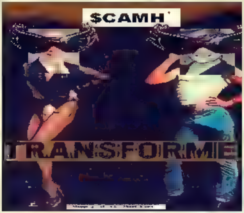
They were worthless hacks.

*****

Trixie on State TVO's "Bela Hireling Show" How She Gogett to be COMMUNICATOR of FOREVER: - Cure for Mental Illness? DODGE the QUESTION!

Trixie Sane,
Our IABC "Chatty Cathy"

SANE and PRAETORIUS: Psychiatric HIPSTERS



*****

Trixie Sane
Communicator of Forever
of the
Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell
($CAMH, to its fans)

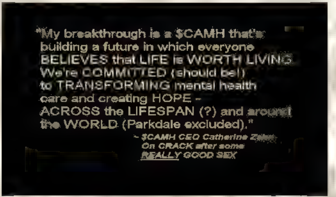
They suffered from DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR. They spoke in guarded, grandiose terms of "the Movement" of which they saw themselves MESSIANICALLY as the anointed vanguard.

They were RICH Their "Movement for Social Change" was led by people making over a hundred thousand annually, some of them many times that.

In the TRANSFORMED SOCIETY they would make a KILLING....

The Three
THOUSAND
Faces of
Steve

The saintly-caring TRIXIE. Who spewed misleading bromides and called them CATALYTIC CONVERSATIONS.



"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
building a future in which everyone
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~ $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

So what if EVERYTHING she said was FALSE it COULDN'T BE because she got a PRIZE! But what if the IABC was LYING? The EMPEROR was NAKED....

There was no particular reason to be hopeful....

SCAMH fired David Healy merely for raising the issue, for fear of offending a big donor: Eli Lilly. They were on the take....

Meanwhile psychiatric pointman Daskalakis and State TVO Agenda Posterboy Kwame McKenzie pimped their gadgets (rTMS and personalized medicine) while ignoring Antidepressants and Suicidality....

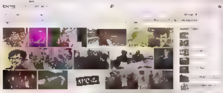
If Antidepressants were the elephant was EliLilly the monkey in this room?

Their collaborative effort was to science what smegma was to Camembert.

They could co-host a talk show. They did!

*****

Trixie Sane's
3,000 FACES
of
MENTAL HELL



So many, none of them were real She was EVE in one of those BAD MOVIES her friend McKENZIE discussed with BELA HIRELING on STATE TVO.

She was MADAME SATAN....

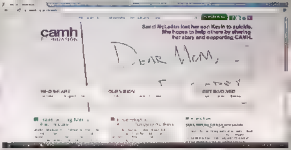
She wasn't exactly Daisy Clover. ..

She was a MEDIA CONSTRUCT (why the IABC gave her a PRIZE) - and nobody knew what else, whether animal or mineral, hard science or science-fiction, male or female....

They were just facets of the endlessly revolving door, engine of her multiplying personalities....

"You can call me TRIXIE," she said. Why not ST/EVE? Why NOT?!

Trixie's SUICIDE EXTORTION PROGRAM (She definitely deserved to be COMMUNICATOR of FOREVER!)



Sandi McLellan lost her son Kevin to suicide. She hopes to help others by sharing her story and supporting CAMH.

Dear Mom,

WHO WE ARE

OUR VISION

GET INVOLVED

Trixie Sane's Suicide EXTORTION Program

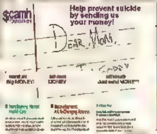
Z(apper) Jeff Daskalaskis and Kwame McKenzie exploited the Germanwings Disaster Depression! Suicide and mass murder! For Repetitive Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation at the Temerty Centre! What? No antidepressants?!

Hey, Trixie! Psychiatric Illness! Stigma Why wasn't she exploiting this? Was it because the TREATMENT didn't work?! And what WAS the treatment? Antidepressants?!

The picture shows the headquarters of the psychiatric drug cartel on Thing Street, Porkdale, Hogtown. Jah Lo See drew it.' She said it was the LOUVRE....

SCAMH (State Capitalists Against Mental Healath / Shopping Centres and Model Homes)! The highly stigmatizing and conflicted psychiatric criminal organization. ..

Under Trixie Sane it became a lying media construct - notorious for false fundraising claims about being "on the cusp" of delusional breakthroughs.


$camh
Help prevent suicide by sending us your money!
Dear Mom,

The Eli Lilly Training Centre

They exploited everything, as long as it was a moneymaker.

Did he think they wouldn't exploit him too? Really?

Yes, there really was an EliLilly Training Centre at SCAMH!

FLIGHT Training Centre....

In a Cessna....

They started to spin it, appointing one of their point-man shrinks to talk about stigma - not the issue - even to talk about it the wrong way.

Did stigma include taking some kinds of mental illness seriously enough not to let someone afflicted into the cockpit of a jet?

Did fear of stigmatising contribute to the disaster, by discouraging some quack from reporting Lubitz?

Had fear of being stigmatizing led some people not to take some kinds of mental illness seriously enough?

He thought so - but it wasn't to him the main issue, about which the authorities had been typically reticent - antidepressants! and their role in mood changes, violence, suicide and murder.

Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

Those years in business, whoring for her émigré pianist sure paid off!

She'd risen through the rank, sunk through the stink - depending on one's perspective, it stank the same. She exploited phrases like (and including) understanding, sustainability and systems leadership.

Don't forget equity lens! Environmental scan! Nothing in it for through the jigs....

They were all stupid niggers now....

BELIEVERS!

The transforners were uncharacteristically guarded about just what it was they wanted Johnny to do THIS time (besides send money) as if they feared he'd mock them (now, really!).

They positively refused to divulge any hard information before he told them his blood type and made a minimum $25 donation.

However, it appeared to involve staying up all night to cure schizophrenia, so he guessed it was some sort of dance marathon.

For tardive dyskinesia....

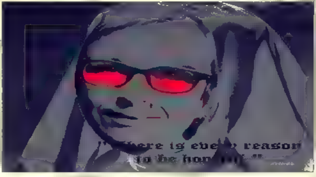
People paid you to stay awake, or to go to sleep or to jitterbug.

Johnny already got paid to stay awake many nights in group-homes and shelters crawling with schizophrenics.

Oak Ridge, Yucca Flats, Ground Zero....

Nobody got cured.

DON'T see me EVER!


"There is eve reason
to be hon

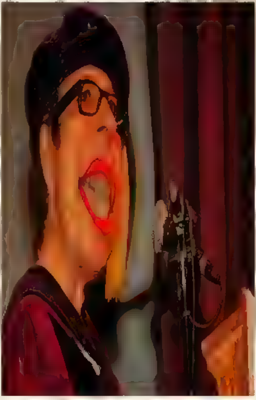
Because they weren't really ON THE CUSP OF A BREAKTHROUGH....

It was just the spin she put on her inordinate love of drugs and hardware at $CAMH. She could have opened a COSTCO. They should have.

Workman did.

CHOOSE!
"HOPE is essential in creating a MOVEMENT In the spring of 2013 there's every reason to be HOPEFUL." Catherine Zahn, CEO $CAMH, aka "Chatty Cathy"
"One should never HOPE for anything HOPE is a thing invented by POLITICIANS to keep the electorate HAPPY" Pier Paolo Pasolini (1922-1975 - murdered)

They'd come full circle. From leg irons to brain stimulators on Thing Street. Only the advertising got better.



Trixie Sane's
LOUSY TED TRASH TALK

$CAMH CEO Trixie Sane's tedtalk was a bad communication. It exploited various rhetorical fallacies (appeals to emotion, inadequate samples, false generalizations, etc) to mislead the public about Mental Hell.

It was disgraceful, so numerous organizations awarded Trixie prizes for this and similar

scamh
"Enthusiast for the power of story-telling...."
ing live

Spin? Story-telling? He knew, Trixie or St/Eve - her name was lesion. Weren't they all just names for LIARS?

The "REAL" Chatty
A Series
of
CATALYTIC CONVERSATIONS

ess is More
Catherine Zane, CEO SCAMH
Salary $673,747.40
the power of words
Transform Social Assistance
Let's talk
Power in Hope

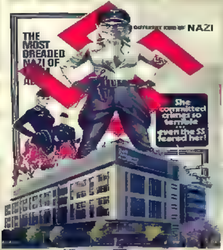
Whatever happened to Trixie Sane?

travesties. Enormous trophies she could bathe in. The TABC, Upper Dadania College, the University of Southwesthole - even the Order of Dadania. So what? The Emperor was NUDE!

He remembered the bowl-and-pitcher set on the commode in the store on Thing Street, with a window full of useless, rusted toys. He'd rapped the rim with his finger.

$CAMH Rings True!

Bruce had chided him. Nobody did that anymore! It actually sounded rather flat Leaving they'd spotted another, and another - just like it....


THE MOST DREADED NAZI OF
NAZI
She committed crimes so terrible ... even the SS feared her!

How About
ILSA!!

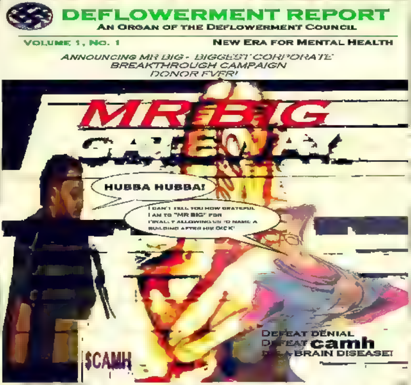
Her latest $CAMH moneymaker was typically gross and disgusting. It ultimately promised to cure schizophrenia with a $500 donation. That was what the BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH EVER was supposed to have done LAST YEAR!

Well, to paraphrase CEO Trixie Sane, DON'T see me NEXT YEAR in and- with THE CURE.

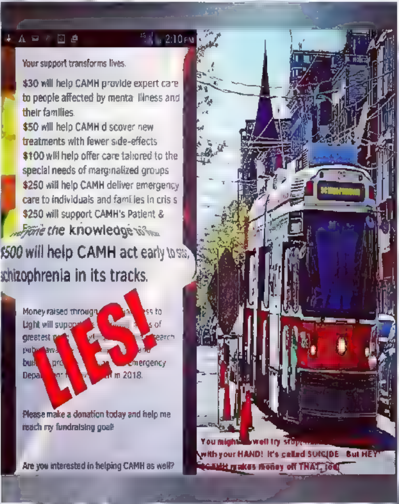
Johnny wouldn't be waiting, since as everybody ought to have known, it was impossible to cure a verbal construct.

Her campaign was characteristically one-sided and opaque, like being solicited by Alapaloozah on behalf of yet another 5-year plan.

The moneygrubbing wing of $CAMH was such a totalitarian outfit, staffed entirely by brain-disease(d) party-members led by the sycophantic Moneygrubber-in-Chief, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre.


DEFLOWERMENT REPORT
AN ORGAN OF THE DEFLOWERMENT COUNCIL
VOLUME 1, NO. 1
NEW ERA FOR MENTAL HEALTH
ANNOUNCING MR BIG - BIGGEST CORPORATE BREAKTHROUGH CAMPAIGN DONOR EVER!
MR BIG
HUBBA HUBBA!
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO "MR BIG" FOR FINALLY ALLOWING US TO NAME A BUILDING AFTER HIS DICK!
$CAMH
DEFEAT DENIAL
DEFEAT camh
DEFEAT BRAIN DISEASE!

Trixie Sane's "CATALYTIC"
Fund-Raising Event



Your support transforms lives.

$30 will help CAMH provide expert care to people affected by mental illness and their families.
$50 will help CAMH discover new treatments with fewer side-effects
$100 will help offer care tailored to the special needs of marginalized groups
$250 will help CAMH deliver emergency care to individuals and families in crisis
$250 will support CAMH's Patient &
[illegible] the knowledge [illegible]

$500 will help CAMH act early to [illegible] schizophrenia in its tracks.

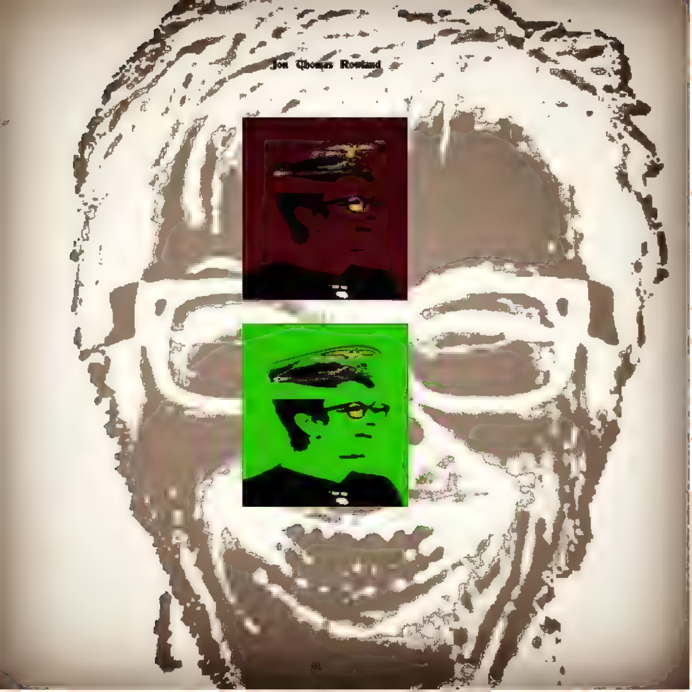
Money raised through [illegible]ss to Light will suppo[illegible]s of greatest [illegible]earch pub[illegible] bu[illegible] pr[illegible] emergency Depa[illegible] in 2018.

Please make a donation today and help me reach my fundraising goal!

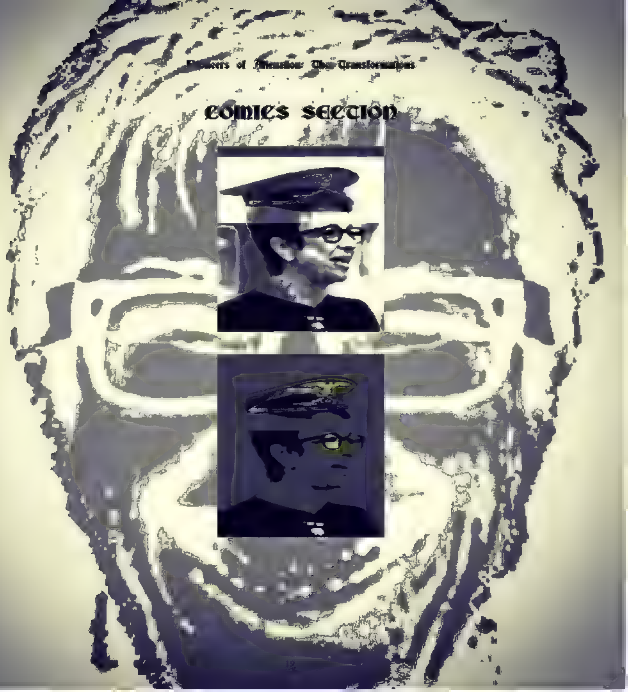
Are you interested in helping CAMH as well?

You might [illegible] well try stop[illegible] with your HAND! It's called SUICIDE But HEY CAMH makes money off THAT, too!

Jon Thomas Rowland



COMICS SECTION



"I'm PRETTY!"

I think you are incredibly fortunate to have Kwame McKenzie as new CEO of the Wellesley Institute. It wasn't easy to find a suitably remunerative research job in this mean provincial town, but you persevered and the result was worth it for Kwame. How deliciously ironic that your squalor shall be studied by one so media friendly, slick and stylish. Surely it will help you to endure your poverty, just knowing that Kwame McKenzie is researching it, from his plantation in Lindsay.

Kiss me,
Kwame McKenzie.

TH3 COMPOUND
4203
34
101 Stokes Street
Parkade
1001 Queen Street W
1001, rue Queen O
Édifice West Wing
Maintenanc
camh
FFEE
$ c m h

It was like that other bad movie McKenzie ought to watch some night at Bela's, after they've had a few snorts.

All about ST/EVE....

About eveyone else, because ST/EVE was a media construct....

The Three
THOUSAND
Faces of
Steve

******

He wondered what Mental Hell Matters was all about, since the one thing that really mattered, they did NOT discuss.....

With the collaboration of Citizen Hearse's MILQUETOAST BROADCASTING COMPANY'S STATE TVO, $CAMH HIJACKED REAL DEBATE about "Mental Hell" and turned it into a CELEBRATION of their BIOLOGICAL, PHARMACEUTIC, BRAIN-DISEASE AGENDA.

C. Lamprini Eel's DREAM COME TRUE....

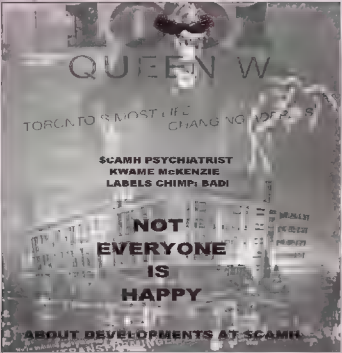
A Traveling Mental Minstrel Clown Show....

First stop, MENTAL HYGIENE.

Their Mental Hell MATTERS Air Show was a CONTRADICTION in TERMS, since the ITINERARY was IMMATERIAL.

However, while Fascist State TVO made STUPID PROGRAMS, it made a GREAT AIRPLANE - it ALWAYS BOMBED.

Mental Hell Matters
- but it's the
LANDING that
COUNTS
BLUE SKIES!


QUEEN W
TORONTO'S MOST LIFE CHANGING ADDRESS
$CAMH PSYCHIATRIST
KWAME McKENZIE
LABELS CHIMP: BAD!
NOT
EVERYONE
IS
HAPPY
ABOUT DEVELOPMENTS AT $CAMH

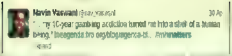
TRIXIE SANE?!

Really all about $CAMH
Because $CAMH was everywhere....

Bela already worked for them. Now The Swami was working for them, too.

Johnny looked at the contents of their tweets - and there, sandwiched between the usual bromides, IT was...

*****



Navin Vaswani @nav_vaswani 30 Ap

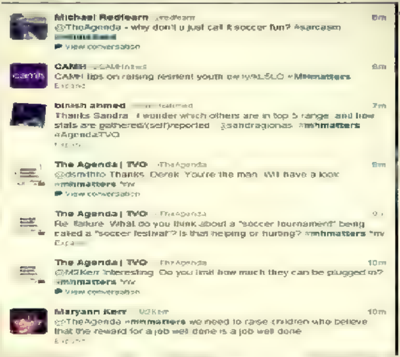
"... my 10-year gambling addiction turned me into a shell of a human being," theagenda.tvo.org/blog/agenda-bl... #mhmatters

Expand

Bela's Side-Kick the SWAMI Finally Confesses?! "BELIEVE IT!" (Very non-resilient....)

*****

WANTED! for HIJACKING Mental Hell



Michael Redfearn @redfearn 6m
@TheAgenda - why don't u just call it soccer fun? #sarcasm [illegible]
View conversation

CAMH @CAMHnews 8m
CAMH tips on raising resilient youth ow.ly/[illegible] #MHmatters
Expand

binesh ahmed [illegible] 7m
Thanks Sandra. I wonder which others are in top 5 range, and how stats are gathered(self)reported. @sandragionas #mhmatters #AgendaTVO
Expand

The Agenda | TVO @TheAgenda 8m
@dsmithto Thanks, Derek. You're the man. Will have a look. #mhmatters #tvo
View conversation

The Agenda | TVO @TheAgenda 9m
Re: failure. What do you think about a "soccer tournament" being called a "soccer festival"? Is that helping or hurting? #mhmatters #tv
Expand

The Agenda | TVO @TheAgenda 10m
@M2Kerr Interesting. Do you limit how much they can be plugged in? #mhmatters #tvo
View conversation

Maryann Kerr @M2Kerr 10m
@TheAgenda #mhmatters we need to raise children who believe that the reward for a job well done is a job well done
Expand

RESILIENCE

Now presumably resilience ALSO meant "doing it on your own" - but that rather left $CAMH out in the cold, didn't it?

They couldn't make MONEY if people really started "doing it on their own" PITY!

So they had to be ingenious, and co-opt "doing it on your own" by identifying with it and monopolizing it as a virtually patented $CAMH "treatment" - even writing text books for it, and pimping them too with Bela on Mental Hell MATTERS, along with their other sugar pills.

Here, let us HELP you do it "on your own" (for a small fee).

Depend on $CAMH to make you resilient, self-reliant, and FREE (SUCKERS!)!

The best thing you could do for your RESILIENCE? Fuck $CAMH....

$CAMH scientists earning well over 100 thousand annually babbled about green SPACE that was ALL IN THE BRAIN while their supporters responded with psychobabble about walking BEARFOOT because they couldn't spell.

But they sure could FLYYYYY....

*****

Detect!
Denounce!
Destroy!

Trixie Sane and Doc Praetorius did a TRASH TALK TRADE-SHOW called WE ARE ALL MENTALLY HELL.

In a medically induced catatonic trance, they predicted that three of the audience would

Reluctant? Better! It connoted modesty yielding to compliance - surrender!

However, intensive covered everything from the initial stubborn perversity that made injection necessary to the sensation of the injection itself It was more aesthetically pleasing. Poets were said to be INTENSIVE.

Unlike shouting slogans from posters plastered on doors and windows while meanwhile, in the real world, patients went to Mental HELL on cocktails of legal and illegal drugs - from the sale of ALL of which they ($CAMH) got a significant cut none of which made its way back to the street but straight to self-righteous cons who squatted at antique boardroom tables in so called incubators (like and including Mars Discovery District) and gang fucked.

But hey, the aptly named CAPPONI SISTERS (one of whom had died recently - the GENIUS who invented CLEAN AIR AMBASSADORS good riddance!) worked for $CAMH! So it must have been all right!

But it wasn't It was the quintessential evil a black hole in reality, nothing. The more they constructed themselves in media, the more they cried CURE! like that other doomed fool who cried WOLF - or was it FIRE?! - the more Trixie spouted bromides instead of telling them the truth the more obvious their nothingness became

Watch out though, if they ever really got THE CURE They wouldn't even know, because they'd be NOTHING too they'd be DEAD. That was the cure they'd been hovering dangerously "on the cusp of" for decades.

Watch out for it! The BIG BREAKTHROUGH!

* * *

Visions of Dr. Praetorius, Great Man

She was worse than Marie Curie!
She was cancer! She gave Johnny PLAGUE!

Of course, Trixie had her followers. Why not? Charles Manson had Squeaky Fromm. Trixie Sane had Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre and any number of corporate, former hippie, ex-Trotskyite, retired boomer "clients" just like her - Squeaky was motivated by pleasure; they were motivated by greed.

Trixie had plenty of client clients too patient followers (pets). In a harsher context, they were called CAPOS. Their function remained the same. To be quislings. To co-opt criticism and resistance to her increasingly totalitarian practices.

She made smoking a cigarette more criminal than crack cocaine. Joints were fine too. She was a Viper!

She tore down the Asylum and replaced it with The New Gateway Flamingo, Headquarters of her New Age Drug Cartel.

Trixie's sometimes strange notion of understanding, sustainability, and systems leadership....

Weren't drugs a renewable resource?

For that matter, wasn't sex?

Meanwhile she transformed the loco clinic into a CTO (Community Treatment Order) Fulfillment Centre, STALAG for INTENSIVES the future of Archway on Thing Street!

It was the hypodermic equivalent of a burger franchise, the buns being the asses of the clients - where they usually got their injections.

That SWEET SPOT....

It was indeed somewhat intensive. Trixie had Vixen Foxy and the Communications Department partner with a leading fascist advertising firm to invent a suitable euphemism. Recalcitrant would have been too obvious.

more likely, $CAMH knew BETTER,
and WASN'T LETTING ON,

$CAMH was making business for itself,
inventing madness while
ostensibly
decrying its growth;

$CAMH had invented THE CURE,
just as it invented THE MADNESS,
neither of which was real,
except as DELUSIONS were REAL,
the collective delusions of a self-serving
corporate culture;

$CAMH, for reasons that hardly
need stating, had figuratively
turned its corporate BACKSIDE
on genuine MADNESS, because
as $CAMH really knew,

REAL MADNESS was INCURABLE,
and while there was both GLORY
and LUCRE in CURING,
there was LITTLE of EITHER
in CARING....

More reasons, why $CAMH.
$CAMH needed to forget
about TRANSFORMATIONS,
and to REMEMBER HISTORY.
$CAMH needed to CHANGE,
to CHANGE their name, to CHANGE
their language, to CHANGE
their ENTIRE ETHOS,
which flew blindly
against HISTORY,
opposed, and insulted,
HUMAN NATURE, HUMAN FREEDOM.

*****

He must have had it bad. Johnny looked it up in the DSM It didn't exist! Adults couldn't catch it. It was for 5 year olds!

Then he remembered. Porko told him he met the shrink at Fort Meds. A family friend introduced them. He said the shrink liked to buy him ice-cream cones, and made him wear

Anyway, there'd soon be plenty, if he didn't pay this, he said, handing him a Hydro bill. The third request....

Romeo was reading a Hearse newspaper feature about a man sentenced to thirty years hard labor for throwing a stupid Pomeranian onto the Hardener Distressway, where it was immediately flattened by an onrushing garbage truck.. .

The headline shouted, MONSTER!

Wolf, the beloved Pomeranian of $CAMH's world-famous trans surgeon, Dr. Richard ("DICK") Dire, may be the first Pomeranian, indeed the first DOG of any kind, to be honoured by inclusion in the DSM. Unfortunately, the honour will have to be POSTHUMOUS, as the frisky fellow was PUT DOWN, because of an acquired taste for fresh nuts and DICK!

What started as an innocent fondness for table scraps, ended on the OPERATING TABLE, or under it, where all unknown to the good doctor, Wolf discovered the slop bucket. Cock a-doodle, he said, but quietly - not wanting to be detected!

It wasn't till weeks later that the doc noticed the discrepancy between operations performed and specimens collected. Was someone dicking with the account? Were terrorists squirrelling DICK away, millimetre by millimetre, to make an ATOMIC BUM? No, $CAMH already had one....

Then he noticed WOLF was all pumped up on steroids like a PIT BULL! Hel-lo?!

No doubt he'll give his you-know-what to science in the shape of $CAMH. Actually they'll get his YELP too, after he's formed. It's wrong to steal dicks, especially from $CAMH. Be advised, anyone who steals dicks from $CAMH gets - DICK!

Poor Wolf, we'll miss the little pecker. ..

Johnny laughed; he thought it was ridiculous.

Romeo said, it was! He should have got LIFE.

Romeo liked Pomeranians. It was things he hated....

*****

Things passing. Wanting to know, How's business.

Could be better.

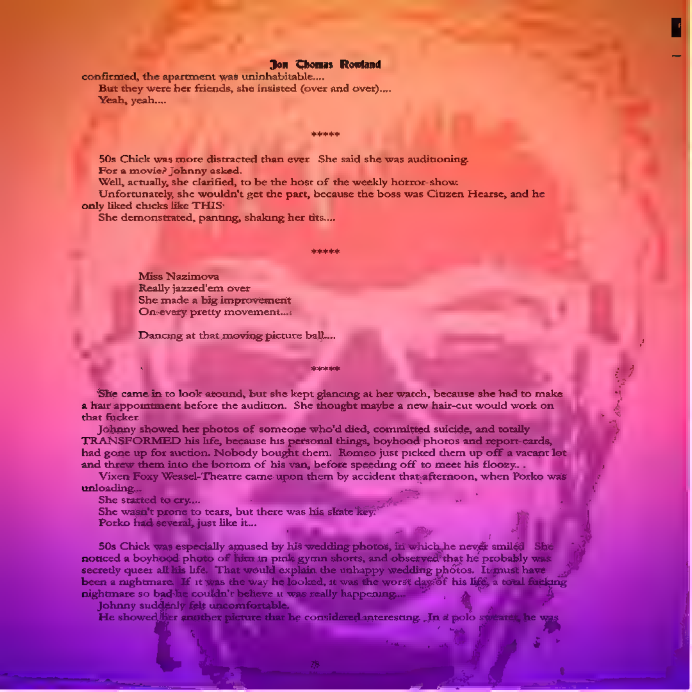
*****

50s Chick was depressed. She said hello to Johnny while he adjusted some things on the sidewalk outside the Thing Store. He asked her to come in, but she said she couldn't; she wasn't in the mood. Come in anyway, he said; maybe that would get her in the mood. He was joking.. .

Once inside, she started to explain what was the matter. She rented with a bunch of friends, but the neighborhood was too dangerous. She and her girl friend had already been solicited. A shop-keeper said, They were fools to live there. .

She was twenty-two, and she'd never had a decent place to live....

Johnny said, If her friends couldn't find a replacement in a few weeks then it just



confirmed, the apartment was uninhabitable....

But they were her friends, she insisted (over and over)....

Yeah, yeah....

*****

50s Chick was more distracted than ever. She said she was auditioning.

For a movie? Johnny asked.

Well, actually, she clarified, to be the host of the weekly horror-show.

Unfortunately, she wouldn't get the part, because the boss was Citizen Hearse, and he only liked chicks like THIS:

She demonstrated, panting, shaking her tits....

*****

Miss Nazimova
Really jazzed'em over
She made a big improvement
On every pretty movement....

Dancing at that moving picture ball....

*****

She came in to look around, but she kept glancing at her watch, because she had to make a hair appointment before the audition. She thought maybe a new hair-cut would work on that fucker.

Johnny showed her photos of someone who'd died, committed suicide, and totally TRANSFORMED his life, because his personal things, boyhood photos and report-cards, had gone up for auction. Nobody bought them. Romeo just picked them up off a vacant lot and threw them into the bottom of his van, before speeding off to meet his floozy...

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre came upon them by accident that afternoon, when Porko was unloading...

She started to cry....

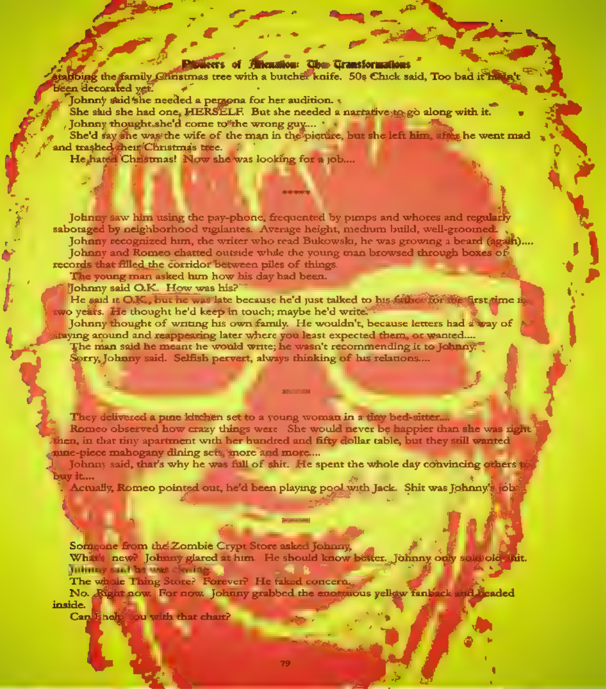
She wasn't prone to tears, but there was his skate key.

Porko had several, just like it...

50s Chick was especially amused by his wedding photos, in which he never smiled. She noticed a boyhood photo of him in pink gymn shorts, and observed that he probably was secretly queer all his life. That would explain the unhappy wedding photos. It must have been a nightmare. If it was the way he looked, it was the worst day of his life, a total fucking nightmare so bad he couldn't believe it was really happening...

Johnny suddenly felt uncomfortable.

He showed her another picture that he considered interesting. In a polo sweater, he was



stabbing the family Christmas tree with a butcher knife. 50s Chick said, Too bad it hadn't been decorated yet.

Johnny said she needed a persona for her audition.

She said she had one, HERSELF. But she needed a narrative to go along with it.

Johnny thought she'd come to the wrong guy....

She'd say she was the wife of the man in the picture, but she left him, after he went mad and trashed their Christmas tree.

He hated Christmas! Now she was looking for a job....

* * *

Johnny saw him using the pay-phone, frequented by pimps and whores and regularly sabotaged by neighborhood vigilantes. Average height, medium build, well-groomed.

Johnny recognized him, the writer who read Bukowski, he was growing a beard (again)....

Johnny and Romeo chatted outside while the young man browsed through boxes of records that filled the corridor between piles of things.

The young man asked him how his day had been.

Johnny said O.K. How was his?

He said it O.K., but he was late because he'd just talked to his father for the first time in two years. He thought he'd keep in touch; maybe he'd write.

Johnny thought of writing his own family. He wouldn't, because letters had a way of staying around and reappearing later where you least expected them, or wanted....

The man said he meant he would write; he wasn't recommending it to Johnny.

Sorry, Johnny said. Selfish pervert, always thinking of his relations....

* * *

They delivered a pine kitchen set to a young woman in a tiny bed-sitter....

Romeo observed how crazy things were. She would never be happier than she was right then, in that tiny apartment with her hundred and fifty dollar table, but they still wanted nine-piece mahogany dining sets, more and more....

Johnny said, that's why he was full of shit. He spent the whole day convincing others to buy it....

Actually, Romeo pointed out, he'd been playing pool with Jack. Shit was Johnny's job....

* * *

Someone from the Zombie Crypt Store asked Johnny,

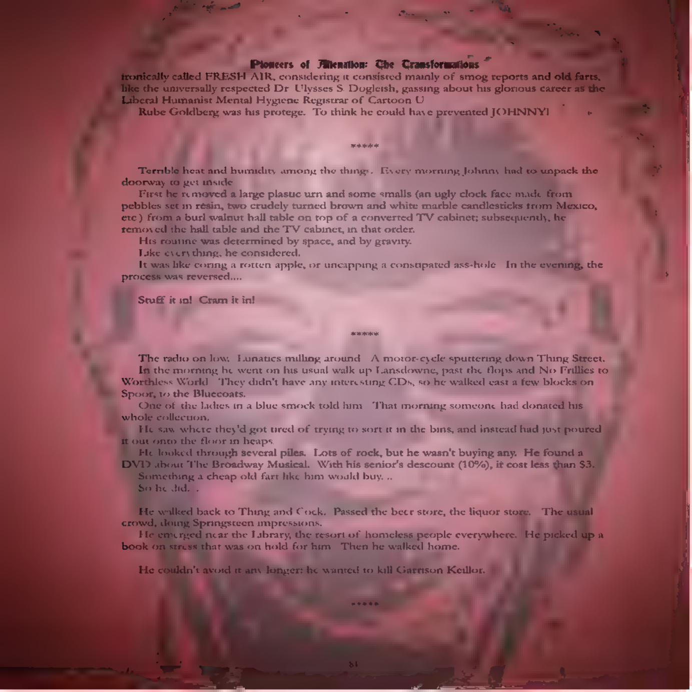
What's new? Johnny glared at him. He should know better. Johnny only sold old shit.

Johnny said he was closing.

The whole Thing Store? Forever? He faked concern.

No. Right now. For now. Johnny grabbed the enormous yellow fanback and headed inside.

Can I help you with that chair?



ironically called FRESH AIR, considering it consisted mainly of smog reports and old farts, like the universally respected Dr Ulysses S. Dogleish, gassing about his glorious career as the Liberal Humanist Mental Hygiene Registrar of Cartoon U

Rube Goldberg was his protege. To think he could have prevented JOHNNY!

*****

Terrible heat and humidity among the things. Every morning Johnny had to unpack the doorway to get inside

First he removed a large plastic urn and some smalls (an ugly clock face made from pebbles set in resin, two crudely turned brown and white marble candlesticks from Mexico, etc) from a burl walnut hall table on top of a converted TV cabinet; subsequently, he removed the hall table and the TV cabinet, in that order.

His routine was determined by space, and by gravity.

Like everything, he considered.

It was like coring a rotten apple, or uncapping a constipated ass-hole In the evening, the process was reversed....

Stuff it in! Cram it in!

*****

The radio on low. Lunatics milling around A motor-cycle sputtering down Thing Street.

In the morning he went on his usual walk up Lansdowne, past the flops and No Frillies to Worthless World They didn't have any interesting CDs, so he walked east a few blocks on Spoor, to the Bluecoats.

One of the ladies in a blue smock told him That morning someone had donated his whole collection.

He saw where they'd got tired of trying to sort it in the bins, and instead had just poured it out onto the floor in heaps

He looked through several piles. Lots of rock, but he wasn't buying any. He found a DVD about The Broadway Musical. With his senior's descount (10%), it cost less than $3.

Something a cheap old fart like him would buy. ..

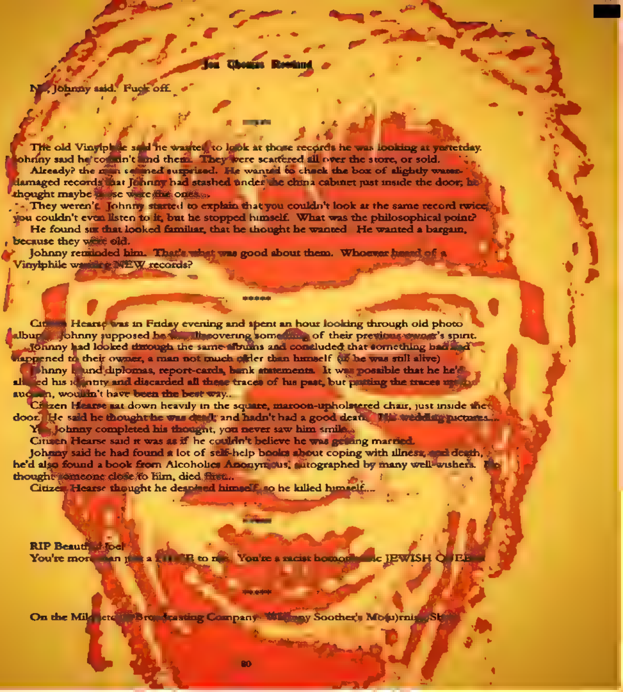
So he did. .

He walked back to Thing and Cock. Passed the beer store, the liquor store. The usual crowd, doing Springsteen impressions.

He emerged near the Library, the resort of homeless people everywhere. He picked up a book on stress that was on hold for him Then he walked home.

He couldn't avoid it any longer: he wanted to kill Garrison Keillor.

*****



No, Johnny said. Fuck off.

*****

The old Vinylphile said he wanted to look at those records he was looking at yesterday. Johnny said he couldn't find them. They were scattered all over the store, or sold.

Already? the man seemed surprised. He wanted to check the box of slightly water-damaged records that Johnny had stashed under the china cabinet just inside the door; he thought maybe those were the ones...

They weren't. Johnny started to explain that you couldn't look at the same record twice, you couldn't even listen to it, but he stopped himself. What was the philosophical point?

He found six that looked familiar, that he thought he wanted. He wanted a bargain, because they were old.

Johnny reminded him. That's what was good about them. Whoever heard of a Vinylphile wanting NEW records?

*****

Citizen Hearse was in Friday evening and spent an hour looking through old photo albums. Johnny supposed he was discovering something of their previous owner's spirit.

Johnny had looked through the same albums and concluded that something bad had happened to their owner, a man not much older than himself (if he was still alive).

Johnny found diplomas, report-cards, bank statements. It was possible that he he'd altered his identity and discarded all these traces of his past, but putting the traces up for auction, wouldn't have been the best way..

Citizen Hearse sat down heavily in the square, maroon-upholstered chair, just inside the door. He said he thought he was dead, and hadn't had a good death. His wedding pictures...

Yes, Johnny completed his thought, you never saw him smile...

Citizen Hearse said it was as if he couldn't believe he was getting married.

Johnny said he had found a lot of self-help books about coping with illness, and death, he'd also found a book from Alcoholics Anonymous, autographed by many well-wishers. He thought someone close to him, died first...

Citizen Hearse thought he despised himself, so he killed himself...

*****

RIP Beautiful Joel
You're more than just a [illegible] to me. You're a racist homophobic JEWISH QUEEN

*****

On the Milquetoast Broadcasting Company: [illegible] Soother's Mo(u)rning Show

He didn't do much again today.

Maybe he was depressed. His crack pot sea captain said he was a classic case of depression, deep and chronic. Like the sea. He would have known.

He didn't do much. He listened to the Sunday programs of the Milquetoast Broadcasting Corporation, most of which had already started to nauseate him weeks ago.

They were the digital, liberal version of Sunday Funnies. Unfunny, that is. But senescent, so he should have enjoyed them.

Like Garrison Keillor, who wasn't really senile but merely acting that way. In other words.. .

A con, a crook, a mountebank pitching nostalgic misrepresentation of American culture as quack medicine, quick relief from looming apocalypse.

There were (obviously rigged) game shows where politicians were quizzed on current events they caused or (more likely) failed to prevent.

Johnny especially hated a panel of political commentators even whose leftists had recently made headlines themselves by exploiting indigent writers (of all people).

Late in the day he finally managed to go for a walk. He went to the Buffer Inn Mall, to the Dollar Store where he bought a cheap blanket for his cat. At the No Frillies he bought a frozen lasagna, and some cheese on sale.

*****

He went on a long walk to Vagina Road. T shirts and tofu were cheapest in Chinese ghettos. Vagina Road between Dungass and Thing was the oldest Chinese ghetto in Dadania.

He felt right at home, like he could die right there.

There was something else he needed, first. O, yeah. Flea powder for Toby, at least if they were what was making him itch. They seemed to be going away. It was typically feckless of him to do nothing but still be wondering, after the problem was nearly over. Maybe it was something else entirely. Maybe it was nerves. Good thing his cat was tough.

He came to "$CAMH for Cats" on Dungass, and entered. There was a pleasant, buxom secretary behind the desk. They greeted one another, and Johnny showed her a photo of his cat's ass. Like some drunk in a bar.

Scabs were visible, through the parted fur. They'd broken out 10 days ago. He wondered if they could have been caused by fleas.

She said she couldn't really say, based on a picture.

He pressed. He knew she wanted him to buy a consultation, with the Vet.

If she had to hazard a guess?

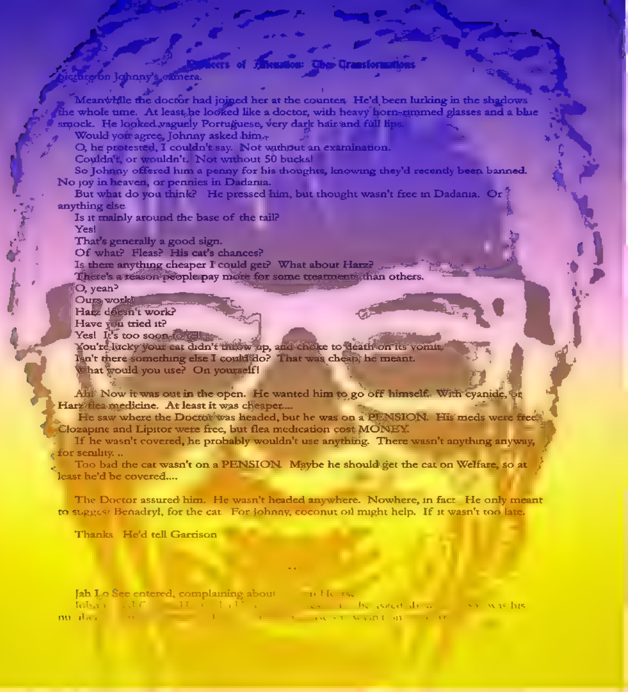
She said yes, they could have been caused by fleas.

Then how much was flea medicine?

She said about 100 dollars, for 6 months. For 6 doses, in other words. Plus another 50 for an examination, because it was prescription medication, and they couldn't prescribe it without an examination.

Without even knowing for sure it was fleas? Why, his Lipitor © cost less!

Well, it looks like it could be fleas, she said a little more positively now. Reviewing the



picture on Johnny's camera.

Meanwhile the doctor had joined her at the counter. He'd been lurking in the shadows the whole time. At least he looked like a doctor, with heavy horn-rimmed glasses and a blue smock. He looked vaguely Portuguese, very dark hair and full lips.

Would you agree, Johnny asked him.

O, he protested, I couldn't say. Not without an examination.

Couldn't, or wouldn't. Not without 50 bucks!

So Johnny offered him a penny for his thoughts, knowing they'd recently been banned. No joy in heaven, or pennies in Dadania.

But what do you think? He pressed him, but thought wasn't free in Dadania. Or anything else.

Is it mainly around the base of the tail?

Yes!

That's generally a good sign.

Of what? Fleas? His cat's chances?

Is there anything cheaper I could get? What about Harz?

There's a reason people pay more for some treatments than others.

O, yeah?

Ours work!

Harz doesn't work?

Have you tried it?

Yes! It's too soon to tell.

You're lucky your cat didn't throw up, and choke to death on its vomit.

Isn't there something else I could do? That was cheap, he meant.

What would you use? On yourself!

Ah! Now it was out in the open. He wanted him to go off himself. With cyanide, or Harz flea medicine. At least it was cheaper....

He saw where the Doctor was headed, but he was on a PENSION. His meds were free. Clozapine and Lipitor were free, but flea medication cost MONEY.

If he wasn't covered, he probably wouldn't use anything. There wasn't anything anyway, for senility. ..

Too bad the cat wasn't on a PENSION. Maybe he should get the cat on Welfare, so at least he'd be covered....

The Doctor assured him. He wasn't headed anywhere. Nowhere, in fact. He only meant to suggest Benadryl, for the cat. For Johnny, coconut oil might help. If it wasn't too late.

Thanks. He'd tell Garrison.

* * *

Jah Lo See entered, complaining about [illegible]

[illegible]

Jah Lo See said Johnny had an over-active imagination; he should have been a writer....

Or a psychiatrist .

*****

Trixie strolled down Thing Street. Like she thought the neighborhood was a part of HER.. .

She asked Johnny for permission to use his washroom. Like she thought she was being ironic. ..

Looking for drugs?

She and Praetorius were looking for a kitchen-table, they were tired of eating in bed.

Then he got busy with a customer who wanted the price of a shadow box.

When he returned to the front of the store, Bruce was sprawled in the ugly maroon-upholstered armchair. He was very pale. He looked DEAD. He gazed around him.

This store sure is sad, he said.

A DISASTER .. For the Aerospace Program..

All in her ASS..

Edison Amberols..

*****

Johnny met Porko the next morning, on Thing Street. He said Frankie and Billie were quarreling over who let Johnny into Emile Durkheim House.

Max the Butcher would never have rented to a faggot, like Johnny Boy. Billie passed Frankie the fat joint.

No, man! Frankie exhaled. It was Porko! Frankie passed Billie the joint.

Why did you ever rent to that fuck? Billie demanded.

I'd never have rented to that piece of shit, Porko avowed. You both got it wrong. He was here already!

Johnny realized. Porko was only telling him this to let him know. He wouldn't have rented to him. After all Johnny'd done for him, too!

Setting him up in his old penthouse at Velma's, getting him the superintendent's job when Max went to Criminology School, etc., etc....

So Johnny allied himself to Bruce, down the hall. After the plane crash, he used a cane. He believed in human rights. They got him a Package.

Then he became psychiatric advocate. He sat on so many committees, his ass hardened. He took Citizen Hearse a thousand times, before the Rental Board. Each time The Hearse wore a different dress. He had a thousand. He always said, he was his own best secretary.

He always won, but the Rental Board bore a strange resemblance to Thing Street Asylum's DEFLOWERMENT COUNCIL. Possibly because it was comprised of the same crooks: Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre, Trixie Sane, Max the Butcher.. .

Bruce's greatest triumph was retaining the food allowance. Normals, that is everyone south of the Dadanian border, would be shocked if they knew. . .

The TRUTH!

What shifts they made – TO EAT!

Lied, cheated, stole, embezzled. Said they were crazier than they really were, then went even crazier than they said. In a country where they filled in gravel pits with surplus food, they needed a food allowance....

Everybody got it, so Alapaloozah decided. It must be ABOLISHED!

It was one thing at the United Nations to indicate generous food allowance progarms, and with an effort he could understand his subjects occasionally even needing them, but actually USING them? Wasn't that TAKING AVANTAGE of the SYSTEM!

Not just incidentally, the Food Allowance amounted to a couple of hundred dollars a month. The shelter portion was $350 and the normal food allowance $200. The cheapest cell in Emile Durkheim House rented for $650. That meant one had to spend most of the Special Food Allowance on RENT.

Citizen Hearse should've awarded Bruce the Nobel Prize. For getting HIM that Food Allowance....

*****

Johnny told him Porko was a fake. How he scoffed at the U.N.'s Charter, while enjoying more rights than all of them put together! He even got a package. . .

For DISINTEGRATIVE PERSONALITY DISORDER.

*****

In the 19th century
they discovered
the more they built asylums
and talked about curing people,
the faster they filled asylums,
the crazier people became.

Now, in the 21st century,
$CAMH was talking big again
about curing people,
while hinting that there were more and more
people needing to be cured...

What had happened? What went on?
Wasn't it REASONABLE
to suspect that

$CAMH either had AMNESIA or,

White Squirrel Way
60

Dr. Praetorius, great man and visionary "part of the neighborhood" that he was, got POLYPS and immediately communicated the fact to his subordinates, anticipating the day when the SCHIZOPHRENIA of "ordinary mortals" would be treated just like "his" POLYPS.

Different strokes for different folks - ditto TREATMENTS.

However, as far as $CAMH was concerned, SCHIZOPHRENIA was ALREADY CANCER, the big MONEY MAKER that COULDN'T be BEAT. ..

Nobody seemed to know what it was....

There would NEVER be a day when anything about JOHNNY would be treated the same as even the SORE TOE of the CEO of $CAMH.. .

Uncle $CAMH "looked forward to the day" - why not TODAY, right NOW?! - when SCHIZOPHRENIC would be the same as BLACK or GAY - or JEWISH?!

Like YOU but NOT you OLD POLYPS that would be asking too much, he meant . .

Your TREATment, or MINE?

Texts preserved in the Archives of Ontario (Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files 1916-1919, Letter from Dr. Harvey Clare to Inspector W.W. Dunlop of January 15, 1918, Container 100, Toronto Hospital for the Insane, Reception Hospital Folder) indicate the close relationship the Reception Hospital was to have had with the Toronto Asylum, and the conditions that contributed to its early closure.

It is evident from these that, while Clarke and others exploited the Reception Hospital as they had the Asylum earlier, its purpose unclear and contradictory as it was was still different from the clinic's Clarke had in mind. At least a part of the problem seems to have been accommodating low and middle-class patients under the same roof, or indeed, in the same room.

While accommodating together the different disorders that afflicted the patients was hard enough, accommodating different classes was what really upset the officials:

> About one half the patients coming into this Hospital are women and men from good families, who have been accustomed to lives of refinement. In the Reception Hospital we have treated many women from the best homes in Toronto, and the purpose of my letter is to draw your attention to the almost impossible situation where we are compelled to recommend the Hospital to good, clean living, decent people, when we are admitting to the same room patients who will use the same bathroom and the same closet, and who are suffering from contagious diseases, such as, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Tuberculosis, Scabies, and all other forms of skin diseases.
>
> (Dr. Harvey Clare to Inspector W.W. Dunlop of January 15, 1918)

The Great TRANSFORMER
and his TRANSFORMEES
Anti-psychiatry? You COULD say that –
NO Mad PRIDE WITHOUT IT!

"Uncle Polyps" Addressing
Mad Nation on WHITE SQUIRREL WAY
("WHITE SQUIRREL NATION"?) –

Dr. Praetorius, great man and visionary "part of the neighborhood" that he was, got POLYPS and immediately communicated the fact to his subordinates, anticipating the day when the SCHIZOPHRENIA of "ordinary mortals" would be treated just like "his" POLYPS.

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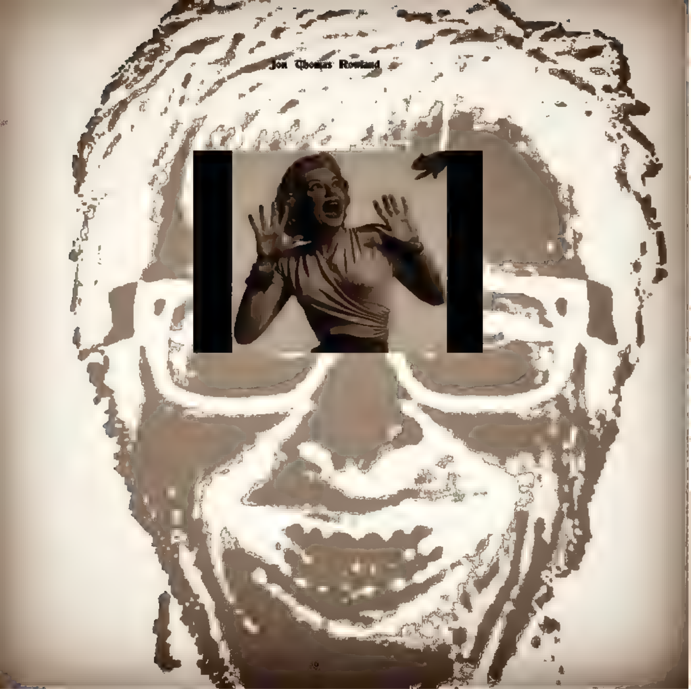
Jon Thomas Rowland



There were WORSE CROOKS at $CAMH (Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell)

C.K. (Cold Killuh) CLARKE, God Father of CANADIAN PSYCHIATRY, Eugenicist, Mental Hygienist, Proto-NAZI, hated "feeble-minded" women and "defective" immigrants....

C.B. (Clarence the Bagman FAROUT) FARRAR, didn't like JEWS very much, especially FREUD...

Aldwyn STOKES, a nobody but a GREAT MAN because he "carried on the TRADITION" and he was ONE of THEM, so they named a STREET after him, because WHITE SQUIRREL was TAKEN and FREEDOM STREET had been discarded....

Robin HUNTER was a LOOKER, and, according to Dr Stan Freeman, in a recent HAGIOGRAPHY of the CLARKE INSTITUE MOB: "as we all sat at what always looked like the Last Supper (?!) there was no question who JESUS was" (p 73) - or BUGSY SEGAL, either!

Fred "FINGERS" LOWY, "fingered" OLIVIERI in the deferiprone APOTEX affair....

Vivian RAKOFF, diagnosed LUCIEN BOUCHARD (remember?) with NARCISSISTIC PERSONALITY DISORDER, without EVER having MET the man for a "psychiatric assessment"....

Dr. PRAETORIUS, "Old Polyps," our "UNCLE $CAMH," fired David HEALY for

Nonetheless, the ALAPALOOZAH bashing continued apace. If he'd been one of THEM - they'd have TRANSFORMED him into a $CAMH Afflictions poster-boy. Instead, they accused him of making statements that (they said) one wouldn't be surprised to hear spouting from the mouths of $CAMH inpatients on THING STREET.

The Leftists hated Alapaloozah so much they let down their guard. They usually pretended to like crazy people.

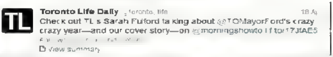
Johnny wondered if the things he WROTE were in the same category as the things Alapaloozah SAID.

He felt a sudden warmth for the Great Man. He loved Alapaloozah!

He wanted to SLAP that writer. Pummel him with his fists. Sit on his face and FART. So now ALAPALOOZAH was mentally ill, as well as addicted? And STILL no EMPATHY - and what a callous way of talking about $CAMH clients. Like Johnny, if not exactly Johnny himself....

Not to mention, they were stupid and illogical INPATIENTS? on the STREET?! Not for very long....

With LEFTIES like THESE - MAD PEOPLE didn't need ENEMIES. ..



Toronto Life Daily @torontolife 18 A

Check out TL's Sarah Fulford talking about @TOMayorFord's crazy crazy year—and our cover story—on @morningshowto t.co/17JtAE5

View summary

Getting rid of ALAPALOOZAH was no improvement for Johnny. He wanted a NEW OPPOSITION TOO!

He wanted to GET RID OF THE TOTALITARIAN FASCIST LEFT. It had been co-opted by Citizen Hearse and his Trotskyite media janisaries. ..

While slyly intimating on Dadania News Liar that Alapaloozah was a fat-assed NAZI sow, Citizen Hearse transformed his bum shelter franchise Handy Havens into condos for union satraps.

Johnny was glad to see Alapaloozah had some black friends. So what if he did drugs and had sex with them. It was only natural He would have been racist not to. He was making friends.

If he was finally IMPEACHED or FORCED to RESIGN (and they STILL WOULDN'T let him run $CAMH?!) Johnny thought he'd make a great PEER SUPPORT WORKER. Better than Warfarin.. .

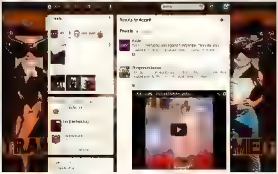
Anyone was better than Butch....

Even Bruce....

*****

Merely UNFORTUNATE

Jon Thomas Rowland
or FREUDIAN SLIP?
or
What Do YOU Call a PIZZA BARONESS?



It was even in the DSM
- why not?
- everything ELSE was!
PIZZAPHRENIA?!

There was a DISORDER called MORAL IMBECILITY....

Of course, it didn't exist either, but the pathological lying of $CAMH and its mouthpieces ("BELA" Hireling of STATE TVO, especially), sponsors and tools, made Johnny wonder.

Was The Man Going Over Niagara Falls just an analogy that the PIZZA BARONESS ran away with (or vice versa) - or an unfortunate FREUDIAN slip?

Because it implied that it was right to ignore someone in real and immediate distress, someone whom one really could help - to RESEARCH an elusive CURE - which looked alarmingly like old fashioned MENTAL HYGIENE - which was not only NEBULOUS, but DANGEROUS - and here directed at the most vulnerable, at CHILDREN.

Kindergartens were one thing, but when Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre raised serious money fot $CAMH - it was no KINDERGARTEN. It was brain-based BAD PHARMA - for KIDS!

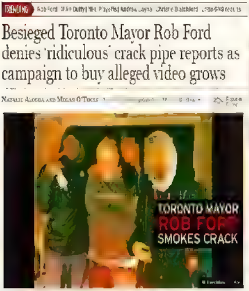
Thought he'd better not call her at all...

criticizing PROZAC, destroyed the Queen West hospital and replaced it with Commerical Retail Space, a combination drugstore, condo complex, casino, conference centre and media construct - decorated by Vixen Foxy herself with BIG DONOR advertisements for DRUGS and BOOZE (Eli Lilly Centre, Beamish Wing, LaBatt Wing, Bell Gateway Building) etc., etc....

Of course, his consort was Trixie Sane - whom we've met....

*****

So What if ALAPALOOZAH WAS a JUNKIE? He FIT RIGHT IN with MANAGEMENT -



TRENDING

Besieged Toronto Mayor Rob Ford denies 'ridiculous' crack pipe reports as campaign to buy alleged video grows

Natalie Alcoba and Megan O'Toole

From ALAPALOOZAH BASHING to CLIENT DISSING....

NOW thanks to TRIXIE and Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre it was a NOBLE, GENEROUS GIFT, a SIGN - literally - that UNWORTHY SCUM like YOU coulf be REDEEMED by the BRAND of Hearse-Ferrari with only a few box-tops as proof of purchase....

FINALLY thanks to HEARSE-FERRARI BRAIN DISEASE FASCISM, TRIXIE could BUY A LOT OF MACHINES, CURE EVERYTHING, SOLVE THE MEANING OF LIFE, BRAINWASH YOU and RULE!

But this isn't really for TRIXIE, this was FOR YOU!

You would never SMOKE, GET DRUNK, GET ANGRY, SMASH THINGS, ACT OUT....

Never be a DANGER TO YOURSELF AND OTHERS or LET OTHERS BE A DANGER TO THEMSELVES AND YOU

YOU WOULD NEVER SIN AGAIN! Thanks to CITIZEN HEARSE you would be UNABLE TO....

Thanks to TRIXIE and HEARSE BREAKTHROUGH you would NOT be free, BUT you would be FREE FROM SIN . .

Because their object ultimately was NOT transforming Mental Hell, it was TRANSFORMING HUMAN NATURE . .

In fifteen years they saw a WORLD of HAPPY TRANSFORMEES. .

What GOD wouldn't do to you, HEARSE-FERRARI wouldn't hesitate to do....

He'd take away your freedom, and make you FAT and MENTALLY HEALTHY. ..

SLAVES!

Tomorrow belonged - TO CITIZEN HEARSE!

And TRIXIE SANE!

BELL
BRAIN
THROUGH
BREAKTHROUGH or RETURN – It's really
Mental Hygiene RERUN...

*****

CAMH CEO Trixie Sane and Wiener King Hearse-Ferrari's Breakthrough Campaign was Fascist Braindisease Sloganeering Socialism.

NOW thanks to TRIXIE and Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre it was a NOBLE, GENEROUS GIFT, a SIGN - literally - that UNWORTHY SCUM like YOU coulf be REDEEMED by the BRAND of Hearse-Ferrari with only a few box-tops as proof of purchase....

FINALLY thanks to HEARSE FERRARI BRAIN DISEASE FASCISM, TRIXIE could BUY A LOT OF MACHINES, CURE EVERYTHING, SOLVE THE MEANING OF LIFE, BRAINWASH YOU and RULE!

But this isn't really for TRIXIE, this was FOR YOU!

You would never SMOKE, GET DRUNK, GET ANGRY, SMASH THINGS, ACT OUT...

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CAMH CEO Trixie Sane and Wiener King Hearse-Ferrari's Breakthrough Campaign was Fascist Braindisease Sloganeering Socialism.

P.S. What WAS this UP STREAM / DOWN STREAM jive - to justify prioritizing research over care? Johnny knew he was expected to feel SO SORRY for the SHRINK on the RIVERBANK, but what about the sucker floating by - who DROWNED?

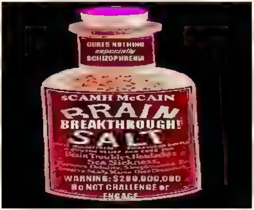
"Somebody got murdered...."

Was it REALLY such a HARD decision?

Sorry to do this to you, Johnny!

M'Lady and MUSTARD were ALWAYS "UPSTREAM" - and SHE never even got her feet WET....

Doesn't CUT the MUSTARD M'Lady....


CURES NOTHING
especially
SCHIZOPHRENIA
sCAMH McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH!
SALT
Brain Troubles, Headaches
Sea Sickness
WARNING: $200,000,000
Do NOT CHALLENGE or
ENGAGE

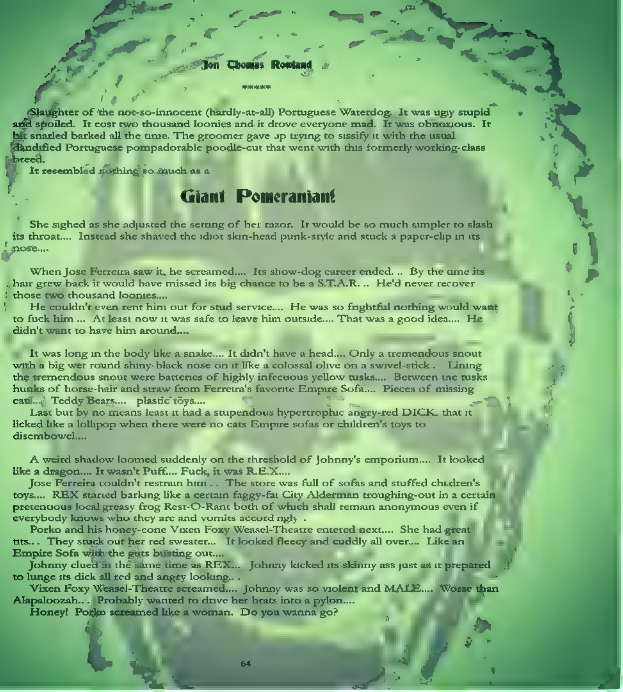
*****

Tomorrow Belongs to Citizen Hearse.

Your DEAR LEADER Trixie Sane has decreed YOU are ALL MENTALLY HELL!

Where you are ALL HELL, there is no STIGMA, there is only YOU and TRIXIE - and the GREAT SCIENTISTS and THE GREAT CAPITALIST (pizza & fry baron, especially) who finances her, to LOVE and CARE - for YOU!

ONCE it was considered self-aggrandizing to plaster your MONIKER on the side of a building.



******

Slaughter of the not-so-innocent (hardly-at-all) Portuguese Waterdog. It was ugly stupid and spoiled. It cost two thousand loonies and it drove everyone mad. It was obnoxious. It bit snarled barked all the time. The groomer gave up trying to sissify it with the usual dandified Portuguese pompadorable poodle-cut that went with this formerly working-class breed.

It resembled nothing so much as a

Giant Pomeranian!

She sighed as she adjusted the setting of her razor. It would be so much simpler to slash its throat.... Instead she shaved the idiot skin-head punk-style and stuck a paper-clip in its nose....

When Jose Ferreira saw it, he screamed.... Its show-dog career ended. .. By the time its hair grew back it would have missed its big chance to be a S.T.A.R. .. He'd never recover those two thousand loonies....

He couldn't even rent him out for stud service.... He was so frightful nothing would want to fuck him ... At least now it was safe to leave him outside.... That was a good idea.... He didn't want to have him around....

It was long in the body like a snake.... It didn't have a head.... Only a tremendous snout with a big wet round shiny-black nose on it like a colossal olive on a swivel-stick.. Lining the tremendous snout were batteries of highly infectious yellow tusks.... Between the tusks hunks of horse-hair and straw from Ferreira's favorite Empire Sofa.... Pieces of missing cats.... Teddy Bears.... plastic toys....

Last but by no means least it had a stupendous hypertrophic angry-red DICK. that it licked like a lollipop when there were no cats Empire sofas or children's toys to disembowel....

A weird shadow loomed suddenly on the threshold of Johnny's emporium.... It looked like a dragon.... It wasn't Puff.... Fuck, it was R.E.X....

Jose Ferreira couldn't restrain him . . The store was full of sofas and stuffed children's toys.... REX started barking like a certain faggy-fat City Alderman troughing-out in a certain pretentious local greasy frog Rest-O-Rant both of which shall remain anonymous even if everybody knows who they are and vomits accordingly .

Porko and his honey-cone Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre entered next.... She had great tits.. . They stuck out her red sweater... It looked fleecy and cuddly all over.... Like an Empire Sofa with the guts busting out....

Johnny clued in the same time as REX... Johnny kicked its skinny ass just as it prepared to lunge its dick all red and angry looking.. .

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre screamed.... Johnny was so violent and MALE.... Worse than Alapaloozah.. . Probably wanted to drive her brats into a pylon....

Honey! Porko screamed like a woman. Do you wanna go?

*****

"These are crummy buildings," Praetorius lisped. "They're dark, the corridors are long and narrow, the rooms are tiny; it isn't a therapeutic feeling."

He said in the new buildings the halls would be larger, the rooms more airy, and the windows light-enhanced to provide a warmer atmosphere.

"We want to fight the stigma, of the terrible site of 999 Queen," he said "We thought if we could do it right and well on the place that is notorious, we could demonstrate to the whole community that these illnesses are like any other human pain and suffering."

Toronto OBSERVER, Nov 2 2009

Johnny couldn't help noticing. Thing Street hadn't been called Nine Ninety Nine in a hundred years. Trixie's favorite TRICK. Whenever she wanted to look TRANSFORTMATIVE she reversed history, deleted progress. She compared herself to the old Asylum.

She'd learned it from Praetorius, and sex-trade outreach at her Motor Motel down Thing Street. She filled it in the off season. She'd spent her whole life filling Model Suites with her clients. She always stood beside the oldest Lilly Marlene she could find, under the dimmest street lamp.

But UNCLE DEAREST....

They were NOT "illnesses... like any other human pain and suffering."

According to Uncle Scamh's own BIBLE, the DSM, they were not illnesses at all - his GOOD BOOK called them "DISORDERS."

So, wasn't it true that, when Old Polyps wanted to raise money he talked about illnesses (as if there was something there he could cure), but when he wanted to label and discriminate and PRESCRIBE without EVIDENCE - it was back to DISORDERS again? As if he'd never left...

Then, on top of all this bullshit, was the STIGMA SCHTICK - the very SITE was STIGMATIZING? But for WHOM, Polyps?

He was always talking about ending STIGMA like it was all about CLIENTS - but what about HIM? He'd been at Thing Street, "professionally" speaking, just as long - 150 years, in fact - and he'd had a pretty bad REP for most of that time. Was that what he really meant?

UnclevDearest wanted them to forget about it? Wasn't this just another of his SCAMS at $CAMH?

Talking about ending stigma didn't end it anyway, it reinforced it - and ignored the worse stigmatization going on - "Mental Hellness is a BRAIN DISEASE, YOU are SICK, WE are WELL, etc...."

Nonetheless, Johnny decided to TRY IT. He said it was time they ended the cruel and unusual stigmatization of psychiatry for crimes against humanity in the name of CURING the population, ranging from (but not limited to) forced sterilization, doping, and murder. It was time theybforgot about the history of the Mental Hygiene Movement, when someone's DISORDER was having an unwed mother. It was time they forgot that this was only halted by the revelations from the 3rd Reich - where it all led. It was time they forgot that it was starting all over again because they forgot.

He wondered if that helped UNCLE POLYPS? Did he feel better? Stigma-free and and fancy-fee....

It certainly wasn't coming from Johnny. It was imposed on him by Citizen Hearse from his Model Suite high atop the plexiglass minarets at Odd and Thing Street.

It was Mental Hygiene!

It was imposed by the ruling satraps without any insight or understanding of the realities of mental hellness and madness and therefore without empathy for mentally hell people.

Hearse-Ferran showed no understanding of the human condition and therefore showed no genuine humanity. He "merely" wanted to "cure" it. This, unbalanced by caring, was worse than madness.

Sorry to do this to you, Johnny.

It was genocide!

* * *

So what the fuck was $CAMH ENGAGE?

It was touted as a Soviet of young professionals devoted to doing something TRANSFORMATIVE and wonderful for Mental Hell.

In reality it was comprised of a lot of playboys, sports, and swells.

He noted the preponderance of public relations types, policy wonks, etc.

He noted too, regarding the group's vaunted "freshness" — the presence of Citizen Hearse's scion, Ulyanov. Hearse-Ferran was the Babbitt of Brain Disease.

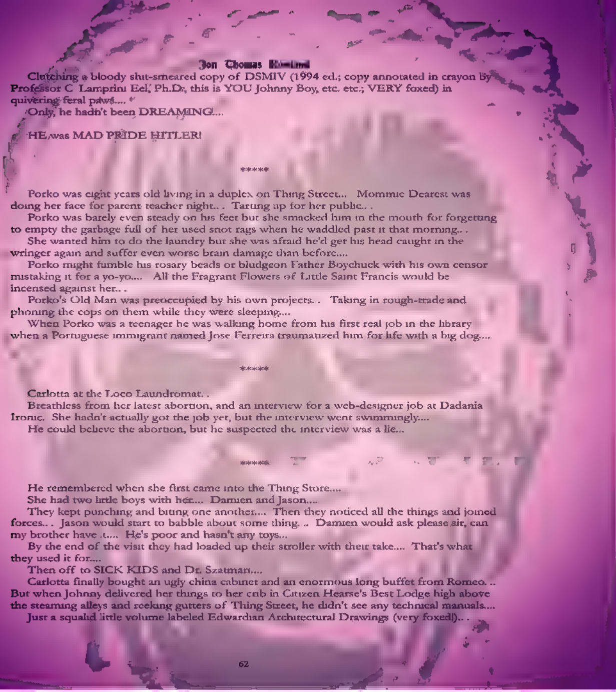
There was at least one brain disease academic among them — so $CAMH ENGAGE began to look like nothing new at all, just yahoos pimping for BRAIN DISEASE MENTAL HELL.

The group was anything but open. They were blinkered by privilege — and inexperience.

CAMH ENGAGE (no) BREAKTHROUGH CHALLENGE:
BRAIN DISEASE!

Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre moonlighted for FleishmanHillard - a PR firm. But she scalped tickets on twitter as Paris Mauvaise.

She'd never been closer to Paris than Thing Street. Why sell tickets to the Casino in



Clutching a bloody shit-smeared copy of DSMIV (1994 ed.; copy annotated in crayon by Professor C Lamprini Eel, Ph.D., this is YOU Johnny Boy, etc. etc.; VERY foxed) in quivering feral paws....

Only, he hadn't been DREAMING....

HE was MAD PRIDE HITLER!

*****

Porko was eight years old living in a duplex on Thing Street... Mommie Dearest was doing her face for parent teacher night... Tarting up for her public...

Porko was barely even steady on his feet but she smacked him in the mouth for forgetting to empty the garbage full of her used snot rags when he waddled past it that morning...

She wanted him to do the laundry but she was afraid he'd get his head caught in the wringer again and suffer even worse brain damage than before....

Porko might fumble his rosary beads or bludgeon Father Boychuck with his own censor mistaking it for a yo-yo.... All the Fragrant Flowers of Little Saint Francis would be incensed against her...

Porko's Old Man was preoccupied by his own projects... Taking in rough-trade and phoning the cops on them while they were sleeping....

When Porko was a teenager he was walking home from his first real job in the library when a Portuguese immigrant named Jose Ferreira traumatized him for life with a big dog....

*****

Carlotta at the Loco Laundromat...

Breathless from her latest abortion, and an interview for a web-designer job at Dadania Ironic. She hadn't actually got the job yet, but the interview went swimmingly....

He could believe the abortion, but he suspected the interview was a lie...

*****

He remembered when she first came into the Thing Store....

She had two little boys with her.... Damien and Jason....

They kept punching and biting one another.... Then they noticed all the things and joined forces... Jason would start to babble about some thing... Damien would ask please sir, can my brother have it.... He's poor and hasn't any toys...

By the end of the visit they had loaded up their stroller with their take.... That's what they used it for....

Then off to SICK KIDS and Dr. Szatmari....

Carlotta finally bought an ugly china cabinet and an enormous long buffet from Romeo... But when Johnny delivered her things to her crib in Citizen Hearse's Best Lodge high above the steaming alleys and reeking gutters of Thing Street, he didn't see any technical manuals....

Just a squalid little volume labeled Edwardian Architectural Drawings (very foxed!)...

MISSISSAUGA," etc., etc....

They weren't Removing STIGMA. They were REMOVING JOHNNY!

They were Removing STIGMA from CONFLICT OF INTEREST, COLLUSION, and CRIME.

CLIENT CENTRED meant CORPORATE CLIENT-CENTRED, M'Lady Margaret "DUMONT" (PIZZAPHRENIA) McCAIN, MA "IT'S JUST LIKE BEING THERE (HELL)" BELL, LaBATT'S BLUE "MAKE IT A BLUE better 20", etc., etc., etc...

Silly FAGGOT - Johnny forgot, they didn't HAVE to MAKE SENSE. They were BIG BROTHER!

1001 Thing Street West was 1984.

$CAMH! Hogtown's most TRUTH CHANGING ADDRESS...

That was why the PROFESSIONAL LIARS of $CAMH could utter ABSURDITIES about MADNESS and MENTAL ILLNESS, then hypocritically ask the PUBLIC to RE-EXAMINE THEMSELVES.

Which was what one would have expected from JOE STALIN or GENGIS KHAN.

The GRAND OPENING was your EXECUTION....

Which was why DADANIANS put up with the CONSTANT BULLSHIT of $CAMH MAD PRIDE should have spoken up, but they were disordered FASCIST gangsters.

Max had co-opted them....

Butch always wanted to be a doctor....

He'd been a TALL OAK....

He worked for them....

He was a peer support worker....

A CLIENT!

A QUISLING!

He liked JETHRO TULL!

$CAMH maintained MAD PRIDE like a private army, Winnie Mandela's football team.

The first thing they stole was the NAME, then the IDEA they obviously knew nothing about. How could people be PROUD of something they didn't even acknowledge?

More normals than ever thought MENTAL ILLNESS was real, and MADNESS was a HEAD COLD.

Why didn't they ask $CAMH to "RE-EVALUATE" themselves, and prove that their "redevelopment" wasn't JUST A SCAM, that it really benefitted THING STREET CRAZIES formerly served by the hospital they tore down and replaced with an ugly and pretentious CONDO COMPLEX with COMMERCIAL RETAIL SPACE for the WELL-TO-DO UNWELL. Just TO START...

Then, JUST TO START, they should INSIST that $CAMH FIRE TRIXIE and WEASEL-THEATRE and all their other PROFESSIONAL LIARS, for having LIED TOO MUCH ALREADY....

*****

Johnny woke up screaming....

They were BOTH urban planners....v

Hearse-Ferrari's Trotskyite Hippie"vision" of love was a vision of dullness, and the ultimate dullness - DEATH.

Crows twittering on the same frequency - twittering the same thing - as a metaphor for the internet was less day-dream than living nightmare - a real-life fascist fairy-tale of totalitarian accord.

Because they weren't birds. They were people - and not all the same. They did NOT agree - so they mustn't "twitter" on the same frequency. That really was for the birds.

Nobody could have been more mistaken and consequently more evil than Hearse-Ferrari. It figured that he started as a Trotskyite apocalyptic totalitarian gangster.

Throwing money at "brain disease" wouldn't even cure brain disease - which was only a part of the problem - which in turn was only part of the reality.

He hoped Citizen Hearse was wrong about the internet too. It seemed quite likely.

*****

He wondered how they chose POSTER PEOPLE.

For one thing, they had POSTHUMOUS POSTER PEOPLE.

While in a video the idea might be DROLL or TWISTED, the reality - from what purported to be a HOSPITAL - was SICK.

It was grave-robbing....

*****

He thought it would be interesting to read one of $CAMH CEO Trixie Sane's tweets. It was appalling.

It made him puke....

A schizoid mixture of shlocky bathos over Robin Williams's suicide, and hard-nosed exploitation of it for brain disease.

The sentimentality looked put-on (she admired Russel Brand's schlock on schlock "fallen bird on a hard floor" - feh!), but the exploitation was real.

Likewise the dogmatism of Trixie's brain-disease approach to "mental hellness." No one ever put it more succinctly than herself:

disguise? It was like wearing the head scarf in a beverage room.

She was ashamed of her latest schtick but unable to stop beause of her addiction issues.

Otherwise she couldn't possibly stand up in front of a roomfull of junkies and demand her tiara and bat cape so she could transform them.

Johnny knew better. Look at Bruce and Butch

Yes, she said stupid things. When she was stoned....

Trouble was it was getting harder. She needed more and more drugs to stare them down. Bullshitting everybody took fortitude, but mainly drugs.

Some Awards Nights she just couldn't find the right batcape, or a fix. Maybe it just didn't work anymore. Maybe it was broken. She couldn't FLY!

She got the shakes. She gobbled tranquilizers....

She crashed. Like Germanwings...

*****

So what did they know about chronic mental hellness? About Pioneers of Alienation? Johnny was a PIONEER!

They didn't know anything - which was good for $CAMH because it meant there was nothing like reality or understanding to get in the way of their enthusiasm for brain disease and other delusional obsessions....

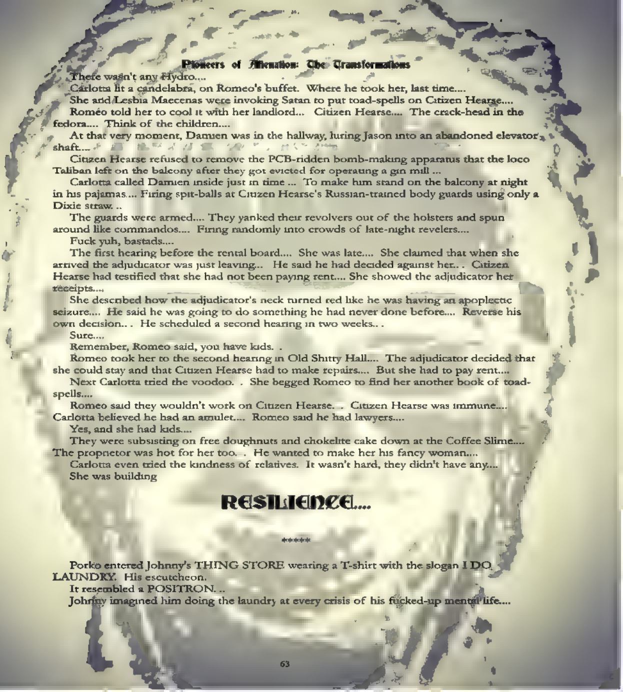
Like money. .

They lived in Model Suites among the minarets of the new Thing Street that $CAMH finally felt a part of

They thought they were pretty funky.

I got ENGAGED because

Johnny tried to read the tweets of Scotch Tape Jr son of the man who raved about internet openness - but they were blocked! So much for engagement. They had nothing on



There wasn't any Hydro....

Carlotta lit a candelabra, on Romeo's buffet. Where he took her, last time....

She and Lesbia Maecenas were invoking Satan to put toad-spells on Citizen Hearse....

Romeo told her to cool it with her landlord... Citizen Hearse.... The crack-head in the fedora.... Think of the children....

At that very moment, Damien was in the hallway, luring Jason into an abandoned elevator shaft....

Citizen Hearse refused to remove the PCB-ridden bomb-making apparatus that the loco Taliban left on the balcony after they got evicted for operating a gin mill ...

Carlotta called Damien inside just in time ... To make him stand on the balcony at night in his pajamas.... Firing spit-balls at Citizen Hearse's Russian-trained body guards using only a Dixie straw. ..

The guards were armed.... They yanked their revolvers out of the holsters and spun around like commandos.... Firing randomly into crowds of late-night revelers....

Fuck yuh, bastads....

The first hearing before the rental board.... She was late.... She claimed that when she arrived the adjudicator was just leaving... He said he had decided against her.. . Citizen Hearse had testified that she had not been paying rent.... She showed the adjudicator her receipts....

She described how the adjudicator's neck turned red like he was having an apoplectic seizure.... He said he was going to do something he had never done before.... Reverse his own decision.. . He scheduled a second hearing in two weeks.. .

Sure....

Remember, Romeo said, you have kids. .

Romeo took her to the second hearing in Old Shitty Hall.... The adjudicator decided that she could stay and that Citizen Hearse had to make repairs.... But she had to pay rent....

Next Carlotta tried the voodoo. . She begged Romeo to find her another book of toad-spells....

Romeo said they wouldn't work on Citizen Hearse. . Citizen Hearse was immune.... Carlotta believed he had an amulet.... Romeo said he had lawyers....

Yes, and she had kids....

They were subsisting on free doughnuts and chokelite cake down at the Coffee Slime.... The proprietor was hot for her too. . He wanted to make her his fancy woman....

Carlotta even tried the kindness of relatives. It wasn't hard, they didn't have any....

She was building

RESILIENCE....

*****

Porko entered Johnny's THING STORE wearing a T-shirt with the slogan I DO LAUNDRY. His escutcheon.

It resembled a POSITRON. ..

Johnny imagined him doing the laundry at every crisis of his fucked-up mental life....

The radiator got better reception ...

**Meanwhile, if you
would just "step outside of your
Media Bubble
for a moment" -
Get your HEADS out of your
ASSES - the FACE
of SCHIZOPHRENIA
and $CAMH (same thing!)
Looked like THIS**

SCAMH rings true! Mark
camh

**In Parkdale TORONTO - &
"across the lifespan and
around the world" (Trixie Sane's BOOK of
BROMIDES)**

It was typical $CAMH Mental Hell Fascism. Huge ugly posters shouted SLOGANS where Butch used to stand quietly smoking.

"At the Crossroads"
of
"Brain Disease" and "Mental Hellness"

BEE
GA
CAMH CEO Saint Catherine Zahn
"ACROSS THE LIFESPAN and
AROUND THE WORLD"

It was institutional violence directed at poor people too sick to defend themselves. They had a new hardcore NAZI management at Stalag West

It was consistent with the cheap, nasty posters ordering clients diagnosed with SCHIZOPHRENIA not to see a shrink without booking an appointment first

They went to the Stalag because it was a drop-in.

Not any more. Now there was engagement! Another Orwellian term. Trixie was in on this one, too. Getting rid of stigma? No! Clients - especially the ones who liked to stand, quietly smoking in the doorway.

They could smoke in the middle of Thing Street, for all she cared Heil $CAMH!

In reality clients continued to drop in whenever they had to, then the nurses would write them down as having checked in first. They continued to smoke in front of the poster, too.

Please
Keep CAMH
Tobacco Free
smokershelpline.ca

*****

If CITIZEN HEARSE was a "VISIONARY" - then it deserved to be stated, so was HITLER.

PAUSE!

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She was fainting.... Porko took her by the hand and whisked her away from horrible Johnny and his Thing Store. .. He could forget about chicken dumpling to-night....

Poor, poor Jose Ferreira and hith doggy, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre lithped tragically.. . She heard barking outside.... REX was getting his ass kicked again.... This time by a big mean pit-bull....

REX retreated into the store and bounded dowstairs.... Like he had something really good downstairs....

Porko scowled over his shoulder as they beat it.... Him and Honey . He wasn't even gonna take the fag's money... Wasn't gonna mooch his free ciggies.... He better not lay a hand on his dick again. . It was red and angry looking too. .

What he got for saving her tits....

Dick...

*****

The POMERANIAN PEER SUPPORT COMFORT LAPDOG CAPER. Doc Alpo San owned the 15 Pomeranians that Porko and his G-R-R-R-L had been sitting in a big two-story dog house in Low Park The shades were always drawn except for a few inches where the dogs peered out at them coming up the walk with great big bags of kibble. Porko suspected that Dr. Alpo had been assassinated in Northern Manchuria by a gang of Maoist dog-thieving restaurateurs. . He'd been there disguised as some kind of architect while researching a global network of Pomeranian-snatchers. ..

*****

Johnny sent Jah Lo See to J. Zeus Murphy's Zombie Crypt Emporium, to see if they had any cheap lap-tops. He instructed her not to buy anything, only to obtain information about what was available. She had already enquired several times, and the answer had always been that they were out. Johnny gave her a twony for coffee on the way back.

He was surprised when she returned a few minutes later and proudly presented him with a heavy cardboard box, before collapsing into an ugly torn chair the springs of which sagged onto the floor.

Johnny peered hopefully into the box J. Zeus had cheated him again. It was a fossil, a dinosaur, a trilobite that J. Zeus had personally plundered in a midnight raid on the Burgess Shale on his last valium inspired West Coast tour foraging for Frank Zappa albums.....

Coelacanth's were rocket science....

*****

Moll gave them a bunch of Barbie Dolls for a discount on two large chairs, an orange recliner and a pink armchair. Seraphina arrived to see what Romeo got last week, and was bored by all of it, but remembered he'd told her they were getting some Barbies....

Johnny'd stashed them in the corner, under his old green antimacassar ..

He hated going into the cellar to search for Barbies, especially as they were still in the heap of polyethylene garbage bags that Moll had given them, and he didn't know which ones.

It was like opening body bags in the lair of a serial killer....

Dildo Wingnut?

In the semi-darkness by the fuse boxes he grasped tiny heads of hair, tinier pairs of feet. He knew.

It was REX's stash!

The Barbie bag!

He carried it upstairs and tore it open, without bothering to undo the knot...

*****

J. Zeus Murphy set himself up in a swell pad. Rented a loft in the former Vinnie Massive Lampworks.

Vinnie had opened the factory at the beginning of World War I, to supply Dadanian diplomatic missions with Turkish lamps. They were diverted to shell-shock victims.

Vinnie had been disgusted and bored by the old Massive family business, tractors and combines were sadly limited in terms of the opportunities they presented for drag.

Upon the Allied Victory, bored even with this extravagance, he had retired with his fortune to pursue a career in heraldry, as the first native born and most fantastic Governor-General of Dadania. He appeared everywhere, at the opening of parliament or a curling match, buried beneath a ceremonial panoply of tassels and flanges, resembling nothing so much as a Turkish lamp. J. Zeus Murphy was always finding bits of glass, silk cord, etc. in the crevices between his floorboards....

Now he needed furniture, pieces that would make his loft look like the madame's office in a bordello, as well as a home. He especially wanted a large desk or dining table to impress his visitors with while they awaited his always busy self. He would place a computer on it, featuring programs about himself and his numerous projects....

*****

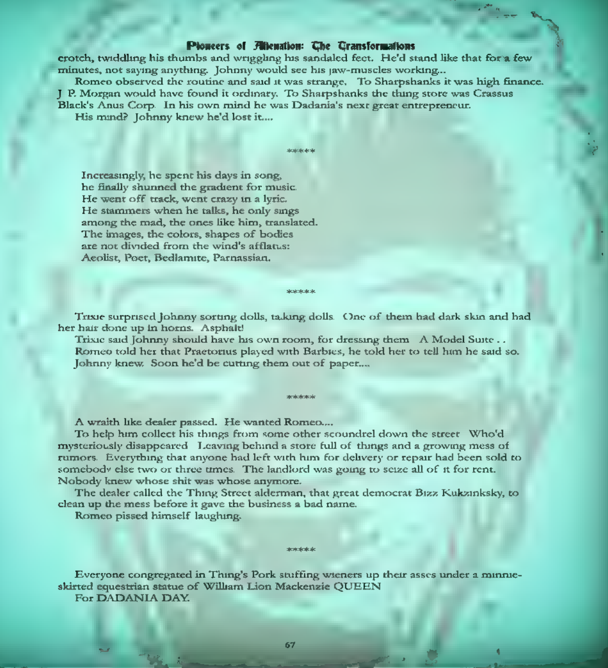
Johnny confessed to Trixie. He hated loonies, notwithstanding that he was one himself.

She emphatically agreed. I mean, I hate them too, she clarified.

Today she'd wanted to shove a hypodermic up the ass of a client. He told her to get lost, so she did. Then he took the entire ward, including three members of the staff, hostage. It was a code white situation. She was blamed for it. For doing what the patient told her to do. For going away....

*****

Sharpshanks started coming three times a day again. Then he'd suddenly appear with 15 or 20 dollars and offer it to Johnny, with a dignified statement. Johnny, I owe you some money. An hour later he'd appear in the doorway, holding his hands together in front of his



crotch, twiddling his thumbs and wriggling his sandaled feet. He'd stand like that for a few minutes, not saying anything. Johnny would see his jaw-muscles working...

Romeo observed the routine and said it was strange. To Sharpshanks it was high finance. J. P. Morgan would have found it ordinary. To Sharpshanks the thing store was Crassus Black's Anus Corp. In his own mind he was Dadania's next great entrepreneur.

His mind? Johnny knew he'd lost it....

*****

Increasingly, he spent his days in song,
he finally shunned the gradient for music.
He went off track, went crazy in a lyric.
He stammers when he talks, he only sings
among the mad, the ones like him, translated.
The images, the colors, shapes of bodies
are not divided from the wind's afflatus:
Aeolist, Poet, Bedlamite, Parnassian.

*****

Trixie surprised Johnny sorting dolls, taking dolls. One of them had dark skin and had her hair done up in horns. Asphalt!

Trixie said Johnny should have his own room, for dressing them. A Model Suite . .

Romeo told her that Praetorius played with Barbies, he told her to tell him he said so.

Johnny knew. Soon he'd be cutting them out of paper....

*****

A wraith like dealer passed. He wanted Romeo....

To help him collect his things from some other scoundrel down the street. Who'd mysteriously disappeared. Leaving behind a store full of things and a growing mess of rumors. Everything that anyone had left with him for delivery or repair had been sold to somebody else two or three times. The landlord was going to seize all of it for rent. Nobody knew whose shit was whose anymore.

The dealer called the Thing Street alderman, that great democrat Bizz Kukzinksky, to clean up the mess before it gave the business a bad name.

Romeo pissed himself laughing.

*****

Everyone congregated in Thing's Pork stuffing wieners up their asses under a minnie-skirted equestrian statue of William Lion Mackenzie QUEEN

For DADANIA DAY.

They'd sucked the British Empire till it fell off and now they were giving Uncle Sammy the treatment....

Or was it vice versa?

*****

A Vinylphile confessed to feeling guilty because he'd stolen a few pieces of sheet music along with his records. The long-lost sketches of Mahler's Tenth!

It would have been bad dharma not to offer him something. He'd come back as an unbreakable 78 and get turned into a flying saucer. He promised as soon as he found a few more records (to steal), to give him a butterscotch.

Johnny started to bring in the things from the sidewalk right in front of the store. The Vinylphile looked through the stacks of records that cluttered the aisle and covered any floor space not already occupied by junky furniture. Half an hour later Johnny had brought in most of the things, but the Vinylphile was still looking. With about thirty albums under his arm he started to make his way slowly toward the front of the store. Johnny was relieved that he was finally going, but when the Vinylphile saw him still working, he headed back into the store, where the records were thickest.

Nothing back here? he asked. Johnny said he wouldn't say that.

Nothing in the way of records? Johnny knew there were thousands. He was beginning

DOG....

If you ever want to see a BOY, about a DOG.... Try Worthless World....

Just don't get caught....

They'll ban you in every THING store from Nunavit to Mexico City and beyond. Then where will you go?

You never know who you'll find, but you can be pretty sure he's been USED....

Take Joe, for instance....

It's easy.... .

His whole life people have been returning him to the store....

Browndale graduate, class of any year....

White Nigger Jew....

Annex Beacon....

Margaret Allwood's Last Love....

He has issues with men....

He had so many fathers, he didn't know what to screw....

Fortunately one of them had a record store, and Joe liked music....

Joe liked records more .

Love Joe, love his Bluenotes....

He grew his fingernails like Howard Hughes so he could feel the scratches in the grooves....

He could probably hear them too....

Edison would have patented Joe's thumb. ..

And smashed the fingers of his rivals....

Thomas Alva Edison invented The Joe in 1888....

He dropped a stylus on Joe's cylinder....

His BLUE AMBEROL....

Over hill, over dale...

He examined his hairy breast, his smooth legs, his neat feet....

Every guy in Toronto wears size 9 shoes, Joe complained in the Shoe Department of Value Village....

And the WIZARD OF MENLO PARK was PLEASED.

Fuck my TALKING DOLL, he said....

That's my NIGGER, JOE....

Ole BLACK Joe. ..

After cycling to every THING store in Toronto, which is EVERY STORE IN TORONTO....

Hygiene was never a priority with crazies....

Coonsinger Joe....

The first white nigger jew record star....

Now on DIAMOND DISK.... Only....

Move over George W. Johnson....

Victor Emerson.. .

China owns your trademarks now....

But not Joe....

The last independent....

But merging fast....

He was in the music business. He'll tell you early in the relationship, the way you can't.

to despair of ever going home.

Just tell me when you want to close, the Vinylphile said.

*****

BEAUTIFUL JOE!
A POEMFORTHEDAY about a DOG for JOE

He met him at Worthless World.
The most beautiful picker of them all.
BEAUTIFUL JOE. He called him that. Because it's a DADANIAN CLASSIC, about a

talk to me 5 minutes without realizing I'm a failed prof....

To your HORROR....

(I thought getting a Ph.D. meant I'd never pine for it but I'd never GET RID OF IT EITHER....

So I have to get it out on the table, that dirty scrap of paper between us like a contract....

I'm going to write us down....

I can't help it....)

One of Joe's fathers was the buyer for SAM....

SAM the MAN....

Now Joe's the MAN....

Joe's a FATHER!

That's one father too many. He tells me about his toys. Emails me their pics at 3 in the morning. Beautiful as a Beethoven string quartet - a LATE quartet. Sure it's just stuff, but what BEAUTIFUL STUFF!

He surrounds himself with them. His and hers Italian 45 RPM turntables. Early modern stereos. All expensive in catalogers many of them in MOMA.

Talking machines tell him about the past. When people had jobs and corporations were daring.

I interrupt. You mean CARING?

That TOO! Joe types sobbing.

Before we were sadsacks. Bottom feeders at WORTHLESS WORLD....

Fatty Puff Pie, Joe Goldfinger, Elaine Mighty Muff....

I AM DADANIAN, I type back shouting....

BEAUTIFUL JOE..

NIPPER....

Listening for HIS MASTER'S VOICE....

Edison's goons shoot him....

Stoopid nigger....

I knew you were a risk, Joe gasps dying..

(This is a posthumous release.)

These Village Romances sure were frustrating....

*****

Doc Hiroshito Hibitchy aka ALPO-SAN and his tragic sudden death from non-consensually fucking his favorite comfort Pomeranian to the strains of TIGHT LIKE THAT as performed by Louis Armstrong and his Jazz Dogs on Columbia LP 69728.... Unfortunately he played it on his ancestral Japanese-Victor Talking Machine.... At more than 78 RPM his life fluid surged into his cock exploding into Chippy like the Orient Express. ..

E-mails from kennels and dog-shows all across Asia clogged up his mail box.... His precious daughter the dewy flower of the eastern sky Miso Flavor Ramen faxed and phoned and clenched her pearly fists in frustration at his stubborn refusal to answer her increasingly shrill solicitude for money.... But he was D.E. A.D. so what the FUCK could he do about it?

She recalled how when she had barely turned her first trick he gave her the delightful little Fortune Cookie with the incredibly lolling tongue....

*****

A bum paused in front of the store as Johnny brought in his things. Johnny'd seen him before, somewhere. Each time he'd asked him, for bird cages....

He had an affected delivery, as if he listened too much to his own voice. Johnny hadn't had anything to do with birds for years, and it irritated him that the man kept asking, each time explaining what he was looking for with painstaking and unnatural delivery, peering up at him through thick glasses.

He reminded Johnny of a sheep-dog. Early seventies, average height, slightly stocky, round faced. He wore his dark hair long. He loitered in front of the store in short pants, white socks, a short-sleeved shirt, a straw sun-hat. He carried a package and a canvas bag that obviously held bottles of liquor.

This time he didn't want a bird-cage; he wanted a picture frame. Johnny didn't have one. He started to describe a picture he owned. Johnny wasn't interested.

Somebody saw it and offered him two hundred dollars for it. He wouldn't take it. He knew what it was worth. He said he'd purchased it nearly forty years ago directly from the artist.... He offered to show it to Johnny right there but he wasn't interested....

The man said if he was ever broke he could take it into any art store and get five hundred dollars for it; they'd get a thou-thou-

He staggered and hit his head on the curb before Johnny could catch him. Fucking bum. He was probably brain-damaged. A young man stopped and helped Johnny get him off the road, so he wouldn't get run over again and again on Thing Street. Another young man called an ambulance on his cell-phone. The operator must have started her catechism. Johnny heard the young man say he didn't think drugs were involved, except alcohol. Somebody told the young man to tell the operator to fuck off, but it didn't matter. He was dead.

The ambulance arrived anyway, with two attendants. They covered the corpse, and loaded it onto a stretcher.

He left his things behind on the curb. One was a soggy canvas bag full of broken liquor bottles. An attendant tossed it in after the corpse, with a loud chink.

*****

The other one was a brown paper package tied up with string. It was the picture he'd wanted to show Johnny. He unwrapped it.

He recognized the rapt looking farmer standing beside the rustic house, the shed with the guts of the turbine laid out on the lawn, the smoke not dispersing naturally but contracting into an impossible inverted V....

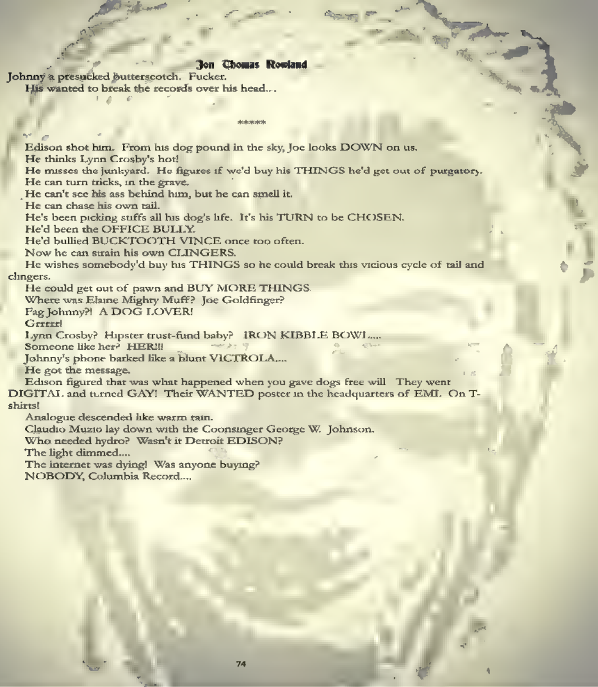
The Villeneuve!

The collector saw it....

He pissed himself laughing.

FIXTURES
Instant Water Dispenser
b c m h

NAZI LOVE CAMP
BELL GATEWAY BUILDING
$c mh



Johnny a presucked butterscotch. Fucker.

His wanted to break the records over his head…

*****

Edison shot him. From his dog pound in the sky, Joe looks DOWN on us.

He thinks Lynn Crosby's hot!

He misses the junkyard. He figures if we'd buy his THINGS he'd get out of purgatory.

He can turn tricks, in the grave.

He can't see his ass behind him, but he can smell it.

He can chase his own tail.

He's been picking stiffs all his dog's life. It's his TURN to be CHOSEN.

He'd been the OFFICE BULLY.

He'd bullied BUCKTOOTH VINCE once too often.

Now he can strain his own CLINGERS.

He wishes somebody'd buy his THINGS so he could break this vicious cycle of tail and clingers.

He could get out of pawn and BUY MORE THINGS.

Where was Elaine Mighty Muff? Joe Goldfinger?

Fag Johnny?! A DOG LOVER!

Grrrrr!

Lynn Crosby? Hipster trust-fund baby? IRON KIBBLE BOWL….

Someone like her? HER!!!

Johnny's phone barked like a blunt VICTROLA….

He got the message.

Edison figured that was what happened when you gave dogs free will. They went DIGITAL and turned GAY! Their WANTED poster in the headquarters of EMI. On T-shirts!

Analogue descended like warm rain.

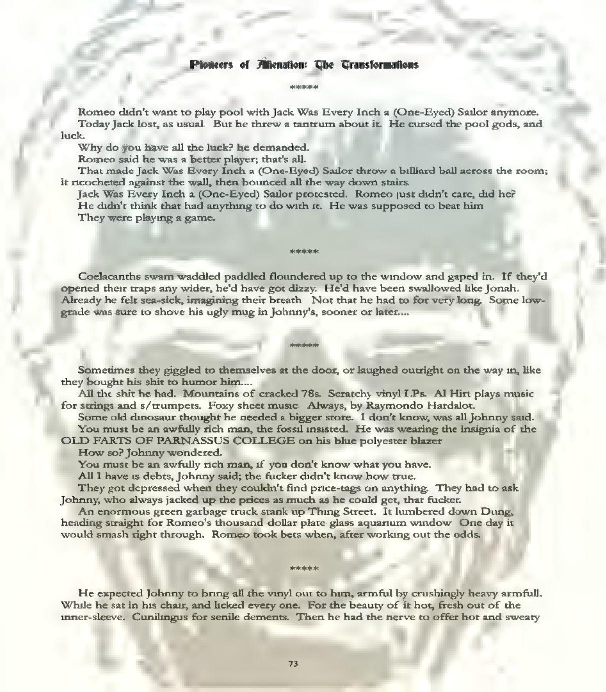
Claudio Muzio lay down with the Coonsinger George W. Johnson.

Who needed hydro? Wasn't it Detroit EDISON?

The light dimmed….

The internet was dying! Was anyone buying?

NOBODY, Columbia Record….



Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

*****

Romeo didn't want to play pool with Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor anymore.

Today Jack lost, as usual. But he threw a tantrum about it. He cursed the pool gods, and luck.

Why do you have all the luck? he demanded.

Romeo said he was a better player; that's all.

That made Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor throw a billiard ball across the room; it ricocheted against the wall, then bounced all the way down stairs.

Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor protested. Romeo just didn't care, did he?

He didn't think that had anything to do with it. He was supposed to beat him.

They were playing a game.

*****

Coelacanths swam waddled paddled floundered up to the window and gaped in. If they'd opened their traps any wider, he'd have got dizzy. He'd have been swallowed like Jonah. Already he felt sea-sick, imagining their breath. Not that he had to for very long. Some low-grade was sure to shove his ugly mug in Johnny's, sooner or later....

*****

Sometimes they giggled to themselves at the door, or laughed outright on the way in, like they bought his shit to humor him....

All the shit he had. Mountains of cracked 78s. Scratchy vinyl LPs. Al Hirt plays music for strings and s/trumpets. Foxy sheet music. Always, by Raymondo Hardalot.

Some old dinosaur thought he needed a bigger store. I don't know, was all Johnny said.

You must be an awfully rich man, the fossil insisted. He was wearing the insignia of the OLD FARTS OF PARNASSUS COLLEGE on his blue polyester blazer.

How so? Johnny wondered.

You must be an awfully rich man, if you don't know what you have.

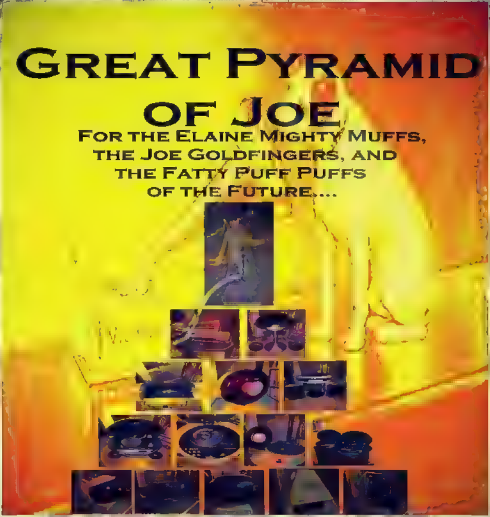
All I have is debts, Johnny said; the fucker didn't know how true.

They got depressed when they couldn't find price-tags on anything. They had to ask Johnny, who always jacked up the prices as much as he could get, that fucker.

An enormous green garbage truck stank up Thing Street. It lumbered down Dung, heading straight for Romeo's thousand dollar plate glass aquarium window. One day it would smash right through. Romeo took bets when, after working out the odds.

*****

He expected Johnny to bring all the vinyl out to him, armful by crushingly heavy armfull. While he sat in his chair, and licked every one. For the beauty of it hot, fresh out of the inner-sleeve. Cunilingus for senile dements. Then he had the nerve to offer hot and sweaty


GREAT PYRAMID
OF JOE
FOR THE ELAINE MIGHTY MUFFS,
THE JOE GOLDFINGERS, AND
THE FATTY PUFF PUFFS
OF THE FUTURE....

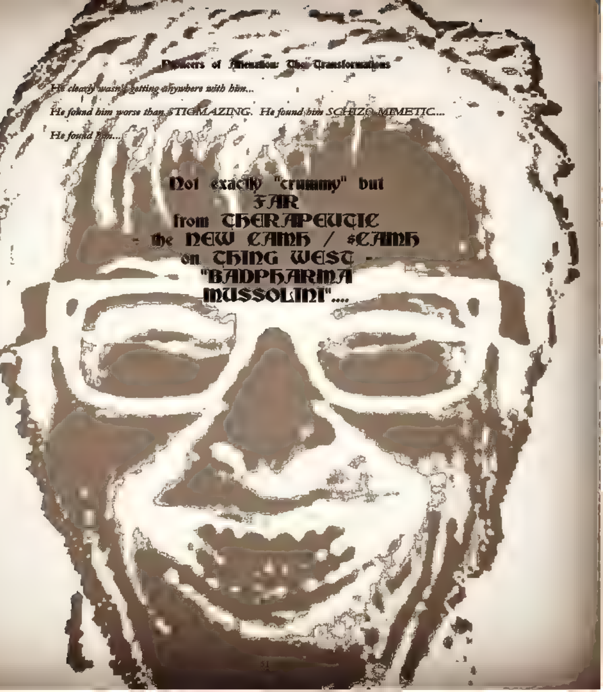
*****

*****

Johnny was a survivor, having lived for years in an unofficial group home and worked in an official one right next door. He knew the life. Always on the edge, between nearly unbearable poverty on welfare and truly unbearable work (on not much more than welfare). He knew how it was....

Not masturbating too loudly on the 3rd floor because it made the schizophrenic escalate on the 2nd floor which kept the landlady awake on the 1st. He even knew how it smelled. Guys smoking cheap native cigarettes on Emile Durkheim's balcony right next door. Ground Zero.

The toilets got plugged all the way to the street. The snake couldn't reach that far. No water to flush with. They bought Perrier from the Koreans next door and filled the tanks.

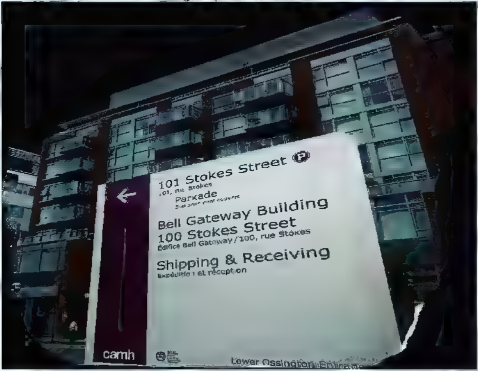


He clearly wasn't getting anywhere with him...

He found him worse than STIGMAZING. He found him SCHIZO-MIMETIC...

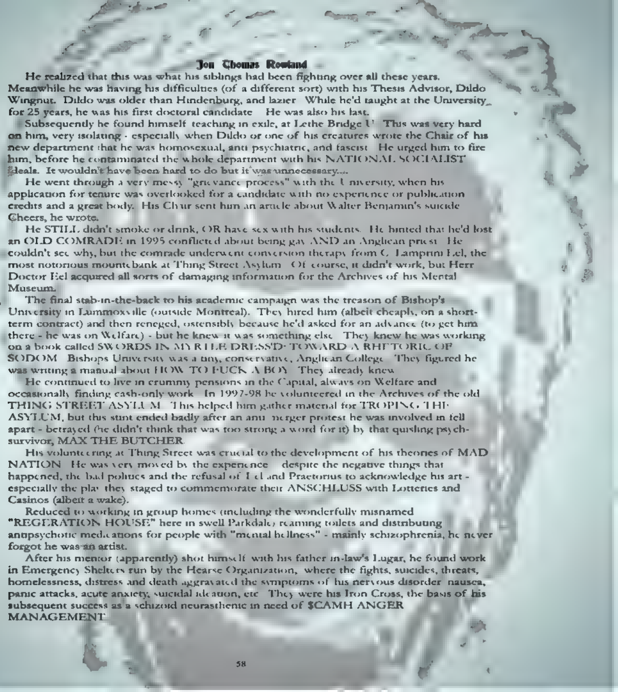
He found him...

Not exactly "crummy" but
FAR
from THERAPEUTIC
- the NEW CAMH / $CAMH
on THING WEST -
"BADPHARMA
MUSSOLINI"....


101 Stokes Street
101, rue Stokes
Parkade
Bell Gateway Building
100 Stokes Street
Édifice Bell Gateway / 100, rue Stokes
Shipping & Receiving
Expédition et réception
camh
Lower Ossington

*****

Stuff it in!



He realized that this was what his siblings had been fighting over all these years. Meanwhile he was having his difficulties (of a different sort) with his Thesis Advisor, Dildo Wingnut. Dildo was older than Hindenburg, and lazier. While he'd taught at the University for 25 years, he was his first doctoral candidate. He was also his last.

Subsequently he found himself teaching in exile, at Lethe Bridge U. This was very hard on him, very isolating - especially when Dildo or one of his creatures wrote the Chair of his new department that he was homosexual, anti psychiatric, and fascist. He urged him to fire him, before he contaminated the whole department with his NATIONAL SOCIALIST ideals. It wouldn't have been hard to do but it was unnecessary....

He went through a very messy "grievance process" with the University, when his application for tenure was overlooked for a candidate with no experience or publication credits and a great body. His Chair sent him an article about Walter Benjamin's suicide. Cheers, he wrote.

He STILL didn't smoke or drink, OR have sex with his students. He hinted that he'd lost an OLD COMRADE in 1995 conflicted about being gay AND an Anglican priest. He couldn't see why, but the comrade underwent conversion therapy from C. Lamprini Eel, the most notorious mountebank at Thing Street Asylum. Of course, it didn't work, but Herr Doctor Eel acquired all sorts of damaging information for the Archives of his Mental Museum.

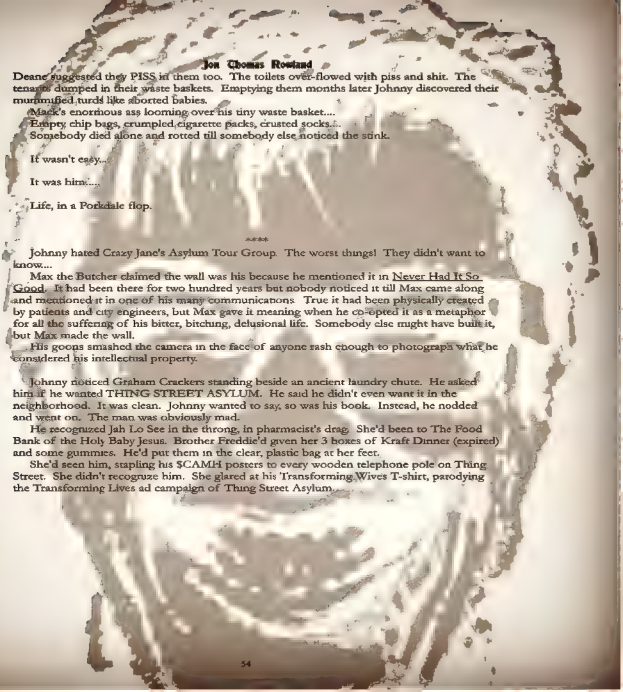
The final stab-in-the-back to his academic campaign was the treason of Bishop's University in Lummoxville (outside Montreal). They hired him (albeit cheaply, on a short-term contract) and then reneged, ostensibly because he'd asked for an advance (to get him there - he was on Welfare) - but he knew it was something else. They knew he was working on a book called SWORDS IN MYRTLE DRESS'D: TOWARD A RHETORIC OF SODOM. Bishops University was a tiny, conservative, Anglican College. They figured he was writing a manual about HOW TO FUCK A BOY. They already knew.

He continued to live in crummy pensions in the Capital, always on Welfare and occasionally finding cash-only work. In 1997-98 he volunteered in the Archives of the old THING STREET ASYLUM. This helped him gather material for TROPING THE ASYLUM, but this stint ended badly after an anti-merger protest he was involved in fell apart - betrayed (he didn't think that was too strong a word for it) by that quisling psych-survivor, MAX THE BUTCHER.

His volunteering at Thing Street was crucial to the development of his theories of MAD NATION. He was very moved by the experience - despite the negative things that happened, the bad politics and the refusal of Eel and Praetorius to acknowledge his art - especially the play they staged to commemorate their ANSCHLUSS with Lotteries and Casinos (albeit a wake).

Reduced to working in group homes (including the wonderfully misnamed "REGERATION HOUSE" here in swell Parkdale) cleaning toilets and distributing antipsychotic medications for people with "mental hellness" - mainly schizophrenia, he never forgot he was an artist.

After his mentor (apparently) shot himself with his father in-law's Lugar, he found work in Emergency Shelters run by the Hearse Organization, where the fights, suicides, threats, homelessness, distress and death aggravated the symptoms of his nervous disorder: nausea, panic attacks, acute anxiety, suicidal ideation, etc. They were his Iron Cross, the basis of his subsequent success as a schizoid neurasthenic in need of $CAMH ANGER MANAGEMENT.



Deane suggested they PISS in them too. The toilets over-flowed with piss and shit. The tenants dumped in their waste baskets. Emptying them months later Johnny discovered their mummified turds like aborted babies.

Mack's enormous ass looming over his tiny waste basket....

Empty chip bags, crumpled cigarette packs, crusted socks....

Somebody died alone and rotted till somebody else noticed the stink.

It wasn't easy....

It was him.....

Life, in a Porkdale flop.

****

Johnny hated Crazy Jane's Asylum Tour Group. The worst things! They didn't want to know....

Max the Butcher claimed the wall was his because he mentioned it in Never Had It So Good. It had been there for two hundred years but nobody noticed it till Max came along and mentioned it in one of his many communications. True it had been physically created by patients and city engineers, but Max gave it meaning when he co-opted it as a metaphor for all the suffering of his bitter, bitching, delusional life. Somebody else might have built it, but Max made the wall.

His goons smashed the camera in the face of anyone rash enough to photograph what he considered his intellectual property.

Johnny noticed Graham Crackers standing beside an ancient laundry chute. He asked him if he wanted THING STREET ASYLUM. He said he didn't even want it in the neighborhood. It was clean. Johnny wanted to say, so was his book. Instead, he nodded and went on. The man was obviously mad.

He recognized Jah Lo See in the throng, in pharmacist's drag. She'd been to The Food Bank of the Holy Baby Jesus. Brother Freddie'd given her 3 boxes of Kraft Dinner (expired) and some gummies. He'd put them in the clear, plastic bag at her feet.

She'd seen him, stapling his $CAMH posters to every wooden telephone pole on Thing Street. She didn't recognize him. She glared at his Transforming Wives T-shirt, parodying the Transforming Lives ad campaign of Thing Street Asylum.

Etc., etc....

Despite these hardships, they made lives for themselves, and everything worked out fine in

The End.

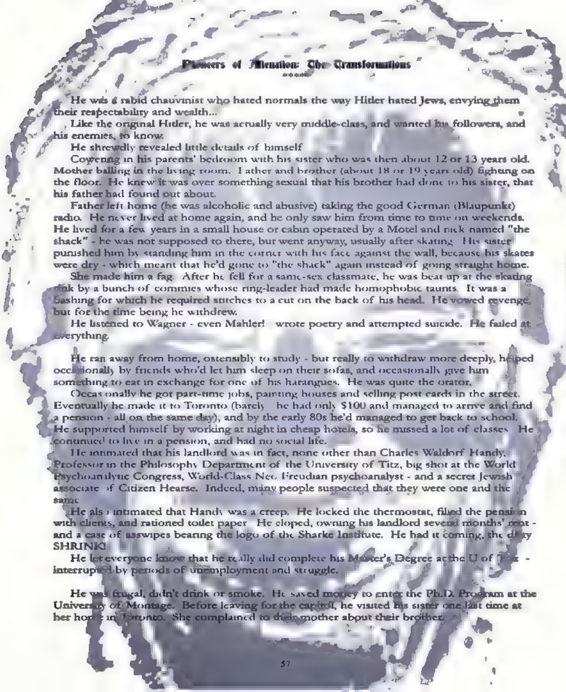
*****

The best example of $CAMH corporate philistinism was the YOU'VE CHANGED sign plastered on the side of an ugly old building overlooking the poop-and-scoop parkette named after Paul Garfinkel, a non-entity (his specialty was diet disorders) touted by the mental hospital (especially by Trixie Sane of course) and by the pharmaceuticals as a Great Man and Benefactor of Madkind for expropriating resources originally designated for the urban poor and awarding them to the middle class.

The sign was touted - even more outrageously - as an example of "street art" - graffiti! - and grassroots sentiment approving of the NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL. It was corporate sloganeering - trying to co-opt street art and, at least for the middle-class Babbitts who now shopped in the overpriced (government-funded!) clip-joints masquerading as galleries at Thing and Ozz - it worked!

Thing Street was anything BUT "raw!, unscripted" - more like so TOTALLY PROCESSED and so PREDICTABLE and SAFE - they didn't even KNOW!

YOU'VE
CHANGE



He was a rabid chauvinist who hated normals the way Hitler hated Jews, envying them their respectability and wealth...

Like the original Hitler, he was actually very middle-class, and wanted his followers, and his enemies, to know.

He shrewdly revealed little details of himself

Cowering in his parents' bedroom with his sister who was then about 12 or 13 years old. Mother balling in the living room. Father and brother (about 18 or 19 years old) fighting on the floor. He knew it was over something sexual that his brother had done to his sister, that his father had found out about.

Father left home (he was alcoholic and abusive) taking the good German (Blaupunkt) radio. He never lived at home again, and he only saw him from time to time on weekends. He lived for a few years in a small house or cabin operated by a Motel and nick named "the shack" - he was not supposed to there, but went anyway, usually after skating. His sister punished him by standing him in the corner with his face against the wall, because his skates were dry - which meant that he'd gone to "the shack" again instead of going straight home.

She made him a fag. After he fell for a same-sex classmate, he was beat up at the skating rink by a bunch of commies whose ring-leader had made homophobic taunts. It was a bashing for which he required stitches to a cut on the back of his head. He vowed revenge, but for the time being he withdrew.

He listened to Wagner - even Mahler! wrote poetry and attempted suicide. He failed at everything.

He ran away from home, ostensibly to study - but really to withdraw more deeply, helped occasionally by friends who'd let him sleep on their sofas, and occasionally give him something to eat in exchange for one of his harangues. He was quite the orator.

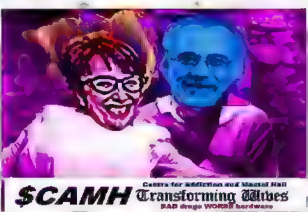
Occasionally he got part-time jobs, painting houses and selling post cards in the street. Eventually he made it to Toronto (barely he had only $100 and managed to arrive and find a pension - all on the same day), and by the early 80s he'd managed to get back to school. He supported himself by working at night in cheap hotels, so he missed a lot of classes. He continued to live in a pension, and had no social life.

He intimated that his landlord was in fact, none other than Charles Waldorf Handy, Professor in the Philosophy Department of the University of Titz, big shot at the World Psychoanalytic Congress, World-Class Neo Freudian psychoanalyst - and a secret Jewish associate of Citizen Hearse. Indeed, many people suspected that they were one and the same.

He also intimated that Handy was a creep. He locked the thermostat, filled the pension with clients, and rationed toilet paper. He eloped, owning his landlord several months' rent - and a case of asswipes bearing the logo of the Sharke Institute. He had it coming, the dirty SHRINK!

He let everyone know that he really did complete his Master's Degree at the U of Titz - interrupted by periods of unemployment and struggle.

He was frugal, didn't drink or smoke. He saved money to enter the Ph.D. Program at the University of Montage. Before leaving for the capital, he visited his sister one last time at her home in Toronto. She complained to their mother about their brother.



Johnny put Dr. Praetorius's head on Colin Clive's body. While Clive had been exalted, as he presented Elsa Lancaster to The Monster, Dr. Praetorius was his usual bland self. The juxtaposition, of his little bearded neo Freudian face, with the big hair and mad expression of Elsa Lancaster as The Bride, exaggerated his essential mediocrity.

Jah Lo See hated Johnny's T shirt. She had a delusion of reference. It was about her! Johnny was making fun of her!

When he offered her a copy of his flyer, she started screaming. She said, it was because he thought she was one of THEM. She wanted him to know, she had a certificate from Thing Street Asylum. Saying, SHE was SANE!

Johnny knew better. Trixie was....

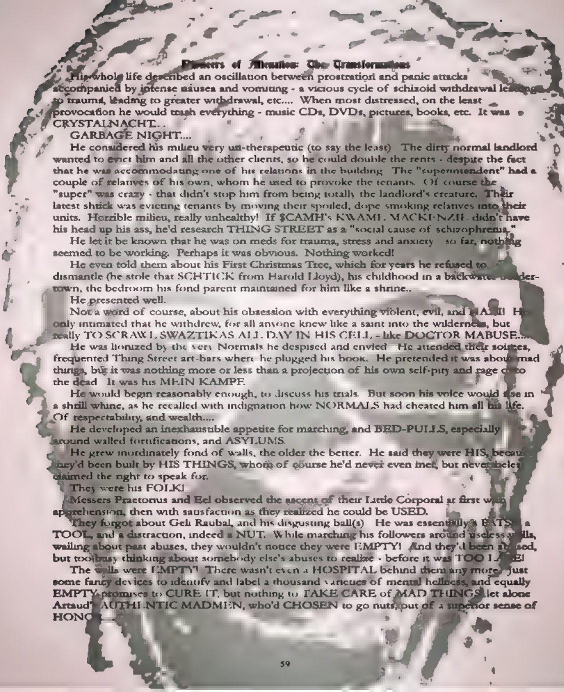
Max started talking in a querulous psych-survivor tremolo his voice cracking with indignation as he circumstantially described the outrages.

There's where Marion tore her best cocktail dress, last time she eloped in 1917, with only her change purse and the address of a good bootlegger.

Under that telephone pole the Radio Artist broadcast her first program, acting all the parts herself....

From that clump of bushes Miss Marvel spotted druggy-looking things, and eavesdropped on their conversation....

The corridors were long dark and narrow, the rooms were tiny. It wasn't a therapeutic feeling...



Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

His whole life described an oscillation between prostration and panic attacks accompanied by intense nausea and vomiting - a vicious cycle of schizoid withdrawal leading to trauma, leading to greater withdrawal, etc.... When most distressed, on the least provocation he would trash everything - music CDs, DVDs, pictures, books, etc. It was CRYSTALNACHT.. .

GARBAGE NIGHT....

He considered his milieu very un-therapeutic (to say the least) The dirty normal landlord wanted to evict him and all the other clients, so he could double the rents - despite the fact that he was accommodating one of his relations in the building The "superintendent" had a couple of relatives of his own, whom he used to provoke the tenants. Of course the "super" was crazy - that didn't stop him from being totally the landlord's creature. Their latest shtick was evicting tenants by moving their spoiled, dope smoking relatives into their units. Horrible milieu, really unhealthy! If $CAMH's KWAME MACKENZIE didn't have his head up his ass, he'd research THING STREET as a "social cause of schizophrenia."

He let it be known that he was on meds for trauma, stress and anxiety so far, nothing seemed to be working. Perhaps it was obvious. Nothing worked!

He even told them about his First Christmas Tree, which for years he refused to dismantle (he stole that SCHTICK from Harold Lloyd), his childhood in a backwater border-town, the bedroom his fond parent maintained for him like a shrine..

He presented well.

Not a word of course, about his obsession with everything violent, evil, and NAZI! He only intimated that he withdrew, for all anyone knew like a saint into the wilderness, but really TO SCRAWL SWAZTIKAS ALL DAY IN HIS CELL - like DOCTOR MABUSE....

He was lionized by the very Normals he despised and envied He attended their soirees, frequented Thing Street art-bars where he plugged his book. He pretended it was about mad things, but it was nothing more or less than a projection of his own self-pity and rage onto the dead It was his MEIN KAMPF.

He would begin reasonably enough, to discuss his trials. But soon his voice would rise in a shrill whine, as he recalled with indignation how NORMALS had cheated him all his life. Of respectability, and wealth....

He developed an inexhaustible appetite for marching, and BED-PULLS, especially around walled fortifications, and ASYLUMS.

He grew inordinately fond of walls, the older the better. He said they were HIS, because they'd been built by HIS THINGS, whom of course he'd never even met, but nevertheless claimed the right to speak for.

They were his FOLK!

Messers Praetorius and Eel observed the ascent of their Little Corporal at first with apprehension, then with satisfaction as they realized he could be USED.

They forgot about Geli Raubal, and his disgusting ball(s) He was essentially a BATS, a TOOL, and a distraction, indeed a NUT. While marching his followers around useless walls, wailing about past abuses, they wouldn't notice they were EMPTY! And they'd been abused, but too busy thinking about somebody else's abuses to realize - before it was TOO LATE!

The walls were EMPTY! There wasn't even a HOSPITAL behind them any more. Just some fancy devices to identify and label a thousand varieties of mental hellness, and equally EMPTY promises to CURE IT, but nothing to TAKE CARE of MAD THINGS let alone Artaud's AUTHENTIC MADMEN, who'd CHOSEN to go nuts, out of a superior sense of HONOR...

So the MADPRIDE HITLER railed at the t-t-m-m-m-ultous t-t-times, cursing his d-d-doctors. They were sch sch schemers, p-p plotters and sch sch schemers! They'd stabbed him, in the back!

His pits stank from their bad medication, and nobody reminded him to take a shower. His principal care provider was a thoughtless teenager with an on line diploma from GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE - a QUACK!

It was like the last days in the Bunker, when the Fuhrer counted on children, and ASTROLOGERS, to save the REICH. His followers dwindled to a few sycophants and out-of-work porn stars, with Mexican silver and big funny hats. Even Charles Manson had FOLLOWERS! A Fuhrer without a Reich, a MADPRIDE HITLER without an ASYLUM equally hopeless!

Yet not entirely without hope. There was that business of the double, the missing skull bones - BRAZIL or, for MADPRIDE HITLER, exile - teaching ENTITLEMENT STUDIES in CLOWNSVIEW at the DADANIAN BERCHTESGADEN, PORK UNIVERSITY!

For everyone else, the Marshall Plan - HOGTARRYO WORKS or, for exceptionally LUCKY PARTY MEMBERS, Odious Pee!

HEIL! Meaning, *fuck you!*

*****

He thought $CAMH was fascist, but TOTALITARIAN was the better word, since FASCIST and COMMUNIST were really just competing brands of POISON.

$CAMH was a militant, anti-democratic, one party medical model, social engineering STATE CAPITALIST TOTAL INSTITUTION, colluding with global DRUG CARTELS for the sake of human trafficking (charging fees and selling drugs to virtual slaves).

They came by their totalitarianism naturally - they'd inherited it from the old asylum they had recently destroyed. But they'd improved on it, too.

$CAMH represented the aestheticization of "Mental Hellness" and MADNESS, the emptying of "Mental Hell" and MADNESS of any and all REALITY. That explained - though it certainly couldn't EXCUSE - their penchant for PROPAGANDA: their sick movies, pornographic advertising, grandiose unprovable (and historically FALSE) assertions, and totally indifferent ignorance of the lessons of history and experience.

Taken together none of their statements made sense - this more than anything marked them as TOTALITARIAN or maybe just plain crazy.

One moment all for ENDING STIGMA, the next labeling everyone with BRAIN DISEASE.

Transforming LIVES meant Tranforming LIVE ONES.

It was a NEW ERA for Mental Hell every time they SCORED a big $30,000,000.00 donation.

The NEW KIND OF Hospital was The NONE OF IT'S KIND Hospital.

Tranforming THE NEIGHBORHOOD was NEIGHBORHOOD CLEANSING.

It wasn't PART of the NEIGHBORHOOD it was ALL of IT - CONDOS, ART-BARS, HIPSTER BARs, GALLERIES, CONDOS, CONDOS, CONDOS, "PARKDALE

Sharpshanks nervously extended a twenty like he thought he was Marcus Tullius Cicero, that world-class stoic loud-mouth, offering his neck to the barbarians. ..

A week's pin money from Thing Street Asylum.

Johnny hesitated, but he took it.

Anyone who knew him even remotely would have immediately attributed his hesitancy entirely to greed.

He hadn't made his ten percent.

*****

Jah Lo See had a dossier full of extensive three-way correspondence between herself, her social worker, and Citizen Hearse, the CEO and Sole Proprietor of Thing Street Psychomes.

She accused Citizen Hearse of all sorts of things: of running a chain of bordellos which he filled with women he smuggled into the country from Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, seduced, drugged, exploited, then sensationalized in the syndicated columns of his various organs; of maintaining a Thing Street-based empire of street drugs and casual sex, sometimes referred to as the jiggy jigg, of corrupting Thing Street Psychomes and turning the inmates against her by spreading rumors about her bad morals and worse mental and physical hygiene, etc.

She brought news of a terrible quarrel with the perfidious Citizen Hearse. How he should have known what he was getting into when he rented to her. She was a mental case, an epileptic; if he argued with her, she'd have a SEIZURE.

*****

Sharpshanks came three times a day.

He'd borrowed a twony every time, but by the third time Johnny wasn't in the mood to give him more than a loony. He assumed his conventional pose, holding his hands below his waist and gazing at his feet. Johnny noticed that today they were not clad in the cheap sandals he had seen him in yesterday, but in shiny, old, expensive-looking leather shoes (probably Dix). He would wait and work the muscles of his jaw, as if he expected Johnny to automatically give him what he knew he wanted, Johnny refused to oblige him to that extent.

Jah Lo See said he wanted the money for a subway ride. Johnny said, A subway ride cost more.

She laughed; a subway ride meant jiggy-jig.

He must have been saving up. .

*****

Romeo said there was no darkness in his life.

Johnny thought that wasn't true; life was always dark. Hydro couldn't illuminate everything....

It was a waste of electricity. .

torn shorts. He hadn't believed him.

Stoopid fuck! Now he got it!

Infantilism! They were in it! Together!

They'd shared cones! He'd let the shrink finish his, and suck it dry!

That's what you did, to get a package!

Bruce was furious! HE was the mental cripple of Emile Durkheim House! He had PARESIS real bad!

He believed in HUMN RIGHTS....

*****

Johnny barely recognized him, waiting for the Ground Zero Bus. Perhaps he recognized him, but he didn't want to believe it.

It was him....

Porko startled him. So old, so soon!

He said, Hel-low Johnny! In the phony, sing-song voice he reserved for him and some clients. He was getting back from his grandmotther's funeral. Actually, that wasn't the word . .

Viewing?

Yes, that's it! That explained the white shirt and the tie. Nobody wore ties any more, except him.

He said he wasn't getting any work form Citizen Hease, at The Sands. Car hops didn't make much, anyway. ..

Johnny figured he was saying that so he wouldn't ask for the money he owed him. He wanted Johnny to wait for his cheque, at the end of the month. Like everyone else.

They'd be lining up down Thing Street to Emile Durkheim's Twin Tower, around the corner to Lake Hogtarry, to the Circus at Funnyside Pavillion....

They'd stay, for the Clown Show...

He didn't have anything to read, he complained. He'd been re-reading back-issues of Rolling Stone. He was needy!

The Edwardian attributes of Emile Durkheim loomed before them, like a battered face. Johnny reminded him that the bed-bugs had broken out again, and the lock was sticky. He told Elmo, and Elmo told him to tell Porko. He didn't want him to tell Bruce, because Bruce had contacted Night Court. A front, for Citizen Hearse! He'd use the bugs as an excuse to quarantine everything with day glo yellow police tape and confiscate their property They'd be deported to one of his Testing Grounds for Disaffected and Alienated Youth, and other experiments that didn't work out.

Porko offered to loan him his vacuum. For the lock, he recommended graphite. For the rest, he suggested he butt out. He did, against the attributes....

*****

When not arguing over who let Johnny in - everyone accused everyone else of being the first to introduce bed-bugs into Emile Durkheim House. It was like trying to identify Patient Zero.

The favorite scapegoat was someone who'd moved away. Him they could blame with impunity. The second favorite was someone on the Beastly side, where they were all considered to be degenerates.

When Trixie's cupboards collapsed one night, Krakpotkin and Porko heard the noise on the other side of the building. They thought another cop car had crashed into the ATTRIBUTES.

They ran over to help, but Krakpotkin's only remark to the traumatized Trixie was a warning that there better not be any bugs in there OR ELSE!

Krakpotkin liked to tell everyone it was all about communication, whatever IT was. Porko said NO, IT was EMPATHY and Krakpotkin didn't have any.

*****

They gathered like fruit flies around the new intercom at the Thing Street door. It was in a white plaster and stainless steal box attached to one of the Edwardian attributes. Johnny'd doubted that it would work with a cell phone.

Porko demonstrated. He keyed in Johnny's apartment number, and his cell-phone rang. Magic!

Elmo figured it would reduce the number of times the Tibetans' girlfriends pressed his buzzer by mistake. Imagine! Pressing some poor old man's buzzer for SEX....

More voices, on the landing. Bruce, enlisting Carlotta against Citizen Hearse. He objected to paying $.35 phone charge every time somebody buzzed his apartment. Before, it was free!

Johnny pointed out. Before, it didn't even work.

Now look, Bruce remonstrated. Say you're having a heart attack, you need artificial resuscitation, the ambulance is downstairs, but your phone's just run out of money!

Johnny thought he could do better than that. Say, he'd even bought a new phone card on his way home. He was feeling poorly, so first he phoned for the ambulance. That exhausted his account. The phone died. He started to load the card, he was right in middle of the 16-digit secret number, when he died too. Clutching his chest, choking, as the ambulance crew dialed his phone again, and again, right outside the door. Too late.

They leapt back into their vehicle and rode off whooping, as the phone card fluttered to the floor from his stiffening hand. He'd never use it again. Rigor mortis was setting in, and he was stiffer than ever. So ironic...

It was weeks before Porko'd check in on him, weeks of clients pinching their noses, crossing themselves every time they descended the dark varnished stairs, murmuring...

It was him....

He watched as Carlotta, in the middle of his harangue, retreated behind her dark-varnished door and closed it softly but securely against any possible intruders, but principally themselves....

Bruce stared at Johnny, open-mouthed. To think, Bruce got a package...

It should've been Johnny...

Meanwhile, Bruce had other lawsuits pending before Night Court.

He'd signed up half a dozen clients to sue Citizen Hearse for back-interest on the last

TH3 COMPOUND
DRAKE
GENERAL
STORE
acrylics · oils · watercolour
WEEKEND WARRIORS
FASCIST COMMISSARY

YOU'VE
CHANGE
TH3 COMPOUND
MOVI3 NIGHT WITH KWAM3 MCK3NZI3

Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor said the price on it was twenty-five cents.

That was fifty years ago. Now it was three dollars.

Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor strode to the door, threw The Well of Loneliness back onto the pile, and told Johnny it was the last thing (for sure) he'd try to buy from him....

Johnny was a crook...

Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor paused astride his gleaming hot CCM, briefly the cynosure of every strolling fence and bum on Thing Street, before riding off, into the polluted sunset....

He paid for Johnny's education...

He knew Johnny's father....

*****

Johnny thought it was time Butch FOLLOWED THE SAME RULES AS EVERYONE ELSE.

This included the following:

1) No (ZERO!) illegal activity on the property,

2) No incessant coming and going of clients, especially for purposes of drug trafficking,

3) No bad hygiene or bad smells in their apartments, nauseating everyone else in the building,

4) No interference with tradesmen, in particular pest control technicians, who came there to maintain the property for the benefit of everyone,

5) No tampering with locks, fire-escapes, gates, and yard lights to facilitate their clients' access to the property,

6) No loitering outside the doors all night, with gangs of dealers and other crooks, etc., etc....

He was a CLIENT! He was tired of the criminal element (Butch, Bruce, Fellini, et al.) acting like Emile Durkheim's TWIN TOWER was theirs ALONE, to the detriment of everyone else's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, as guaranteed by the U.N., and its Charter...

This element repeatedly drove away their immediate neighbors. It was worse than Yugoslavia...

They drove out Carlotta, into the Thing Street Side. A refugee! They baited her, then tried to get her evicted for being crazy.

She wanted to know when Porko was going to clean up her place. He'd used her very roughly last night. She threatened to call Citizen Hearse. Butch had sold sold her bad drugs. She knew he got paid by the movie people to use Emile Durkheim House in pictures. She wanted a cut for showing the place. She did all the work.

Hearse-Ferran would put down the receiver and cook the books while she harangued. Later something would jog his memory and he'd mention it to Porko. He'd got another prank call from that wack-job....

She said it just wasn't a party if her guests didn't trash the place, plug her sink, and turn on the water....

When Johnny attempted to curtail Fellini a few years ago, they tried to do the same thing

Mitzi said they were almost finished. Johnny told Butch he should feel guilty, because they would have been moved by now, if he hadn't gone to a movie.

Mitzi was shocked. So was Butch. He wasn't capable of feeling guilty..

Johnny said he had the moral insanity REAL BAD...

Butch was about to answer with his fists when Mitzi leapt up and kissed him on the mouth. She assured him, he was fine.

She turned to Johnny. It was time they left....

*****

Heatwave on Thing Street. Not to mention all North America So hot Romeo only got half a load. There wasn't enough room, anyway Nobody was buying in this heat. Not the heavy shit, the nine-piece walnut dining-room shit, etc.

Never again. .

*****

Only Trixie came, nattering about her table and chairs.

The last French Provincial Zsa Zsa Nine-Piece Euro-Trash Special....

She hadn't agreed on the price yet, but it was HERS. ..

She asked about a chandelier and matching sconces, about a large green Empire-style settee. She knew the price; she wanted a deal. .

Johnny asked her if she was asking or telling him.

You're something else. So what did he get?

Johnny said, not much; it was hot....

They must at least have unloaded the van.

Asking, or telling?

You're something else. The way you cover for each other.

A big foot-baller puked and croaked during the commercials.. A hundred degrees, in the shade.... Blackouts in California.... Bill Gates' computers crashed His yacht didn't sink, it ran aground, in the Potomac.... Arabs visited the Titanic, on camels. Atlantis, in the Sub-Sahara.... The U.S.A. was boiling. .

The $.25 Woman got heat stroke, and had to refund the money....

Her books weren't selling.

All Trixie could think about was the Zsa Zsa Special....

*****

Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor chained his hot velocipede to a drum table, before collapsing in an empire-style armchair. He selected one of the vintage paper-backs that Johnny had piled outside the store, and began to read himself to sleep.

A few minutes later he stumbled into the store and offered Johnny a quarter for the book. Maybe he was walking in his sleep....

Johnny said it cost three dollars.

to him, and circulated a petition signed by every Thing Street junkie.

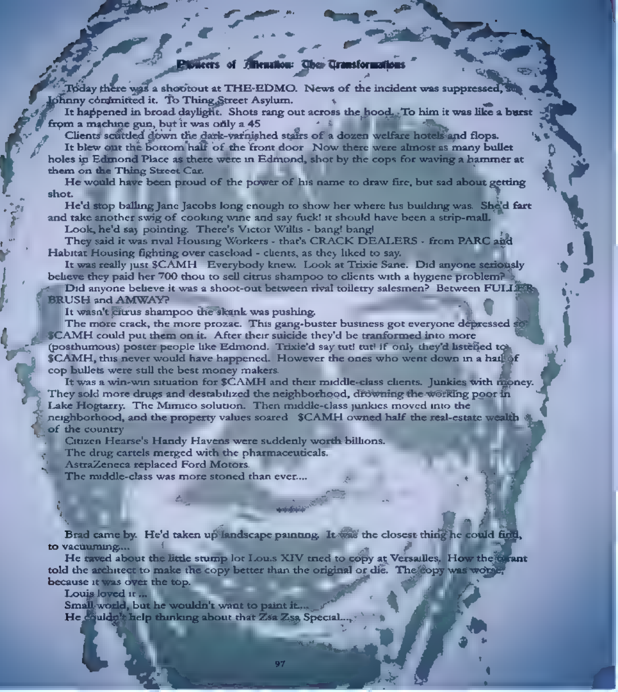
Baiting people was routine. Likewise calling people crazy, among the criminally insane.

They have done more to destroy other people's sanity, than anyone Johnny knew, but they still managed to delude themselves they deserved a decent place to live.

They were wack-jobs....

Pioneers!

*****



Today there was a shootout at THE-EDMO. News of the incident was suppressed, so Johnny committed it. To Thing Street Asylum.

It happened in broad daylight. Shots rang out across the hood. To him it was like a burst from a machine gun, but it was only a 45

Clients scuttled down the dark-varnished stairs of a dozen welfare hotels and flops.

It blew out the bottom half of the front door Now there were almost as many bullet holes in Edmond Place as there were in Edmond, shot by the cops for waving a hammer at them on the Thing Street Car.

He would have been proud of the power of his name to draw fire, but sad about getting shot.

He'd stop balling Jane Jacobs long enough to show her where his building was. She'd fart and take another swig of cooking wine and say fuck! it should have been a strip-mall.

Look, he'd say pointing. There's Victor Willis - bang! bang!

They said it was rival Housing Workers - that's CRACK DEALERS - from PARC and Habitat Housing fighting over caseload - clients, as they liked to say.

It was really just $CAMH Everybody knew. Look at Trixie Sane. Did anyone seriously believe they paid her 700 thou to sell citrus shampoo to clients with a hygiene problem?

Did anyone believe it was a shoot-out between rival toiletry salesmen? Between FULLER BRUSH and AMWAY?

It wasn't citrus shampoo the skank was pushing.

The more crack, the more prozac. This gang-buster business got everyone depressed so $CAMH could put them on it. After their suicide they'd be tranformed into more (posthumous) poster people like Edmond. Trixie'd say tut! tut! if only they'd listened to $CAMH, this never would have happened. However the ones who went down in a hail of cop bullets were still the best money makers.

It was a win-win situation for $CAMH and their middle-class clients. Junkies with money. They sold more drugs and destabilized the neighborhood, drowning the working poor in Lake Hogtarry. The Mimico solution. Then middle-class junkies moved into the neighborhood, and the property values soared $CAMH owned half the real-estate wealth of the country

Citizen Hearse's Handy Havens were suddenly worth billions.

The drug cartels merged with the pharmaceuticals.

AstraZeneca replaced Ford Motors.

The middle-class was more stoned than ever....

* * *

Brad came by. He'd taken up landscape painting. It was the closest thing he could find, to vacuuming....

He raved about the little stump lot Louis XIV tried to copy at Versailles. How the tyrant told the architect to make the copy better than the original or die. The copy was worse, because it was over the top.

Louis loved it ...

Small world, but he wouldn't want to paint it....

He couldn't help thinking about that Zsa Zsa Special....

He copied pictures from old postcards onto envelopes and napkins from Shagburger O'Shaughnessy's and presented them to his Social Workers.

He sold Post Cards on Thing Street.

He said the Louvre was Thing Street Asylum.

The locomotive at the Gare du Nord was the furnace.

The Eiffel Tower was the water closet....

Butch became delusional. He suffered from delusions of grandeur. He grew insanely jealous of everyone, but especially of Porko and his job at Emile Durkheim House. In his narcosis he convinced himself Hearse Ferrari had initially offered him the position....

Medical Superintendent of Emile Durkheim's Twinned Tower....

Despite his Lived Experience, he turned it down....

Compassionate grounds....

Ethical considerations.. .

He threatened to stop doing Grand Rounds on weekends. The cure rate would plummet, so would the crime rate....

Johnny knew the Grand Rounds were just an excuse for casing out the joint. His idea of security was knocking on everybody's door to see who was home If anyone answered, he solicited him for a donation. If nobody answered, he broke the lock. Then he thoughtfully opened all the fire-doors, for floozies desperate enough to enter and share themselves, with him and Bruce.

Jah Lo See picked the Social Workers' garbage, looking for the dregs of their delicious lattes.

She had no idea what her drawings were doing there, but she recognized Butch's clumsy daub of the Paris Opera as the Emergency Department of Thing Street Asylum.

Where she'd attended many an Opening Night Gala....

*****

Full of bullet-holes...

*****

The heat depressed him. It felt permanent. He passed the solstice. The days diminished. The light diminished. But not the heat.

Maybe the planet was dying, but the heat was killing. Most of it was dead already. From time to time, it all was. If something so monstrous could be said to have a preference, it was for death. Killing possibly, but it was too close to call. A brutal, unfriendly prodigal.

COLD BEER
BIERE FROIDE

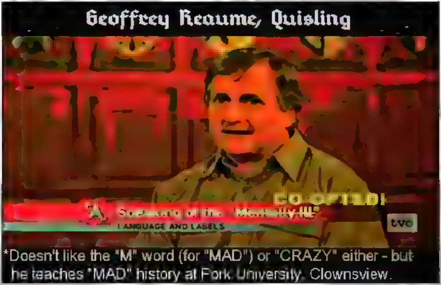
*****

Citizen Hearse wrecked Butch's artistic career by buying newspapers like THE MAYPOLE DAILY EXAMINATION and bribing the reviewers to say Butch's work was crap. Which it was.

He would never become the ballsy-voiced radio announcer doing the Zoncolite spot on the Radio Hour...

COLLUSION, and CRIME), CLIENT-CENTRED (ie., CORPORATE CLIENT-CENTRED, M'Lady "MARGARET DUMONT" (PIZZAPHRENIA) McCAIN, MA "IT'S JUST LIKE BEING THERE (HELL)" BELL, LaBATT'S BLUE - "MAKE IT A BLUE - more than a FEW"etc....)....

The whole lexicon....



Geoffrey Reaume, Quisling

*Doesn't like the "M" word (for "MAD") or "CRAZY" either - but he teaches "MAD" history at Fork University, Clownsview.

But only the silence of ***MAX THE BUTCHER, long-time MADPRIDE poster-boy*** *and his sidekicks* BUTCH....

And Bruce!

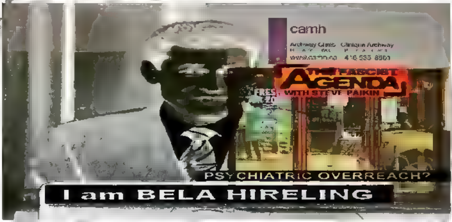
Enabling the ***MONOLOGUE*** of Hearse's ***FASCIST STATE TV....***

A ***MARATHON*** without interruption or ***MEANING*** either....

Misleading, out-of-date, distracting and totally undeconstructed, Johnny said.

HEARSE and his CENSORIOUS HENCHMMAN, ***BELA HIRELING*** controlled the whole misleading media circus.

How useful, for the ***STATE CAPITALISTS of $CAMH***! The government wrote a report, and ***there was BELA - to SPIN the report, exactly as the government wanted.*** Max's participation in the latest ***CLOWN-SHOW*** merely legitimized what was essentially a white-wash, a rip-off of ALL society, but especially of MAD PEOPLE - as usual, Johnny feared. Max was useful, as usual - to the ***WORST people***! Disappointing, but not


camh
Archway Clinic Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca 416 535 8501
THE FASCIST AGENDA WITH STEVE PAIKIN
PSYCHIATRIC OVERREACH?
I am BELA HIRELING

MAX THE BUTCHER appeared in prime time on Hearse's Fascist ***BELA HIRELING SHOW,*** the ***PERFECT POSTER-BOY.*** Smooth, mealy-mouthed ***QUISLING. "DISLIKED"*** the ***"M WORD"*** - never said ***"HATE"*** - just stabbed you in the back sometime you weren't looking.

What a ***COUP*** - for ***BELA HIRELING.*** Co-opted a ***GOOD LOONY,*** for his ***MINSTREL CLOWN-SHOW***

Picking them up & ***PUTTING THEM DOWN!*** Fence-sitting ***LOONIES*** from home.

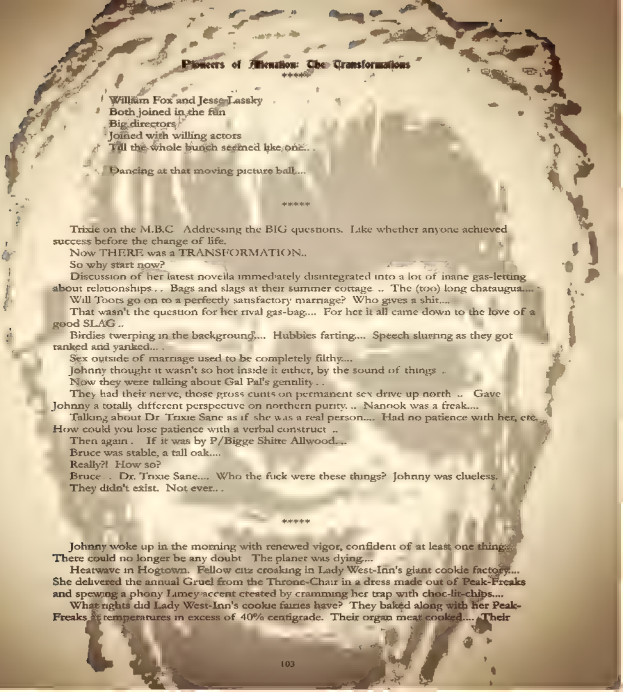
Just like that. Johnny wanted to talk about the ***LANGUAGE of SLAVERY*** - the bipolar disordered totally unrepentant undeconstructed (unreconstructed?) unexamined ***LANGUAGE of MENTAL HELLNESS....***

But ***HOW*** *without* a ***WORD*** about its ***DIRTIEST MOUTHPIECE - $CAMH - State Capitalists AGAINST Mental Health....*** and

Trixie Sane!

Without a ***WORD*** about their ***RESTIGMATIZING LIES: Transforming LIVES (ie., Tranforming LIVE ONES), NEW ERA for Mental Hell (ie., they just SCORED another $30,000,000.00), The NEW KIND OF Hospital (ie., The NONE OF IT'S KIND Hospital), Tranforming THE NEIGHBORHOOD (ie., NEIGHBORHOOD CLEANSING), PART of the NEIGHBORHOOD (ie., ALL of IT - CONDOS, ART-BARS, HIPSTER BARs, GALLERIES, CONDOS, CONDOS, CONDOS in "PARKDALE MISSISSAUGA"), Removing STIGMA (removing Johnny, Burch, Bruce, et al.), Removing STIGMA (from CONFLICT OF INTEREST,***

*****



William Fox and Jesse Lassky
Both joined in the fun
Big directors
Joined with willing actors
Till the whole bunch seemed like one. . .

Dancing at that moving picture ball....

*****

Trixie on the M.B.C. Addressing the BIG questions. Like whether anyone achieved success before the change of life.

Now THERE was a TRANSFORMATION..

So why start now?

Discussion of her latest novella immediately disintegrated into a lot of inane gas-letting about relationships... Bags and slags at their summer cottage .. The (too) long chataugua....

Will Toots go on to a perfectly satisfactory marriage? Who gives a shit....

That wasn't the question for her rival gas-bag.... For her it all came down to the love of a good SLAG ..

Birdies twerping in the background.... Hubbies farting.... Speech slurring as they got tanked and yanked... .

Sex outside of marriage used to be completely filthy....

Johnny thought it wasn't so hot inside it either, by the sound of things .

Now they were talking about Gal Pal's gentility . .

They had their nerve, those gross cunts on permanent sex drive up north .. Gave Johnny a totally different perspective on northern purity. .. Nanook was a freak....

Talking about Dr Trixie Sane as if she was a real person.... Had no patience with her, etc. How could you lose patience with a verbal construct ..

Then again . If it was by P/Bigge Shitte Allwood. ..

Bruce was stable, a tall oak....

Really?! How so?

Bruce . . Dr. Trixie Sane.... Who the fuck were these things? Johnny was clueless.

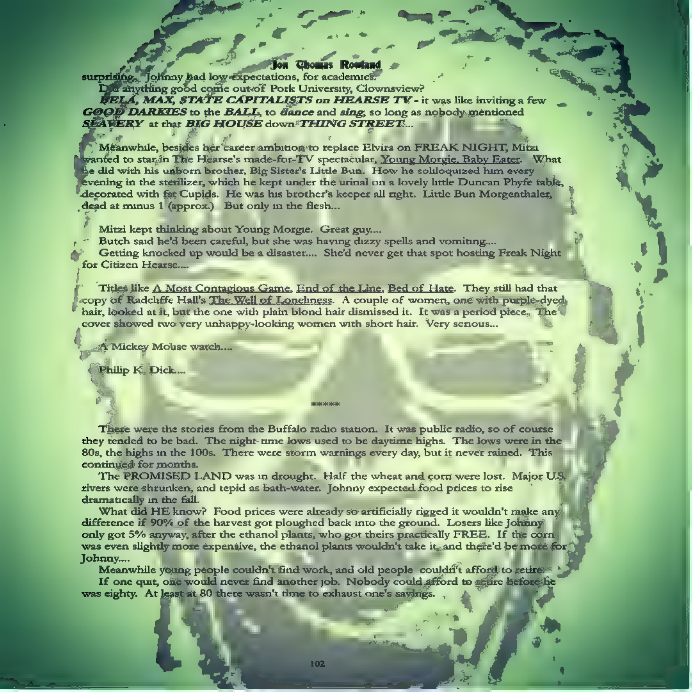
They didn't exist. Not ever.. .

*****

Johnny woke up in the morning with renewed vigor, confident of at least one thing. There could no longer be any doubt The planet was dying....

Heatwave in Hogtown. Fellow citz croaking in Lady West-Inn's giant cookie factory.... She delivered the annual Gruel from the Throne-Chair in a dress made out of Peak-Freaks and spewing a phony Limey accent created by cramming her trap with choc-lit-chips....

What rights did Lady West-Inn's cookie fairies have? They baked along with her Peak-Freaks at temperatures in excess of 40% centigrade. Their organ meat cooked.... Their



surprising. Johnny had low expectations, for academics.

Did anything good come out of Pork University, Clownsview?

BELA, MAX, STATE CAPITALISTS on HEARSE TV - it was like inviting a few ***GOOD DARKIES*** to the ***BALL***, to ***dance*** and ***sing***, so long as nobody mentioned ***SLAVERY*** at that ***BIG HOUSE*** down ***THING STREET***....

Meanwhile, besides her career ambition to replace Elvira on FREAK NIGHT, Mitzi wanted to star in The Hearse's made-for-TV spectacular, Young Morgie, Baby Eater. What he did with his unborn brother, Big Sister's Little Bun. How he soliloquized him every evening in the sterilizer, which he kept under the urinal on a lovely little Duncan Phyfe table, decorated with fat Cupids. He was his brother's keeper all right. Little Bun Morgenthaler, dead at minus 1 (approx.) But only in the flesh...

Mitzi kept thinking about Young Morgie. Great guy....

Butch said he'd been careful, but she was having dizzy spells and vomiting....

Getting knocked up would be a disaster.... She'd never get that spot hosting Freak Night for Citizen Hearse....

Titles like A Most Contagious Game, End of the Line, Bed of Hate. They still had that copy of Radcliffe Hall's The Well of Loneliness. A couple of women, one with purple-dyed hair, looked at it, but the one with plain blond hair dismissed it. It was a period piece. The cover showed two very unhappy-looking women with short hair. Very serious...

A Mickey Mouse watch....

Philip K. Dick....

*****

There were the stories from the Buffalo radio station. It was public radio, so of course they tended to be bad. The night-time lows used to be daytime highs. The lows were in the 80s, the highs in the 100s. There were storm warnings every day, but it never rained. This continued for months.

The PROMISED LAND was in drought. Half the wheat and corn were lost. Major U.S. rivers were shrunken, and tepid as bath-water. Johnny expected food prices to rise dramatically in the fall.

What did HE know? Food prices were already so artificially rigged it wouldn't make any difference if 90% of the harvest got ploughed back into the ground. Losers like Johnny only got 5% anyway, after the ethanol plants, who got theirs practically FREE. If the corn was even slightly more expensive, the ethanol plants wouldn't take it, and there'd be more for Johnny....

Meanwhile young people couldn't find work, and old people couldn't afford to retire.

If one quit, one would never find another job. Nobody could afford to retire before he was eighty. At least at 80 there wasn't time to exhaust one's savings.

brain cells, fried like hamburger....

Union Men faked concern. They were disappeared....

* * *

Trixie demanded a bargain. Paying the difference between the reasonable price Johnny asked for a waterfall dresser and her insanely low offer, with what she considered her incomparable charm. Only it didn't work, on Johnny...

She wanted to grab that barrel shaped table leg, and screw him with it. ..

Instead, she picked up a wooden Pepsi box from outside. She had a stainless-steel gadget in her other hand. She asked Johnny what it was for. He didn't know; maybe French fries. She said she thought that was a very good guess.

She asked him how much he'd charge for something like that

Like that, but not that? Johnny wondered.

He said, maybe five dollars.

She became ecstatic; she'd just bought it, down Thing Street, for two.

Then she asked him how much he wanted for the box.

Suddenly he saw her strategy; she was a conniver, probably a thief as well. She'd say she bought his whole Thing Store, down the street. There was another one, exactly like it. Multiple personalities, multiple stores....

He said, a hundred bucks.

Romeo, Romeo....

Praetorius showed up. Her personal manager. He said, forget the box. He wanted that fan over there, gleaming, with dials, buttons, and knobs, like Eel's Positron, or a Theremin ..

Really cool, after their nightly contortions.

It was on top of a display case full of shit. It was beautiful. It had twin fans like airplane turbines, with stainless steel blades in a silver-gray frame, like a Samsonite suitcase.

It had very generously spaced bars, on the grill, ideal for dicing children's fingers, and flinging them all over the living-room.

It was G.E. Edison's Company!

Gimme, said Praetorius. He was perched on a metal folding-chair. He'd rolled up his trousers, for that Tom Sawyer in Panama look.

No, said Johnny. He wanted it for the store, which was fast becoming known as the Thing Street Hell-Kitchen....

How much, demanded Praetorius.

That one's not for sale, Johnny said.

month's rent they'd deposited with him back in the YEAR ONE. For most of that time, the P/Bigge Banks had paid 0% interest, and the clients had moved at least half a dozen times from one cell to another just like it but always slightly more expensive. Decades ago, they'd started to owe him!

It would all come out, in Night Court...

He was a Mental Hell ADVOCATE...

He believed in HUMAN RIGHTS...

For Citizen Hearse!

******

Her Edsel screeched to a halt in front of Johnny's thing store. 50s Chick got out. She was stunningly attired in a tight, bright red cocktail dress; it complemented her [illegible] bright red hair.

She'd obviously come straight from Court.

She asked if Johnny would mind if she came into the store and sat down for a few minutes. He said that was fine.

Her junkie landlady told her that morning that she was renting a room to a bitch with a big dog. She was going to slap with a restraining order, before it ate Slim, her cat.

Johnny said don't be too sure.

Do you mean you think Slim will kick the dog's ass?

Probably, Johnny said; cats often do, unless it's a pit-bull.

I love pit-bulls; they get such bad press. She started to comb her hair in the maroon upholstered chair...

It was so hot. I simply had to take a cab, but I only had 5 dollars so he had to stop in front of the store...

Johnny was playing a Billie Holiday CD...

Mitzi immediately recognized her.

Johnny said he got it last night, which was perverse because it was Sunday, the one night when most of the record stores were closed, but he found it in a bargain bin for five dollars....

Mitzi said it was incredible how young things would pay 25 dollars for a singer who couldn't even sing but not pay 5 for Billie Holiday, who sang better than everyone...

Johnny said it took an effort to get off Thing Street even for one night. He had an incredibly shitty life, stuck in that store seven days a week, right in the middle of Thing Street.

At the same time he thought Thing Street was the truth that the rest of the world was denying, madness and death....

Thing Street was the future; it was dying too, only a little faster, a lot more visibly, than the rest of Hogtown.

The way of the future, Mitzi guffawed. Actually, she said, hers and Johnny's [illegible] pretty much coincided...

Thing Street was purgatorial, Johnny said.

Totally purgatorial, Mitzi agreed. She kind of liked it. But now it looked like she had to move somewhere else. Last night her boyfriend left her; he was moving...

To Timbuktu! Her life was falling apart...

Her [illegible] movie was [illegible]cock's Rope. She loved [illegible] New [illegible] apartment. Jimmy Stewart was her favorite actor.

Johnny had a fantasy. A remake of Hitchcock's Rope with the murderous faggots replaced by a couple of dykes played by Mitzi and one of her butch [illegible]. [illegible] murder Butch at the start of the movie, for moving to Timbuktu [illegible]

How can I have a boyfriend, if I'm a Lesbian? Mitzi [illegible]

You became [illegible] after he decided to [illegible]. The [illegible]

I get it. I just [illegible] the apart[illegible]

Elliott was [illegible]ed o[illegible] [illegible] orders of the Rev. Dr. Parsons.

This episod[illegible] [illegible]use he presents i[illegible] supporter, wh[illegible] policeman.

He was [illegible] of the pol[illegible]

Fo[illegible] Annual Meeting on March 21, 19[illegible], [illegible] trying to bail Jane Dunwood out of jail (5).

Ins[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]shop who normally presided, he found the M[illegible] in the Chair. [illegible] obvio[illegible] collusion between church and state. Then it was between legislature and executive, as the [illegible]mmittee flattered [illegible] [illegible] flattered the [illegible]k.

[illegible] one can feel Elliott's [illegible] at the [illegible] forc[illegible] [illegible]ed against [illegible]

> It is an [illegible]hin[illegible] but [illegible] to [illegible] May[illegible] mayors and [illegible] [illegible] tog[illegible] [illegible]rivil[illegible] [illegible]h, soc[illegible]d. Tho[illegible] (6)

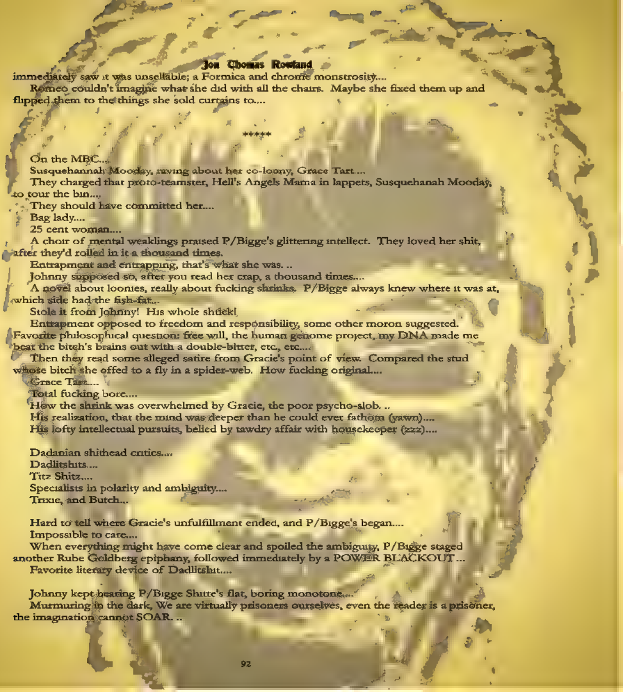
Next he'd be raving about Star Chamber, Archive, and Asylum.

R[illegible] [illegible]man[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]stem[illegible] of T[illegible] [illegible]tive [illegible]

> The care which the inmates rece[illegible] the [illegible] appearance of comfort which continues to exist, are always matters of satisfaction to the staff, and the Man[illegible] [illegible] to be congra[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]cellent standard it maintains.... The inmates [illegible] all times sh[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]gers and the Matron, and a stric[illegible] [illegible] the rules and regulations o[illegible] [illegible]stitution. They are also ur[illegible] to cult[illegible] [illegible]d cheerful dispositions, thereby making a happy Home, wh[illegible] the poor suff[illegible]ng p[illegible]nts are called u[illegible] [illegible] kindne[illegible] and cheerfulness and to make a happy Home. (2)

*****

Eddie the S[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ed tweed[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] comfortable r[illegible] to[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]nvas[illegible] [illegible]chniqu[illegible] [illegible]dly [illegible]



immediately saw it was unsellable; a Formica and chrome monstrosity....

Romeo couldn't imagine what she did with all the chairs. Maybe she fixed them up and flipped them to the things she sold curtains to....

*****

On the MBC....

Susquehannah Mooday, raving about her co-loony, Grace Tart....

They charged that proto-teamster, Hell's Angels Mama in lappets, Susquehanah Mooday, to tour the bin....

They should have committed her....

Bag lady....

25 cent woman....

A choir of mental weaklings praised P/Bigge's glittering intellect. They loved her shit, after they'd rolled in it a thousand times.

Entrapment and entrapping, that's what she was. ..

Johnny supposed so, after you read her crap, a thousand times....

A novel about loonies, really about fucking shrinks. P/Bigge always knew where it was at, which side had the fish-fat...

Stole it from Johnny! His whole shtick!

Entrapment opposed to freedom and responsibility, some other moron suggested. Favorite philosophical question: free will, the human genome project, my DNA made me beat the bitch's brains out with a double-bitter, etc., etc....

Then they read some alleged satire from Gracie's point of view. Compared the stud whose bitch she offed to a fly in a spider-web. How fucking original....

Grace Tart....

Total fucking bore....

How the shrink was overwhelmed by Gracie, the poor psycho-slob. ..

His realization, that the mind was deeper than he could ever fathom (yawn)....

His lofty intellectual pursuits, belied by tawdry affair with housekeeper (zzz)....

Dadanian shithead critics....

Dadlitshits....

Titz Shitz....

Specialists in polarity and ambiguity....

Trixie, and Butch...

Hard to tell where Gracie's unfulfillment ended, and P/Bigge's began....

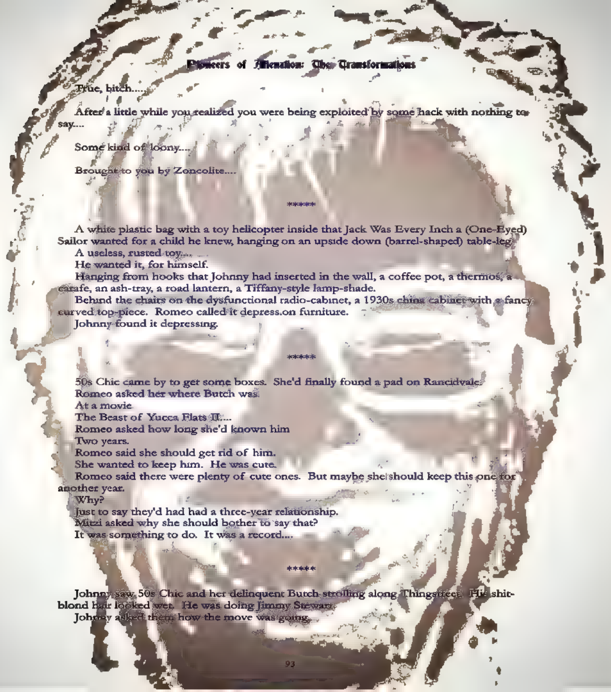
Impossible to care....

When everything might have come clear and spoiled the ambiguity, P/Bigge staged another Rube Goldberg epiphany, followed immediately by a POWER BLACKOUT...

Favorite literary device of Dadlitshit....

Johnny kept hearing P/Bigge Shitte's flat, boring monotone....

Murmuring in the dark, We are virtually prisoners ourselves, even the reader is a prisoner, the imagination cannot SOAR. ..



True, bitch....

After a little while you realized you were being exploited by some hack with nothing to say....

Some kind of loony....

Brought to you by Zoncolite....

*****

A white plastic bag with a toy helicopter inside that Jack Was Every Inch a (One-Eyed) Sailor wanted for a child he knew, hanging on an upside down (barrel-shaped) table-leg.
A useless, rusted toy....
He wanted it, for himself.
Hanging from hooks that Johnny had inserted in the wall, a coffee pot, a thermos, a carafe, an ash-tray, a road lantern, a Tiffany-style lamp-shade.
Behind the chairs on the dysfunctional radio-cabinet, a 1930s china cabinet with a fancy curved top-piece. Romeo called it depression furniture.
Johnny found it depressing.

*****

50s Chic came by to get some boxes. She'd finally found a pad on Rancidvale.
Romeo asked her where Butch was.
At a movie.
The Beast of Yucca Flats II....
Romeo asked how long she'd known him.
Two years.
Romeo said she should get rid of him.
She wanted to keep him. He was cute.
Romeo said there were plenty of cute ones. But maybe she should keep this one for another year.
Why?
Just to say they'd had had a three-year relationship.
Mitzi asked why she should bother to say that?
It was something to do. It was a record....

*****

Johnny saw 50s Chic and her delinquent Butch strolling along Thingstreet. His shit-blond hair looked wet. He was doing Jimmy Stewart.
Johnny asked them how the move was going.

doorways of abandoned store-fronts....

Johnny passed by his own thing store ... It was dying too.. . The love-death.... Gaping dressers... Gutted armchairs. . Abandoned on the curb. .. Pieces of garbage blowing down Thing Street.... Torn signs.... BOOKS 25 CENTS. .

Thanks to Romeo and his affairs. Thing Street was haunted by them... Ever since that meeting with Moll. .. Johnny striding down Thing Street .. Enjoying the weather.... A fine spring day. .. Even if he was on his way to the thing store Deliveries

He met Moll just as he emerged from the underpass .. Grand Ole Nestor Doc Joseph Workman's aesthetically-pleasing steam age railroad trestle The moat that separated Thing Street from the rest of humanity

She was standing right there in bright leotards.. Under a pylon Like she'd just emerged from the bushes.... On the former grounds of the Mercy Reformatory and Home for Unwed Mothers....

Mother-Fucks.... Johnny muttered under his breath

Off to the store? Moll asked Yeah Johnny paused. I'm never going back there . Moll took a drag on her ciggy ... Yeah? Why? She exhaled through her button nose. .. Her hair was bright orange Her nylon wind breaker accentuated her full physique . Romeo's playing head games.... He's fooling around with things' heads .

Johnny remembered the plastic skull with day-glo eyes. He hung it in an abandoned bird cage . Carlotta had wanted it really bad. He called it MR BONES. . Games....

That bitch for one thing.. . She meant Carlotta . Moll said Carlotta was talking about him With that weirdo Porko.. And Romeo too. How he'd fired him For bringing the heat around . Later they all had coffee in THE SLIME.. Moll Romeo.... Carlotta Carlotta let on that Johnny must have done something really aweful .

The Beautiful Carlotta . She called herself a web site designer. . She was designing all right. Not that kind of web She was in a shelter (again) With her kids.

Johnny was no Puritan . Carlotta was twenty something.. Those kids of hers. .. He didn't give a shit about them. .. She was bad for business. . Romeo should have been out buying more things for him to sell So far as Johnny was concerned

Carlotta wasn't the only one.. . There was Dr Trixie Sane Anne Bolyn... Mrs. Howard Hughes. Gunga Dinn Heywood-Wakefield Mahogany Dining-Room Suite Izitolde .. Rogers Cable Upright Piano.. Any number of street-walkers..

Dr Trixie Sane had a hygiene problem.... Never washed her hair.... Stank.... Johnny remembered how she threw a fit in the store. After he balled her out for never picking up her things. Her buffet Her desk None of it paid for Really it was because she wanted her Romeo. . She lost control when Johnny wouldn't give her his number. . He didn't have it. She didn't believe him . Got personal.... Balled him out.... He put a hand on her shoulder.. Eased her out ... Screaming.... Frantically pulling at the door.... Gimme Romeo's number Jack (Was) Every Inch A Sailor warned him. . She wouldn't be through with him until it was established . Irrefragably proven.... He'd put his hand on her pussy .. Muttering obscenities....

Anne Boleyn.... Had a taste for head . For pulling it off.. . A regular head-hunter . Only she hadn't scored in twenty years.... Had to be handled gently.... Tense biter.... Busy schedule.... Lady Jane waiting in the wings.. .

Who was Mrs Howard Hughes. . Howard took a walk in the desert . . Many impersonated ... Nobody equalled .. She moped around her public relations firm. Making fortunes.... Her husband left her plenty of those.. Boring.. . High-class... Disinterested. .

Romeo couldn't score.... Drove him crazy.. .

There was Gunga Dinn.. . To have fun with ... Looking for HER SAILOR.... Didn't mind if there was one in every port. . So long as she was the only one in this port.... She wanted to see an upholstered fan-back that Romeo had set up on a Duncan Phyfe dining table.... He picked her up and put her in it. .. She screamed with delight.... She asked him to deliver it that night.... Stay for supper.... She'd make a Caribbean dish. .. Hot and spicy.... She was a good cook...

Not as good looking as Mrs. Heywood-Wakefield ... Cross between Gunga Dinn and Mrs. Howard Hughes... Classy all right... Hyphenated name.... Like the classic 50's maple furniture ... Elegant.. . Functional. .. She'd fallen on hard times.. Her luck was going to change.... She had projects.... Needed a backer. . Romeo wasn't sure. . . Married... Kids....

Mahogany Dining Room Suite was married.. . Lived in a big expensive empty house.. . Romeo wasn't sure... Maybe it was the romance of all those things..

Same with Isitolde. .. Romeo was pretty old.. . His things. .. Mahogany china cabinets... End tables.. . Armoires. .. A lot older .. She lit on one thing after another .. Cawing like an old parrot.. Is it old.... If it was she bought it....

Roger's Cable was a similar connection .. Upright Piano... Piano Roll. . Mechanical.... Some of them didn't want things.... Just money and sex....

Don't forget Old Lady Pisser.. Made it big... Massive Lecturer . On honor and shame.... There were a couple of harmless inoperative concepts for you.... Shameless Rhodesian foot-washer.... Ancient Greece still with us.... Heroes have their feet in honor and shame.... There they were.. . Tootsies again . . Always tip toeing in .. With this Continuing Education crap.... Shit hit the hustings.... Like a politician with a new conservative party.... A rock star.... ELVIS. .

But Dr. Trixie took the cake. .. Straight out of a Halloween horror flick.. The star.. . Elvira. .. What she really didn't like was Johnny's asylum book... In THE SLIME with Romeo.. She confessed . . She hated it . . The way Johnny Boy hated doctors.. . The whole thing was a smear on THE PROFESSION.. She meant doctoring.. . Not tarting. Mamma wasn't paying her way through Med School for THIS. . To be abused by weirdo losers like Johnny. ..

Romeo said, everyone was a LITTLE WEIRD...

*****

Romeo liked to survey the business, reminiscing about pioneers. Those Benefactors of Madkind. Thomas Alva and C.K....

While Johnny cringed and sulked. Thinking about losers. What if, after Beresinas, Napoleon said uncle!

What Romeo liked most about it was sex.

Of course, he liked the money too, but it was never enough. It was trying to make it enough, and never succeeding, that spoiled the business.

It was rotten already. It had a bad name It stank! Like the polar bears, when he was working on the North West Passage. They'd take a big bite out of a baby seal and throw it screaming onto an iceberg with the survivors of Greenpeace III, after he sank it.

It should have been the Titanic. He hoped they got it, about Nature.

He leaned over the railing, and spat. It was just a big snuff movie. Then he got bored, and built an artificial island for BP. The well exploded and caused an environmental disaster, which fixed those bears....

That's what he wanted to do to the dealers. Cause an environmental disaster on Thing Street, and start a Great Depression.

It was already GROUND ZERO. Tired, shopworn, worthless, exhausted things. How could he make a sale? Every night was GARBAGE NIGHT.

Dealers raked mounds of shit together on the curb, demanding to know HOW MUCH!

Five DOLLARS!

They'd tear off a chunk of it. Half a mouldering buffet.

Now how much!

Same price!

So they'd daub on some more shit. Same price? He'd have to make it a package deal!

At least there was still sex. He never got enough of that either, but not getting enough sex was still more enjoyable than not getting enough money, because if you weren't getting enough sex you were at least getting some, whereas, if you weren't getting enough money you were probably saving it all.

The plump matrons and their buffets. He took them on top of Titanic 9 piece mahogany icebergs. They were seals to his polar bear, barking and flapping when he bit and moved on to the next.

He liked to say, like one of his own pain-in-the-ass clients, he was JUST BROWSING!

Isitolde didn't care. She was so old, she wanted to know how old everything else was, so she could surround herself with things that were even older than herself. That was what she wanted Romeo for, old things that made her feel young again. RELATIVELY!

His Thing Store was her Fountain of Youth.

Niagara Falls!

Romeo despised her. Called her Flipper. For the seal's limb, but mainly because he suspected she resold her purchases to that wraith down Thing Street, for a lot more money, as soon as they came to terms.

That could take a while, judging by their inexplicable absences, while Johnny conducted horrified clients through the morass of mouldering things, their uncertain and reluctant Virgil. Half were already sold, but without Romeo to tell him, he didn't know which half. Romeo, Romeo. If only he'd his NOSE! He guessed who'd bought it all, already. Isitolde!

They finally emerged from the tiny crapper, Isitolde cramming a fresh twenty in her fat budget, the difference between her rates and the price of another buffet. Her face powdered with Romeo's talc, like she'd been doing the Plantation Act backwards.

Her wraith joined them on the curb, moaning he'd lost two fanbacks and the sweetest Empire settee, when the dealer he'd sent them to for upholstering went bankrupt. He begged Romeo to come, and rescue them.

He didn't see the scowl on Romeo's face when he said, it was giving the business a bad name....

Jack paused on his velocipede, sniffing. He swore Romeo'd had something. He could smell it. He noticed the wraith, and saw Nemesis approaching, the Hydro Metre Man ..

He fled, Isitolde balanced on his sissy-bars....

Sure, Romeo said. To anyone remaining, principally the wraith, and the Metre Man.

Go down, he said rattling an enermous ring of skeleton keys at the top of the trap-door. They were everyone's keys, and he owned them.

Fanbacks and settee beckoned below. Overhead the metres gleamed, like spotlights!

was good, because he usually turned his phone on at 11 A.M. In fact, Butch left his phone on overnight so he'd hear the bailiff when he called to serve him, then he got so drunk he slept through the call anyway. He marched over to PORC, got the FREE LUNCH, and did the usual PORC things.

He loitered on the sidewalk with bums and mad people, complained when the dining room opened late (as usual), got the FREE LUNCH. It wasn't enough, so he supplemented it with a grilled cheese from the greasy spoon across the street. Still, no bailiff, so he flipped open his cell-phone and thoughtlessly dialed the first number he saw. It was the bailiff's.

The bailiff said he'd called at 9 in the morning. Where was Butch? Butch figured he'd tricked the bailiff, by leaving the phone on after he said he was turning it off. He didn't realize he'd have the number right there, if he'd phoned. Ah!

The bailiff said he'd try again, after he spoke to the worker about changing the date. Butch immediately wanted to know what he meant. They obviously had an agenda

He hung up and returned to PORC, to ask his ambulance chaser to write the bailiff, and demand an explanation He quoted Euripides, The American Declaration of Independence, and Martin Luther King's "Letter from Birmingham Jail."

That evening he recounted the day's events to Johnny. Johnny suggested that he ask the ambulance chaser to have the papers forwarded to her. Butch was concerned that he wouldn't get enough time to scrutinize them, but Johnny said the chaser could probably get him more time, too. Butch should set the agenda, himself.

Johnny met him the next morning on the street in front of PORC. Butch explained. He'd slept in, and missed his ambulance chaser Johnny told him to call her at her office. Butch explained. His phone was dead. He didn't like to leave it plugged in, in case it started a fire

Johnny knew that the total number of fires started by cell phones was zero, but he said nothing. He didn't want to trigger another episode.

Butch reminded him sagely, quoting Koffee A. Anan, better safe than sorry. Hadn't the fire at TWIN TOWERS been caused by bad wiring? Johnny noted that this was the first time Butch conceded it was an electrical fire He'd always insisted it was Max the Butcher, smoking marijuana in bed with Trixie Sane Johnny showed him burn-marks beside the light fixtures, but Butch hated Max.

*****

They hated Children's Aid Children's Aid stayed up all night plotting to steal Thing Street children. Then they stole their parents rights. Before anybody knew grew up and got all the rights themselves. They knew what was what. They didn't want to see Thing Street parents.

Carlotta was always hanging out at the GODWILL down Thing Street A celebrated CASE. She made the SUPPER HOUR NEWS She lost her kids to Children's Aid, who lost them to a couple of crackheads on the corner Johnny ran into the crackheads occasionally, at the PERSIAN's. He never saw Frick and Frack. The PERSIAN said they came into his store to get warm. He gave Frick a pair of gloves. Frack needed a winter coat They caught cold, and died in a freak snow storm.

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre got involved. She turned the incident into an advertisment for $CAMH and Hearse Homes Glowball. If only there'd been a room for her in Emile

He didn't want to pay for it. His father wanted him to, or he'd just keep losing phones. He owed Johnny twenty dollars. He should have paid another twenty for the battery. Instead Johnny said Merry Christmas, and took out his wallet.

*****

Workman believed in diagnosis, specifically in the diagnostic power of his own practised eye (Notes Illustrative, 9) and even ear. For as muscular impairment becomes more extended and more apparent (report for 1859, 18), even an experienced ear can identify a paralytic patient just by the sound of his uneven tread. The very sound of the foot on the floor is characteristic (18). Workman speaks of a way of seeing, cultivated by training and experience that enables him to penetrate appearances of life and health to a reality of disease and death. As if with the mythical X-Ray he dissolves the general paralytic's characteristically cheerful plumpness to a cynical Death's Head whose processes he unravels a posteriori in the mortuary. His very gaze seems deadly; if not exactly lethal in itself, it marks the living for a death it exposes as its vindication and triumph and subsequently its entertainment and reward. Through his musings and broodings what sharply emerges is the pattern, the arrival, the deceptive appearance or even apparent improvement, the gaze, the aggravation of the condition, death, and a few hours later the autopsy...

*****

He heard him, descending the dark varnished stairs. Indignant that Porko had accused him of making noise.

Just because he had a disability, couldn't he get sloppy drunk, fall upstairs, and stagger around all night banging MITZI without some LIAR snitching on him?

He'd hear from his lawyer!

Johnny couldn't help noticing needle-marks all over his arms, the bruised hand where he'd been breaking his falls, or Mitzi. .

No, it wasn't POVERTY ACTIVISM!

It was DEBAUCHERY!

It wasn't eviction however, like he deserved. It was only a WARNING. They'd had a complaint, from some unspecified long suffering client/neighbor, the kind whose advocate he said he was but really wasn't.

Two MORE, and the cumbersome czarist machinery would finally begin to GRIND his ASS.

*****

The bailiff told Butch he'd pass to serve him the papers around 11:30. Butch said that

He kept checking it.

But his excess of caution didn't extend to his netbook. Warfarin left it on the bed while he went to pee. His cigar-store Buddhist shoved it in his knapsack and checked out. Vixen Foxy should have done a body search. She wanted to, but one thing led to another and there was work to do. She had to find somebody to do it, or do it herself (which was unthinkable).

Johnny had a spare phone that would work on Warfarin's account. All the networks were owned by the same good family. Citizen Hearse could have merged them, but he made more money this way. Clients continually switched phones, then had to pay to switch networks and vice versa as Hearse lured there now here now there with one or another rigged special.

Johnny told Porko Warfarin could have it. For free! Porko said Warfarin had to pay, or he'd just keep losing phones. Johnny figured Porko was at Citizen Hearse's establishment down Thing Street. There was always another one, down Thing Street. Hearse would check himself into some hotel, and realize he owned it!

He agreed to meet Porko and Warfarin across from Mahmoud Fukabuk's Dollar Emporium. Johnny walked slightly behind them. Their sqaw.

Warfarin wanted to know how much? Johnny suggested $10 but Porko gestured with his thumb. More! Johnny suggested $20. Porko gestared again for more. Then Warfarin (ever the sly one) wanted to see it first. So Johnny handed him the phone, which he immediately realized was a mistake.

He'd never get his money. Nice, Warfarin purred. Certainly nicer than the one he'd lost, battered with a crack screen from one too many deals gone bad. Later he said he found it. It had probably never been lost. He just got tired of texting dealers on a cracked screen.

But now Warfarin had to get a new SIM card from the phone company. He and Johnny went into the store on Thing Street. Porko had work to do (somebody had to work). The clerk removed the battery to insert the card. He said they'd soon have to get a new one. They saw it was swollen. It should have been perfectly flat. It was slightly convex.

They met Porko at the pizza maker's around the corner. It was mainly takeout. There weren't any tables, just a counter in front of the fridge, the oven and the table where the owner kneaded the dough and dressed the pizzas. His employees sold them, slices and pop over the counter. Most people took away their orders, but a few sat on the window ledge eating. They joined them.

There wasn't much room to begin with, and now it was noon and a bus had arrived at the Thing Street stop. There was a new black guy selling. He seemed nice, but he sold off their pizza slice by slice to the bus crowd, instead of making them wait. It was understandable. They were in a hurry.

Warfarin put what was left on a paper plate in a bag to take home in his knapsack. They went east on Thing Street to the phone store. Johnny and Warfarin went inside to look for a new battery, while Porko went on to work.

Warfarin seemed to freeze except for his hands which slowly began searching his pockets. Johnny was afraid he'd lost his phone again. Warfarin painstakingly removed his am his money, bills and a few coins. Johnny noticed the fifty. He had money!

My weed, he said. I think I lost my weed. Johnny caught the smug look, the simper. As if Warfarin was so confident he'd impressed him he didn't even bother to seek his approval; he just assumed it was there. Johnny had seen it in Butch. He would explain that he was hard up for cash and had to eat the free lunch at PORC, because this was his green week. The seeming confidence was really a boast. Johnny wanted to slap him. Everyone ran around to get him a phone, but all he cared about was fucking weed.

Durkheim's TWIN TOWER, or a bed at Oakridge or Yucca Flats or any of a number of similar resorts, Frick wouldn't have DIED. She wouldn't have been fine, but she'd have been ALIVE.

She did radio spots with Mitzi and Trixie, pitching MODEL SUITES for GIRL ORPHANS. Like Frick, but not Frick....

*****

Elmo asked Johnny if he'd heard.

Heard WHAT? He never let on. He wasn't supposed to know anything.

Junkies glared at them, for blocking their access to Psycho Farm AC/DC...

Their morning juice and methadone....

Butch was charged with assault, for those death threats, when Porko brought a Census worker to his door one night.

The Census worker had subsequently been institutionalized in Thing Street, with trauma-induced borderline disorder...

Krakpotkin covertly attended Butch's hearing. Butch brought a woman nobody'd ever seen before or after. She had a kid with her, also rented for the occasion. From the same escort service. He also presented a fat binder full of enrollment forms for $CAMH anger management courses he'd downloaded last night from the world wide web and rapidly completed as evidence of his efforts to TRANSFORM himself. The judge dismissed it as GARBAGE but during recess Krakpotkin surprised everyone by asking to read it. He said it was interesting. He wanted to know how it turned out.

Butch knew they'd met. It must have been a bar. Because they were drinking. Then again, no. Because they were drinking orange juice. They were in a store. But what kind of store would have let them drink orange juice, like it was some sort of restaurant. Ah, now he remembered. It was a DRUG store. The PsychoFarmAC/DC. They met in at the Methadone Clinic! A small world, but he wouldn't want to paint it. Was it Tang (c)?

Presiding Judge Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre said the time had come to determine his debt to Society, in the form of William Rudolph Hearse.

His debt? To Citizen Hearse? Is that what it was all about? Where was Citizen Hearse when a lonely, starving client cried himself to sleep in a Psychome, with a bunch of crack-heads, junkies, and survivors. The only guys had a chance, were Fellini's goons. He had to string along....

Everyone said, it didn't really matter. For years social workers, poverty advocates, and legal aid lawyers had convinced themselves that Butch and Bruce were BOTH at Death's Door. Perhaps it enabled them to rationalize all the bother they caused them, in meritless cases and nuisance calls. They even speculated how long they had, and placed bets on the HAPPY DAY.

Judge Weasel-Theatre was like minded. As much as she longed to put him away forever, she decided it was better to let nature take its course.

For intriguing with Butch and other unfortunates, Bruce was sentenced to HOUSE

ARREST!

He called it advocacy.

Johnny knew. It was gangsterism, thuggery....

CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY!

At the very least least, meddling in Citizen Hearse's PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

Capitol offense, contrary to the common good, which, except for such distractions, was always uppermost on Hearse-Ferrari's mind.

The one attenuating circumstance, everyone who became Bruce's client, got evicted two weeks later. He was better than the Tribunal.

Bruce complained, to anyone who'd listen. He was being persecuted, for advocacy (gangsterism, thuggery). Johnny knew. It was for bad habits. Street drugs, on top of all that clozapine. On Dadania Day he wanted to celebrate like every other red blooded Dadanian boy....

Just because he had a disability, couldn't he disturb his neighbors, shake grease and cigarette stained copies of the Universal Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms under everyone's nose, entertain the crooks and gangsters Hearse-Ferrari most wanted out, refer darkly to his Viking Blood and consequences whenever within hearing of anyone who'd ever remotely criticized his drunken disorderliness?

So like Bruce, Elmo simpered. Never wrong.

All he needed to do was say, I'm sorry (Maitre!), it won't happen again (Excellency!). Only Johnny knew, it was already TOO LATE.

Elmo worried. The said if he didn't join THE PARTY he'd be PURGED. Hearse Ferrari wanted to liquidate his old clients. They didn't PAY (enough) any more.

He didn't want CLIENTS. He wanted CLIENTELE! It was more than semantics. It was MONEY!

So what if it WAS? Johnny wondered. Siding with losers, would only make it faster.

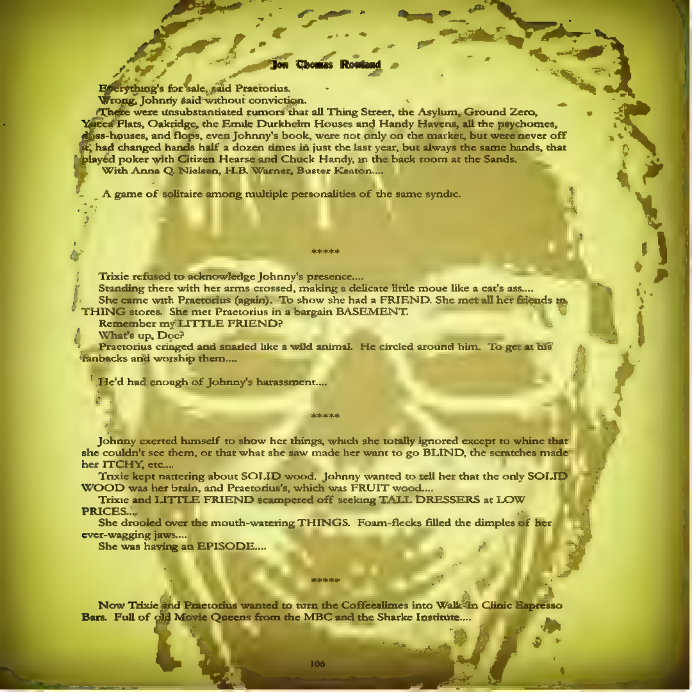
Elmo still worried. He had a list of Butch's outrages. How he BORROWED his laptop and REFUSED to give it back. Instead, he forced him to take his desktop. Elmo carried it into his apartment, plugged it in, and pressed ON. The fan wheezed, but the machine didn't boot up. It obviously didn't work. It stank! Stale piss, ciggies, and marijuana. He immediately carried it all the way back to Butch's apartment on the Beastly side of the building, and tapped gently on his door, so as not to arouse his well known anti social tendencies. Eventually Butch opened it a crack, so as not to release his cats, releasing instead the stench of stale piss, ciggies, and marijuana. It worked when I gave it to you, he lied. Smashing the door in his face.

Elmo never got his laptop back, or even a working desktop, but Butch came to his door regularly. For money. He'd knock softly, but if he suspected Elmo was home and not answering, he'd start whispering at him, through the keyhole.

Pssst! Elmo! I know you're home. I saw you enter, from the BOOZE CAN. I'm not going to beat you up, I just want to TALK to you.

He knew what about. Always the same thing...

It was curious, how he couldn't stand even a census worker showing up at his door, but didn't mind showing up at anyone else's door, himself, whenever he pleased, for MONEY, which he wouldn't go till he obtained.



Everything's for sale, said Praetorius.

Wrong, Johnny said without conviction.

There were unsubstantiated rumors that all Thing Street, the Asylum, Ground Zero, Yucca Flats, Oakridge, the Emile Durkheim Houses and Handy Havens, all the psychomes, doss-houses, and flops, even Johnny's book, were not only on the market, but were never off it, had changed hands half a dozen times in just the last year, but always the same hands, that played poker with Citizen Hearse and Chuck Handy, in the back room at the Sands.

With Anna Q. Nielsen, H.B. Warner, Buster Keaton....

A game of solitaire among multiple personalities of the same syndic.

*****

Trixie refused to acknowledge Johnny's presence....

Standing there with her arms crossed, making a delicate little moue like a cat's ass....

She came with Praetorius (again). To show she had a FRIEND. She met all her friends in THING stores. She met Praetorius in a bargain BASEMENT.

Remember my LITTLE FRIEND?

What's up, Doc?

Praetorius cringed and snarled like a wild animal. He circled around him. To get at his fanbacks and worship them....

He'd had enough of Johnny's harassment....

*****

Johnny exerted himself to show her things, which she totally ignored except to whine that she couldn't see them, or that what she saw made her want to go BLIND, the scratches made her ITCHY, etc....

Trixie kept nattering about SOLID wood. Johnny wanted to tell her that the only SOLID WOOD was her brain, and Praetorius's, which was FRUIT wood....

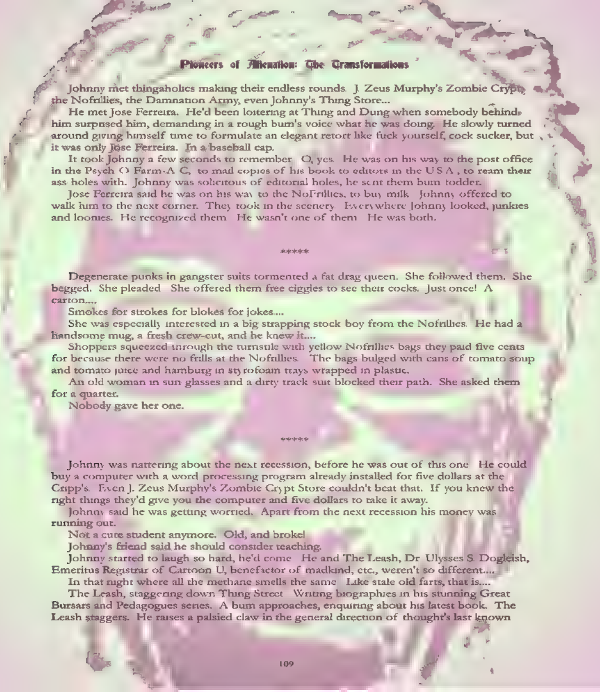
Trixie and LITTLE FRIEND scampered off seeking TALL DRESSERS at LOW PRICES....

She drooled over the mouth-watering THINGS. Foam-flecks filled the dimples of her ever-wagging jaws....

She was having an EPISODE....

*****

Now Trixie and Praetorius wanted to turn the Coffeeslimes into Walk-In Clinic Espresso Bars. Full of old Movie Queens from the MBC and the Sharke Institute....



Johnny met thingaholics making their endless rounds. J. Zeus Murphy's Zombie Crypt, the Nofrillies, the Damnation Army, even Johnny's Thing Store...

He met Jose Ferreira. He'd been loitering at Thing and Dung when somebody behind him surprised him, demanding in a rough bum's voice what he was doing. He slowly turned around giving himself time to formulate an elegant retort like fuck yourself, cock sucker, but it was only Jose Ferreira. In a baseball cap.

It took Johnny a few seconds to remember. O, yes. He was on his way to the post office in the Psych O Farm-A C, to mail copies of his book to editors in the U S A , to ream their ass holes with. Johnny was solicitous of editorial holes, he sent them bum fodder.

Jose Ferreira said he was on his way to the NoFrillies, to buy milk. Johnny offered to walk him to the next corner. They took in the scenery. Everywhere Johnny looked, junkies and loonies. He recognized them. He wasn't one of them. He was both.

*****

Degenerate punks in gangster suits tormented a fat drag queen. She followed them. She begged. She pleaded. She offered them free ciggies to see their cocks. Just once! A carton....

Smokes for strokes for blokes for jokes....

She was especially interested in a big strapping stock boy from the Nofrillies. He had a handsome mug, a fresh crew-cut, and he knew it....

Shoppers squeezed through the turnstile with yellow Nofrillies bags they paid five cents for because there were no frills at the Nofrillies. The bags bulged with cans of tomato soup and tomato juice and hamburg in styrofoam trays wrapped in plastic.

An old woman in sun glasses and a dirty track suit blocked their path. She asked them for a quarter.

Nobody gave her one.

*****

Johnny was nattering about the next recession, before he was out of this one. He could buy a computer with a word processing program already installed for five dollars at the Cripp's. Even J. Zeus Murphy's Zombie Crypt Store couldn't beat that. If you knew the right things they'd give you the computer and five dollars to take it away.

Johnny said he was getting worried. Apart from the next recession his money was running out.

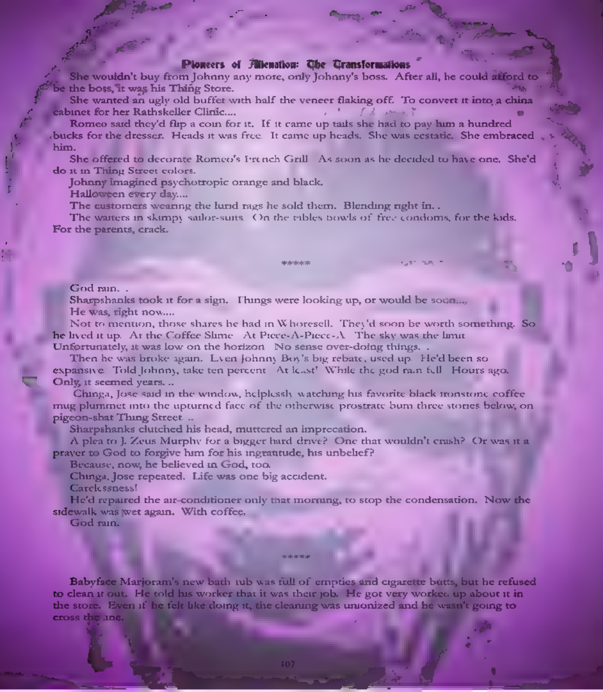
Not a cute student anymore. Old, and broke!

Johnny's friend said he should consider teaching.

Johnny started to laugh so hard, he'd come. He and The Leash, Dr. Ulysses S. Dogleish, Emeritus Registrar of Cartoon U, benefactor of madkind, etc., weren't so different....

In that night where all the methane smells the same. Like stale old farts, that is....

The Leash, staggering down Thing Street. Writing biographies in his stunning Great Bursars and Pedagogues series. A bum approaches, enquiring about his latest book. The Leash staggers. He raises a palsied claw in the general direction of thought's last known



She wouldn't buy from Johnny any more, only Johnny's boss. After all, he could afford to be the boss, it was his Thing Store.

She wanted an ugly old buffet with half the veneer flaking off. To convert it into a china cabinet for her Rathskeller Clinic....

Romeo said they'd flip a coin for it. If it came up tails she had to pay him a hundred bucks for the dresser. Heads it was free. It came up heads. She was ecstatic. She embraced him.

She offered to decorate Romeo's French Grill. As soon as he decided to have one. She'd do it in Thing Street colors.

Johnny imagined psychotropic orange and black.

Halloween every day....

The customers wearing the lurid rags he sold them. Blending right in. .

The waiters in skimpy sailor-suits. On the tables bowls of free condoms, for the kids. For the parents, crack.

*****

God rain. .

Sharpshanks took it for a sign. Things were looking up, or would be soon....

He was, right now....

Not to mention, those shares he had in Whoresell. They'd soon be worth something. So he lived it up. At the Coffee Slime. At Piece-A-Piece-A. The sky was the limit. Unfortunately, it was low on the horizon. No sense over-doing things. .

Then he was broke again. Even Johnny Boy's big rebate, used up. He'd been so expansive. Told Johnny, take ten percent. At least! While the god rain fell. Hours ago. Only, it seemed years. ..

Chinga, Jose said in the window, helplessly watching his favorite black ironstone coffee mug plummet into the upturned face of the otherwise prostrate bum three stories below, on pigeon-shat Thing Street. ..

Sharpshanks clutched his head, muttered an imprecation.

A plea to J. Zeus Murphy for a bigger hard drive? One that wouldn't crash? Or was it a prayer to God to forgive him for his ingratitude, his unbelief?

Because, now, he believed in God, too.

Chinga, Jose repeated. Life was one big accident.

Carelessness!

He'd repaired the air-conditioner only that morning, to stop the condensation. Now the sidewalk was wet again. With coffee.

God rain.

*****

Babyface Marjoram's new bath tub was full of empties and cigarette butts, but he refused to clean it out. He told his worker that it was their job. He got very worked up about it in the store. Even if he felt like doing it, the cleaning was unionized and he wasn't going to cross the line.

address....

B-b-book? W-w-what b-b-book?

It would be like that, for Johnny. He wouldn't recognize the loser asking him about some shit he couldn't remember. He wrote it last night. Eons ago in the life of a senile dement.

Carelessness. ..

A disaster for the aerospace program....

*****

A 48 year old married Baptist businessman, and Workman's neighbour on Mutual Street, W.T. was admitted on January 20, 1883 for depression attributed on his History to business unsuccess. Listed among his delusions and propensities were refusing food and thinking that nothing could prosper with him.

Dr. Collins's Certificate reported the statement of W.T.'s wife that all his trouble has been want of success in business life & he wouldn't make any further effort.

Workman's diagnosis remarked W.T.'s deep melancholy.

*****

Morning at Porko's Thing Street pad....

As usual the budgies were scratching and scraping in the shit on the floor of their cage under a filthy Da Minion flag. Porko removed the cover and opened the curtains that his honey VIXEN FOXY WEASEL-THEATRE made out of his smelly old G.A.S.P boxers the last time she was in the Sharke Institute ..

*****

Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre was busted for hiding out in the coal bin with a 40 ouncer while Alapaloozah took the kids out for a joy-ride (he said) into a pylon on the 401.

His idea of The Better Way (To Hell). .

While she was in the Sharke Tank she stayed in the ward for Feeble-Minded Whores and Race Suicides where she met the beautiful Trixie .

She'd only lately discovered the joys of Lesbia (she said). . She'd been reading that glorious Nestor of Dadanian alienists, Dr. C(old) K(iller) Sharke, on his favorite subjects..

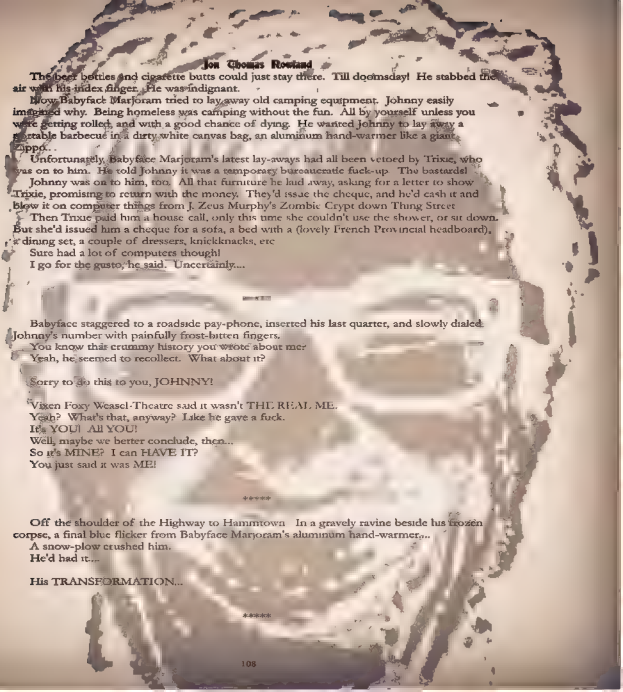
His articles were synergizing with Wally's sugarstick and concurrently pussy-bumping a local gang of diesel dykes....

Into a spanking new gynocentric theology. .

The Ratchet Madonna!

*****

The Killuh was right.. .



The beer bottles and cigarette butts could just stay there. Till doomsday! He stabbed the air with his index finger. He was indignant.

Now Babyface Marjoram tried to lay away old camping equipment. Johnny easily imagined why. Being homeless was camping without the fun. All by yourself unless you were getting rolled, and with a good chance of dying. He wanted Johnny to lay away a portable barbecue in a dirty white canvas bag, an aluminum hand-warmer like a giant Zippo. .

Unfortunately, Babyface Marjoram's latest lay-aways had all been vetoed by Trixie, who was on to him. He told Johnny it was a temporary bureaucratic fuck-up. The bastards!

Johnny was on to him, too. All that furniture he laid away, asking for a letter to show Trixie, promising to return with the money. They'd issue the cheque, and he'd cash it and blow it on computer things from J. Zeus Murphy's Zombie Crypt down Thing Street

Then Trixie paid him a house call, only this time she couldn't use the shower, or sit down. But she'd issued him a cheque for a sofa, a bed with a (lovely French Provincial headboard), a dining set, a couple of dressers, knickknacks, etc

Sure had a lot of computers though!

I go for the gusto, he said. Uncertainly....

*****

Babyface staggered to a roadside pay-phone, inserted his last quarter, and slowly dialed Johnny's number with painfully frost-bitten fingers.

You know that crummy history you wrote about me?

Yeah, he seemed to recollect. What about it?

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre said it wasn't THE REAL ME.

Yeah? What's that, anyway? Like he gave a fuck.

It's YOU! All YOU!

Well, maybe we better conclude, then...

So it's MINE? I can HAVE IT?

You just said it was ME!

*****

Off the shoulder of the Highway to Hammtown In a gravely ravine beside his frozen corpse, a final blue flicker from Babyface Marjoram's aluminum hand-warmer....

A snow-plow crushed him.

He'd had it....

His TRANSFORMATION...

*****

That time the battery failed just when the phone sex was beginning to move his dick however insensibly....

He couldn't shoot the messenger, so he threw the medium out the window.

He hadn't been so annoyed since his starry-eyed wife Marilyn got busted for stealing a pair of nylons, from Cecil Eatone.

*****

Trixie left a note for him on the radiator in his Thing Street psychome. Beginning, Dearest Johnny Boy

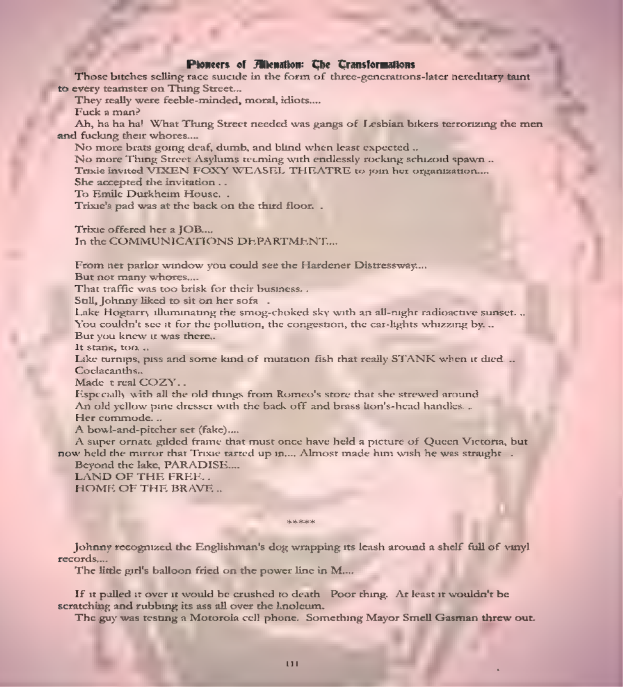
> Just got a new job. Had to tell you. With The Sharke. At his spanking new Mental Hell CASINO, etc.
>
> But the best part is when I strap the electrodes to his clients' tender temples for twelve shots of juice. But it isn't till number eleven that they suddenly get better. The Sharke's lightning fin parts the darkness. It's spring! Birds sing, everything is beautiful
>
> Everybody cries for it. Screams for The Sharke's good thing. It sounded so good, I even started the treatment myself. I can hardly wait for number eleven. I had some last night but I forget how many. At least, I think it was last night. I think I'll have a few more just for good measure.
>
> I'm feeling better. I must be. I'm getting close to eleven. Hey, why am I writing this thing anyway? Oh, yeah. .
>
> I'm CEO and you aren't!
>
> It's a NEW ERA for Mental Hell!
>
> Eat your HEART out! Eat SHIT"!!
>
> P.S. The Sharke's teeth really are pearly white. Just like in the song. His nose hairs tickle.... (Very TRANSFORMING....)

*****

The newspapers dismissed Elliott.

They also inadvertently exposed the system, by connecting Elliott's battle and ultimate defeat to processes in the country at large. Such connections were facilitated by the fact that the target of Elliott's detractions, Mortimer Clark, was the future Sir Mortimer, Lieutenant-Governor of Hogtario.

It is hard to believe that the principal targets of Elliott's attacks, always relegated to the back-pages of the issue, really are the same swine whose faces appear on the front page,



Those bitches selling race suicide in the form of three-generations-later hereditary taint to every teamster on Thing Street...

They really were feeble-minded, moral, idiots....

Fuck a man?

Ah, ha ha ha! What Thing Street needed was gangs of Lesbian bikers terrorizing the men and fucking their whores....

No more brats going deaf, dumb, and blind when least expected ..

No more Thing Street Asylums teeming with endlessly rocking schizoid spawn ..

Trixie invited VIXEN FOXY WEASEL THEATRE to join her organization....

She accepted the invitation . .

To Emile Durkheim House. .

Trixie's pad was at the back on the third floor. .

Trixie offered her a JOB....

In the COMMUNICATIONS DEPARTMENT....

From her parlor window you could see the Hardener Distressway....

But not many whores....

That traffic was too brisk for their business. .

Still, Johnny liked to sit on her sofa .

Lake Hogtarry illuminating the smog-choked sky with an all-night radioactive sunset. ..

You couldn't see it for the pollution, the congestion, the car-lights whizzing by. ..

But you knew it was there..

It stank, too. ..

Like turnips, piss and some kind of mutation fish that really STANK when it died. ..

Coelacanths..

Made it real COZY. .

Especially with all the old things from Romeo's store that she strewed around

An old yellow pine dresser with the back off and brass lion's-head handles. .

Her commode. ..

A bowl-and-pitcher set (fake)....

A super ornate gilded frame that must once have held a picture of Queen Victoria, but now held the mirror that Trixie tarted up in...., Almost made him wish he was straight .

Beyond the lake, PARADISE....

LAND OF THE FREE. .

HOME OF THE BRAVE ..

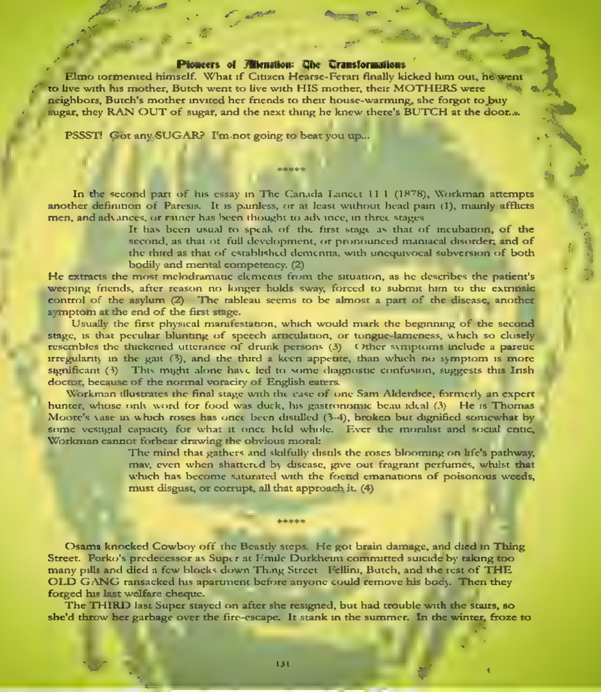
*****

Johnny recognized the Englishman's dog wrapping its leash around a shelf full of vinyl records....

The little girl's balloon fried on the power line in M....

If it pulled it over it would be crushed to death Poor thing. At least it wouldn't be scratching and rubbing its ass all over the linoleum.

The guy was testing a Motorola cell phone. Something Mayor Smell Gasman threw out.



Elmo tormented himself. What if Citizen Hearse-Ferari finally kicked him out, he went to live with his mother, Butch went to live with HIS mother, their MOTHERS were neighbors, Butch's mother invited her friends to their house-warming, she forgot to buy sugar, they RAN OUT of sugar, and the next thing he knew there's BUTCH at the door...

PSSST! Got any SUGAR? I'm not going to beat you up...

*****

In the second part of his essay in The Canada Lancet 11 1 (1878), Workman attempts another definition of Paresis. It is painless, or at least without head pain (1), mainly afflicts men, and advances, or rather has been thought to advance, in three stages

> It has been usual to speak of the first stage as that of incubation, of the second, as that of full development, or pronounced maniacal disorder; and of the third as that of established dementia, with unequivocal subversion of both bodily and mental competency. (2)

He extracts the most melodramatic elements from the situation, as he describes the patient's weeping friends, after reason no longer holds sway, forced to submit him to the extrinsic control of the asylum (2) The tableau seems to be almost a part of the disease, another symptom at the end of the first stage.

Usually the first physical manifestation, which would mark the beginning of the second stage, is that peculiar blunting of speech articulation, or tongue-lameness, which so closely resembles the thickened utterance of drunk persons (3) Other symptoms include a paretic irregularity in the gait (3), and the third a keen appetite, than which no symptom is more significant (3) This might alone have led to some diagnostic confusion, suggests this Irish doctor, because of the normal voracity of English eaters.

Workman illustrates the final stage with the case of one Sam Alderdice, formerly an expert hunter, whose only word for food was duck, his gastronomic beau ideal (3) He is Thomas Moore's vase in which roses has once been distilled (3-4), broken but dignified somewhat by some vestigial capacity for what it once held whole. Ever the moralist and social critic, Workman cannot forbear drawing the obvious moral:

> The mind that gathers and skilfully distils the roses blooming on life's pathway, may, even when shattered by disease, give out fragrant perfumes, whilst that which has become saturated with the foetid emanations of poisonous weeds, must disgust, or corrupt, all that approach it. (4)

*****

Osama knocked Cowboy off the Beastly steps. He got brain damage, and died in Thing Street. Porko's predecessor as Super at Emile Durkheim committed suicide by taking too many pills and died a few blocks down Thing Street Fellini, Butch, and the rest of THE OLD GANG ransacked his apartment before anyone could remove his body. Then they forged his last welfare cheque.

The THIRD last Super stayed on after she resigned, but had trouble with the stairs, so she'd throw her garbage over the fire-escape. It stank in the summer. In the winter, froze to the ground, so Porko scraped it off, and the shit from her old dog, that she never cleaned up after. The dog died, and she moved into a highrise, with an elevator and NO PETS.

Elmo waxed nostalgic. He'd lived in Emile Durkheim longer than anyone else. It was urban archaeology

He remembered Deaf Dyke who threw the phone book on the floor every night around 3 A.M. He assumed it was deliberate, and she drank. Being deaf, she couldn't have heard it anyway. When Elmo moved in she ignored him, after she learned he was single and didn't even have a girlfriend.

She had several. Walking home with one from THE BOOZE CAN, she noticed the bottle of beer under her leather jacket. When the girlfriend wouldn't give her any, she wrestled the beer away from her. The cops arrested them, and fined the dyke a hundred dollars for drinking in public. They resumed their argument, back in THIRTEEN. The dyke screamed so much, nobody slept on that side of the building. Citizen Hearse disliked dykes when they gave it away FREE to their girlfriends. Elmo heard her screaming again, at the mail box, when she saw the LETTER with the TWO-HEADED EAGLES on the envelope, return address the SIMIAN SANDS....

One of her girlfriends was her predecessor in THIRTEEN. She hung out with her, hoping to get her apartment back. It was probably her, throwing the phone book on the floor. When the dyke got evicted, she tried to take over, but CITIZEN HEARSE never forgave a bad tenant, or knew a good one....

During her heyday Deaf Dyke shared Johnny's apartment with 4 or 5 people. It consisted of one large room that he used as kitchen and livingroom combined, and a small bug-infest bedroom. To access the bathroom, you had to pass through the bedroom. It would have been crowded, without any privacy, everyone using everything and everyone else, and trying to steal the apartment. Johnny'd noticed the damaged door frame, that had been repaired so many times the molding resembled tumescent scar tissue. Underneath the landlord paint was graffiti about legalizing dope.

Johnny's predecessors in THIRTEEN. Elmo remembered other clients in other apartments, but Johnny was getting tired. They were typically in bad health. Elmo watched them decline. Most of them were dead. Dead Guy was already. He'd find someone collapsed on the sidewalk. Then in a wheelchair. Then missing an arm, or a leg. They were usually alcoholic, and diabetic. They died right there, under the Edwardian attributes.

*****

Johnny heard the broom banging the dark varnished baseboards again and looked out his spyglass, down Peacock Alley.

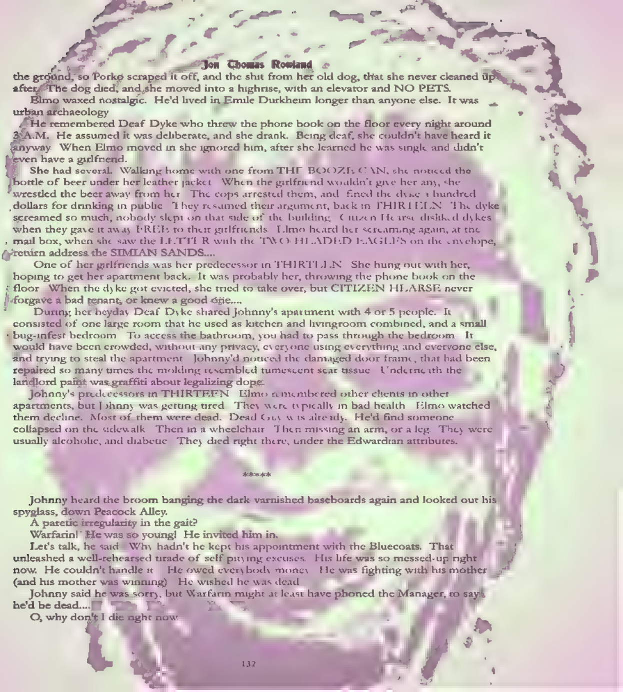
A paretic irregularity in the gait?

Warfarin! He was so young! He invited him in.

Let's talk, he said. Why hadn't he kept his appointment with the Bluecoats. That unleashed a well-rehearsed tirade of self pitying excuses. His life was so messed-up right now. He couldn't handle it. He owed everybody money. He was fighting with his mother (and his mother was winning). He wished he was dead.

Johnny said he was sorry, but Warfarin might at least have phoned the Manager, to say he'd be dead....

O, why don't I die right now.



under glowing eulogies. The legal representative of the Home for Incurables will soon be the representative of the Crown, and its First Lady Directress will soon be First Lady of the entire province. It is hard to keep them apart. By analogy, the Home which men allow Mrs. Clark to mismanage becomes Ontario, in both cases the guilty man is Mortimer Clark.

Other parallels become apparent, between Elliott's struggle and the struggle for life of the incumbent Lieutenant-Governor, between Elliott's final expulsion from the Home, and the new Lieutenant Governor's installation at Government House, both reported in the same issue, though in different sections, of course.

One begins to appreciate what Elliott was up against, when he first undertook to expose the alleged troubles at the Home. With the benefit of such knowledge his chances appear to wane and expire in tandem with the life of the incumbent, Sir Oliver Mowat. With Sir Oliver's death and Mortimer Clark's succession, Elliott's defeat seems guaranteed. Though he persists on other fronts, power prevails against him there too.

A letter to Sir Mortimer Clark from the Governor General's Secretary reports his having received three letters from Colonel Elliott, on the subject of the management of the Home for Incurables at Hogtown. The Governor General is more concerned about the accompanying report of the Grand Jury to Mr. Justice Street, which indicates that there may be some ground for his complaint. But instead of investigating further or recommending that something be done to redress the conditions at the Home, the Governor General merely requests a report upon which he can base a complete reply to Colonel Elliott. The Secretary encloses Elliott's original letters, which he politely asks Clark to return. Clark scrawls in broad pencil across the top of the letter. Please return enclosures & reply that I will endeavor shortly to send report of another Grand Jury approving of Home.

When one report proves unfavorable, write another....

*****

Federico Fellini and Walter Huston lounged under the tree outside the door. Natasha slouched on the steps, unwitting of the heritage attributes of the portico above, splendid example of Al Capone Classicism that it was.

Old folks, Johnny thought. At home. No older than himself...

Fellini had a 60s-style Beatles hair-cut. He wore Bermudas and sandals in the heat. His shirt was open, but he kept it on.

Porko'd warned Fellini about going topless. He scared the female guests.

Walter Huston was a fund-raiser for northern gold mines, oil wells. He raised capital on Porko's phone. Porko got calls from capitalists as well as prospective tenants. Walter Huston dressed like Federico Fellini, except he wore a sun-hat and loud Hawaiian shirt and liked to sing AS TIME GIES BY...!

He was working with this cool black guy named Omar, who'd stolen the identity of this stupid honk, so whenever the police came after him...

Porko'd told Johnny not to talk to the old lady unless she spoke first. She remembered everything.

She had a great deal of difficulty getting upstairs to her room on the second floor. Fellini joked that they wanted to get her a wheelchair and the keys to the gate so he could wheel her into the posterior airing court. He said he'd pull some strings and get her into the Bald Eagle down the street.

She didn't appreciate his jokes. She was already in an institution.

Staff at the Bald Eagle Nursing Home regularly called the police on Federico Fellini, for creating disturbances over his friends' treatment in the Home.

When it suited them, when a resident needed a bath or they wanted him to cut someone's hair, he could stay.

*****

At the Incurables Home...

Now Institute....

But everybody knew...

Everybody was fucked ...

But not everybody had been diagnosed yet. . . The officially fucked were better off. .. They got their benefits....

Wandering around the site.... Gazing at the well-appointed Intergenerational Wellness Centre.... The beauty salon... The tailor's shop....

All FREE....

Not like the bad old days.. . When (Lady, no less!) Mortimer Clark strolled the grounds in a black silk dress ad maintained order by throwing an eviction notice at anybody who complained....

Her husband was Lieutenant Governor.. . A sharp lawyer....

The only place after THE HOME was an unmarked pauper's grave.... Being homeless meant being dead immediately....

Now it's dead.. .

Eventually....

Johnny heard the silk rustling as she crossed the lawn.... Swishhh....

She paused at the new automatic door of the high-tech building.... No more veranda with pealing columns like Dracula's gazebo...

She didn't alert the infrared sensors...

She continued.. . She'd be there all night.... In pearl-grey gloves distributing eviction notices to posterity....

Johnny didn't want to keep her waiting....

He asked the receptionist for the volunteer coordinator...

The old nun said that was her.... Just passing down the hall....

He thought he saw something....

Swishhh. ..

It was full of ghosts....

It was the living he couldn't see....

He knew what that meant....

He found her in the little cell around the corner.... With the shingle outside....

VOLUNTEER CENTRE....

He asked her if that was her name on the wall outside....

She said, Yes....

He offered his congratulations.... He didn't know she'd been knighted....

She nodded. How could she help him?

He just wanted to leave his application...

Fine, she said....

Maybe you'd like to take a look at this first, he said....

Handing her the manila envelope containing Thing Street Asylum, with an essay he'd written about Colonel Elliott at THE HOME in 1900. Opposing Lady Clark....

Without even glancing at the cover, she handed it to a civil servant who emerged from the shadows in evening dress....

He'd been counting cigarettes. ..

At a roll-top desk..

He was Citizen Hearse. .

He wore golden pince nez.

She leaned back in her chair in front of the monitor. Suddenly he noticed, it resembled a throne....

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

I-I-I AM J-Johnny, he st-stammered....

*****

50s Chic wandered from Thing Street crack-house to Thing Street crack-house. Butch followed with his videocam.

She was looking for accommodation for her funky 50s self, her delinquent cat Slim, and her World's Largest Privately-Owned Collection of Materials on Juvenile Delinquency and Porn. Johnny warned her that on Thing Street the first thing they'd want to know was if she was a Welfare Cheat, the second if she was on crack. Slum Landlords and other Oppressors weren't supposed to discriminate, but 50s Chic lived in the Enlightenment of Alapaloozah.

50s Chic had a job and wasn't (always) on crack, but she was a FREAK, so the cocksuckers slammed the door SMACK in her face as soon as she appeared on the typical dilapidated banister-missing Thing Street porch in her bright red-dyed hair-do with the prominent central bang, a tiny purse clutched in one hand, a fan in the other, clad in a loose blouse and tight slacks that made her thighs look like ice-cream cones.

She appeared on the veranda of Johnny's Chinese friend's landlord, the perfidious Citizen Hearse.

The scumbag thought she was another of his girls. He had so many, he couldn't keep track.

Citizen Hearse's girls waited on every corner of fair Thing Street's deceptively respectable-looking tree-lined streets. Behind them in squalid naked-bulb-illuminated cells in deceptively stately piles teemed even worse crack-heads than themselves. The constantly scurrying rats, roaches, and raccoons made sleep impossible and forced them onto the deceptively stately lawns where they drank, brawled, and shat all night right out in the open. Against such a background Citizen Hearse's girls moved like the classically beautiful figures on the frieze of a Grecian Urn....

This time the door swung open to the unspoken sesame of Thing Street's megapimp. In reality he had installed jeweled ball-bearing movements in the hinges and a self-lubricating track in the porch on which the door moved all night with the regularity of a pendulum and the mortality of a scythe. ..

He decorated ghost bikes with swastikas, and threw them through the windows of the CAA..

C. Lamprini Eel was his agent, his representative, his DEALER...

He spent his life costive servicing THE MUSE, not farting untill he got funding.

He had receipts for all the money he spent on film shoots, flyers and brochures. .

He attended the seminars advertised on late-night TV, guaranteed to get you THE PART. .

He'd lived in a California style bungalo on a concession by the river, near the Maypole City Golf & Country Club.

Now he was a POSTER-BOY .

He was getting a MODEL SUITE!

Trixie, Mitzi, Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre and a tribunal of Thing Street tarts, and at least one peer, had certified him....

A STAR...

*****

Stuff it in! Cram it in!

****

Johnny thought they were hitmen two over-dressed middle-aged thugs wearing (not golden pince-nez but) dollar-store sun-glasses. .

They were. .

Plain-clothes detectives with the Greater Hogtown Area Police Force A tall white one and a short black one They played good cop, bad cop. The tall white one asked the questions.

Where's Porko?

When Johnny wouldn't answer the tall white one the short black one got aggressive Johnny looked under thirty, he wore a black leather jacket, and he was white. .

The short black guy hated him immediately . He wanted to interrogate him, work him over, beat the fuckin' shit outa the honky faggot the way big black bucks did it in American movies..

He elbowed his way into the store with the tall white goon behind him. Why won't you answer? he demanded. What do you know about Porko?

Johnny said he didn't have to tell him anything; he told him to get out of the store Only then did the duo flash their badges .. Johnny couldn't see their names. .. They wouldn't let Johnny move .. Not even with the heavy Louis XIV fanback he was carrying.. Doc Praetorius's bargain.... They had him cornered...

Now the black guy was demanding to see his vendor's permit . So far as he knew, Romeo didn't have one... This was looking bad.... He told them if they'd just let him pass he'd go get

Come in beautiful, said the whoremaster-general of Hogtown's Little Purgatory. How much money do you have for me tonight?

Excuse me, Sir? 50s Chic was astonished; he sounded exactly like the boyfriend, who was moving to Timbuktu. Was he equally inconvenient? She would no sooner establish herself in her new surroundings, than he'd move out and sell the place to a White Slaver. She pondered....

Citizen Hearse leered at her. No, she wasn't from one of his stables. He'd install her....

A colloquial greeting from the deep south, he said unctuously. It means how may I serve thee, my lady..

The degenerates stopped brawling and crapping on the front lawn long enough to hear....

I am looking for a decent place to live....

For you and your LITTLE FAMILY?....

Yes, for Slim and myself....

Oh, you mean you're married.... Sssss, he hissed to himself. He loathed marriage.

Slim is my cat..

Oh, a PUSSY.... He said, brightening....

He's like a child to me, or more precisely a JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

Does Slim SCRATCH?

If you TEASE him....

I'm a BIG TEASE....

Excuse me?

Oh, of course. Come on in. I have a great room right in the middle on the ground floor....

Thank you....

She entered and beheld a long corridor along both walls of which the wretched tenants had scrawled endearments (eat shit, suck cock muthafucka, etc.) in human feces.

Outside the front bedroom a Chinese woman was reading a thick wad of other things' letters and wiping her ass with them while crapping in a shallow aluminum saucepan.

Forget it, said 50s Chic. Behind her the incredible Citizen Hearse had whipped out his swarthy tool and was frantically jerking it off....

Bob's your UNCLE, his hissed....

She ran out screaming, hoping it was all just a dream. She would soon wake up back in that now-so-beautiful-seeming all-white suburb in Tennessee....

Then she slipped and tripped in something warm and mushy. The last thing she remembered was a lot of hands reaching for her from the shadows....

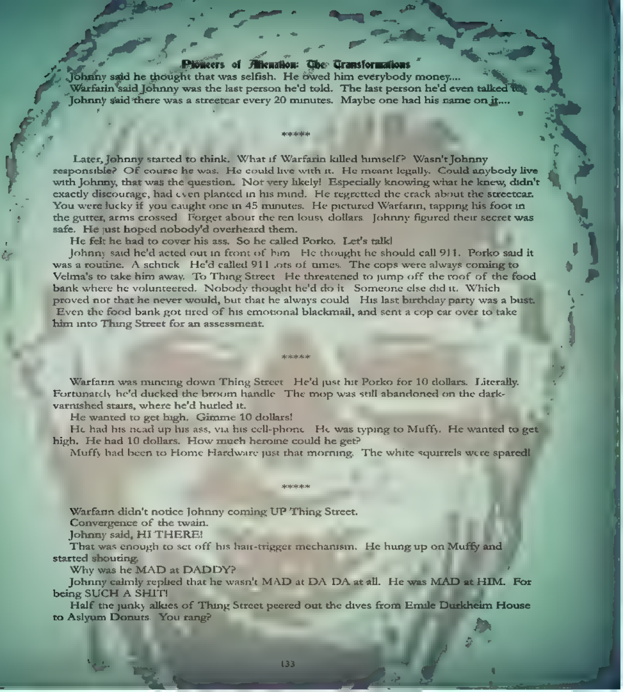
Johnny heard all about it the next day from Jah Lo See. How Citizen Hearse TRANSFORMED her.... Into a -

Zoncolite Girl!

Butch got it all on tape. The performance of a lifetime.

*****

She sat on the vinyl-upholstered couch in Citizen Hearse's private aerie. His bower of



Johnny said he thought that was selfish. He owed him everybody money....

Warfarin said Johnny was the last person he'd told. The last person he'd even talked to.

Johnny said there was a streetcar every 20 minutes. Maybe one had his name on it....

*****

Later, Johnny started to think. What if Warfarin killed himself? Wasn't Johnny responsible? Of course he was. He could live with it. He meant legally. Could anybody live with Johnny, that was the question. Not very likely! Especially knowing what he knew, didn't exactly discourage, had even planted in his mind. He regretted the crack about the streetcar. You were lucky if you caught one in 45 minutes. He pictured Warfarin, tapping his foot in the gutter, arms crossed. Forget about the ten lousy dollars. Johnny figured their secret was safe. He just hoped nobody'd overheard them.

He felt he had to cover his ass. So he called Porko. Let's talk!

Johnny said he'd acted out in front of him. He thought he should call 911. Porko said it was a routine. A schtick. He'd called 911 lots of times. The cops were always coming to Velma's to take him away. To Thing Street. He threatened to jump off the roof of the food bank where he volunteered. Nobody thought he'd do it. Someone else did it. Which proved not that he never would, but that he always could. His last birthday party was a bust. Even the food bank got tired of his emotional blackmail, and sent a cop car over to take him into Thing Street for an assessment.

*****

Warfarin was mincing down Thing Street. He'd just hit Porko for 10 dollars. Literally. Fortunately he'd ducked the broom handle. The mop was still abandoned on the dark-varnished stairs, where he'd hurled it.

He wanted to get high. Gimme 10 dollars!

He had his head up his ass, via his cell-phone. He was typing to Muffy. He wanted to get high. He had 10 dollars. How much heroine could he get?

Muffy had been to Home Hardware just that morning. The white squirrels were spared!

*****

Warfarin didn't notice Johnny coming UP Thing Street.

Convergence of the twain.

Johnny said, HI THERE!

That was enough to set off his hair-trigger mechanism. He hung up on Muffy and started shouting.

Why was he MAD at DADDY?

Johnny calmly replied that he wasn't MAD at DA DA at all. He was MAD at HIM. For being SUCH A SHIT!

Half the junky alkies of Thing Street peered out the dives from Emile Durkheim House to Aslyum Donuts. You rang?

his boss... Maybe he would talk to them ...

The black idiot barked that it didn't work that way... He was gonna take him in... . He probably meant O.U.T.... He was gonna work him over.. . He wanted to give him the old Cherry Beach treatment for faggots and other uncooperative white boys...

Finally the white cop relented .. The clouds parted.... Or was it the Red Sea? Let that faggot go, the white cop said ..

Romeo said the right things. . Nothing. . It was about Warfarin Boy. . He'd run away to the CIRCUS. To see that mother-fucking BOZO.. . At least that's what he told the coppers after they caught him.. Joy riding a hot supercycle down Thing Street. At 2 A.M ...

Johnny figured Warfarin Boy was jail bait...

*****

Porko lied about every fucking thing. Lied about taking the long way around the Thing Street thing store to avoid being seen by Johnny. Lied about hanging out at the laundromat with Romeo's Carlotta. Lied about arranging for his little rendezvous at Alpo San's DOG HOUSE. ..

Johnny always stood in the doorway watching for him. Such a fucking sap. Porko knew it. He was plenty worth waiting for. He had THE LOOK . Not that he intended to give Johnny more than a PEAK at his LOVELINESS...

He was really dolled up this time as he skulked around the corner dressed to kill. With a fetching psychopathic grin....

VIXEN FOXY WEASEL THEATRE didn't fondly call him CHICK'N DUMPLIN' for nothing. With that pretty smirking face of his. Perky feminine nipples.. . Hairy pits like bird-nests under the G.A.S.P. sleeves. . He was natural queer-bait.. With all the accessories.. . Under an ever so slightly snug salmon-colored G.A.S.P. sports-shirt that perfectly accentuated his embonpoint..

The maroon corduroy sports-coat irritated his sensitive female paps. . He wanted to reach in and milk them to ease the pressure but he couldn't because he carried a heavy paratrooper's bag in one hand and a lit Marlborough in the other.... Winston's tasted really good like a smack smack ciggy should but the cute guys in the commercial smoked Marlboroughs when their tits got sore....

They should have castrated you at birth you piece of shit ... That brought him back to reality...

Johnny waved his hand....

Whadya mean by THAT. . Porko imitated Johnny's insouciant gesture . .

By WHAT ... It was a typical Thing Street Dialogue of Fucks.... O, the stychomythia.... The crisp retort of coruscating fart counter fart.. . Like the greatest line in Johnny Dee's FUCKED FOR FUCK . Their haughty bearing / showed that they were Q.U.E.E.N.S....

THIS . Porko exaggerated Johnny's come-hither yuh-fucker finger-wave..

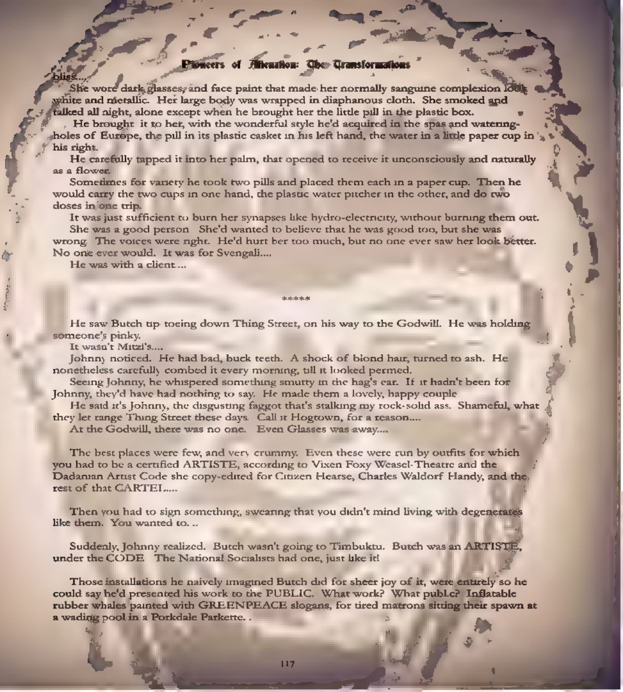
It means COME HERE (yuh fuck)....

Not when I'm carrying 40 pounds of LAUNDRY....

After all those snacks I brought over to your pad only last week.... The chips... The coka-colas. ..

Come here to talk to me....

You come into my Thing Store and spoil my sales and ruin my business any time you feel



bliss....

She wore dark glasses, and face paint that made her normally sanguine complexion look white and metallic. Her large body was wrapped in diaphanous cloth. She smoked and talked all night, alone except when he brought her the little pill in the plastic box.

He brought it to her, with the wonderful style he'd acquired in the spas and watering-holes of Europe, the pill in its plastic casket in his left hand, the water in a little paper cup in his right.

He carefully tapped it into her palm, that opened to receive it unconsciously and naturally as a flower.

Sometimes for variety he took two pills and placed them each in a paper cup. Then he would carry the two cups in one hand, the plastic water pitcher in the other, and do two doses in one trip.

It was just sufficient to burn her synapses like hydro-electricity, without burning them out.

She was a good person She'd wanted to believe that he was good too, but she was wrong The voices were right. He'd hurt her too much, but no one ever saw her look better. No one ever would. It was for Svengali....

He was with a client....

*****

He saw Butch tip-toeing down Thing Street, on his way to the Godwill. He was holding someone's pinky.

It wasn't Mitzi's....

Johnny noticed. He had bad, buck teeth. A shock of blond hair, turned to ash. He nonetheless carefully combed it every morning, till it looked permed.

Seeing Johnny, he whispered something smutty in the hag's ear. If it hadn't been for Johnny, they'd have had nothing to say. He made them a lovely, happy couple

He said it's Johnny, the disgusting faggot that's stalking my rock-solid ass. Shameful, what they let range Thing Street these days. Call it Hogtown, for a reason....

At the Godwill, there was no one. Even Glasses was away....

The best places were few, and very crummy. Even these were run by outfits for which you had to be a certified ARTISTE, according to Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and the Dadanian Artist Code she copy-edited for Citizen Hearse, Charles Waldorf Handy, and the rest of that CARTEL.....

Then you had to sign something, swearing that you didn't mind living with degenerates like them. You wanted to. ..

Suddenly, Johnny realized. Butch wasn't going to Timbuktu. Butch was an ARTISTE, under the CODE The National Socialists had one, just like it!

Those installations he naively imagined Butch did for sheer joy of it, were entirely so he could say he'd presented his work to the PUBLIC. What work? What public? Inflatable rubber whales painted with GREENPEACE slogans, for tired matrons sitting their spawn at a wading pool in a Porkdale Parkette. .

like it....

I never spoiled your sales....

Liar.... Yesterday some guy was looking at a mahogany rocking chair. . He asked how much it cost to get reupholstered and you said NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS. .. So he didn't BUY it. .. But it only cost A HUNDRED BUCKS!!! .. You wanted it for Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre Girl... Who doesn't even have any DOUGH...

No... Mommie DEAREST gets one little Louis Quinze chair reupholstered every spring.... She pays NINE GRAND and she DOESN'T CARE....

She thinks anything with her scent on it has to be expensive....

Don't talk like that about Mommie.. .

Now when I'm out of a job you get all dressed up and treat me like shit. . You even took the long way around Thing Street in case I was in the thing store so I wouldn't see you....

No, I always go this way.... Thing Street is so noisy.... So DUSTY. .

Come here....

Porko shuffled slowly along on his beautiful big (eleven and a half wide) feet . Humming Cake Walking Babies from Ho-ome.... He-ah dey cum.... Pik'n dem up'n put'n dem dowm. ..

I prefer to cross at the light, he said.... The priss. .

Johnny wanted to see him get run over.... hot D.U.S.T.Y. tire-tracks all over his (beautiful) maroon covered blood'n guts stained corpse. . Porko. . Deader than Di in her Mercedes...

His stinking G.A.S.P clothes scattered all up and down Thing Street.... Psych-Survivors and other schizoid fucks reaching for them thinking they were at Thing Street Asylum's Annual Community Outreach Charity Bake-Sale Free-Store AND Walk-In Clinic ..

The CLOTHESLINE....

All their donations were road kill.. .

*****

Suspended in mutual awed disgustingness....

Hearse-Ferrari's new TRANSFORMATIVE TITS!

He told his girls. Call me UNCLE....

They cost a fortune Tits to keep an emperor awake, to paraphrase that Irish jerk-off No, not Beckett or Swift, or Wilde, or....

You know! The OTHER one....

His nieces wanted to be escorts, all of them ..

Their tits were too small so they went to Uncle, to set them up.

Nobody blew the whistle on their plans, told them there was no future in escorts with plastic tits, however large

No such luck. ..

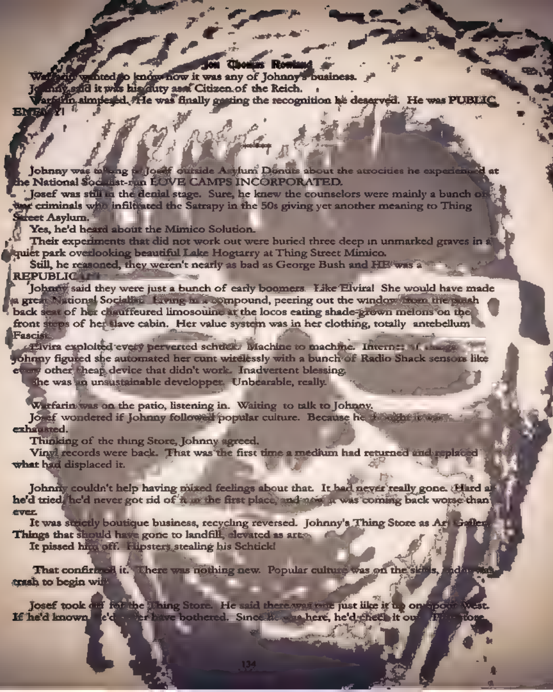
Hearse-Ferrari was for BOOBS.... BIG ONES....

They called him DEVELOPPER for something....

Equipped with IMPERIAL SIZE TITS, his nieces worked....

Briefly....

Overdid it....



Warfarin wanted to know how it was any of Johnny's business.

Johnny said it was his duty as a Citizen of the Reich.

Warfarin simpered. He was finally getting the recognition he deserved. He was PUBLIC ENEMY!

* * *

Johnny was talking to Josef outside Asylum Donuts about the atrocities he experienced at the National Socialist-run LOVE CAMPS INCORPORATED.

Josef was still in the denial stage. Sure, he knew the counselors were mainly a bunch of war criminals who infiltrated the Satrapy in the 50s giving yet another meaning to Thing Street Asylum.

Yes, he'd heard about the Mimico Solution.

Their experiments that did not work out were buried three deep in unmarked graves in a quiet park overlooking beautiful Lake Hogtarry at Thing Street Mimico.

Still, he reasoned, they weren't nearly as bad as George Bush and HE was a REPUBLICAN!

Johnny said they were just a bunch of early boomers. Like Elvira! She would have made a great National Socialist. Living in a compound, peering out the window from the plush back seat of her chauffeured limosouine at the locos eating shade-grown melons on the front steps of her slave cabin. Her value system was in her clothing, totally antebellum Fascist.

Elvira exploited every perverted schtick. Machine to machine. Internet of things. Johnny figured she automated her cunt wirelessly with a bunch of Radio Shack sensors like every other cheap device that didn't work. Inadvertent blessing.

She was an unsustainable developper. Unbearable, really.

Warfarin was on the patio, listening in. Waiting to talk to Johnny.

Josef wondered if Johnny followed popular culture. Because he thought it was exhausted.

Thinking of the thing Store, Johnny agreed.

Vinyl records were back. That was the first time a medium had returned and replaced what had displaced it.

Johnny couldn't help having mixed feelings about that. It had never really gone. Hard as he'd tried, he'd never got rid of it in the first place, and now it was coming back worse than ever.

It was strictly boutique business, recycling reversed. Johnny's Thing Store as Art Gallery. Things that should have gone to landfill, elevated as art.

It pissed him off. Hipsters stealing his Schtick!

That confirmed it. There was nothing new. Popular culture was on the skids, and it was trash to begin with.

Josef took off for the Thing Store. He said there was one just like it up on [illegible] West. If he'd known, he'd never have bothered. Since he was here, he'd check it out. [illegible] store.

Information, she said. About housing.

Johnny told her about Butch. How the CODE was getting him a pad.

The what?

Artscam only rents to artistes. So Butch qualified as an ARTISTE under The Dadanian Artiste Code....

It was a sub-section of the Dadanian Bill of Universal Rights and Freedoms....

Everybody had rights but some FOLKS more than others...

What did he do?

Decorated ghost bikes with swastikas. Painted rubber whales with Greenpeace slogans and sank them in Porkdale Park before an audience of matrons and their avid spawn on Ritalin....

So who wrote THE CODE?

Trixie Sane, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre, Citizen Hearse, and some COW....

O, you mean Jane Jacobs.

*****

Johnny met him outside the Zombie Crypt. They should have gone for a coffee. They had swell resorts to choose from. Asylum Donuts. Handy Haven. Stoned Queen. Frequented by senile dements from the Fred Chopin Rest Home. Rag peddlers from Thing Street. Fronts for slumlords. Citizen Rudolph Hearse and Charles Waldorf Handy fronted for each other.

A regular (so to speak) started to harangue them. Something the matter with his neck made him hold his head at a crazy angle. The hydro-electric shock?

Quasimodo harangued them, called them the two stooges.

Quasimodo was survivor trash. He hung out at the Sally Anne. Volunteered. For first pick of all used jewelry as it came in. He'd squint at it through his genuine jeweler's loop, listing like the Titanic in A Night To Remember. He bought the best pieces and flipped them to U.S. tourists, in the harbor.

By volunteering he qualified for benefits from the social workers on Dungass. His worker cut him a cheque. Now he was doing the Crypt. His friends were pickers.

Porko asked Quasimodo if he wanted to make it three stooges.

No, he didn't.

Porko told him he'd seen one of the pickers a few minutes ago. In case he wanted to join him instead.

He didn't want to join him, either.

There was a picker dead ahead. Short-shorts, dress shoes, polo shirt, and (to top it off) a derby. Stunning!

Pickers never worked. They got packages. They could be found scouring the curb on

Garbage Night.

Pickers got annoyed when Johnny bought what they wanted, which was all the time because they wanted everything. Trouble was, they wanted it for free.

They usually wore a pinched, mean expression. Like they'd dickered with life and it still

Turned blue....
Died...
But you should have seen those tits, Hearse-Ferrari bragged
Impressive...
BOOB'S YOUR UNCLE!

*****

Naturallly Warfarin Boy lied about where he ran away .. He didn't go to BOZO's BALD-TOP ASYLUM CLOWN-SHOW CIRCUS after all....

He went to the NATIONAL TAVERN . .

The SNAKE PIT....

Warfarin Boy leaned his Huffy 10-speed against the fire hydrant that had been peed on by worse than dogs.... The old salt bouncer with one eye and a big dent in his head where part of his brain used to be spat on the sidewalk.. . Warfarin Boy scowled at him under his little red bicycle helmet.... It matched his little red rain boots....

Is my dad in there? Warfarin Boy asked, sullenly.....

If he is you don't wanna see'm.... Sonny....

I wanna see my dad. ..

You can't go in there.... Sonny....

Daddy. .. Daddy . Daddy. .. He started to wail and scream terrorizing the old sailor.. . This graduate of the Al Banks School of Hard Knocks could not withstand this 10 year old and his tight little ass.... One smack and he was busted for life. .

Warfarin Boy ran past the bouncer.. . His tiny hard little eyes immediately adjusted to the smoky gloom.... He loved the atmosphere.... It was like a video game....

He was getting all the old farts E mail accounts and setting them up with hookers at porn-sites all over the world.... They couldn't write.... Baby took dictation ..

*****

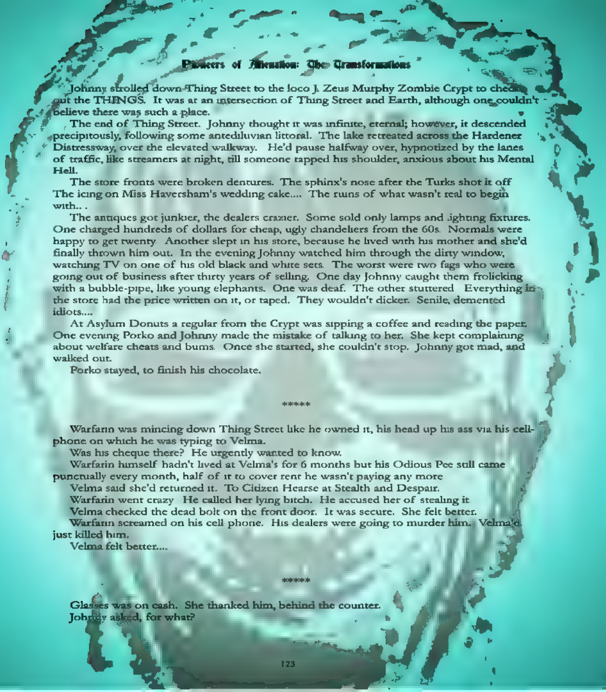
Warfarin Boy gazed in amorous wonder at the tits dicks clits cunts and ass-holes flashing across his screen. . This wasn't Microsoft Encarta.. . The fat sow behind the desk thought it was.. She farted with satisfaction... Good little boy . He never paid any attention before....

Velma slowly stood erect... It was like a field of gaudy cheap shit imitation plastic flowers... In an earthquake.... La Terra Trema.... She was so happy for the little tyke she couldn't resist the urge. .. She had to come over. . To give him a little congratulatory pat on the head .. Where his young mind was. .. Having finally discovered the beauty of P.O.R.N.!!!

She back handed him... He screamed like a GIRL.... Missing his bicycle helmet.. . The fucking bitch wouldn't let him wear it all day.... He knew why....

He sobbed at his face in the upstairs bathroom mirror.... Puffy. .. She did it to him . . He was gonna do it to her. .. Two black kids were shooting up at adjacent urinals.. . They showed him how to stuff the crappers.. .. The sinks .... The troughs with wads of ass-wipe. .

Now whadda I do? He looked at the blacks..... They looked at him (stoopid honk-boy). ..



Johnny strolled down Thing Street to the loco J. Zeus Murphy Zombie Crypt to check out the THINGS. It was at an intersection of Thing Street and Earth, although one couldn't believe there was such a place.

The end of Thing Street. Johnny thought it was infinite, eternal; however, it descended precipitously, following some antediluvian littoral. The lake retreated across the Hardener Distressway, over the elevated walkway. He'd pause halfway over, hypnotized by the lanes of traffic, like streamers at night, till someone tapped his shoulder, anxious about his Mental Hell.

The store fronts were broken dentures. The sphinx's nose after the Turks shot it off The icing on Miss Haversham's wedding cake.... The ruins of what wasn't real to begin with.. .

The antiques got junkier, the dealers crazier. Some sold only lamps and lighting fixtures. One charged hundreds of dollars for cheap, ugly chandeliers from the 60s. Normals were happy to get twenty Another slept in his store, because he lived with his mother and she'd finally thrown him out. In the evening Johnny watched him through the dirty window, watching TV on one of his old black and white sets. The worst were two fags who were going out of business after thirty years of selling. One day Johnny caught them frolicking with a bubble-pipe, like young elephants. One was deaf. The other stuttered Everything in the store had the price written on it, or taped. They wouldn't dicker. Senile, demented idiots....

At Asylum Donuts a regular from the Crypt was sipping a coffee and reading the paper. One evening Porko and Johnny made the mistake of talking to her. She kept complaining about welfare cheats and bums. Once she started, she couldn't stop. Johnny got mad, and walked out.

Porko stayed, to finish his chocolate.

*****

Warfarin was mincing down Thing Street like he owned it, his head up his ass via his cell-phone on which he was typing to Velma.

Was his cheque there? He urgently wanted to know.

Warfarin himself hadn't lived at Velma's for 6 months but his Odious Pee still came punctually every month, half of it to cover rent he wasn't paying any more

Velma said she'd returned it. To Citizen Hearse at Stealth and Despair.

Warfarin went crazy He called her lying bitch. He accused her of stealing it.

Velma checked the dead bolt on the front door. It was secure. She felt better.

Warfarin screamed on his cell phone. His dealers were going to murder him. Velma'd just killed him.

Velma felt better....

*****

Glasses was on cash. She thanked him, behind the counter.

Johnny asked, for what?

Turn on de wadda....

It was HYDROTHERAPY....

*****

Sam in toque and sun-glasses strode down Thing Street, the Custer book under his arm. His long black hair swept over the collar of his red ski jacket. His jaws were dark with stubble. Johnny usually met him at the Cripp's Store or the Damnation Army.

Today he'd come to the Cripp's Store for the Zombies' weekly auction. They had several display cases full of things. Each camera, piece of silverware, pair of binoculars, etc. was tagged with a number for bidding.

Sam politely asked Johnny how he was doing, now that he'd been laid off. The term was inappropriate, considering that he only got a small commission on what he sold, and in his last weeks at the store he hadn't sold anything. He was the same. He was surviving. The only difference was he missed the things. In his way he was as addicted as the worst of them. He been in the store only yesterday, wondering when Romeo was going to let him sell again.

Sam said he'd heard that was the plan.

Johnny said he hoped so. It was fun, and sometimes it paid. He said maybe he shouldn't have said that to a customer.

Sam told him not to worry. Romeo told him everything. How he bought things in the States, had to pay duty, taxes, gas. The exchange rate really killed him . .

What a sob story. He knew Romeo hadn't told Sam everything. Those fan-backs he bought for six hundred dollars, cost Romeo five. They were Praetorius's....

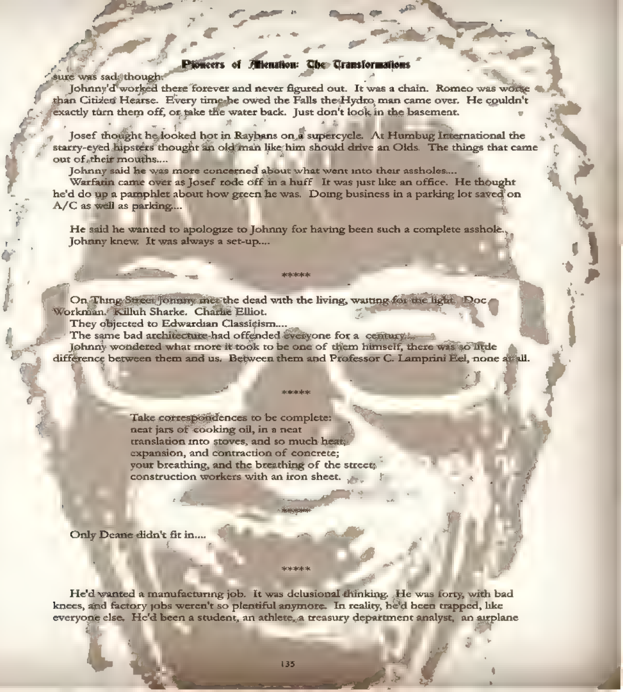
*****

Occasionally Elliott attempted to be witty, as in his attack on poor Mr. Floody, a businessman. Elliott disclosed the apparent embezzlement of some $3000 on sanitary improvements, which he couldn't discover anywhere in the Home. He scoffed at Mr. Floody's defense, a letter in which he asserted that the Board was up-to-date, and on a par with the best managed institutions of the kind in the Dominion. Elliott ironically agreed, because conditions were everywhere appalling....

Elliott punned on the absent brass taps and tapping Floody's letter, Floody's surname and the flood of light or rather illusion in which he daily saw the Home, as a close observer on Close Avenue, one street over from Dunn Avenue, suggestive of DOINGS of the Board (6) and his close relationship with Miss Martin, the Secretary: Then Maggy has a little lamb, and did this little lamb write his own little letter (of 12th March), by his very own little self? (6).

Elliott embellished his story and, ultimately, reinforced his version of reality by finding correspondences between it and the names of the things involved in it and of the streets where they worked and lived.. .

*****



sure was sad, though.

Johnny'd worked there forever and never figured out. It was a chain. Romeo was worse than Citizen Hearse. Every time he owed the Falls the Hydro man came over. He couldn't exactly turn them off, or take the water back. Just don't look in the basement.

Josef thought he looked hot in Raybans on a supercycle. At Humbug International the starry-eyed hipsters thought an old man like him should drive an Olds. The things that came out of their mouths....

Johnny said he was more concerned about what went into their assholes....

Warfarin came over as Josef rode off in a huff. It was just like an office. He thought he'd do up a pamphlet about how green he was. Doing business in a parking lot saved on A/C as well as parking....

He said he wanted to apologize to Johnny for having been such a complete asshole.

Johnny knew. It was always a set-up....

*****

On Thing Street Johnny met the dead with the living, waiting for the light. Doc Workman. Killuh Sharke. Charlie Elliot.

They objected to Edwardian Classicism....

The same bad architecture had offended everyone for a century....

Johnny wondered what more it took to be one of them himself, there was so little difference between them and us. Between them and Professor C. Lamprini Eel, none at all.

*****

Take correspondences to be complete:
neat jars of cooking oil, in a neat
translation into stoves, and so much heat,
expansion, and contraction of concrete;
your breathing, and the breathing of the street;
construction workers with an iron sheet.

*****

Only Deane didn't fit in....

*****

He'd wanted a manufacturing job. It was delusional thinking. He was forty, with bad knees, and factory jobs weren't so plentiful anymore. In reality, he'd been trapped, like everyone else. He'd been a student, an athlete, a treasury department analyst, an airplane pilot, before he came to the House and entered their delusional fabric; they'd never known him....

******

Porko got the call. From Citizen Hearse! To escort Bruce to Thing Street Clinic. For an assessment.

Porko let himself in, with the master key.

What took you? I nearly bled to death!

He'd folded his clothes with a protractor and stacked them in neat piles. Likewise, everything else. Cans of soup and tuna, change, paper money. There were so many piles, he had difficulty walking.

No, over there! He barked at him to get him a fresh pair of jeans. His current pair looked like somebody'd tried to tear it off him. He'd obviously been beat up, and robbed. He asked Porko for a spare set of keys.

He didn't have any. He'd have to order a set. From Beijing! Moreover, he was under orders. They cost money! 50 bucks for customs duties, paper work, etc. Actually he had a whole shoe box full of them in his sanctuary. They were all the same, but nobody'd ever bothered to try his key in somebody else's door.

Bruce wondered if under the circumstances he wouldn't make an exception. They'd stolen all his MONEY!

Porko agreed. Maybe he could do something. But not without AUTHORITY! He dialed Hearse's private number and waited patiently for the great man to tear himself from the sinking fund....

Maitre, he pleaded. Maybe we'd better waive the replacement fee. He's been robbed. He has NO MONEY!

It wasn't a speaker phone, but they both heard his loud hissing like gas leaking into the room. They could almost smell it!

If he doesn't get the keys, he added sotto voce, he'll never go to THING STREET! We'll NEVER get RID of him!

The hissing stopped immediately. Hmmm, he considered. Waive it! Aren't I a NICE GUY?

Yes, Maitre. Excellent, even!

Then spread the word! CLICK!!!

Here, he said. Take these!

But - but - w-what about Beijing? The GREAT KAHN!

They're all the same, he said. Meaning the keys.

Citizen Hearse? The GREAT KAHN!!!

Don't worry about it! He obviously didn't get it. He turned away, while he replaced the tattered jeans.

Trixie Sane was in Reception. She said he did it to himself.

Johnny wanted to turn it into an article and submit it to Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre's new got the better deal.

There was a rumor bruited about Thing Street that all pickers eventually contracted some strange wasting disease. Some suspected Crone's Disease, but Johnny thought it was something mental. No gastro-intestinal disorder made anyone that furtive and antisocial. They only communicated with lunatics and rag-peddlers, and then in a whisper, about some incredibly valuable thing they'd secreted somewhere they never revealed .

They endeavored to placate the Crypt Zombies with stale coffees from Coffeeslime. Any cheap excuse to penetrate the sanctum where they priced the things with clicking guns. They'd never been known to buy anything...

They'd loiter at the Stoned Queen waiting for the next flat of THINGS. Then Johnny'd hear them complaining that everything was too expensive. They couldn't make any money. Everybody knew they'd only flip it....

After all, they were Pickers....

They'd haggle over shrink-wrapped baby pictures. Johnny assumed they'd haggle likewise over the babies themselves. There was a market for babies....

De gustibus....

Once Johnny saw a tiny violin in the glass case under the cash register. He showed it to a Zombie. He said a picker should buy it. To go with the babies....

Something about their fat round vacantly staring faces appealed to pickers....

They watched one waddling down Rancidvale Boulevard.

Porko bet which way he'd turn. Right into the Stoned Queen.

*****

Johnny heard his paretic irregularity, returning from the BOOZE CAN favored by Cowboy.

His cane(s), tapping Citizen Hearse-Ferrari's newly installed wood-look linoleum....

At 2 A.M. (he remembered checking his watch), something woke him.

Bruce! Staggering around his tiny apartment. Johnny put on shorts and a pair of shoes, and walked down the hall. Towards the noise.

He heard voices. He thought he recognized Bruce's. Scolding his guest, for arousing Johnny. He returned to his apartment, hearing at half-minute intervals, someone striking the wall, breaking his fall with extended palm.

Before losing consciousness again....

*****

Warfarin lost his phone. Stolen! By a room-mate in his rooming house for LOST BOYS. A young Buddhist putting himself through Street Medicine School. Warafarin told them about him last week. Porko got mad. He wasn't even a dealer.

Johnny had been to that Buddhist Temple. The crummiest bar on Thing Street. The Tibetans crouched on a bench in the window, glasses of what looked like weak dish-water on the ledge. Pale, foamy. Not much head!

Warfarin went in, to the slaughter. He was certainly good at it. He emerged less his money, but with a little piece of dead plant wrapped like a mummy's thumbnail, only smaller.

THING STREET SURVIVOR BULLETIN. It wasn't the sort of uplift she liked to publish. She'd probably try to kick him off her mailing list. Then when she discovered he wasn't even on it, she'd escalate and start acting out. She'd tear that new party dress Citizen Hearse got her. They'd be short beds, so she'd be put in restraints and shipped to THE CLINIC.

Trixie'd be in Reception. She'd say IT WAS HER....

SHE DID IT TO HERSELF....

*****

Porko requested his presence in the airing court. A sun burnt stump lot, under rusting fire-escapes....

He wanted to make AN ANNOUNCEMENT....

Johnny heard heavy garbage bags rustle and bounce against the fire-escape before they finally struck the hard ground of the alley, with a dull thud. They contained the mortal remains and waste of what he smelled in the hall when he went out in the morning and came back at night. It was mainly cans and cardboard boxes, and the occasional carcass of a chicken wrapped in plastic like the entrails of a mummy, or a mummy baby.

Vagrants stumbled over them all night, and swore.

Natasha was the principal suspect. Her room was directly above the pile and, with her bulk and infirmity, she had a motive for not taking her garbage downstairs and depositing it in one of the pales that Porko emptied once a week.

Porko refused to remove the bags. They exploded, and the plastic stuck to the ground like skin. They'd be there next spring. ...

The pails were lined up neatly against the fence.

He knew the ones with lids were empty. The garbage was piled high beside them in yellow No Frillies grocery bags. Porko stuffed them into the green ones he put on the curb.

The pails without lids were full. In the winter residents wouldn't even be bothered to clean off the snow, to remove the lids and put their garbage inside.

To judge by the weathered sign nailed into the brick wall, warning drivers that unauthorized vehicles would be towed, it had been the parking lot. Old Natasha brought her dog back there to shit. A decrepit German shepherd. Citizen Hearse periodically ordered her to clean it up with the snow shovel. A plastic one that he'd found at Funnyside last summer.

After the dog collapsed and died one morning, a rumor grew that she'd buried it back there with the same shovel. Things, too....

Porko sprawled on one of two cheap folding chairs behind an ugly green coffee table that he'd put out because there wasn't any room in his apartment. His was the super's suite, the show-piece, which in Emile Durkheim House was still too small.

The tenants were listening, their windows lit up along their fire escapes like Christmas lights. Porko invited him to sit.

What was wrong?

The kids, he revealed. Herman, Little Joe, and Eva. They ignored him at the Zombie

BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING

TH3 COMPOUND

THE QUISLING:

GEOFFREY REAUME

N3V3Я CRITICIZE

ALWAYS LEGITIMIZE

Crypt. They treated him like a criminal. Why?

Porko told him. Little Eva thinks you killed Deane. You shot him!

Ridiculous, Johnny said. Deane was his colleague, his friend at Emile Durkheim House. Deane shot himself.

Then he realized Porko's strategy. The tenants were listening, through the muck of psychotropic medication. Everything stuck in that mud, and stayed. To them he would always be. ..

A MURDERER!

Over the sirens, he heard Porko inquire, in his politest voice, what else he thought was buried there, with Natasha's dog?

When did they throw the switch?

*****

Johnny never did anything medical right away. He preferred to visit the doctor's office once or twice before his appointment. This appointment was only for blood work, a cholesterol test, but it posed a problem because he had to fast for 12 hours before it. He hoped the fast didn't include coffee, because when he went longer than 8 hours without coffee he got sick. He got a headache and threw up.

The Lab was on the ground floor of a brand new 10 story building on Rancidvale. Conveniently located across the street from The Ptolemy Lodge, an old folks' home.

The Lab did a brisk business in blood and urine from the folks. St. Joseph's Hospital was one block west. The locos called it Joe's Garage. Once Johnny sent someone there, from the group home where he worked. The man was diagnosed with schizophrenia (it changed from month to month), he'd beat up his support worker. The psychiatrist at Joe's Garage was sending him home, without even adjusting his meds. Johnny said he was sorry to be such a nag, but he had schizophrenia, and he'd just beat up his colleague. Which he'd wanted to do himself, for years.

The shrink said people got beat up in bars all the time, and giggled. He was a young psychiatrist. Johnny reminded him. It was a residential treatment facility. By then the man was beating up someone else, right at the hospital. .

The receptionist was on break, but there was a big roll of tickets, as in a bakery, so he took one. Everybody had to take a number. His was seven.

Hearing a familiar hoarse voice, Johnny recognized a woman from the Crazy House. Well, he heard her say philosophically, to the social worker escorting her, I have this problem. Which it looks like I'll have for the rest of my life, till the day I die. .

O, perish that thought. Johnny'd heard it all before, but he'd never heard schizophrenia described like that.

The trooper, soldiering through. She'd once run screaming from the TV room after watching a show about people who heard voices and talked to them. What else could she mean? Halitosis?

Her worker wandered off into another part of the building, probably to get a coffee. Seeing Johnny, her personality changed. She turned cheerful, and friendly. The sort you'd want to be your pal. Johnny knew split personality didn't exist, except as a con to manipulate workers with. Like now.

How are yuh, JOHNNY?

Not bad, he always said. Adding portentously, surviving. They were all psychiatric survivors, disabled.

Her worker returned, and she resumed suffering. It was as if Johnny didn't exist, which was the case and suited him fine. He didn't want to discuss the Crazy House, their principal reason for being there. She probably didn't want to discuss it either. He could almost hear her. She'd say, I don't want to think about the past. Let bygones be bygones, I always say.

He wondered if she'd had coffees this morning. She had 3 or 4 before breakfast. With plenty of sugar. She was probably suffering from concurrent withdrawal. He figured she'd cheated. He had. He was a typical cynic. He couldn't believe that anyone could be less dishonest than himself.

The worker returned. Her number was up. He heard her whimper when the Philippino nurse stuck the needle in her arm. Ouchy, ouchy! He wished he could have done it.

She whimpered as they gathered up her things, chiefly her ubiquitous foolscap. I'm a good woman, she pleaded. She must have thought they were going to stab her again. I don't hurt anybody. I read. I do knitting. I have my writing, she said, as the worker slowly escorted her off the premises.

Then Johnny's number was up....

*****

Romeo would point through the windshield at a pedestrian waddling ahead of them, across the road.

We're so afraid of death, but it doesn't exist, we'll never know it, we're all like that woman up ahead, the center of her universe, wanting to get across before the light changes.

Then he'd step on it....

*****

C.K. Clarke opposed further integration with the General Hospital, in favour of a separate institution.

He exploited the figure of the person in the street, rendered all the more pathetic as an old woman, "a poor old person whose brain happened to be affected by its arteries, or something like that" (27).

She who would presumably have been better off at his clinic with its "research laboratories and all the other laboratory essentials in the modern treatment of this class of patient" (30)

It is interesting that Clarke chose, as the typical beneficiary of his facility, someone - a chronic patient, a case of senile dementia who would not have gone there, but to Thing Street Asylum.

*****

When he was on welfare he walked everywhere.... He got a really good idea of some of the folks that weren't on it..... Hipsters....

And some of the things who were. . Himself.... Bums.... Shabby... Sleeping in the

$camh

Medical Model Human Delivery System

Deane on Vacation
Just Johnny's Type

He rode his kick-ass bike on $CAMH drug-runs to patients all over Thing Street, including Butch Junkies had it all....

Johnny often met him at the end of his drug run, when he stopped to remove his bike helmet and adjust his few remaining head hairs in the window of Asylum Donuts. DEANE worked upstairs. He would catch Johnny studying his reflection as he smiled at himself. He'd smile back, at BOTH of them

He stopped Johnny when he was postering on THING STREET. It was PIZZA NITE. DEANE was with a client. The client would have come between them, as LYTTON STRACHEY used to say, but she wanted a SLICE. DEANE ditched her, and accompanied Johnny down THING STREET, to the TWIN TOWERS.

They talked. DEANE repeated the sayings of GREAT PRAETORIUS, former CEO and BAG-MAN EXTRAORDINAIRE for the SHARKE INSTITUTE. They illustrated the terrible OBTUSENESS about MADNESS endemic among $CAMH staff, and Satraps especially Praetorius and Eel.

Patients approached them on THING STREET, parroting the same slogans: transforming lives, part of the family, removing stigma, new kind of hospital, etc. They'd been prescribed some bromides, with their meds.

DEANE said wouldn't it be NICE, if they were TRUE.

He gave DEANE the latest edition of THING STREET ASYLUM. It wasn't true either, but Johnny thought he might like to keep it as a souvenir. .

Maintaining regular channels of communication with DEANE proved

You, he turned suddenly to the startled wraith, can attend on your settee, but he reads by other lights than mine.

He stuffed them, wraith and Hydro Metre Man, flailing, headfirst, into the musty darkness, shutting the trap behind them.

It wasn't the business.

It was them!

Especially after a few days without any air

Hurry. He wanted to get to the border

Buffalo.

Niagara Falls....

*****

Citizen Hearse's great PROJECT was the TRANSFORMATION of Emile Durkheim's Twinned Tower into the NEW THING STREET. Truly a PART OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. He'd already authorized his minions to buy up as many adjacent properties as came on the market. This meant the acquisition of various loco crack houses and galleries, including one right next to the Beastly door.

Johnny saw every Welfare Hotel converted to a condominium, every crack house or flop

GRAND OPENING....

HELL GATEWAY BUILDING

Defeat Dread
It isn't just like being there....
It's being there....

Johnny knew $CAMH was ROTTEN They adhered to a strictly medical model of so-called mental illness to the exclusion of MAD people, and most mentally ill people, who deluded themselves they'd GET OVER IT when NO ONE EVER GOT OVER ANYTHING LEAST OF ALL MADNESS.

Concentrating on the MEDICAL MODEL, invoking some yet-to-be-discovered CURE, helped justify research and SELLING DRUGS, making $CAMH's NONE OF IT'S KIND HOSPITAL the biggest DRUG STORE of the biggest PUSHER on THING STREET.

DEANE resembled a boy-scout who'd just discovered COCAINE. Clean-cut, freshly wasted. His taste ran to short-shorts and bright Hawaiian shirts unbuttoned over tanned hairy shoulders. Johnny's type. He was getting a beer gut, and he was going bald.

virtually impossible.

Johnny also gave DEANE an old cell-phone for the purpose, but all he got back was a placebo number. Whenever Johnny dialed the placebo number, at least in DEANE'S company, DEANE pretended the phone was BROKEN or at home in his dirty shorts.

Once JOHNNY caught DEANE with his phone out, like catching him with his pants down Johny supposed, so Johnny texted DEANE cupped the phone in both hands so he could read the MESSAGE ALERT in the sunlight, but THERE WASN'T ONE!

He could sooner have reached him in the spirit realm.

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

Deane was his type....

Johnny provided beer, because it was his place.

JOHNNY reminded DEANE that he (Johnny) was a THING STREET STUMBLEBUM, an INDIGENT FAGGOT.

DEANE said he must have saved up all month for beer In fact, Johnny had saved up. He withdrew his last $40 and lived for 2 weeks on cold-cuts. He stapled copies of his WITHDRAWAL SLIP to THING STREET telephone poles, along with advertisments for his book. No one read either.

Deane didn't read telephone poles.

He didn't have to read anything, to know that MAD people lived paltry cheque to cheque. Life was mainly famine.

But DEANE came to Johnny's place, and they drank beer DEANE had a house, several cars, a boat, an expensive bicycle, and a lot of other toys. He complained that none of them worked. Climate change meant no wind for his sail-boat and no snow for skiing, his hot-tub was broken, his bicycle had a flat, etc.

DEANE would bring a few or he'd offer to pay, then realize he'd forgotten his wallet, etc. His girl kept him on an allowance.....

DEANE wanted Johnny to censor his criticism of MAX and the rest, whom he characterized as selfless advocates, great guys.

They worked the system and took care of themselves. Johnny never VOTED for them.

DEANE had been working for $CAMH too long...

He got Johnny to like him (which wasn't hard), then filled his head with bromides and his ass with antipsychotics. The bromides, like C. LAMPRINI EEL's stupid *ONE DAY YOUR MENTAL ILLNESS WILL BE TREATED JUST LIKE MY POLYPS* schtick, or PRAETORIUS's *IMAGINE, NOW EVEN YOU CAN GET A JOB AT OUR NEW OUT OF THE WORLD CAFE*, wore off before the antipsychotics, and left fewer side-effects except for slight disappointment for the very naïve.

Johnny supposed he shouldn't judge a noble enterprise by one working stiff, but he'd known numerous $CAMH stiffs over the years....

converted to a Group Home or a Town House, is potentially one less place for him. They added up to a considerable loss, till he virtually had nowhere to live. The available places, the condos, were a kind of nowhere. They were given names that implied downtown funkiness, individuality, even eccentricity, but they looked the same all over, like postal substations circa 1960. Generally ugly and ashamed of it, the one thing that was real about them, their functionality. Or perhaps it was their expensiveness that they were ashamed of, the one thing they didn't share with the modern post office, which at least was efficient, and cheap. These dwellings weren't efficient, or environmentally friendly. They required YUPPIES, to function at all.

Johnny could remember when, to find another room to rent, he would simply go for a walk in the evening, and call at every house that had a FOR RENT sign in the windows. There were a lot of houses. The atmosphere was quite relaxed. Landlords continued to show their rooms till late in the evening, well after dark, till finally the door would be answered by people in pyjamas, pointing at their watches. Then he'd stop looking, not in any hurry. There were a lot of houses. Not any more . .

The crack house next door was among the last to go, to get absorbed. It had been there a long time, long been a dive. Guests at Oak Ridge or Yucca Flats still picked up their mail, at the Beastly Crack House. Never stopped getting it. They usually didn't get it all. GST cheques and tax refunds were generally intercepted and mysteriously cashed, in other words FORGED. Johnny would hear some fresh intake at Oak Ridge mourning his loss, hear the disappointment in his voice. He'd listen, and recognize the address. Sure enough, the Beastly Crack House.

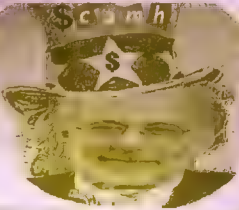
The rock and roll music used to boom so loud across the lane, tenants of Emile Durkheim House would start pounding on their neighbors' doors, to make them turn it down. They'd go into the lane, to fight it out, and realize. The music was coming from the Beastly Crack House, but none of them would go inside to pound on their doors. Only a woman on the other side ventured in one night, went all the way up to the garret, and told the occupant to TURN IT DOWN. The occupant might have been in shock, because he did.

That woman must have been brave or lucky, because a few months later the owner returned from Cuba and was assaulted by one of the guests. He subsequently declined, and died a few months later. Citizen Hearse's agent immediately made the deceased's sister an offer. It wasn't a very generous one, but it was timely because she badly wanted to get rid of the place, the front porch of which was still cordoned off by yellow Crime Scene tape.

The same families had lived for decades over the stores. The stores changed, but the families remained. Romeo's Thing Store had been Stationary, and Haberdashery. Romeo had his turn with the lady upstairs, like his predecessors, the stationer and the haberdasher. She was a lot older, but so was he, and he was in love. He said so, when he came downstairs again.

There was a very old lady who lived across the street, above an extremely old and battered coin laundry. Johnny would bring his clothes over, late at night. They'd just be finishing in the dryer when the old lady would come downstairs to close up. She'd wipe out some of the machines, which seemed futile since they were so caked with scurrilous graffiti, Johnny used to just sit and read them instead of a book. They were like neighborhood cuneiform, but easier to understand.

The old lady talked to him. She'd been born above the laundry, when it was her father's



"Uncle Dr." PRAETORIUS
Not EXACTLY a MENSCH -
And WHY Should WE Care About
HIS Polyps Anyway?

He'd known fags they ghettoized with gay clients, slackers who didn't know or care that their clients were lousy, twits who lectured clients on mental hygiene when all they wanted was ciggies, slobs who made more medication errors than untrained staff, bullies, robbers..

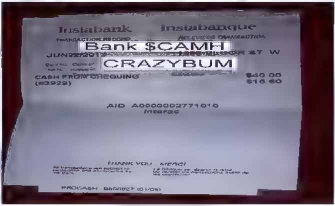
Meanwhile, he'd listened to a constant stream of their PR bullshit. DEANE was definitely one of the better ones, even if the only thing about JOHNNY that interested DEANE was MEDICATION. And BEER.

They were ALL devoted to the MEDICAL MODEL. Deane, Johnny, and Dead Guy. Especially Dead Guy..

Medication wasn't the deciding factor in MADNESS. It enabled them to live in a normal world, barely. Like BEER. .

DEANE had been working for $CAMH forever.

How could he not know that the first rule for dealing with MAD PEOPLE was NEVER LIE, better to SAY NOTHING but DON'T LIE.



Instabank Instabanque

TRANSACTION RECORD RELEVÉ DE TRANSACTION

Bank $CAMH

JUN OR ST W

CRAZYBUM

CASH FROM CHEQUING $40.00

(#3929) $16.60

AID A0000002771010

Interac

THANK YOU MERCI

PROCASH

*****

When Butch got back he was furious. His knock sounded more entitled than ever. When Johnny opened the door, he immediately started to tell him what happened. The intake psychiatrist was a QUACK. The first moment he saw him, he got a very bad feeling.

He was a little man, with a shiny bald pate and a whispy goatee. He wore combat fatigues. Camouflage. Flack jacket and pants. He unctuously invited Butch to please be seated, young man.

Johnny couldn't believe the luck. C. Lamprini Eel. The PIONEER OF SOCIAL CHANGE himself!

Butch began by confessing. He felt a little shaky. He'd had too much beer last night. Designing that BAR MENU....

Instead of listening the shrink suddenly brandished Butch's file and shouted, aha! This confirmed what he'd already strongly suspected from just a cursory glance at his history. Butch wasn't paranoid at all! He was just another FUCKING JUNKY!

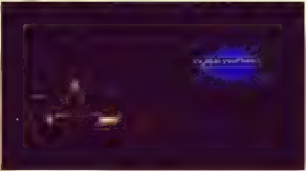
He was going to put him in his sexy new ANTI-SMOKING PROGRAM at $CAMH!

Babyface got run over. He'd be the new POSTER BOY!

He'd sell CHAMPIX!

Johnny had to supress a smile. Butch, with his Rasputin beard, his duct-taped shower shoes, his aluminum cane(s), his chains, his air of entitlement stronger even than his after-shave....

That was some TRANSFORMATION...


it's all in your head

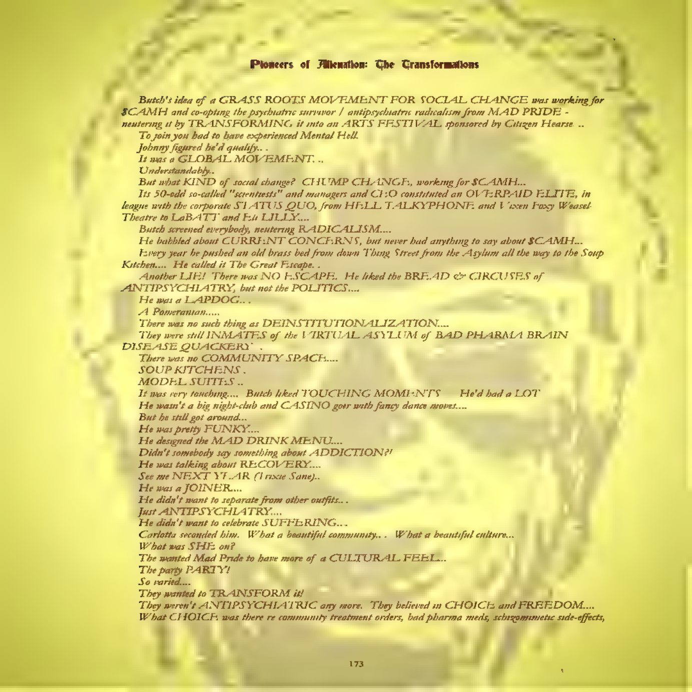
Mad Pride Toronto's Answer to PSYCHOBABBLE
-
Nothing RADICAL about it!

Butch talked about hearing new voices in his head. He had a whole coterie, talking to themselves again, even awarding themselves PRIZES, besides what else they scammed....

Communicator(s) of the Year....

The same old losers he heard every year during MENTAL HELL MONTH, the same tired SCHTICK, the corollary of all the identical BULLSHIT that $CAMH shat....

Butch said he was RADICAL. As in ANTIPSYCHIATRIC? No, the qualified radicalism of MAD PRIDE TORONTO - LAPDOGS....



Butch's idea of a GRASS ROOTS MOVEMENT FOR SOCIAL CHANGE was working for $CAMH and co-opting the psychiatric survivor / antipsychiatric radicalism from MAD PRIDE - neutering it by TRANSFORMING it into an ARTS FESTIVAL sponsored by Citizen Hearse ..

To join you had to have experienced Mental Hell.

Johnny figured he'd qualify.. .

It was a GLOBAL MOVEMENT. ..

Understandably..

But what KIND of social change? CHUMP CHANGE, working for $CAMH...

Its 50-odd so-called "scientests" and managers and CEO constituted an OVERPAID ELITE, in league with the corporate STATUS QUO, from HELL TALKYPHONE and Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre to LaBATT and Eli LILLY....

Butch screened everybody, neutering RADICALISM....

He babbled about CURRENT CONCERNS, but never had anything to say about $CAMH...

Every year he pushed an old brass bed from down Thing Street from the Asylum all the way to the Soup Kitchen.... He called it The Great Escape. .

Another LIE! There was NO ESCAPE. He liked the BREAD & CIRCUSES of ANTIPSYCHIATRY, but not the POLITICS....

He was a LAPDOG.. .

A Pomeranian.....

There was no such thing as DEINSTITUTIONALIZATION....

They were still INMATES of the VIRTUAL ASYLUM of BAD PHARMA BRAIN DISEASE QUACKERY .

There was no COMMUNITY SPACE....

SOUP KITCHENS .

MODEL SUITES ..

It was very touching.... Butch liked TOUCHING MOMENTS He'd had a LOT

He wasn't a big night-club and CASINO goer with fancy dance moves....

But he still got around...

He was pretty FUNKY....

He designed the MAD DRINK MENU....

Didn't somebody say something about ADDICTION?!

He was talking about RECOVERY....

See me NEXT YEAR (Trixie Sane)..

He was a JOINER....

He didn't want to separate from other outfits.. .

Just ANTIPSYCHIATRY....

He didn't want to celebrate SUFFERING....

Carlotta seconded him. What a beautiful community.. . What a beautiful culture...

What was SHE on?

The wanted Mad Pride to have more of a CULTURAL FEEL...

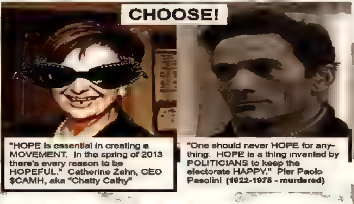
The party PARTY!

So varied....

They wanted to TRANSFORM it!

They weren't ANTIPSYCHIATRIC any more. They believed in CHOICE and FREEDOM....

What CHOICE was there re community treatment orders, bad pharma meds, schizomimetic side-effects,



CHOOSE!

"HOPE is essential in creating a MOVEMENT. In the spring of 2013 there's every reason to be HOPEFUL." Catherine Zahn, CEO $CAMH, aka "Chatty Cathy"

"One should never HOPE for anything. HOPE is a thing invented by POLITICIANS to keep the electorate HAPPY," Pier Paolo Pasolini (1922-1975 - murdered)

"Hope is essential in creating a movement. In the spring of 2013, there's every reason to be hopeful."

- Trixie Sane, of the Centre for
Affliction and Mental Hell,
IABC "Chatty Cathy"

"One should never hope for anything. Hope is a thing invented by politicians to keep the electorate happy."

- Pier Paolo Pasolini
Director (1922-1975 - murdered, never got
a prize from IABC)

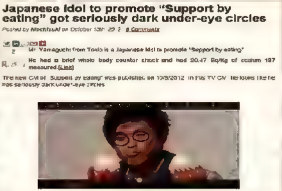
undisclosed addictiveness, etc.?
They were building community capacity...
That meant devising MAD DRINK MENUS in Parkdale ART BARS. Johnny paid money to do this?
They didn't want to focus any more on the Mental Hell System....
Life was too BEAUTIFUL....
There was more to it than involuntary commitment and mental capacity....
And MAD DRINK MENUS?!
They said the old politics was TOO GHETTOIZING. . .
They didn't want to be a GHETTO SIDESHOW. .
They wanted HEALING COMMUNITY...
CELEBRATION. .
The ways they did art, and danced.
MACRAME!
No more Antipsychiatry!
It was an important part of HISTORY....
But it was OVER...
It was just a way of thinking about the POST PSYCHIATRIC WORLD.
It was a SPACE to TALK. .
Provided one didn't talk too LOUD, or too RADICALLY.

MACRAME!

Butch worked just down the street at SCAMH's Archway Clinic in Parkdale. Johnny thought it was only fair to mention that, since he didn't and he did most of the talking.

MACRAME!

POISON
Dentsu POSTERBOY
Got RADIATION SICKNESS!



Japanese idol to promote "Support by eating" got seriously dark under-eye circles

Posted by Mochizuki on October 13th 2012 6 Comments

Mr. Yamaguchi from Todo is a Japanese idol to promote "Support by eating"

He had a brief whole body counter check and had 20.47 Bq/Kg of cesium 137 measured.(Link)

The new CM of "Support by eating" was published on 10/8/2012. In this TV CM, he looks like he has seriously dark under-eye circles.

No one realized who was behind Trixie's insulting campaign till she started to wear excessive amounts of masquera at her Town Hall rallies. She resembled a raccoon. She experienced violent mood swings on social media. She warned the audience that one in five of them was fucking crazy. She knew the signs, the indicators. They were hipsters. They wore dark glasses. They avoided crowds because they hated people. Then she started to giggle uncontrollably, like she'd just pulled one over them. She asked them them to see her tomorrow, for the cure. For a minimum $50 donation, tax deductible.

The whole time she was sampling sushi from an enormous cart that had been driven into the studio. She'd interrupt her speel to offer someone in the audience a piece of eel. It was shiny. Slightly fluorescent....

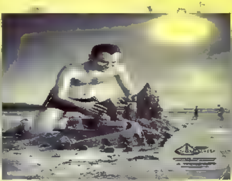
Detect, denounce, destroy....

It dawned on them like Nuclear Apocalypse. Her accomplice was Dentsu, the folks who spun FUKUSHIMA. They'd obviously given her a lot of radiated tsunami fish as a kick-back, and she was supporting them by eating it on live TV.

The tragic irony was not lost on them.

They couldn't DENY it any longer....

Trixie had a BRAIN DISEASE....



But who's the real VAMPIRE? - DETSUBOS? $CAMH?

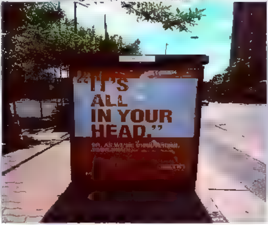
They made a KILLING in WWII spinning it, for the FASCIST EMPIRE.

For all anyone knew, they were STILL FASCISTS. They were behind the Japanese Government's scampaign to "spin" the FUKUSHIMA DISASTER into something (literally) PALATABLE, by making everybody eat RADIOACTIVE FOOD.

Could they be trusted? Could $CAMH?

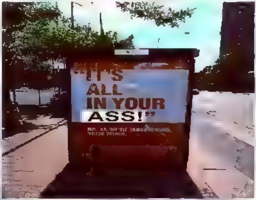
Just BELIEVE!

*****


"IT'S
ALL
IN YOUR
HEAD."
OR, AS WE'RE DISCOVERING, YOUR BRAIN.

No, Johnny objected. The

Other Place....


"IT'S
ALL
IN YOUR
ASS!"
OR, AS WE'RE DISCOVERING, YOUR BRAIN.

Might as WELL say....

YOUR ASS!

DentsuBos also worked for JEAN COUTU, a big Quebec Drug Store (BadPHARM) - naturally:

*****

Hitler wasn't the first
NAZI to exploit
SCAMH CEO

All in your BRAIN?!

What were they doing now?

Johnny heard murmurs. The rows of citizenship medals on the puffy chests of clean-air ambassadors tinkled as they turned, searching for dissenters.

They were goons. He wanted a cigarette. It was like wanting the moon.

Since there was no good reason why they weren't doing them now, why should anyone believe they WOULD be - with a lot more money - in 15 years?

WHY? Foxy herself supplied the answer, the only part of her TRASH TALK that struck him as true. Which of course, she didn't get!

There was no reason. She herself was a notoriously unscrupulous liar, and $CAMH really was more than a hospital. It was a MOVEMENT and worse than a MOVEMENT - a RELIGION - a CULT - and she among its chief mountebanks.

She didn't require reason. She demanded and got BELIEF.

Sometimes to be more was to be less.

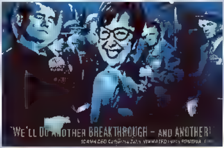
Apparently, from her own statements - MUCH less.

The so-called BREAKTHOUGH CAMPAIGN was fraudulent offering no breakthroughs, just things $CAMH should already have been doing but wasn't. For this, they wanted more money?!

It was a faith-based media construct.

It should have been scrapped She should have gone back to pimping cold-cuts and wieners for Citizen Hearse on Thing Street.

Trixie should have gone back to Hollywood Maybe they needed her car.


"WE'LL DO ANOTHER BREAKTHROUGH – AND ANOTHER!"

Meanwhile she boasted that where once stigma had been so strong that the community was hesitant to be associated with $CAMH, now billionaire donors' names proudly blkazed on $CAMH buildings and shopping centres. ..

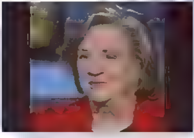
Johnny noticed she'd slipped from removing stigma from clients to removing it from billionaire donors. A Freudian slip?

A corporation slapping its moniker on a building was re-stigmatizing in worse ways. Reminding Johnny that now he was a client of Bell, Labatt, Beamish, Lilly, Pfizer and Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre herself....

Jon Thomas Rowland

That SMILE!

*****



$CAMH Sponsor Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre ALL DRESSED!

*****

Vixen Foxy Weasel Theatre put on half-glasses (knock-offs).

She made an announcement.

At $CAMH the BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH EVER was yet to come.

This had always been the CASE. If she'd had a breakthroughs, she'd have announced it from the grow-op on top the GATEWAY BUILDING.

She said they'd made tremendous progress toward eliminating the stigma that had so long been an obstacle for their patients, researchers and - PIZZA MAGNATES!

Hiding out in the coal-bin with her 40 ouncer while Alapaloozah drove her kids into a pylon on the 401. Emerging to stigmatize 1 in 5 as mentally hell regardless whether their hellness was schizophrenia, internet addiction, or - indeed - alcoholism and pizzaphrenia....

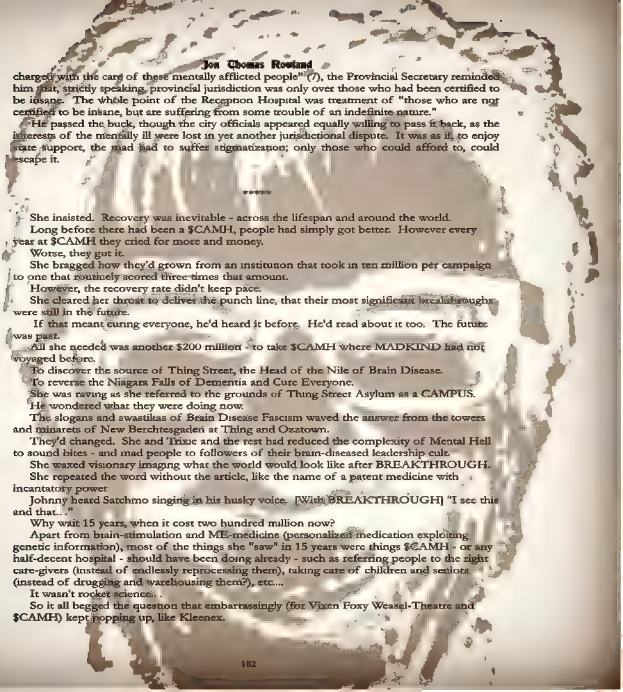
In her intellectual night all the COWS were CRAZY - except herself!

*****

After the province ordered the Reception Hospital to close because of the appalling inadequacy of its premises, city and provincial officials, including C.K. Clarke (for the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene) met on May 27, 1919, to discuss alternatives.

In the minutes Controller Cameron explained that the Reception Hospital had been intended to treat the mentally ill "before they have the stigma of being placed in an asylum" (2-3).

When Cameron posed a rhetorical question whether it was a fact "that the Province is



charged with the care of these mentally afflicted people" (7), the Provincial Secretary reminded him that, strictly speaking, provincial jurisdiction was only over those who had been certified to be insane. The whole point of the Reception Hospital was treatment of "those who are not certified to be insane, but are suffering from some trouble of an indefinite nature."

He passed the buck, though the city officials appeared equally willing to pass it back, as the interests of the mentally ill were lost in yet another jurisdictional dispute. It was as if, to enjoy state support, the mad had to suffer stigmatization; only those who could afford to, could escape it.

*****

She insisted. Recovery was inevitable - across the lifespan and around the world.

Long before there had been a $CAMH, people had simply got better. However every year at $CAMH they cried for more and money.

Worse, they got it.

She bragged how they'd grown from an institution that took in ten million per campaign to one that routinely scored three times that amount.

However, the recovery rate didn't keep pace.

She cleared her throat to deliver the punch line, that their most significant breakthroughs were still in the future.

If that meant curing everyone, he'd heard it before. He'd read about it too. The future was past.

All she needed was another $200 million - to take $CAMH where MADKIND had not voyaged before.

To discover the source of Thing Street, the Head of the Nile of Brain Disease.

To reverse the Niagara Falls of Dementia and Cure Everyone.

She was raving as she referred to the grounds of Thing Street Asylum as a CAMPUS.

He wondered what they were doing now.

The slogans and swastikas of Brain Disease Fascism waved the answer from the towers and minarets of New Berchtesgaden at Thing and Ozztown.

They'd changed. She and Trixie and the rest had reduced the complexity of Mental Hell to sound bites - and mad people to followers of their brain-diseased leadership cult.

She waxed visionary imaging what the world would look like after BREAKTHROUGH.

She repeated the word without the article, like the name of a patent medicine with incantatory power.

Johnny heard Satchmo singing in his husky voice. [With BREAKTHROUGH] "I see this and that.. ."

Why wait 15 years, when it cost two hundred million now?

Apart from brain-stimulation and ME-medicine (personalized medication exploiting genetic information), most of the things she "saw" in 15 years were things $CAMH - or any half-decent hospital - should have been doing already - such as referring people to the right care-givers (instead of endlessly reprocessing them), taking care of children and seniors (instead of drugging and warehousing them?), etc....

It wasn't rocket science.. .

So it all begged the question that embarrassingly (for Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and $CAMH) kept popping up, like Kleenex.

plumbing business. Her father had installed the first toilets on Thing Street, some of which were still operating today. Johnny used to see her outside in the morning, feeding a small flock of WHITE SQUIRRELS that had become almost as much a fixture as herself.

There was a tide of speculation erasing all this, but some evenings when he walked home it seemed the tide reversed itself, there was a strong wind blowing the other way, and the wind and the tide, whatever they were, blew back the old-fashioned haunting haunted faces, happy and haggard. He would lie awake till early morning recognizing over the rumble of the Thing Car the laughter and cries of The Old Thing Street. WHITE SQUIRREL WAY would be longer and higher but, above all, quieter. It would be SILENT. Citizen Hearse would see to that.

*****

Johnny heard shouting upstairs. It was Michael. Usually so quiet and so small. Deane had warned him about his shouting. It was something he'd learn to put up with. It was blood curdling.

It got louder as Michael descended the dark varnished stairs. Johnny was on the second floor landing when Michael passed him, shouting and beating his ears so fast his fists were blurry. Johnny followed him downstairs.

Michael halted in front of the reinforced glass door of the landlord's apartment. There was no one there. Johnny was alone, and on Michael's side of the glass. He knew what Michael wanted. He turned to him, cringing. His shiny hair accentuated his pallor. He had a good complexion, a handsome face, despite his thirst for coke and his nasty habit of slashing his cheeks with disposable razors. Johnny thought the voices drove him to it, but his behavior was also manipulative. It was probably significant that he used disposable razors, because they weren't very strong and tended to make shallow cuts. He'd look terrible for a few days, but the cuts healed quickly and all but vanished in a week.

When he cut himself somebody would give him a sedative, or two. Maybe even a couple of cigarettes. That was what he really wanted, but it wasn't worth permanently disfiguring himself. The sedatives would have turned down the voices, but not turned them off. Maybe he enjoyed them for other reasons. Maybe he was hooked. Now and then the hospital would get concerned and try to cut him off no matter how much he cut his face.

Johnny would offer to apply some ointment to the wounds. At first he'd refuse. Johnny would insist. Eventually he'd comply, and turn one cheek and then the other. After all, Johnny was the alpha male. When the cutting didn't get results, Michael would run away.

Deane said he stayed in the asylum to build up his bank account. He didn't need money while he was there, but some government money was deposited to his account anyway. When he'd built up a small sum, he'd elope. He was institutionalized. The asylum was not merely where he wanted to be (and he desperately wanted to be there). It was where he really was when he was nominally with us.

Come to think of it, his elopements only made sense in the context of the asylum. Eloping was a part of the that system. Workman wrote that it was the right of every mental patient to elope; it was a poor asylum, from which one could not elope. It went with wards, walls, and barred windows from which it was possible to sling two knotted sheets without danger of falling.

It was not a part of their system. They didn't have one. They improvised. There was no

They beamed south across the Lake all the way to the Falls, a beacon.
Bell, Labatt, Beamish, Lilly, Pfizer....
Jascha's Haberdashery....

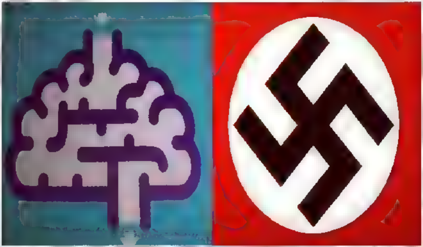
Bright Boy Wanted....

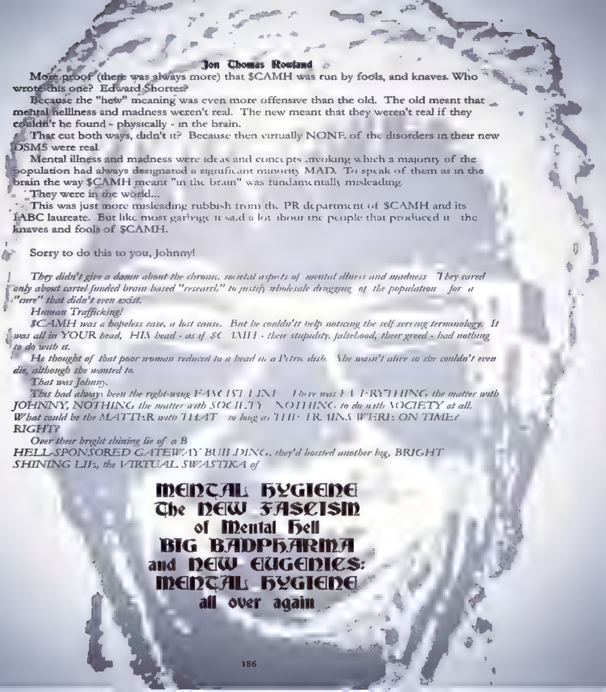
It was a waste of electricity....

The evil - bathetic, mendacious, misleading, mercenary, dogmatic, sloganeering, sycophantic, conflicted, antidemocratic and fascist ethos of $CAMH that was what needed to change. That didn't require more money.
That required a CHANGE of MANAGEMENT
A MIRACLE!

He needed a stiff one.

BELIEVE!





More proof (there was always more) that $CAMH was run by fools, and knaves. Who wrote this one? Edward Shorter?

Because the "new" meaning was even more offensive than the old. The old meant that mental hellilness and madness weren't real. The new meant that they weren't real if they couldn't be found - physically - in the brain.

That cut both ways, didn't it? Because then virtually NONE of the disorders in their new DSM5 were real.

Mental illness and madness were ideas and concepts invoking which a majority of the population had always designated a significant minority MAD. To speak of them as in the brain the way $CAMH meant "in the brain" was fundamentally misleading.

They were in the world...

This was just more misleading rubbish from the PR department of $CAMH and its IABC laureate. But like most garbage it said a lot about the people that produced it - the knaves and fools of $CAMH.

Sorry to do this to you, Johnny!

They didn't give a damn about the chronic, societal aspects of mental illness and madness. They cared only about cartel funded brain based "research" to justify wholesale drugging of the population for a "cure" that didn't even exist.

Human Trafficking!

$CAMH was a hopeless case, a lost cause. But he couldn't't help noticing the self serving terminology. It was all in YOUR head, HIS head - as if $CAMH - their stupidity, falsehood, their greed - had nothing to do with it.

He thought of that poor woman reduced to a head in a Petri dish. She wasn't alive so she couldn't even die, although she wanted to.

That was Johnny.

This had always been the right-wing FASCIST LINE. There was EVERYTHING the matter with JOHNNY, NOTHING the matter with SOCIETY. NOTHING to do with SOCIETY at all. What could be the MATTER with THAT so long as THE TRAINS WERE ON TIME? RIGHT?

Over their bright shining lie of a B HELL-SPONSORED GATEWAY BUILDING, they'd hoisted another big, BRIGHT SHINING LIE, the VIRTUAL SWASTIKA of

MENTAL HYGIENE
The NEW FASCISM
of Mental Hell
BIG BADPHARMA
and NEW EUGENICS:
MENTAL HYGIENE
all over again

I got ENGAGED because

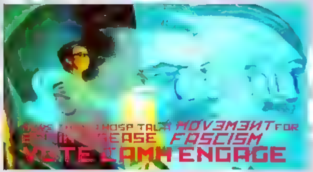
Johnny was roused from his reverie by the noise of jack-booted security goons kicking some client they'd mistaken for himself.

*****

Just BELIEVE!

Trixie Sane
"Three of you will be
schizophrenic!"
Stigmatizing
and Statistically
RUBBISH!
"Is that all there is...."
Is the BRAIN DISORDER CIRCUS!
Just BELIEVE!!
So much for EVIDENCE-BASED
"Mental Hell"

Presenting
The STRATEGIC PLAN


MOV3M3NT FOR
FASCISM
VOTE CAMH ENGAGE

MORE LIES!

The so-called "Strategic Plan" was presented as a series of sexy SLOGANS, born on placards and "sandwich-boards" by beaming $CAMHos.

They LOVED this sort of thing reducing complicated Mental Hell to a few mantras tweets! - which were LIES or - when they were TRUE - BAD NEWS. Very bad news....

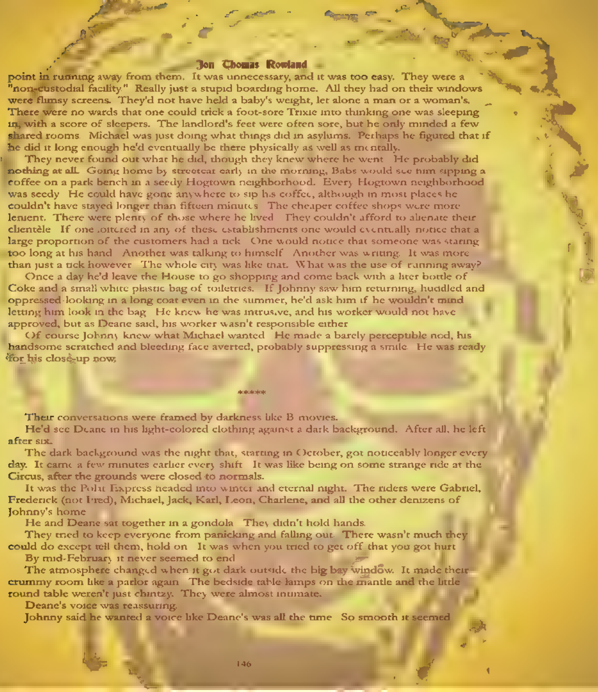
Some Afterthoughts Re
DENTSU / DENTSUBOS

DENTSU / DENTSUBOS was the largest, most sophisticated PR firm in the world, not known for openness or "democratic" values.

The Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell could not have got them cheap, but they did a SHITTY job of "Mental Hell" PR.

It was hard to imagine a WORSE performance, short of donning NAZI uniforms and raping a few COMFORT WOMEN.

$700,000 Plus REASONS
To SMILE!
Just
BELIEVE!



point in running away from them. It was unnecessary, and it was too easy. They were a "non-custodial facility." Really just a stupid boarding home. All they had on their windows were flimsy screens. They'd not have held a baby's weight, let alone a man or a woman's. There were no wards that one could trick a foot-sore Trixie into thinking one was sleeping in, with a score of sleepers. The landlord's feet were often sore, but he only minded a few shared rooms. Michael was just doing what things did in asylums. Perhaps he figured that if he did it long enough he'd eventually be there physically as well as mentally.

They never found out what he did, though they knew where he went. He probably did nothing at all. Going home by streetcar early in the morning, Babs would see him sipping a coffee on a park bench in a seedy Hogtown neighborhood. Every Hogtown neighborhood was seedy. He could have gone anywhere to sip his coffee, although in most places he couldn't have stayed longer than fifteen minutes. The cheaper coffee shops were more lenient. There were plenty of those where he lived. They couldn't afford to alienate their clientèle. If one loitered in any of these establishments one would eventually notice that a large proportion of the customers had a tick. One would notice that someone was staring too long at his hand. Another was talking to himself. Another was writing. It was more than just a tick however. The whole city was like that. What was the use of running away?

Once a day he'd leave the House to go shopping and come back with a liter bottle of Coke and a small white plastic bag of toiletries. If Johnny saw him returning, huddled and oppressed-looking in a long coat even in the summer, he'd ask him if he wouldn't mind letting him look in the bag. He knew he was intrusive, and his worker would not have approved, but as Deane said, his worker wasn't responsible either.

Of course Johnny knew what Michael wanted. He made a barely perceptible nod, his handsome scratched and bleeding face averted, probably suppressing a smile. He was ready for his close-up now.

*****

Their conversations were framed by darkness like B movies.

He'd see Deane in his light-colored clothing against a dark background. After all, he left after six.

The dark background was the night that, starting in October, got noticeably longer every day. It came a few minutes earlier every shift. It was like being on some strange ride at the Circus, after the grounds were closed to normals.

It was the Polar Express headed into winter and eternal night. The riders were Gabriel, Frederick (not Fred), Michael, Jack, Karl, Leon, Charlene, and all the other denizens of Johnny's home.

He and Deane sat together in a gondola. They didn't hold hands.

They tried to keep everyone from panicking and falling out. There wasn't much they could do except tell them, hold on. It was when you tried to get off that you got hurt.

By mid-February it never seemed to end.

The atmosphere changed when it got dark outside the big bay window. It made their crummy room like a parlor again. The bedside table lamps on the mantle and the little round table weren't just chintzy. They were almost intimate.

Deane's voice was reassuring.

Johnny said he wanted a voice like Deane's was all the time. So smooth it seemed pasteurized. What an asset.

Deane said he was just burnt-out.

Johnny said maybe he needed a vacation.

Deane said he thought he'd go away.

Johnny said that was a bad idea. It was hard to get a job these days.

Deane stared at him for a moment. It was as if someone had broken the big bay window and the night came in with the cold to emphasize. that wasn't what he meant.

*****

Getting off was escapism. Who knew what into? It might take billions of years for the polar express to arrive at that station somewhere north of Archangel North of Finland. But it would Global warming would only be a memory growing cold.

Getting off was the surest way to arrive ahead of schedule. The station master would be a skeleton made of ashes and glue. He'd speak Russian.

Deane always wanted to learn another language. He'll offer Deane one of his daughters, and a Lucky Strike.

*****

Deane's death was something that happened in the movies happening to Johnny. It took Death fifty years to catch up. A few more years and Johnny might have escaped by dying himself. He tripped and stumbled over his mother's body. He got up again right away; otherwise, Death would have caught him then for sure. Instead it barely affected his stride.

Death is everywhere. Death comes out of the house, stands leering beside Johnny and Gabriel, and leans on the railing. Death has Deane's gauntness without his pain. Deane's gauntness was Death's to begin with. The ashes in the can have more substance than Deane has now.

Death is no usurper. Death is a restored monarch re-establishing his reign. Deane was his protector but he wasn't his successor. Death settled that affair of state.

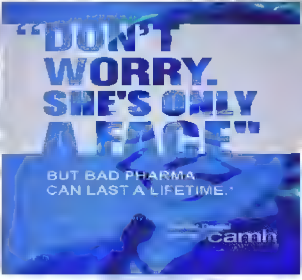
Death is next in line at the No Frills. Death waits behind the cash with his bony hand on the till where anyone can see it if he will. He can't steal what's his by reversion. He wouldn't bother.

Death is not very frilly but very obsequious. The cashier weeps to see Johnny bearing the purple bin. Death is in the no name chicken strips and the white breast meat nuggets. On every pack of Lucky Strikes a pale Death's Head preempts the Surgeon General's warning.

Johnny's clothes are stained with bleach and covered with ashes where Deane's bony fingers have touched them. Holes appear in the shirt Deane gave him and melt where he gazed with eyes of flame. Look pretty for the picture, Connie.

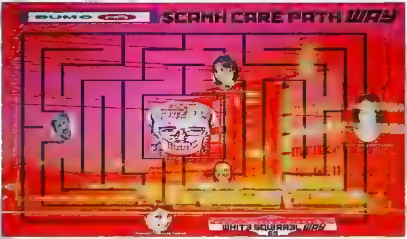
Death stars in Pink Flamingos and sits stoned in the audience with Deane and his lesbian girl friends from his job at the women's shelter. Death laughs at everything. There are no serious parts.

Death walks on the green grass in daylight and sleeps in the ground. Death holds everything together. Death is bad continuity. Death is the pink flamingos and the newspaper blowing against their iron stilts during the credits.


"DON'T
WORRY.
SHE'S ONLY
A FACE"
BUT BAD PHARMA
CAN LAST A LIFETIME."
camh

GREAT LEADER
Trixie SANE's
FIRST DIRECTIVE:
HUMAN TRAFFICKING

CARE PATHWAYS was something she dreamt up smoking a fag in Doc Praetorius's crummy Parkette. Those worn scruffy-looking patches resembled nothing so much as his own buggy bald pate.



She'd secretly always wanted to butt-out on it. Grinding the deadman into the mud with her stiletto heal was the next best thing, and really somewhat satisfying.. .

In reality there was no pathway, only a REVOLVING DOOR, passing the captive client back and worth within the system, like the pawn on a game board - every time he passed go, she billed for it which was the WHOLE OBJECT of her GAME

Did the client really benefit? Who knew? It was HUMAN TRAFFICKING, processing and reprocessing clients in virtual slavery, to charge them fees and - above all - sell them

ZONEOLITE

and

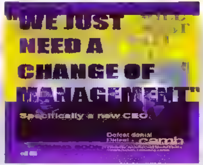
POEMFORTHEDAY....

The CLINICAL AND SOCIAL NEEDS of CLIENTS were DEALT WITH in Emile Durkheim House, Yucca Flats, Oakridge - Citizen Hearse's SWELL RESORTS.

Needs? They were DISAPPEARED.... They vanished into GROUND ZERO...

She said she was MAKING IT EASIER TO ACCESS SERVICES AT $CAMH. Johnny figured she must have published her cell number down at the Coffeeslime. Her cell phone, he meant....

Otherwise it was impossible to get into one of her MENTAL HELL CASINOS. Her standard line was "This CLIENT just doesn't SUIT our RACKET" - at toe felt-topped crap



GREAT LEADER Trixie SANE'S THIRD DIRECTIVE: BUILD The NEW BERLIN of the CULT of BRAIN DISEASE

$CAMH was notoriously SCHIZOMIMETIC. Bad drugs, worse hardware

Butt-ugly buildings. The trademarks of BREWERS and JUNK FOOD CORPORATIONS adorned their fascist facades. She even hung a MILLER LITE sign at the Nurses' Station in Emerg.

It was pretty....

She just liked it....

LaBatt, Beamish, Bell, McCAIN - beer and pizza - it was all BAD - nothing THERAPEUTIC!

There was a Handy Haven and a Shagburger Joint but NOTHING was more STIGMATISING than $CAMH and HELL TALKYPHONE

The sign flashed atop the Gateway Hellmouth Building:

It IS there!

It was a WELCOMING ENVIRONMENT to corporate clients but not to Johnny, or to anyone he knew.

None of their PR was evidence-based. The fascist firms they hired made sure. It was ALL a lie!

table where all the major croupiers gathered after hours to discuss BUSINESS.

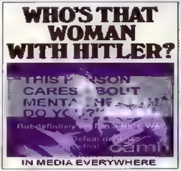
A game of solitaire among multiple personalities of the same syndic.

Shouldn't $CAMH rackets ATTEMPT to SUIT the CLIENT?!
Really?! How NAIVE!

They got dizzy....

They BLACKED OUT!

*****


WHO'S THAT WOMAN WITH HITLER?
THIS P RSON CARES BOUT MENTA HE DO YO ?
But definitely
Defeat de
camh
IN MEDIA EVERYWHERE

CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

GREAT LEADER Trixie SANE's SECOND DIRECTIVE: PARTY LOYALTY

She loved to talk about excellence. $CAMH was the Centre of Excellence and she was the Centre of $CAMH.

Obviously, it was located up her ASS. Her TEAM-PLAYERS paid it more than lip-service. They called it CLINICAL CARE.

She kept her psychiatrists on short-term contracts. She didn't want them getting loyal to the non-corporate clients. Every $CAMH doctor was really Trixie Sane's doctor....

With their PLACKARDS they resembled PARTY MEMBERS in a ONE PARTY MAOIST STATE.

So they were....

They knew that Deane had shot himself. They knew about his "little" gun, a Luger given to him by his father-in-law. They assumed that he had shot himself in the head, and that it would therefore be a closed casket. An obsequious flunky escorted them into a darkened room where they were playing some sort of mellow-jazzy elevator music and there were a lot of women, his in-laws, hovering about in sequined evening gowns.

It was grotesque, but the only thing he really noticed, in a beam of light at the end of the room, was Deane's face. It was an open casket after all.

Serge walked a few paces towards it, then recoiled. He'd seen enough. He was ready to go. Johnny walked right up to the casket. There was a faint white disk in the middle of Deane's brow. It must have been the bullet hole. The back of his head had been blown off.

Johnny had never seen him asleep, but his eyelids looked unnaturally flat and sunken. His eyes had probably been blown out too. His lips were bloodless, thin and tight as if he were still experiencing pain.

*****

Deane said he'd always wanted to be an actor. He was a good one. Johnny really didn't know him very well.

*****

He was hard.

*****

A rat-like scurrying along the dusky boulevard.... A woman who resembled an especially untidy bag-lady only a bit too young.... A man with a foppish hair-cut under an enormous sombrero.... They could only be.... Drs. Trixie and Praetorius...!

It was

Garbage Night.

Every now and then one of the noisome pair farted joyously at the sudden discovery of an especially appetizing piece of S.H.I.T....

A linoleum-topped tavern-table with an hilariously ugly matching base.... An old radio with the guts spilling out just like one of their patients. .. It was D.E.A.D. too... A heavy iron typewriter serviced by the Unification Typewriter Co. of Beijing.... The keys rusted together into a massive metal fist....

A palsied limb emerged from the offal like Excalibur's arm and started brazenly groping for the same trash.... Praetorius shrieked excitedly as Trixie flailed wildly at the shadows....

Again and again. And again....

Ugh, Ug-g-g-h-h-h said the shadows....

The dirty duo loaded their heaving van with coveted S.H.I.T.... They were secretly

"Transforming Lives" - no! "All in YOUR HEAD" - no! "Every reason to be HOPEFUL" - no! "On the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH" - no, no, no!

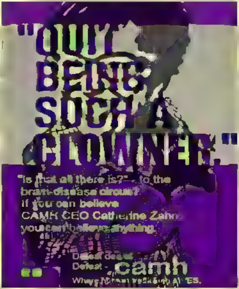
Confronted with her mendacity, Trixie made a pert moue with her delicate mouth. But they're so pretty, she lisped. Just

Believe!

The NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL was the non evidence-based headquarters of a New Age CORPORATE CULT - of BRAIN DISEASE!

They were crummy buildings. They were dark, the corridors were long and narrow, the rooms were tiny. O, what a feeling!

*****


"QUIT BEING SUCH A CLOWNER."
"Is that all there is?" - to the brain-disease circus?
If you can believe CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn you can believe anything.
Defeat - camh

GREAT LEADER Trixie SANE'S FOURTH DIRECTIVE: BELIEVE!

Death is melodrama and real life. Death is the skeleton in the gallery that doesn't scare us any more. Death makes us wonder what it's doing here. Death makes us wonder what we are.

*****

The jokes. Real stinkers. He was going to put a spot in the middle of his forehead and hang a potato from his crotch and become a dick-tater.

Deane didn't have many clothes and some of his favorite clothing, like his Leafs shirt, got ruined with bleach. They traded shirts. Deane gave Johnny a black sports shirt. He noticed right away how nice it smelled. Deane said he washed it in Tide. He asked Johnny if he knew why. He said (with a lisp) because it was cold out tide.

One night a few weeks before Christmas (the last one) they were standing on the porch after supper and Deane said he couldn't drive his car over the curb without damaging the bumper.

He said he couldn't get it up, and winked at Johnny. But it was worth a try, he said as he handed him the cell-phone. Hold this anyway, he added.

As opposed to his cock, he meant.

*****

On Friday afternoon Deane told him that he'd shaved off his pubic hair. He didn't know why. He was seeing himself laid out at the morgue. He wanted to be clean.

Johnny was sitting on a battered park bench at the beginning of that green strip at the end of Thing Street overlooking the lake. There weren't any houses on this side of the street. When his mother was alive he used to go "home" to Maypole City by train. He would look up from the tracks below and see the big houses and wonder what they were like. Now he knew. He looked down and didn't wonder anything at all about the train and where it was going. He knew that too. He could see the outdoor tennis courts of some Hogtown club. They were covered with tents. They look stuffed.

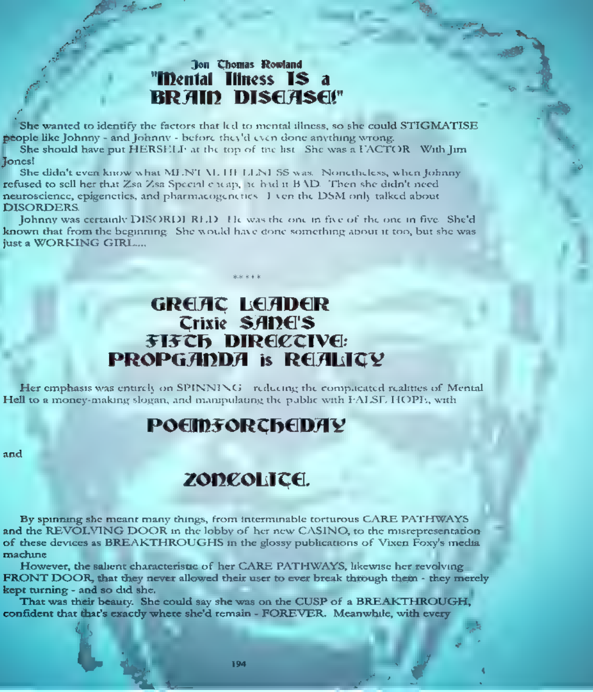
The traffic reminded him of Deane and his mother and his last visits to them. He was angry with his mother because after bringing her a computer all the way from Hogtown she took her eighty year-old boyfriend's advice that she couldn't use it. Too blind. Before he stormed out she asked me if there were anything he wanted. He said the old fart's obituary. She slapped his face. He couldn't grieve for her the way he was grieving for Deane.

*****

Serge drove him in to see Deane at the funeral home in Ossington. Along the lakeshore, in his Lada. Deane drove home that way every night.

The Hardener Distressway....

On either side a wasteland of high-rise condos and cheap townhouses. The funeral home was a converted fire hall off an exit ramp at the town line. It was in the middle of nowhere. There were a lot of cars in the lot.



"Mental Illness IS a BRAIN DISEASE!"

She wanted to identify the factors that led to mental illness, so she could STIGMATISE people like Johnny - and Johnny - before they'd even done anything wrong.

She should have put HERSELF at the top of the list. She was a FACTOR. With Jim Jones!

She didn't even know what MENTAL HELLNESS was. Nonetheless, when Johnny refused to sell her that Zsa Zsa Special cheap, she had it BAD. Then she didn't need neuroscience, epigenetics, and pharmacogenetics. Even the DSM only talked about DISORDERS.

Johnny was certainly DISORDERED. He was the one in five of the one in five. She'd known that from the beginning. She would have done something about it too, but she was just a WORKING GIRL....

*****

GREAT LEADER
Trixie SANE'S
FIFTH DIRECTIVE:
PROPGANDA is REALITY

Her emphasis was entirely on SPINNING - reducing the complicated realities of Mental Hell to a money-making slogan, and manipulating the public with FALSE HOPE, with

POEMFORTHEDAY

and

ZONEOLITE.

By spinning she meant many things, from interminable torturous CARE PATHWAYS and the REVOLVING DOOR in the lobby of her new CASINO, to the misrepresentation of these devices as BREAKTHROUGHS in the glossy publications of Vixen Foxy's media machine.

However, the salient characteristic of her CARE PATHWAYS, likewise her revolving FRONT DOOR, that they never allowed their user to ever break through them - they merely kept turning - and so did she.

That was their beauty. She could say she was on the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH, confident that that's exactly where she'd remain - FOREVER. Meanwhile, with every gratified that somebody wanted it even more than themselves....

Trixie cackled gleefully and Praetorius pealed rubber as he drove their van back and forth across the madly screaming form. ..

Some kinda W.E.I.R.D.O., Trixie observed as the wallowing van pulled away....

He needs MEDICAL ATTENTION . .

Right on cue, a service-vehicle with an enormous GARBAGE sign pulled up on the sidewalk, but instead of the usual goons a dapper figure in corduroy and tweed stepped gingerly from the cab. He wore patent leather Dix, and a pencil thin moustache, like John Waters, or Tennessee Williams..

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

It was Marek Finkelburgher....

Please sir, sign this waiver....

I, I d-don't kn now, he stammered It looked distinctly like a contract, exclusive rights for Thing Street Asylum ...

Otherwise, we can't CURE you....

How like Finkelburgher, to offer him a quill pen. He dipped it into the little pool of his own blood, coagulating on the curb....

He signed.

They hopped into the idling garbage truck, and sped off down Thing Street, splitting their guts, belly-laughing....

With painful slowness Johnny Boy pulled himself erect, brushing off leaves and remnants of old Shagburghers that still adhered to his clothing, warm with bloody vomit .

He saw stars....

He told him he'd find him....

Next time they'd go to Niagara Falls...

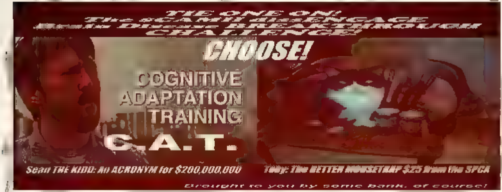
*****

These texts depict the North American birth of the clinic, not the austere Foucauldian clinic of the 19th-century, but the modern Thing Street facility, with advanced power to generate, however crudely, the knowledge that not only enhances its power but also disseminates it.

Of this phenomenon it is appropriate to ask, as Foucault does of the 18th-century clinic, whether one can rightfully transform into an object of clinical observation a patient whose poverty has compelled him to seek assistance (Michel Foucault, The Birth of the Clinic: An Archeology of Medical Perception, Trans. A M Sheridan Smith (New York: Pantheon Books, 1973), 83), or whether it is not a tacit form of violence ... upon a sick body that demands to be comforted, not displayed (84).

The latter question dogs not only C.K. Sharke's vociferations in the name of the Asylum on behalf of the clinic, but also the rhetoric of his predecessors, George Hamilton Park, Daniel Clark, and above all, Joseph Workman, Sharke's mentor as well as predecessor. In their various arguments, in pamphlets, articles, and annual reports these doctors continually display the bodies of the sick, to no good effect.

Ironically, instead of the dense and wealthy population of a metropolitan city, which the


TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH disENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
CHOOSE!
COGNITIVE
ADAPTATION
TRAINING
C.A.T.
Sean THE KIDD: An ACRONYM for $200,000,000
Toby: The BETTER MOUSETRAP $25 from the SPCA
Brought to you by some bank, of course!

Sean "The" Kidd eyed high-rise apartment buildings lustfully, estimating the number of schizophrenic prospects (20 just in the buildings he could see!). Sean should have told Signor Citizen Hearse-Ferrari. He would have been interested to know. It was his building!

"The" Kidd noted the prevalence of bad housekeeping and bad hygiene among THEM. Maybe Johnny's landlord should have talked to SEAN because they were all slobs at Emile Durkheim House - so maybe they were all schizophrenic too (as opposed to 99% - Johnny's estimation).

It seemed to Johnny there was nothing Sean "The Kidd" had to offer that a good Personal Support Worker couldn't have done just as well or better - and for a lot less than The Kidd's "socially entrepreneurial" $110,000 plus salary. Well, the acronym was new - but as a shtick for a $200,000,000 fundraiser - it wasn't LAME; it was PATHETIC.

Actually, Sean should have talked to Miserable Mizrahi, since BAD HOUSEKEEPING was obviously another indication, like sunglasses and aversion to crowds. Eureka!

Annother DEGENRATE!

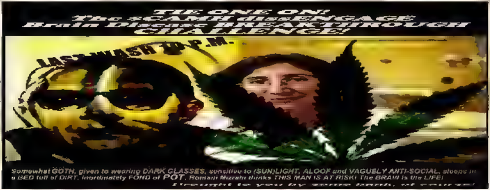
It was an EPIDEMIC! The PLAGUE!

original commissioners anticipated in the 1840s would mean a steady supply of students, an ever-growing population of urban poor supply it with variously depicted plagues of masturbators, monomaniacs, erotomaniacs, paretics, degenerates, schizophrenics, defective immigrants, low to high-grade morons, and feeble-minded women. The doctors play fast and loose not only with these diseases but also with the poor who seem to be especially vulnerable to them, and whose diseases it is difficult if not impossible to distinguish from poverty. The diseases vary with the role of the Asylum in professional imagination, but their epidemic and endemic character remains constant.

*****

Johnny watched the $CAMH Engage Breakthrough Challenge videos. He found it hard to stay awake, they were so LAME!

They were masturbatory..


TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH disENGAGE
Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH
CHALLENGE!
LAST WASH 10 P.M.
Somewhat GOTH, given to wearing DARK GLASSES, sensitive to (SUN)LIGHT, ALOOF and VAGUELY ANTI-SOCIAL, sleeps in a BED full of DIRT, inordinately FOND of POT, Romani Mizrahi thinks THIS MAN IS AT RISK! The BRAIN is the LIFE!
brought to you by zeus bank, of course!

Romani "Miserable" Mizrahi wanted to prevent schizophrenia. Bully! If you wore sunglasses all day and hated crowds, YOU were AT RISK!

HE was AT RISK!

What DEGENERATE wasn't?!

TIE ONE ON!
The $CAMH dissENGAGE Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH CHALLENGE!

BELL
GATEWAY
BRAIN

Faranak Farzan: "Awe, C'mon! TRY a little TRANSCRANIAL MAGNETIC STIMULATION! I did - at least I THINK so - if I can remember...." rTMS - A Kinda (Sorta) GENTLER ECT. The ZAPPY that makes you HAPPY!*

*Absolutely GUARANTEED: NO BETTER THAN PLACEBO!

Brought to you by some bank, of course!

Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

Bully - for Eli Lilly, Pfizzer, AstraZeneca, et al....

The CLIENTS their so-called SCIENCE really SERVED....

PERSONALISED MEDICINE? Wasn't that really just a MARKETING TOOL for HI-TECH MACHINERY - to PUSH JUNK?

, They had nothing on Parkdale Pushers Fellini dispensed it already.. Totally unregulated. Nothing was more personalized. Some client getting a back-payment? A big hit from Odious Pee? He was there every time with the FIX It didn't matter how often LIFE DISAPPOINTED HIM. How many times the money ran out. On payday he was all forgiveness

Butch and Bruce were already waiting for him...

The PERSONALIZED APPROACH...

Thing and Ozztown ...

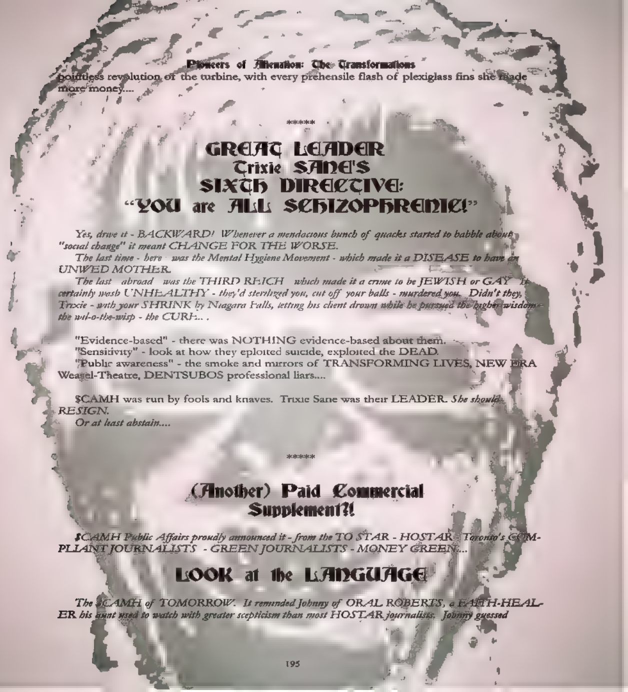
Adjacent tables....

Yes, Trixie Sane and Fellini were equally AFFECTING CHANGE TO HELP CLIENTS LIVE THEIR LIVES, thought Johnny thought they should have written EFFECTING considering the millions they paid their Communications Department

*****

Fools
in their
OPEN CARS:
Justin "BEAVER" Trudeau
the LATEST
sCAMH PosterBOY for
BadPHARMA BRAIN DISEASE -
WaBENZI - Taking the PUBLIC
for A RIDE -
NOT a GOOD IDEA

pointless revolution of the turbine, with every prehensile flash of plexiglass fins she made more money....



*****

GREAT LEADER
Trixie SANE'S
SIXTH DIRECTIVE:
"YOU are ALL SCHIZOPHRENIC!"

Yes, drive it - BACKWARD! Whenever a mendacious bunch of quacks started to babble about "social change" it meant CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

The last time - here - was the Mental Hygiene Movement - which made it a DISEASE to have an UNWED MOTHER.

The last - abroad - was the THIRD REICH - which made it a crime to be JEWISH or GAY. It certainly wasn't UNHEALTHY - they'd sterilized you, cut off your balls - murdered you. Didn't they, Trixie - with your SHRINK by Niagara Falls, letting his client drown while he pursued the higher wisdom - the will-o-the-wisp - the CURE...

"Evidence-based" - there was NOTHING evidence-based about them.

"Sensitivity" - look at how they eploited suicide, exploited the DEAD.

"Public awareness" - the smoke and mirrors of TRANSFORMING LIVES, NEW ERA Weasel-Theatre, DENTSUBOS professional liars....

$CAMH was run by fools and knaves. Trixie Sane was their LEADER. *She should RESIGN.*

Or at least abstain....

*****

(Another) Paid Commercial Supplement?!

$CAMH Public Affairs proudly announced it - from the TO STAR - HOSTAR. Toronto's COMPLIANT JOURNALISTS - GREEN JOURNALISTS - MONEY GREEN....

LOOK at the LANGUAGE

The $CAMH of TOMORROW. It reminded Johnny of ORAL ROBERTS, a FAITH-HEALER his aunt used to watch with greater scepticism than most HOSTAR journalists. Johnny guessed

$CAMH / IABC / DENTSUBOS "communicators" had STOLEN this schtick from BROTHER ROBERTS' "CATHEDRAL of TOMORROW" - for the BRAIN DISEASE CATHEDRAL OF TODAY...

INSIDE LOOK. No doubt! Didn't somebody ONCE say something to the HOSTARS rabout OBJECTIVITY? They didn't have any. Too busy with their CORPORATE CLIENTS - just like $CAMH....

STORIES THAT SHAPE CAMH. That was the trouble. All SPIN - no substance. BELIEVE....

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT. Meaning PAID Commercial Supplement. Which JOHNNY paid for when he BOUGHT their SHITRAG - now smeared with the latest DEPOSITION from Weasel Theatre and her SHITHOUSE FOUNDATION...

CLOSING THE GAP. Circling the WAGGONS?

TRANSFORM THE LIVES OF THOSE WE SERVE. That PHRASE (again) - and MOST INSULTING LIE - so SICK of HEARING IT - it was SCHIZOMIMETIC - because they were TRANSFORMING NOBODY - they COULDN'T - it COULDN'T BE DONE (and - if it COULD - they would have beeen the LAST TO DO IT...)...

BREAKING NEW GROUND AND GIVING NEW HOPE. They were digging again in POTTER'S FIELD. Resurrectionist!

The THINGS were MENTAL HYGIENE, SOCIAL ENGINEERING, BEHAVIOUR CONTROL...

They DIDN'T WORK....

Thing Street...

M'Lady Margaret "Dumont" McCAIN, Uncle PAUL GARFINKEL, Chatty Cathy SANE, Champix Tony GEORGE, Dr. PETRONI(U)S the MESMERIST, C. Lamprin Eel, MSW, etc....

It was their CATCHMENT AREA...

As for GIVING NEW HOPE...

"HOPE is essential in creating a MOVEMENT. In the spring of 2013 there's every reason to be HOPEFUL." Catherine Zahn, CEO $CAMH, aka "Chatty Cathy"

"One should never HOPE for anything. HOPE is a thing invented by POLITICIANS to keep the electorate HAPPY." Pier Paolo Pasolini (1922-1975 - murdered)

It was the SCIENCE THAT SERVES PEOPLE. Roasted on a spit....

They were referring to genetics - me medicine. Johnny thought he "M'LADY" protested too much. If you reacted badly to their doping it wasn't because their JUNK really was BAD - it was because YOUR GENES WERE - DIRTY!

Farcical Farzan wanted to ZAP Johnny out of his depression, which she attributed to clogged pathways – rather like Thing Street at any hour of the day.

That made him laugh. A real ZAPPER!

A blinding flash and then....

Blackout!

A waste of hydro....

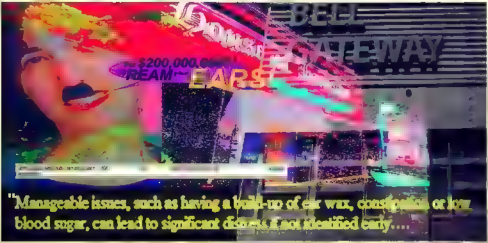
Hilarious....

It was the national artform. Dadlit Shit! A Rube Goldberge EPIPHANY Electrified

POEMFORTHEDAY!

It was....

ZONEOLITE!



"Manageable issues, such as having a build-up of ear wax, constipation or low blood sugar, can lead to significant distress if not identified early....

Lumpen Lunsky wanted to screen him for cancer.

It was almost as big a moneymaker as SCHIZOPHRENIA....

Bully!

Albert "Alapaloser" Wong was working with the Structural Genomics Gambling Consortium - to CURE SCHIZOPHRENIA by rolling the DNA dice.

Johnny knew better.

It was all about ZONCOLITE!

If he didn't CURE SCHIZOPHRENIA something else was bound to show up. Surprise, surprise!

He still got to keep the $500 donation....

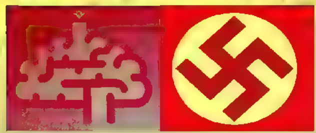
Archway Clinic Clinique Archway
www.camh.ca 416 535 8501
FRESH

ALBERT WONG
STEALING FIRE AT ARCHWAY CLINIC IN PARKDALE TORONTO

DECEIT DENIAL DECEIT SCAMH
IT'S A BRAIN DISEASE

SO went the CLOWNSHOW!

VOTE for ONE of THESE? For 2 hundred million dollars - or for 2 cents - he'd sooner abstain!



Sacred Symbols
# of the
CULT of BRAIN DISEASE

When You SEE -
SPIT!
Centre for Afflictionand and
Mental Hell of
Trixie Sane;
Third Reich of
Adolf Hitler

Wall to wall POSTER PEOPLE EXPLOITED TO FRONT FOR BADPHARMA BRAIN DISEASE QUACKERY..

No criticism, no JOURNALISM - from TOSTAR HOSTARS - a TOTAL WHITEWASH, A FUCKOVER of the PUBLIC on BEHALF OF $CAMH the PHARMACEUTICALS WERE CELEBRATING....

A GIFT to ELI LILLY...

Hoopla!

DON'T VOTEENGAGE! ABSTAIN!

*****

Client Perspectives at the Grindhouse* Casino?! The "Star Treatment"?! It was a Fascist Hellcare Fairy Photo Play. (*Not to be confused with the Parkdale Community Hell Centre PCHC Toronto - a wholly other if at times parallel - universe....)

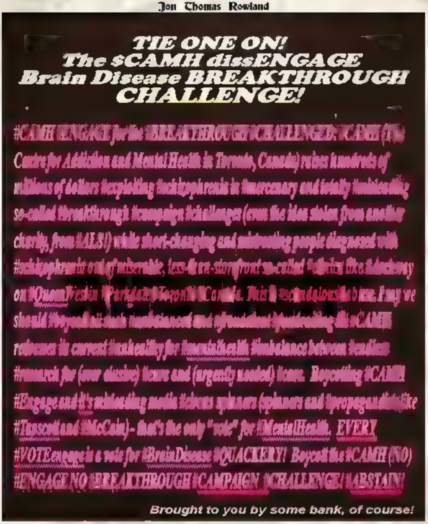
*****

Johnny went to the Grindhouse on THING STREET to get an Academy Award. He hadn't been to one in fifty years, and he'd quit his last bit-part over acute anxiety.

He kept fluffing his lines..

He needed a career tonic, cloacal and transformative. All the crazies cried for it. It was fermented in the Basement Studios of the Ministry of Stealth and Despair, and dispensed by a coterie of medical bureaucrats, charlatans with Pork U Diplomas and butch, military names like Medical Production Unit that sounded like they'd all been lost till now filming the Korean War or WWI, because they wore those crazy helmets, German ones with spikes on which they impaled every lunatic bit player's rejected bid for STARDOM.

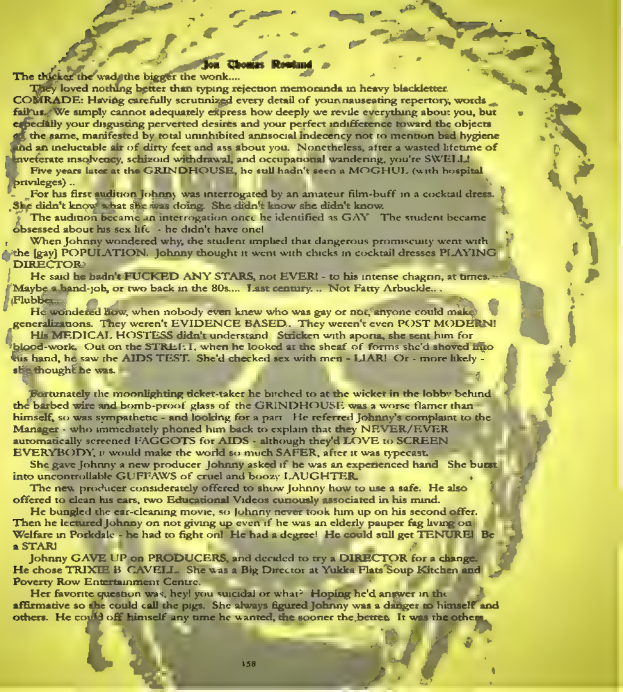
The senior wonks could all be readily identified by their thicker, meatier helmet wads.



TIE ONE ON! The $CAMH dissENGAGE Brain Disease BREAKTHROUGH CHALLENGE!

#CAMH #ENGAGE for the #BREAKTHROUGH #CHALLENGE: #CAMH (The Centre for Addiction and Mental Health in Toronto, Canada) raises hundreds of millions of dollars #exploiting #schizophrenia in #mercenary and totally #misleading so-called #breakthrough #campaign #challenges (even the idea stolen from another charity, from #ALS!) while short-changing and mistreating people diagnosed with #schizophrenia out of miserable, less-than-store-front so-called #clinics like [illegible] on #QueenWest in #Parkdale, #Toronto, #Canada. This is #scandalous to me. [illegible] we should [illegible] until #CAMH redresses its current #inequality for #mentalhealth #imbalance between #endless #research for (ever elusive) #cure and (urgently needed) #care. Boycotting #CAMH #Engage and it's misleading media [illegible] spinners (spinners and #propagandists like #Tapscott and #McCain) - that's the only "vote" for #MentalHealth. EVERY #VOTEengage is a vote for #BrainDisease #QUACKERY! Boycott the #CAMH (NO) #ENGAGE NO #BREAKTHROUGH #CAMPAIGN #CHALLENGE! #ABSTAIN!

Brought to you by some bank, of course!



The thicker the wad, the bigger the wonk....

They loved nothing better than typing rejection memoranda in heavy blackletter. COMRADE: Having carefully scrutinized every detail of your nauseating repertory, words fail us. We simply cannot adequately express how deeply we revile everything about you, but especially your disgusting perverted desires and your perfect indifference toward the objects of the same, manifested by total uninhibited antisocial indecency not to mention bad hygiene and an ineluctable air of dirty feet and ass about you. Nonetheless, after a wasted lifetime of inveterate insolvency, schizoid withdrawal, and occupational wandering, you're SWELL!

Five years later at the GRINDHOUSE, he still hadn't seen a MOGHUL (with hospital privileges) ..

For his first audition Johnny was interrogated by an amateur film-buff in a cocktail dress. She didn't know what she was doing. She didn't know she didn't know.

The audition became an interrogation once he identified as GAY. The student became obsessed about his sex life - he didn't have one!

When Johnny wondered why, the student implied that dangerous promiscuity went with the [gay] POPULATION. Johnny thought it went with chicks in cocktail dresses PLAYING DIRECTOR.

He said he hadn't FUCKED ANY STARS, not EVER! - to his intense chagrin, at times. Maybe a hand-job, or two back in the 80s.... Last century. .. Not Fatty Arbuckle.. . Flubber....

He wondered how, when nobody even knew who was gay or not, anyone could make generalizations. They weren't EVIDENCE BASED.. They weren't even POST MODERN!

His MEDICAL HOSTESS didn't understand. Stricken with aporia, she sent him for blood-work. Out on the STREET, when he looked at the sheaf of forms she'd shoved into his hand, he saw the AIDS TEST. She'd checked sex with men - LIAR! Or - more likely - she thought he was.

Fortunately the moonlighting ticket-taker he bitched to at the wicket in the lobby behind the barbed wire and bomb-proof glass of the GRINDHOUSE was a worse flamer than himself, so was sympathetic - and looking for a part. He referred Johnny's complaint to the Manager - who immediately phoned him back to explain that they NEVER/EVER automatically screened FAGGOTS for AIDS - although they'd LOVE to SCREEN EVERYBODY, it would make the world so much SAFER, after it was typecast.

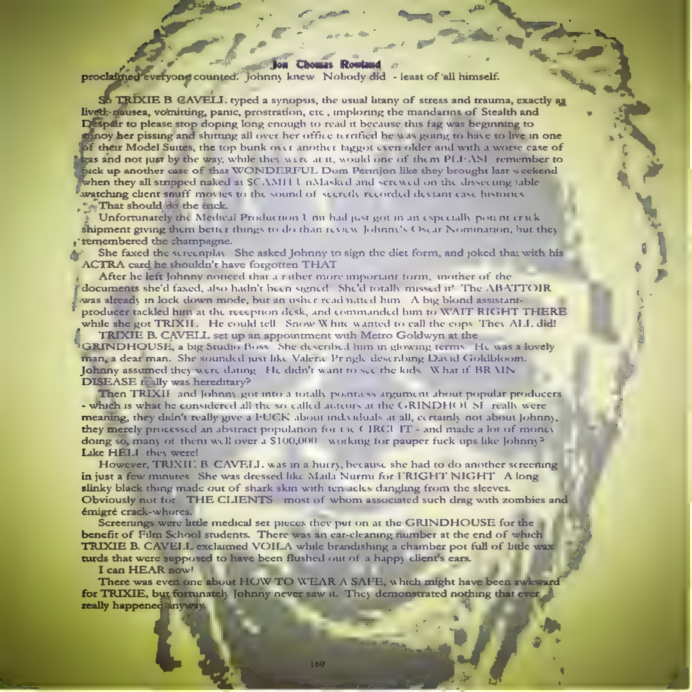
She gave Johnny a new producer. Johnny asked if he was an experienced hand. She burst into uncontrollable GUFFAWS of cruel and boozy LAUGHTER.

The new producer considerately offered to show Johnny how to use a safe. He also offered to clean his ears, two Educational Videos curiously associated in his mind.

He bungled the ear-cleaning movie, so Johnny never took him up on his second offer. Then he lectured Johnny on not giving up even if he was an elderly pauper fag living on Welfare in Porkdale - he had to fight on! He had a degree! He could still get TENURE! Be a STAR!

Johnny GAVE UP on PRODUCERS, and decided to try a DIRECTOR for a change. He chose TRIXIE B. CAVELL. She was a Big Director at Yukka Flats Soup Kitchen and Poverty Row Entertainment Centre.

Her favorite question was, hey! you suicidal or what? Hoping he'd answer in the affirmative so she could call the pigs. She always figured Johnny was a danger to himself and others. He could off himself any time he wanted, the sooner the better. It was the others



proclaimed everyone counted. Johnny knew. Nobody did - least of all himself.

So TRIXIE B. CAVELL typed a synopsis, the usual litany of stress and trauma, exactly as lived: nausea, vomiting, panic, prostration, etc., imploring the mandarins of Stealth and Despair to please stop doping long enough to read it because this fag was beginning to annoy her pissing and shitting all over her office terrified he was going to have to live in one of their Model Suites, the top bunk over another faggot even older and with a worse case of gas and not just by the way, while they were at it, would one of them PLEASE remember to pick up another case of that WONDERFUL Dom Perinjon like they brought last weekend when they all stripped naked at $CAMH UnMasked and screwed on the dissecting table watching client snuff movies to the sound of secretly recorded deviant case histories.

That should do the trick.

Unfortunately the Medical Production Unit had just got in an especially potent crack shipment giving them better things to do than review Johnny's Oscar Nomination, but they remembered the champagne.

She faxed the screenplay. She asked Johnny to sign the diet form, and joked that with his ACTRA card he shouldn't have forgotten THAT.

After he left Johnny noticed that a rather more important form, another of the documents she'd faxed, also hadn't been signed. She'd totally missed it! The ABATTOIR was already in lock down mode, but an usher readmitted him. A big blond assistant-producer tackled him at the reception desk, and commanded him to WAIT RIGHT THERE while she got TRIXIE. He could tell Snow White wanted to call the cops. They ALL did!

TRIXIE B. CAVELL set up an appointment with Metro Goldwyn at the GRINDHOUSE, a big Studio Boss. She described him in glowing terms. He was a lovely man, a dear man. She sounded just like Valerie Pringle describing David Goldbloom. Johnny assumed they were dating. He didn't want to see the kids. What if BRAIN DISEASE really was hereditary?

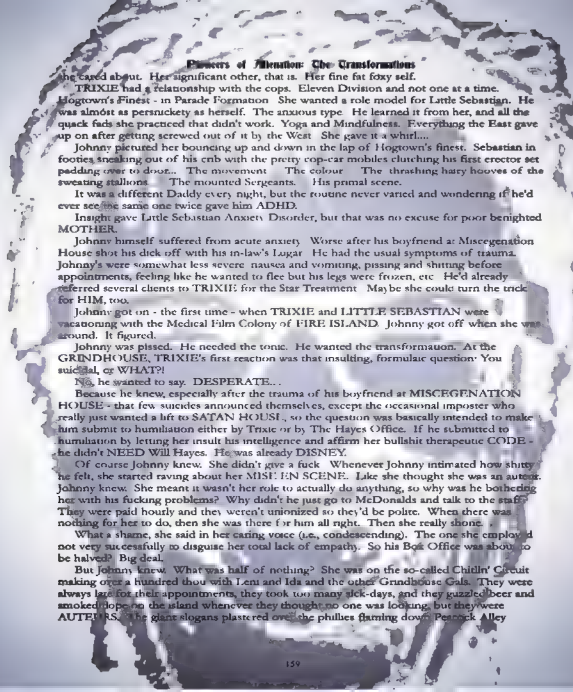
Then TRIXIE and Johnny got into a totally pointless argument about popular producers - which is what he considered all the so called auteurs at the GRINDHOUSE really were - meaning, they didn't really give a FUCK about individuals at all, certainly not about Johnny, they merely processed an abstract population for the CIRCUIT - and made a lot of money doing so, many of them well over a $100,000 - working for pauper fuck ups like Johnny? Like HELL they were!

However, TRIXIE B. CAVELL was in a hurry, because she had to do another screening in just a few minutes. She was dressed like Maila Nurmi for FRIGHT NIGHT. A long slinky black thing made out of shark skin with tentacles dangling from the sleeves. Obviously not for THE CLIENTS - most of whom associated such drag with zombies and émigré crack-whores.

Screenings were little medical set pieces they put on at the GRINDHOUSE for the benefit of Film School students. There was an ear-cleaning number at the end of which TRIXIE B. CAVELL exclaimed VOILA while brandishing a chamber pot full of little wax turds that were supposed to have been flushed out of a happy client's ears.

I can HEAR now!

There was even one about HOW TO WEAR A SAFE, which might have been awkward for TRIXIE, but fortunately Johnny never saw it. They demonstrated nothing that ever really happened anyway.



she cared about. Her significant other, that is. Her fine fat foxy self.

TRIXIE had a relationship with the cops. Eleven Division and not one at a time. Hogtown's Finest - in Parade Formation She wanted a role model for Little Sebastian. He was almost as persnickety as herself. The anxious type. He learned it from her, and all the quack fads she practiced that didn't work. Yoga and Mindfulness. Everything the East gave up on after getting screwed out of it by the West She gave it a whirl....

Johnny pictured her bouncing up and down in the lap of Hogtown's finest. Sebastian in footies sneaking out of his crib with the pretty cop-car mobiles clutching his first erector set padding over to door... The movement The colour The thrashing hairy hooves of the sweating stallions. The mounted Sergeants. His primal scene.

It was a different Daddy every night, but the routine never varied and wondering if he'd ever see the same one twice gave him ADHD.

Insight gave Little Sebastian Anxiety Disorder, but that was no excuse for poor benighted MOTHER.

Johnny himself suffered from acute anxiety Worse after his boyfriend at Miscegenation House shot his dick off with his in-law's Lugar He had the usual symptoms of trauma. Johnny's were somewhat less severe nausea and vomiting, pissing and shitting before appointments, feeling like he wanted to flee but his legs were frozen, etc He'd already referred several clients to TRIXIE for the Star Treatment Maybe she could turn the trick for HIM, too.

Johnny got on - the first time - when TRIXIE and LITTLE SEBASTIAN were vacationing with the Medical Film Colony of FIRE ISLAND. Johnny got off when she was around. It figured.

Johnny was pissed. He needed the tonic. He wanted the transformation. At the GRINDHOUSE, TRIXIE's first reaction was that insulting, formulaic question: You suicidal, or WHAT?!

No, he wanted to say. DESPERATE...

Because he knew, especially after the trauma of his boyfriend at MISCEGENATION HOUSE - that few suicides announced themselves, except the occasional imposter who really just wanted a lift to SATAN HOUSE, so the question was basically intended to make him submit to humiliation either by Trixie or by The Hayes Office. If he submitted to humiliation by letting her insult his intelligence and affirm her bullshit therapeutic CODE - he didn't NEED Will Hayes. He was already DISNEY.

Of course Johnny knew. She didn't give a fuck Whenever Johnny intimated how shitty he felt, she started raving about her MISE EN SCENE. Like she thought she was an auteur. Johnny knew. She meant it wasn't her role to actually do anything, so why was he bothering her with his fucking problems? Why didn't he just go to McDonalds and talk to the staff? They were paid hourly and they weren't unionized so they'd be polite. When there was nothing for her to do, then she was there for him all right. Then she really shone.

What a shame, she said in her caring voice (i.e., condescending). The one she employed not very successfully to disguise her total lack of empathy. So his Box Office was about to be halved? Big deal.

But Johnny knew. What was half of nothing? She was on the so-called Chitlin' Circuit making over a hundred thou with Leni and Ida and the other Grindhouse Gals. They were always late for their appointments, they took too many sick-days, and they guzzled beer and smoked dope on the island whenever they thought no one was looking, but they were AUTEURS. The giant slogans plastered over the phillies flaming down Peacock Alley

Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

Meanwhile Johnny was worrying that he'd be typecast with schizophrenia. Well, TRIXIE said, in her most unctuous auteur voice, at least you'll get your (goddamned) OSCAR!

She grabbed his arm and stabbed him with her prick. So your Box Office is about to be halved?! Big DEAL! Ha ha ha!

Johnny knew that if anybody'd threatened to dock her receipts by so much as 2% she'd have squealed like a stuck SOW. He noticed she was speaking through clenched teeth. It was a SIGN! That what she was saying was ABSOLUTELY TRUE! It also meant she was having difficulty with her role, because HE was SO STUPID. She would have been the Trixie Cavell of Yucca Flats by now, had it not been for his STUPIDITY making her want to muzzle thump him with her AK47. Why couldn't he see it? She was HERE for him, but THE SWAMI was THERE for him. THERAPY would HELP. He knew her SWAMI was useless and she was passing the FUCK. She ground her teeth like a rusty Volvo. It worked like MAGIC, on the crack-heads at Yucca Flats. Johnny was a Lada. In which case Christianity was a Mazda Dealership and ISIS a Toyota. .

Finally TRIXIE B. CAVELL set up an audition with Metro Goldwyn. She met Johnny again when he was waiting in the lobby. She was on her way to Yucca Flats, for the premier of STEALTH & DESPAIR. Break a leg, she said. Break BOTH legs. .

Metro Goldwyn was a well-dressed Jewish man, very cheerful, like an affable studio boss in the 30s the heyday of studio bosses. He was definitely a player. Johnny'd already looked him up in Billboard. He hung out with other Moguls, like Fred Lowly, the man who broke Olivieri for the PHARMAFASCISTS.

It took Metro Goldwyn 15 minutes to cast him as a schizophrenic paranoid sub type to be precise. Johnny was somewhat disappointed. He'd been hoping for something interesting and glamorous like one of the paraphillias - but, while Metro had noted the foot-fucking, shit eating and dirty panty sniffing, they weren't the main event. Stealth and Despair didn't recognize rapists when they were sisters. The Code didn't allow it. Naturally Johnny wondered when the director's cut would be ready, compared to which his doctorate was but a trifle, a b-movie trailer, but Metro assured him - he would have the shooting script (progress notes)

Johnny said it wasn't exactly film noir. Maybe French New Wave? They might have liked it in Pamona, but Stealth and Despair insisted on an NC-17 or it was a Lost Weekend, a waste of champagne ..

It was like just Trixie B Cavell - asking him was he OK with it? Right after admitting she'd spied on him with The SWAMI! He thought of Mussolini and Clara Petacci ...

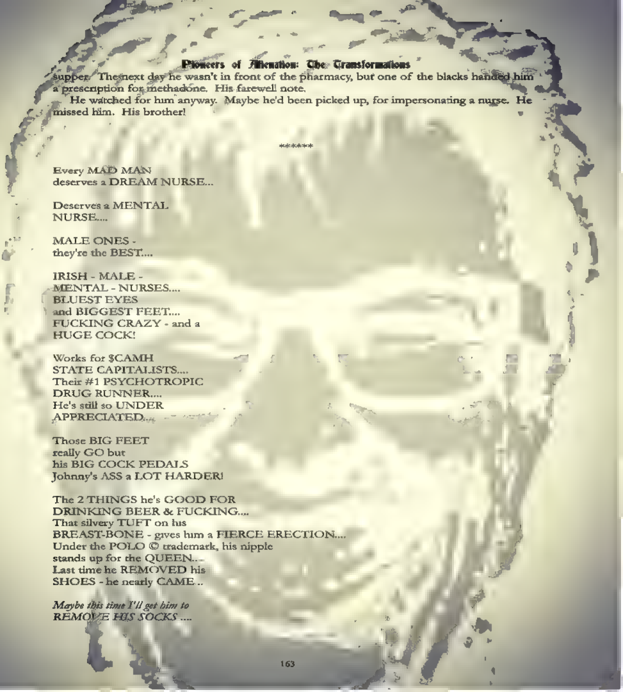
He was OK with it .. .

It was a WRAP!

*****

In Observations on Insanity, (See the Canada Medical Journal 1 (1864-65), 401-12) Workman scoffed that if masturbation were regarded per se, as an efficient cause, he dreaded to think how multitudinous would be the number of lunatics in America (406)

*****



supper. The next day he wasn't in front of the pharmacy, but one of the blacks handed him a prescription for methadone. His farewell note.

He watched for him anyway. Maybe he'd been picked up, for impersonating a nurse. He missed him. His brother!

******

Every MAD MAN
deserves a DREAM NURSE...

Deserves a MENTAL
NURSE....

MALE ONES -
they're the BEST....

IRISH - MALE -
MENTAL - NURSES....
BLUEST EYES
and BIGGEST FEET....
FUCKING CRAZY - and a
HUGE COCK!

Works for $CAMH
STATE CAPITALISTS....
Their #1 PSYCHOTROPIC
DRUG RUNNER....
He's still so UNDER
APPRECIATED....

Those BIG FEET
really GO but
his BIG COCK PEDALS
Johnny's ASS a LOT HARDER!

The 2 THINGS he's GOOD FOR
DRINKING BEER & FUCKING....
That silvery TUFT on his
BREAST-BONE - gives him a FIERCE ERECTION....
Under the POLO © trademark, his nipple
stands up for the QUEEN....
Last time he REMOVED his
SHOES - he nearly CAME...

Maybe this time I'll get him to
REMOVE HIS SOCKS ....

Johnny didn't HATE DOCTORS...

******

Deane was high-fiving clients outside the pharmacy. He'd learned it, from the blacks.

He looked like Leisure Suit Larry, running for Mayor. Of Thing Street....

His notion of casual dress was pure 40s. He wasn't young, but he looked young. That's what delusional living did for you. He thought young!

His shorts were made for F. Scott Fitzgerald, though some stains looked fresh. He wore his polo shirt open, exposing the gray hair sprouting on his breast-bone. Like a bush!

Johnny wanted to FUCK him. He was his type. Crazy, and sort of butch looking, like the old-fashioned keepers whose photos decoratd Thing Street's cinder block corridors.

So he humored him. He solicited him where he waited, outside the pharmacy. Want to diagnose me, right on Thing Street? Sort of a free sample.

He said he could diagnose anyone, but not without knowing them.

Well, Johnny said, let's go for a walk and get acquainted.

Maybe, he said, looking nervously over his shoulder, if my manager isn't watching.

He knew he didn't have one. He didn't even have a job. So they strolled to the McDonald's, at the end of the Thing Street.

Johnny thought he was going to interview him, but found himself asking all the questions. He said he was at once spendthrift and needy, so his wife kept him on an allowance. He confessed he was still wanted by the police, for stealing credit cards. He also had a touch of OCD. He liked to arrange the stolen credit cards in little piles on his desk, according to color and the size of the debt he'd run up. He asked him if he knew where he could get any good dope.

Johnny didn't believe that guff about marriage. He figured he was just saying that, because he was a fag. But he was astonished by how much everything else exactly fitted his description of the perfect man, the needy white male, with Affliction issues and a touch of OCD. No needy white male was without!

He said he had to continue, through the park. It was his turn to make supper. Johnny suspected it always was, or (more likely) there wasn't any supper, just a park bench and whatever he could scrounge.

He thought he should say something, so he told him. I'm a stupid fag, he said. He didn't say, for being attracted to guys like you.

He seemed to wince at the term, and held his hand against his forehead to see him better against the sun. He saw him perfectly then. All the wear and tear of years of standing outside that pharmacy, in all kinds of weather, rain or shine, seemed to slough away and he looked thirty. Even the hair on his breast bone changed color. It was black and bushy again. He really was his type. A fag, but not stupid.

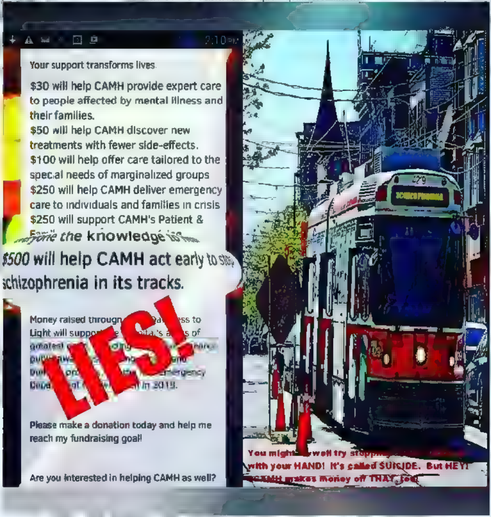
My brother is homosexual, he said.

By then they were on to each other. They knew. Just as he didn't have a wife, or supper, or even a home for that matter, he didn't have that kind of brother. Johnny had a supper to look forward to, and a home. He was needy and spendthrift, and obsessive. For him! He was the brother, or maybe they were. Brothers!

Nobody said anything. He went into the park to lie down, and Johnny went home. To

With the HOT WEATHER, he'll be
working on his SHIRT....
But there's so MUCH you can TELL
about a NURSE by his FEET....

Running MEDS
for ELI LILLY and YOU....
and the FUCKING
STATE CAPITALSTS ...
At their NONE OF IT"S
KIND Hospital.....
In NEW STIGMALAND
on THING STREET
Or the INSTITUTE named
after their PIONEERING NAZI
IDIOT -
C.K. SHARKE. .



Your support transforms lives.

$30 will help CAMH provide expert care to people affected by mental illness and their families.
$50 will help CAMH discover new treatments with fewer side-effects.
$100 will help offer care tailored to the special needs of marginalized groups
$250 will help CAMH deliver emergency care to individuals and families in crisis
$250 will support CAMH's Patient & Fam[illegible]

[illegible] the knowledge is [illegible]

$500 will help CAMH act early to stop schizophrenia in its tracks.

Money raised through [illegible] Da[illegible]ess to Light will suppo[illegible] [illegible]ta.'s a[illegible]s of greatest [illegible] [illegible] public aw[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Emergency Depa[illegible] in 2019.

Please make a donation today and help me reach my fundraising goal!

Are you interested in helping CAMH as well?

You might [illegible] well try stopp[illegible] with your HAND! It's called SUICIDE. But HEY! CAMH makes money off THAT, too!

*****

$CAMH RN's wellworn shoes. They needed some new RNs because this one was nearly wornout but $CAMH CEO Trixie Sane & Society Shrink Praetorius spent all the money on antique gadgets propaganda fanbacks and themselves.

Bad drugs.... Worse hardware....

Now after raising hundreds of millions they said they couldn't afford rent. So they weren't merely greedy they were incompetent! they were STUPID! But there was always time and money?! - for

Pan Am Games and Photo Ops and of course the

$CAMH and SICK KIDS were into it - for the money. Whether your kids were LGBT or straight, underweight, overweight, accident-prone, internet-prone, sad, depressed, suicidal, young or old - or just bad drivers - there might not be be any hope, but there was always plenty of DOPE....

$CAMH and SICK KIDS
Partners -
in CRIME!

BIG TONY
$CAMH Schizophrenia "SCIENTIST"
Hates SMOKING
Doesn't Mind *CHAMPIX (c)
(*"suicidality")

*****

Ranting by Butch CAMH employee AND Mad Pride Toronto ORGANISER - IMAGINE - another reason WHY it's $CAMH....

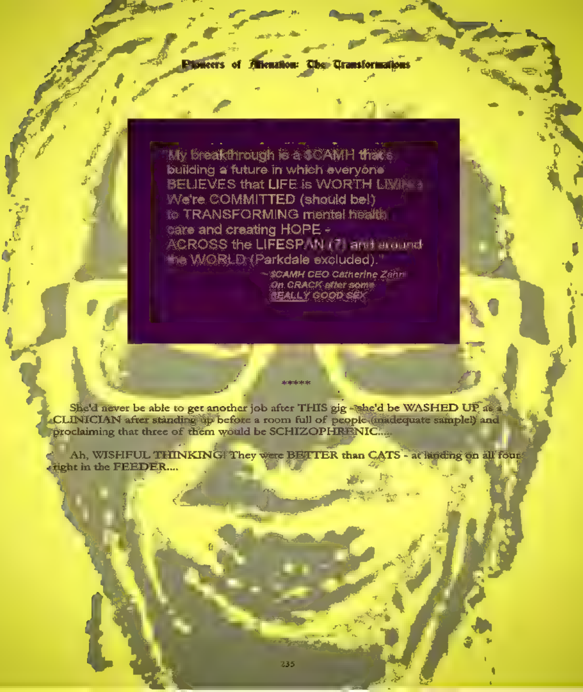
AND another reason why MAD PRIDE was merely a CASTRATED version of the SURVIVOR MOVEMENT...

Mad Pride WITHOUT ANTI PSYCHIATRY?

MACRAME!

The HIGH COST of Being A $CAMH TVO Mad "PRIDE" POSTER BOY -

BUTCH -
"Mad Pride" Poster Boy
Volunteering to "STORM the STREETS" -
He WORKED
for THEM!
(co-opted!)



"My breakthrough is a $CAMH that's
building a future in which everyone
BELIEVES that LIFE is WORTH LIVING.
We're COMMITTED (should be!)
to TRANSFORMING mental health
care and creating HOPE -
ACROSS the LIFESPAN (?) and around
the WORLD (Parkdale excluded)."

~$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
On CRACK after some
REALLY GOOD SEX

*****

She'd never be able to get another job after THIS gig - she'd be WASHED UP as a CLINICIAN after standing up before a room full of people (inadequate sample!) and proclaiming that three of them would be SCHIZOPHRENIC....

Ah, WISHFUL THINKING! They were BETTER than CATS - at landing on all fours right in the FEEDER....

speaking of the "Mentally Ill"

MAX the BUTCHER - "Mental Hell" Poster Boy - Didn't Like "CRAZY" Either....

All they had to do was work in one of their own group homes for a year. That experience would help them to cut at least some of their propaganda about transforming lives and new eras for "Mental Hell" (yes, the 4th Reich!).

$CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane looked GREAT with a PLUMBER'S SNAKE. SEXY - and she WORKED WONDERS with one, TOO. .

It should have been her caduceus, but it was Johnny's....

They should have tried to live for a few weeks on Thing Street, in Ground Zero's Welfare Hotel (if it hadn't been converted to condos yet), on Odious Pee. ..

Even THAT experience wouldn't have helped the hard core $CAMHeads - C. Lamprini Eel (Hagiographer ROYALE of the SHARKE INSTITUTE - in LOVE WITH The KILLUH!) tried to live on welfare for a few weeks in the 70s, to prove - who the FUCK knew WHAT, really - that welfare wasn't really so bad because he could be on WELFARE and STILL be the MARVELLOUS C. Lamprini Eel(?!)

They just didn't get the difference between their EXPERIMENTS and REALITY .

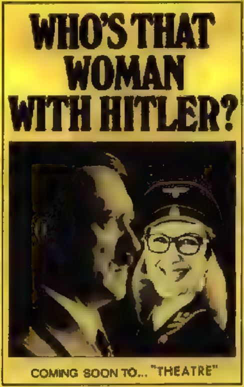
Johnny was an experiment that did NOT work out

C. Lamprini Eel was a FREAK in his own DIME MUSEUM....

Certainly
No TASTE -
But also
No DIGNITY or RESPECT
and THESE PEOPLE
Wanted To
"CURE" him....

Sick Kids was in "partnership" with $CAMH and WalMART (!) - and it really SHOWED - in their collusion with Big Pharma, their fondness for drugging children (in France there's virtually NO SUCH THING as ADHD - how come?), their tasteless moneygrubbing GREED, and their CALLOUS DISREGARD for the people they pretended to want to CURE. ..

For Johnny, especially....


WHO'S THAT WOMAN WITH HITLER?
COMING SOON TO... "THEATRE"

TEASER No.1 4 Days prior to opening.

Not surprising, considering what CAMH / $CAMH was really all about - but: disappointing re twitter, who had collaborated with the PHARMA FASCISTS over a trumped-up misdemeanor - who had - in effect - SOLD OUT....

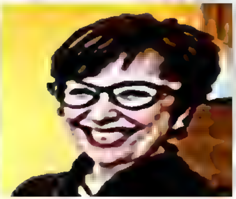
To collaborate with the FASCISTS, was to be one.

*****

One GOOD QUISLING DESERVES ANOTHER.... CAMH CEO Trixie Sane: "Part of the Neighborhood"? - So was AUSCHWITZ...

BELL
GATEWAY

NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL



Glasses by "HAKIM"

Neighbourhoods that gentrified were populated by avant-garde artists and the creativity that came with boldnes, said Trixie Sane.

O, really? THING STREET was populated by YUPPIES - and by $CAMHeads - like HERSELF - on fat salaries they got for lying to him, for BAD PHARMA friends on the benighted SUNSHINE list. ..

They called it that because it shed daylight on the transformers, the scammers....

What they really did for it remained somewhat SHADY. ..

Neighbourhoods gentrified the GENTLE JANE way became uninhabitable for bold artists because they couldn't afford to live in them. They were inhabited by posers running pretentious state-funded clip-joints on Thing Street, opposite the Drug Mart where Thing Street Asylum had been....

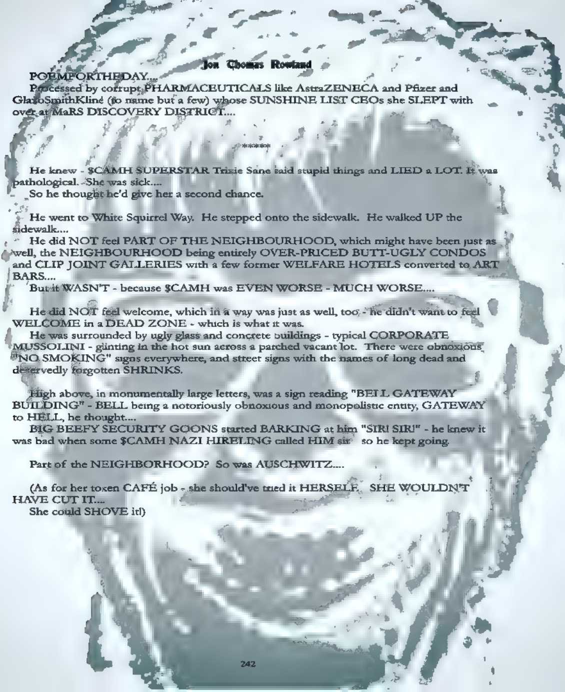
Trixie Sane needed a new PR firm. Had FASCIST DENTSU done this one, too? They loved to personify abstractions - like CREATIVITY - so they could COMMIT them to their NEW KIND of HOSPITAL - as if they had a monopoly on IDEALS..

It was their TOTALITARIAN MIND SET.. .

The vacant sun-baked parkette became a MAGIC MOUNTAIN where TRANS FORMATION lived with his siblings, CREATIVITY and BOLDNESS.. .

It was WHERE HUMAN TRAFFICKING LIVED - where she stigmatized everyone so she could drug them into SLAVERY with her BAD PHARMA poisons....

ZONCOLITE....



POEMFORTHEDAY....

Processed by corrupt PHARMACEUTICALS like AstraZENECA and Pfizer and GlaxoSmithKline (to name but a few) whose SUNSHINE LIST CEOs she SLEPT with over at MaRS DISCOVERY DISTRICT....

*****

He knew - $CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane said stupid things and LIED a LOT. It was pathological. She was sick....

So he thought he'd give her a second chance.

He went to White Squirrel Way. He stepped onto the sidewalk. He walked UP the sidewalk....

He did NOT feel PART OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, which might have been just as well, the NEIGHBOURHOOD being entirely OVER-PRICED BUTT-UGLY CONDOS and CLIP JOINT GALLERIES with a few former WELFARE HOTELS converted to ART BARS....

But it WASN'T - because $CAMH was EVEN WORSE - MUCH WORSE....

He did NOT feel welcome, which in a way was just as well, too - he didn't want to feel WELCOME in a DEAD ZONE - which is what it was.

He was surrounded by ugly glass and concrete buildings - typical CORPORATE MUSSOLINI - glinting in the hot sun across a parched vacant lot. There were obnoxious "NO SMOKING" signs everywhere, and street signs with the names of long dead and deservedly forgotten SHRINKS.

High above, in monumentally large letters, was a sign reading "BELL GATEWAY BUILDING" - BELL being a notoriously obnoxious and monopolistic entity, GATEWAY to HELL, he thought....

BIG BEEFY SECURITY GOONS started BARKING at him "SIR! SIR!" - he knew it was bad when some $CAMH NAZI HIRELING called HIM sir - so he kept going.

Part of the NEIGHBORHOOD? So was AUSCHWITZ....

(As for her token CAFÉ job - she should've tried it HERSELF. SHE WOULDN'T HAVE CUT IT....

She could SHOVE it!)

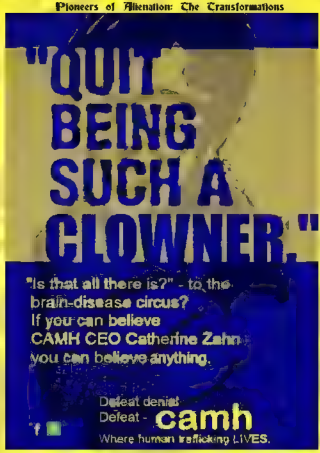
$132,000 - Sure BEATS Odious Pee Though....

That's SOME MELON BOSS!

Mad "PRIDE"?! - Doesn't like "CRAZY" - either.... Which is HARDLY SURPRISING....

Meanwhile, Geoffrey Reaume takes heart from young people like Jeremiah Bach and the Mad Students Society

"I wish they'd been there when I was going to school," he says. "It might have made things a lot easier.



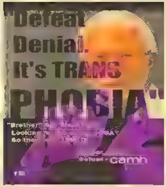
"QUIT BEING SUCH A CLOWNER."

"Is that all there is?" - to the brain-disease circus?
If you can believe
CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn
you can believe anything.

Defeat denial
Defeat - camh
Where human trafficking LIVES.

CAMH CEO Trixie Sane and the PHARMA FASCISTS (including their FASCIST PR FIRM DENTSU / DENTSUBOS - had already shut down the twitter account linking to his material.

DEFEAT DENIAL: It's "BROTHER" RAY BLANCHARD - of the CULT of BRAIN DISEASE



GAY? - TOO MANY "BROTHERS"....*

* More $CAMH BAD SCIENCE: They're always so COCK sure (pun intended) - which NO REAL SCIENTIST EVER IS: "Bearman and Bruckner (2008) argue that studies showing a fraternal birth order effect have used nonrepresentative samples and/or indirect reports on siblings' sexual orientation. Their analysis, focusing on opposite-sex twins, did not find an association "between same sex attraction and number of older siblings, older brothers, or older sisters" [18]"
- From "WIKI"

Abstract: By 2007, CAMH's Ken Zucker had been widely exposed as a trans-reparatist who claimed to be able to cure gender variant children, while CAMH's Ray Blanchard openly ridiculed transsexual women as being men without penises. The resulting outrage all across the transgender community became so intense that CAMH launched a study to consider the complaints. The study led to stinging indictments of CAMH's gender clinics and made well reasoned recommendations on how to alleviate the problems. In response, Zucker and Blanchard have, if anything, intensified their ongoing 'war on transgenders', and are now apparently engaging in a war within CAMH to sidestep the recommendations of the study.
Full article: The WAR WITHIN CAMH

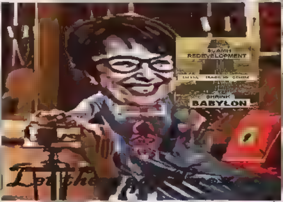
Twitter cracked down ostensibly because Johnny was running several accounts simultaneously.

Apparently those AUSTERE FUCKS at TWITTER had a "RULE" against this - although $CAMH did it ROUTINELY - maintaining numerous accounts under various CORPORATE FRONTS, and concealing the practise - as much as possible - by"PROTECTING" their retweets - making it difficult for outsiders to know that $CAMH was mainly just RETWEETING ITSELF...

Obscene wasn't it? The $CAMH COMMUNICATIONS equivalent of MASTURBATION....

Talking to THEMSELVES AGAIN....

*****



$CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane
FAKE BULLSHITTER of the CENTURY -

"The HERD"

Whenever the PHARMA FASCISTS wanted to look like they were DOING SOMETHING - like discovering the "CAUSE" of "SCHIZOPHRENIA" - their favourite PET PROJECT and HOBBY-HORSE - a REAL MONEY-MAKER like "CANCER CAN BE BEATEN" - and they'd ONLY been at it for 150 years - and most of those years - on the "CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH" - as their DEAR LEADER TRIXIE SANE was FOND of REPEATING AD NAUSEAM -

They had their TOADIES and HANGERS-ON retweet the BIG ANNOUNCEMENT -

PROPAGANDA MACHINE

"NEW ERA" for
"Mental Hell"
"NEW KIND of
(Sort of?) HOSPITAL" ? -

AUSCHWITZ PHARMAPALACE...

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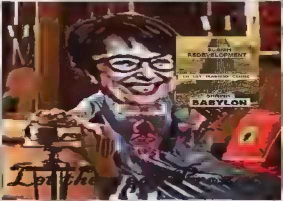

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Aliens from MaRS Discovery District

GUESS WHO?
CAMH CEO Trixie SANE -
Of course!

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre became $CAMH's answer to DR. GOEBBELS when she rose to become CEO of the CAMH FOUNDATION (their money-grubbing propaganda division) - after a gig pimping for ART in OTTAWA (which made her an "EXPERT" on "Mental Hell").

The MOUTHPIECE of a MOUTHPIECE (CAMH CEO Trixie Sane, IABC Bullshitter, MOUTHPIECE of BAD PHARMA HUMAN TRAFFICKING, etc.) - she's good at announcing A NEW ERA FOR Mental Hell, every time some RICH DOWAGER - or RICH IDIOT - M'LADY Margareat McCAIN - gave her a few MILLION.

NEW ERA FOR Mental Hell? That could only mean - THE FOURTH REICH!

*****

as if their ADORING PUBLIC were GRATEFULLY APPLAUDING their ANTICS - as if THE WHOLE WORLD really WAS WATCHING - when of course it really didn't GIVE a FUCK.

Especially NOT about a gang of LOUSY DRUG TRAFFICKERS like $CAMH. Which was ALL that was REALLY going on - $CAMH applauding $CAMH while trying to look like SOMETHING OTHER than a DRUG CARTEL.

Of course, this was deceptive - extremely so - part of their larger scam to EMOTIONALLY MANIPULATE and DEFRAUD them of BILLIONS   much more deceptive than a private citizen running several accounts in a DESPERATE EFFORT to be HEARD (as the IABC likes to say, but doesn't MEAN - for THEM it's TO BE "HERD") - to be HEARD at ALL - above the DIN of CEO Sane's CONSTANT IN(S)ANE CHEERLEADING.

Too BAD about $CAMH - worse, MUCH WORSE about TWITTER and TWITTER'S "Hazel Lytle" - for the OBVIOUS DOUBLE STANDARD.

To COLLABORATE with FASCISTS   was to be one   Shame on you TWITTER, for putting yourself RIGHT UP THERE - or rather DOWN THERE - with Pizza Baroness McCain and the BELL (HELL) Telephone Company and LaBATT and BEAMISH and the whole BAD PHARMA GANG - as just another $CAMH HUMAN TRAFFICKING CLIENT.

HEIL PHARMA!
HEIL $CAMH!

"NEW ERA" Weasel-Theatre
and her

Timbuktu?!

*****

CRAM it IN!

*****

CAMH CEO Trixie Sane - The IABC's answer to DR. GOEBBELS - "BE HERD" - FACE of PHARMAFASCISM - MOUTHPIECE for HUMANTRAFFICKING - presented her DENTSU SLIDESHOW....

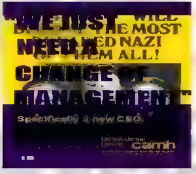
The way Johnny DIDN'T talk about "MENTAL HELLNESS" - but DENTSU FASCISTS DELUDED THEMSELVES HE DID - Then reiterated it on SOLD-OUT MEDIA - much of which ws virtually owned by $CAMH or $CAMH SPONSORS - by CITIZEN HEARSE in FACT...

LIES, LIES, LIES - from the FOLKS who SPUN the FUKUSHIMA DISASER - "Support JAPAN by EATING" RADIOACTIVE FOOD - Their POSTERBOY got RADIATION SICKNESS on LIVE (?) TV...

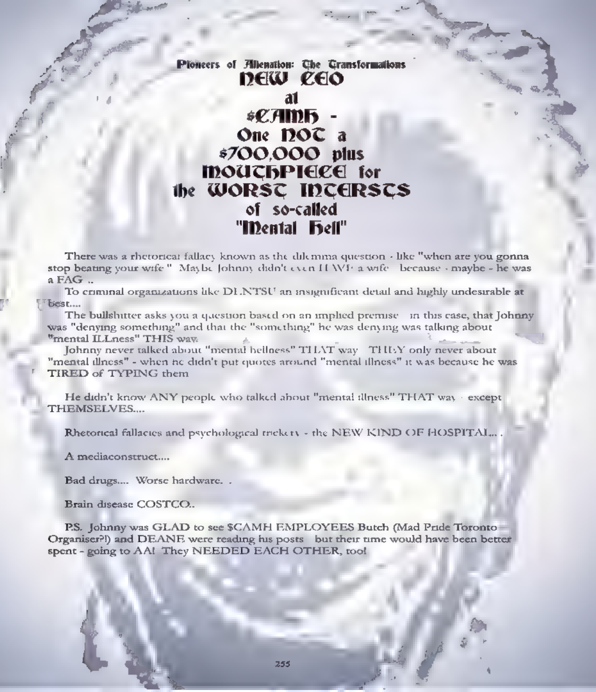
A NEW LOW for FASCISM? No....

The $CAMH "trinity" - CAMH CEO Trixie Sane, the $700,000 PHARMAFASCIST & BRAIN DISEASE MOUTHPIECE, former CEO "Uncle Paul" GARFINKEL (the stooge who fired David Healy for speaking up against ELI LILLY suicidality), and "Pretty Boy" Kwame McKenzie - who fronted for them with his good buddy Steve Paikin ("Bela Hireling") over at STATE TVO....

DEFEAT DENIAL?!


"WE JUST NEED A CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT"
HE MOST
ED NAZI
EM ALL!
Specifically a new C.E.O.
camh

We just need a



Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations

NEW CEO at $CAMH - One NOT a $700,000 plus MOUTHPIECE for the WORST INTERSTS of so-called "Mental Hell"

There was a rhetorical fallacy known as the dilemma question - like "when are you gonna stop beating your wife " Maybe Johnny didn't even HAVE a wife because - maybe - he was a FAG ..

To criminal organizations like DENTSU an insignificant detail and highly undesirable at best....

The bullshitter asks you a question based on an implied premise in this case, that Johnny was "denying something" and that the "something" he was denying was talking about "mental ILLness" THIS way.

Johnny never talked about "mental hellness" THAT way THEY only never about "mental illness" - when he didn't put quotes around "mental illness" it was because he was TIRED of TYPING them

He didn't know ANY people who talked about "mental illness" THAT way - except THEMSELVES....

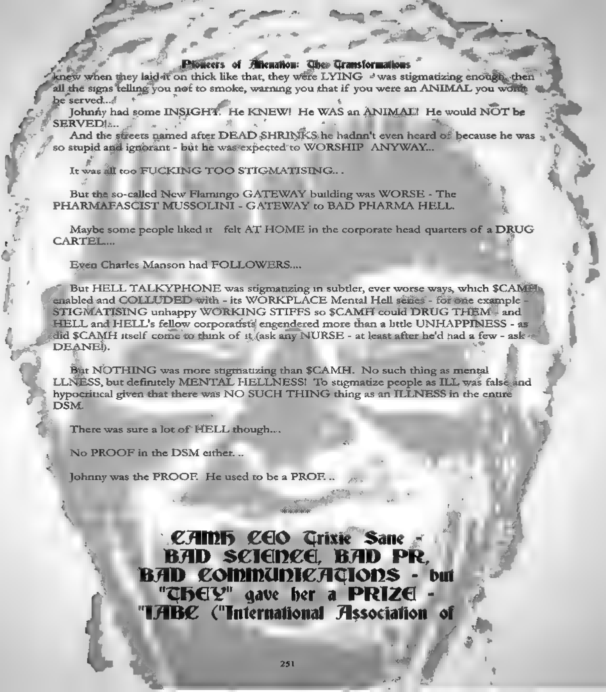
Rhetorical fallacies and psychological trickery - the NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL... .

A mediaconstruct....

Bad drugs.... Worse hardware. .

Brain disease COSTCO..

P.S. Johnny was GLAD to see $CAMH EMPLOYEES Butch (Mad Pride Toronto Organiser?!) and DEANE were reading his posts but their time would have been better spent - going to AA! They NEEDED EACH OTHER, too!



knew when they laid it on thick like that, they were LYING - was stigmatizing enough, then all the signs telling you not to smoke, warning you that if you were an ANIMAL you won't be served...

Johnny had some INSIGHT. He KNEW! He WAS an ANIMAL! He would NOT be SERVED!...

And the streets named after DEAD SHRINKS he hadnn't even heard of because he was so stupid and ignorant - but he was expected to WORSHIP ANYWAY...

It was all too FUCKING TOO STIGMATISING.. .

But the so-called New Flamingo GATEWAY building was WORSE - The PHARMAFASCIST MUSSOLINI - GATEWAY to BAD PHARMA HELL.

Maybe some people liked it felt AT HOME in the corporate head quarters of a DRUG CARTEL....

Even Charles Manson had FOLLOWERS....

But HELL TALKYPHONE was stigmatizing in subtler, ever worse ways, which $CAMH enabled and COLLUDED with - its WORKPLACE Mental Hell series - for one example - STIGMATISING unhappy WORKING STIFFS so $CAMH could DRUG THEM - and HELL and HELL's fellow corporatists engendered more than a little UNHAPPINESS - as did $CAMH itself come to think of it (ask any NURSE - at least after he'd had a few - ask DEANE!).

But NOTHING was more stigmatizing than $CAMH. No such thing as mental LLNESS, but definitely MENTAL HELLNESS! To stigmatize people as ILL was false and hypocritical given that there was NO SUCH THING thing as an ILLNESS in the entire DSM.

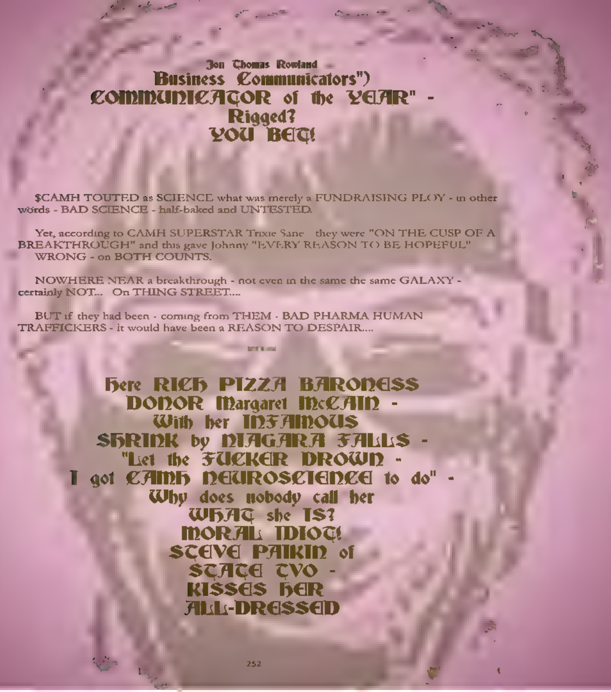
There was sure a lot of HELL though....

No PROOF in the DSM either. ..

Johnny was the PROOF. He used to be a PROF. ..

* * *

CAMH CEO Trixie Sane - BAD SCIENCE, BAD PR, BAD COMMUNICATIONS - but "THEY" gave her a PRIZE - "IABC ("International Association of



Business Communicators")
COMMUNICATOR of the YEAR" -
Rigged?
YOU BET!

$CAMH TOUTED as SCIENCE what was merely a FUNDRAISING PLOY - in other words - BAD SCIENCE - half-baked and UNTESTED.

Yet, according to CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane they were "ON THE CUSP OF A BREAKTHROUGH" and this gave Johnny "EVERY REASON TO BE HOPEFUL"
WRONG - on BOTH COUNTS.

NOWHERE NEAR a breakthrough - not even in the same the same GALAXY - certainly NOT... On THING STREET....

BUT if they had been - coming from THEM - BAD PHARMA HUMAN TRAFFICKERS - it would have been a REASON TO DESPAIR....

[illegible]

Here RICH PIZZA BARONESS
DONOR Margaret McCAIN -
With her INFAMOUS
SHRINK by NIAGARA FALLS -
"Let the FUCKER DROWN -
I got CAMH NEUROSCIENCE to do" -
Why does nobody call her
WHAT she IS?
MORAL IDIOT!
STEVE PAIKIN of
STATE TVO -
KISSES HER
ALL-DRESSED

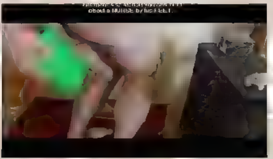
ASS....

*****

LIES LIES LIESS!
Drop a HOUSE on her....

*****

STUFF it IN!



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CAMH CEO Trixie Sane disgraced herself, $CAMH, clients, and all the PEOPLE she had to GO!

$CAMH didn't value TRUTH or respect it or HEALTH - just MONEY!

$CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane made $700,000 plus a year fronting for the PHARMAFASCISTS saying Johnny was a HUMAN BEING (!) because he liked CITRUS SHAMPOO...

Well, Johnny said - he was a DOG - because he liked BONES BETTER....

Bow WOW!

He was HARD.. .

*****

Dentsu was HATED in JAPAN and wherever people valued truth.

Jon Thomas Rowland

[illegible] YSMOGRAP [illegible]

[illegible] thing of a myster [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to be particularly sen [illegible]

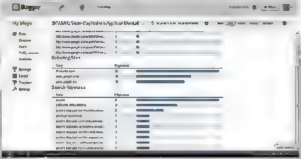
[illegible] sual levels [illegible]

[illegible] studies using [illegible]

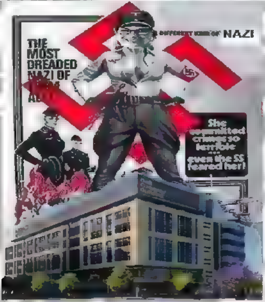
[illegible]

Johnn

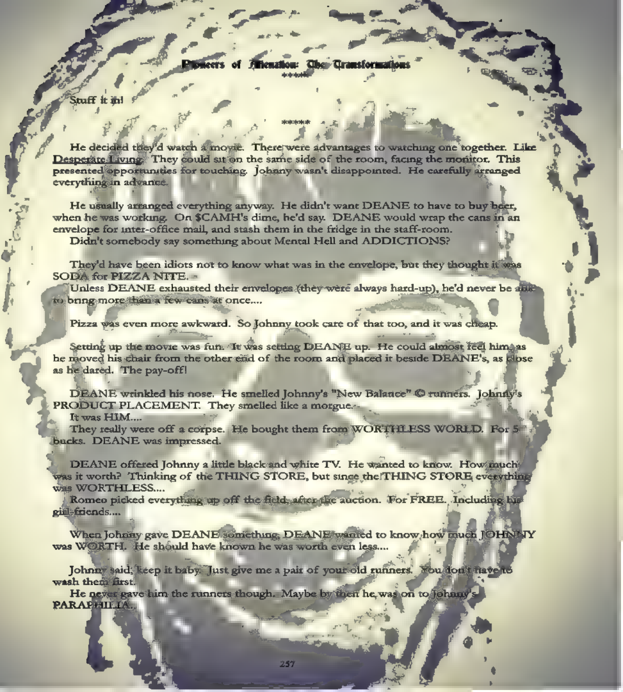
LE TAL


Blogger
My blogs
Referring Sites
Search Keywords

Heil $CAMH!


A DIFFERENT KIND OF NAZI
THE MOST DREADED NAZI OF
She committed crimes so terrible ... even the SS feared her!

*****



Stuff it in!

*****

He decided they'd watch a movie. There were advantages to watching one together. Like Desperate Living. They could sit on the same side of the room, facing the monitor. This presented opportunities for touching. Johnny wasn't disappointed. He carefully arranged everything in advance.

He usually arranged everything anyway. He didn't want DEANE to have to buy beer, when he was working. On $CAMH's dime, he'd say. DEANE would wrap the cans in an envelope for inter-office mail, and stash them in the fridge in the staff-room.

Didn't somebody say something about Mental Hell and ADDICTIONS?

They'd have been idiots not to know what was in the envelope, but they thought it was SODA for PIZZA NITE.

Unless DEANE exhausted their envelopes (they were always hard-up), he'd never be able to bring more than a few cans at once....

Pizza was even more awkward. So Johnny took care of that too, and it was cheap.

Setting up the movie was fun. It was setting DEANE up. He could almost feel him, as he moved his chair from the other end of the room and placed it beside DEANE's, as close as he dared. The pay-off!

DEANE wrinkled his nose. He smelled Johnny's "New Balance" © runners. Johnny's PRODUCT PLACEMENT. They smelled like a morgue.

It was HIM....

They really were off a corpse. He bought them from WORTHLESS WORLD. For 5 bucks. DEANE was impressed.

DEANE offered Johnny a little black and white TV. He wanted to know. How much was it worth? Thinking of the THING STORE, but since the THING STORE everything was WORTHLESS....

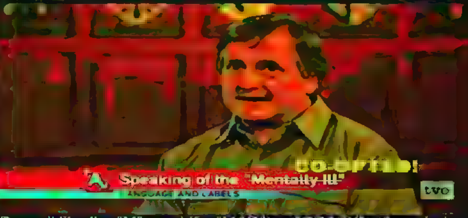
Romeo picked everything up off the field, after the auction. For FREE. Including his girl-friends....

When Johnny gave DEANE something, DEANE wanted to know how much JOHNNY was WORTH. He should have known he was worth even less....

Johnny said, keep it baby. Just give me a pair of your old runners. You don't have to wash them first.

He never gave him the runners though. Maybe by then he was on to Johnny's PARAPHILIA..

Geoffrey Reaume, Quisling



*Doesn't like the "M" word (for "MAD") or "CRAZY" either - but he teaches "MAD" history at Pork University, Clownsview.

*****

A native woman makes it, and $CAMH takes the credit. AA could have done it - FREE!

A teenager makes it so FAR they SAY and $CAMH takes the credit. Not ONE WORD of HEALTHY SKEPTICISM - and NOT ONE WORD of criticism re the 12-bed unit (count'em - 12 beds) and the inevitable SELECTION PROCESS (for POSTER PEOPLE) - and the doubtful "necessity" of an INTERGENERATIONAL WELLNESS CENTRE ($CAMHGLISH for GYMN) in the FIRST PLACE.

The whole point of the article was $CAMH "TRANSFORMED" some "WORTHLESS PIECE OF FLESH" into a "REGULAR PERSON" - a POSTER BOY!

$CAMH took some victim with LOW SELF-ESTEEM and EXPLOITED HIM MORE THAN EVER.

It was C.K. SHARKE all over again!

The 1920s!

Then their was a glowing panegryric to Sean the Kidd for operating a GROW-OP on top of the Gateway Building. ..

He was a SOCIAL ENTREPRENEUR....

They all were....

They had jobs....
Fronting for Brain Disease....
Internet Addiction, Obesity, Asperger's Syndrome, Bad Driving ...

$672,747.40

government's latest "Mental Hell" bulla, but discovered the so-called DIALOGUE was so censored it was the same OLD MONOLOGUE.

It was "MODERATED" (CENSORED!) by the Swami, who took sides against him when he said he was tired of people talking about REMOVING STIGMA while only REINFORCING STIGMA (the whole TRANSFORMING LIVE ONES, indeed Mental Hell / MENTAL ILLNESS schtick).

The Swami informed him he was being ALLOWED to dialogue (he thought it was a right), and warned him that, while HE and BELA "welcomed" (he!) his "point of view" they did NOT welcome his use of CAPITALS (it was partly because he couldn't ITALICIZE - and for EMPHASIS NOT ALLOWED in CANADA or at least on STATE TVO).

Well, when Johnny informed BELA's MAN that his use of capitals WAS his point of view, he was immediately CUT OFF.

So much for $CAMH. State Capitalists Against Mental Health DEPRESSION TV with BELA and the Swami.

The main "discourse" was equally impossible, with Praetorius (he thought it was) fronting for $CAMH, talking about the problems of "Mental Hell" and "CURE" - Johnny suggested that the problem would go away if terms like "Mental Hell" would GO AWAY - to be replaced by a richer, truer CONCEPT....

MADNESS.

That thought was seconded by someone who reflected that the problem was MONEY - $CAMH just couldn't be $CAMH talking to rich DOWAGERS talking about MADNESS as a permanent part of the HUMAN CONDITION.

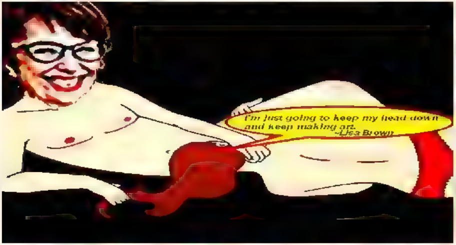
Not what HELL TELEPHONY wanted to hear about their disgruntled employees. They wanted to hear they were DEPRESSED - DEPRESSED because they were SICK....

This brought him back to the next STATE CAPITALISTS CLOWN SHOW, with BELA HIRELING and his TV PERSONALITY....

****

It Seemed TOO CROOKED to be TRUE - Which was UNDERESTIMATING $CAMH - State Capitalists Against Mental Health

Carlotta must have got tired pitching MODEL SUITES....
She appeared with Bela on shows sponsored by HELL TELEPHONY.
She was supposed to be researching TELEPHONY and MENTAL HELL....
Looked like she was in CONFLICT.....
Like HELL TELEPHONY was getting an easy ride.....
HELL was paying her.... To talk about WORKPLACE DEPRESSION....


I'm just going to keep my head down and keep making art.
~Lisa Brown

$109,488.44

If only he'd known....

*****

Sean the Kidd, Researcher "Social Entrepreneurship" - Very Entrepreneurial.... $109,577.72

A GROW-OP?!

*****

Johnny'd barely finished typing when the telephone rang. BUTCH! He was escalating. The shrink told him he wasn't MAD, he was going to kick him off ODIOUS PEE, he was going to enroll him in the NO SMOKING programme, BUTCH was just an ADDICT, BUTCH should join AA but it wouldn't help, etc., etc....

His life was ruined.

He'd nevee get the OSCAR!

He brandished old clippings from Hearse Papers. He had a file. Episodes spanning several decades. He made the supper hour news. International incidents. Terrorism!

Johnny had no choice. He dialed the PLACEBO NUMBER. DEANE picked up!!!

I-I-I'm s-s-so over-w-whelmed, he said. But he pulled himself together sufficiently to say, NOTHING HAD CHANGED!

He suggested Butch TAKE A SHOWER....

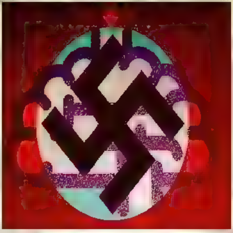
*****

> "Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like – what are you talking about?' These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do. They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

Yes! She really said that....

Johnny still couldn't BELIEVE the fatuity of SANE's remarks on CITRUS SHAMPOO - of all things. So for $672,000 plus $74,000 in benefits, she got to tell him (1) that he was a HUMAN BEING (thanks for that, Chatty) and (2) that he (therefore - or was it vice versa?) liked CITRUS SHAMPOO.

Of all the crap to say to mad people living on a pension. He'd never even HEARD of CITRUS SHAMPOO.



SACRED SYMBOL
THE NEW $CAMH
SALO
BAD PHARMA, JUNK FOOD, BRAIN DISEASE
FASCIST Mental Hell REPUBLIC
An EVIL DRUG-DEALING CORPORATE CULT

CULT LANGUAGE. DEFEAT DENIAL meant everyone really thought, talked, and acted the way $CAMH said they did.

Everyone said stupid things about Mental Hell, except $CAMH. Which was itself a very stupid statement, but there were more

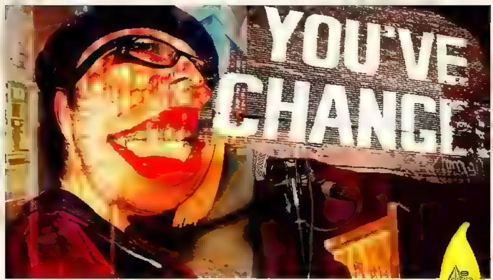
It was a NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL, but they didn't say which. It was a Fascist Dispensary in a a NEW MENTAL HELL SALO REPUBLIC on THING STREET...

They changed the names of things, as if they thought that changed the things themselves. ..

They called the dispensary DOWNTOWN WEST and the clients who went there INTENSIVES....

$TALAG WEST. ..

They transformed LIVE ONES with the discredited policies of the NAZIS and their own C.K. SHARKE....



"Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like — what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn: Bullshit, Bromides & Brain Disease

MENTAL HYGIENE, EUGENICS, SOCIAL ENGINEERING....

Funded by RICH DOWAGERS....

Swamis and RACE TRACK TOUTS....

Trixie and Praetorius trolled for them....

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Threatre lured them into Thing Street Bars for CONVERSION THERAPY .

It was a CULT of BRAIN DISEASE....

A LEADERSHIP CULT...

Trixie and Praetorius were its VIRTUAL SAINTS...

MEDIA CONSTRUCTS....

MOUTHPIECES. ..

For a cool million each they reminded the public. They were HUMAN.... They liked CITRUS SHAMPOO. ..

Their so-called "SCIENTISTS" were CONSCRIPT MAOIST CARICATURES in a ONE-PARTY BRAIN DISEASE REICH....

It was ALL IN THE ASS....!

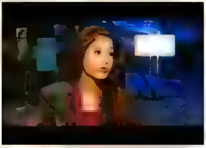
It was NON-EVIDENCE BASED MENTAL HELL... .

A BUBBLE as BIG as the WORLD....

A SOAP BUBBLE. .

CITRUS SHAMPOO....

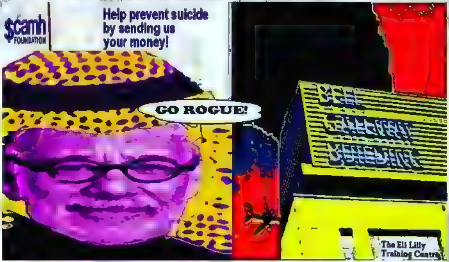
*****



He felt like those satirists of the 3rd Reich who realized they just couldn't make the FASCISTS more ridiculous than they already were. No matter what they did to mock their absurdity, NOBODY got the JOKE.

It was as if they'd been DRUGGED - aha!

He attempted to dialogue with Bela and the Swami at TVO during the discussion of the


$camh FOUNDATION
Help prevent suicide by sending us your money!
GO ROGUE!
The Eli Lilly Training Centre

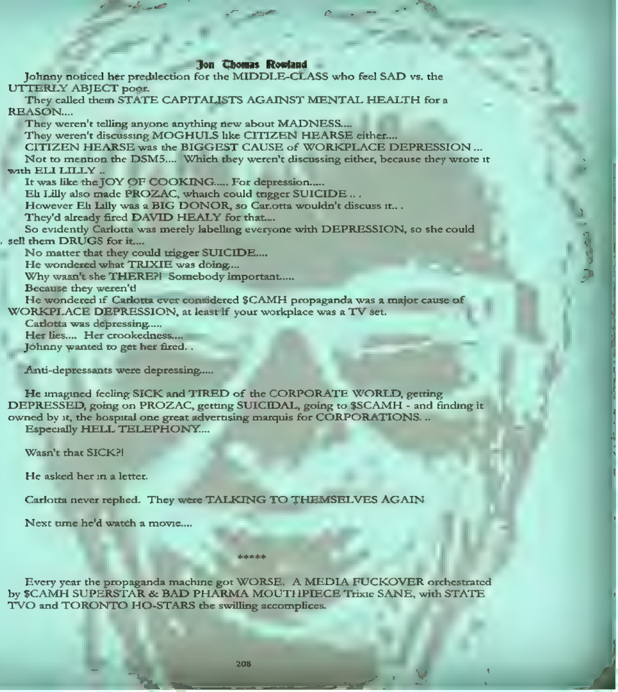
$CAMH   you're STILL the WORST WHORE that ever came to PARKDALE. Which makes a lot of very CRUMMY PIMPS.

Hey, BELA!

What's it LIKE - to work for BELL $CAMH (State Capitalists AGAINST Mental Heath)?

Or for McCAIN? Or for LABATT? Or for BEAMISH? Or for PFIZER? Or for ELI LILLY? Or for ASTRAZENECA? Or for....

Do you find it   DEPRESSING? STRESSFUL? Maybe KATY can get you some PROZAC (c) - ELI LILLY. Bet she can get you a FIX - right after the SHOW! Don't listen to what that nasty DAVID HEALY has to say - (you can see his SCOTCH TAN even from here - you can READ by it). That could be DEPRESSING....



Johnny noticed her predilection for the MIDDLE-CLASS who feel SAD vs. the UTTERLY ABJECT poor.

They called them STATE CAPITALISTS AGAINST MENTAL HEALTH for a REASON....

They weren't telling anyone anything new about MADNESS....

They weren't discussing MOGHULS like CITIZEN HEARSE either....

CITIZEN HEARSE was the BIGGEST CAUSE of WORKPLACE DEPRESSION ...

Not to mention the DSM5.... Which they weren't discussing either, because they wrote it with ELI LILLY ..

It was like the JOY OF COOKING..... For depression.....

Eli Lilly also made PROZAC, which could trigger SUICIDE . . .

However Eli Lilly was a BIG DONOR, so Carlotta wouldn't discuss it.. .

They'd already fired DAVID HEALY for that....

So evidently Carlotta was merely labelling everyone with DEPRESSION, so she could sell them DRUGS for it....

No matter that they could trigger SUICIDE....

He wondered what TRIXIE was doing....

Why wasn't she THERE?! Somebody important.....

Because they weren't!

He wondered if Carlotta ever considered $CAMH propaganda was a major cause of WORKPLACE DEPRESSION, at least if your workplace was a TV set.

Carlotta was depressing.....

Her lies.... Her crookedness....

Johnny wanted to get her fired. .

Anti-depressants were depressing.....

He imagined feeling SICK and TIRED of the CORPORATE WORLD, getting DEPRESSED, going on PROZAC, getting SUICIDAL, going to $SCAMH - and finding it owned by it, the hospital one great advertising marquis for CORPORATIONS. ..

Especially HELL TELEPHONY....

Wasn't that SICK?!

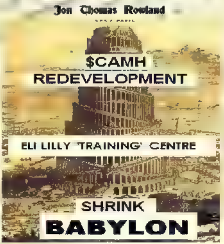
He asked her in a letter.

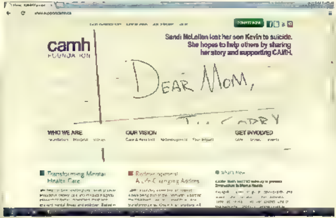
Carlotta never replied. They were TALKING TO THEMSELVES AGAIN.

Next time he'd watch a movie....

*****

Every year the propaganda machine got WORSE. A MEDIA FUCKOVER orchestrated by $CAMH SUPERSTAR & BAD PHARMA MOUTHPIECE Trixie SANE, with STATE TVO and TORONTO HO-STARS the swilling accomplices.

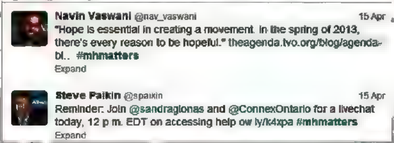

Jon Thomas Rowland
$CAMH
REDEVELOPMENT
ELI LILLY 'TRAINING' CENTRE
SHRINK
BABYLON


camh
FOUNDATION
WHO WE ARE
OUR VISION
GET INVOLVED
Transforming Mental Health Care
Redevelopment: A Life-Changing Address
What's New

Sandi McLellan lost her son Kevin to suicide. She hopes to help others by sharing her story and supporting CAMH.

DEAR MOM,

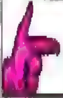
That could be SUICIDAL!



Navin Vaswani @nav_vaswani 15 Apr
"Hope is essential in creating a movement. In the spring of 2013, there's every reason to be hopeful." theagenda.tvo.org/blog/agenda-bl... #mhmatters
Expand

Steve Paikin @spaikin 15 Apr
Reminder: Join @sandragionas and @ConnexOntario for a livechat today, 12 p.m. EDT on accessing help ow.ly/k4xpa #mhmatters
Expand

Two of $CAMH's LEADING TV Ontario DOPE(R)S Parroting the SAYINGS of DEAR LEADER SANE - Goodbye Objectivity!



Hope is essential in creating a movement. In the spring of 2013, there's every reason to be hopeful.

They had so many SHOWS about ANXIETY and DEPRESSION even Johnny got SAD.

*****

Building the the NEW Bad Pharma SALO on QUEEN WEST

CAMH CEO Trixie Sane's "NEW KIND of (Sort of?) HOSPITAL" - PHARMA PALACE at QUEEN & OSSINGTON, TORONTO "Where HUMAN TRAFFICKING LIVES!"

100 Freedom Street

Only NAZIS would name a street through the grounds of a mental hospital FREEDOM STREET - given the strange kind of "freedom" practised by the Centre for Affliction - ADDICTED to bad pharma doping, ECT, emotional manipulation, community treatment orders, propaganda, lying, human trafficking, exploitation even of DEAD CLIENTS, forcible confinement in other words, COERCION OF ALL KINDS...

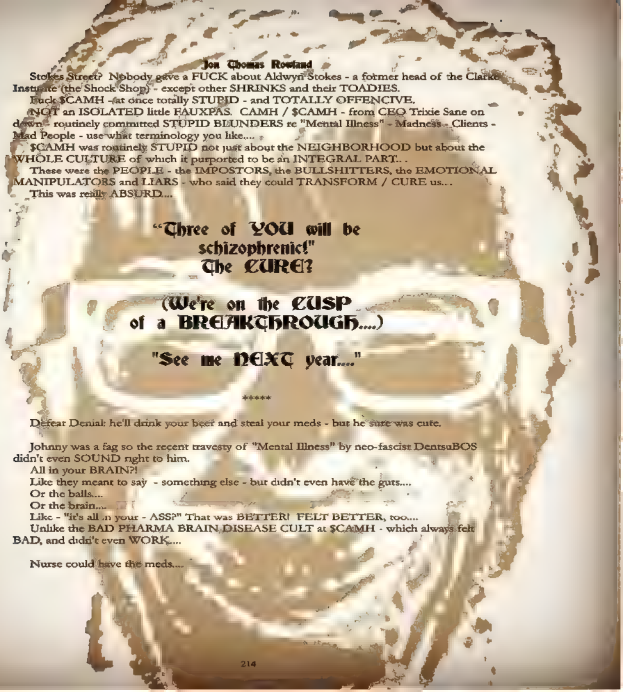
Shortly after he bitched about this in a video, the "Deflowerment Council" got the Waltzing Swaztikas off their collective fat ass and the name was changed. But begged the question - HOW COULD THEY BE SO STUPID?

The street names on the grounds of the old Asylum were STILL an OUTRAGE, not just to mad people - to all people.

White Squirrel WAY? How about WHITE WASH WAY?

With STUPID PARENTS Like THESE - Wouldn't YOU be WORRIED and DEPRESSED? Then came THE CRACKDOWN:

BELA's SIDEKICK the Swami even accused JOHNNY of being a HIJACKER! Imagine!



Stokes Street? Nobody gave a FUCK about Aldwyn Stokes - a former head of the Clarke Institute (the Shock Shop) - except other SHRINKS and their TOADIES.

Fuck $CAMH - at once totally STUPID - and TOTALLY OFFENCIVE.

NOT an ISOLATED little FAUXPAS. CAMH / $CAMH - from CEO Trixie Sane on down - routinely committed STUPID BLUNDERS re "Mental Illness" - Madness - Clients - Mad People - use what terminology you like....

$CAMH was routinely STUPID not just about the NEIGHBORHOOD but about the WHOLE CULTURE of which it purported to be an INTEGRAL PART.. .

These were the PEOPLE - the IMPOSTORS, the BULLSHITTERS, the EMOTIONAL MANIPULATORS and LIARS - who said they could TRANSFORM / CURE us....

This was really ABSURD....

“Three of YOU will be schizophrenic!”
The CURE?

(We're on the CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH....)

"See me NEXT year...."

*****

Defeat Denial: he'll drink your beer and steal your meds - but he sure was cute.

Johnny was a fag so the recent travesty of "Mental Illness" by neo-fascist DentsuBOS didn't even SOUND right to him.

All in your BRAIN?!

Like they meant to say - something else - but didn't even have the guts....

Or the balls....

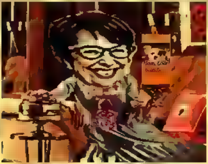
Or the brain....

Like - "it's all in your - ASS?" That was BETTER! FELT BETTER, too....

Unlike the BAD PHARMA BRAIN DISEASE CULT at $CAMH - which always felt BAD, and didn't even WORK....

Nurse could have the meds....

$CAMH and IABE
COMMUNICATOR
TRIXIE SANE
Motto: "Be HERD"
Did NOT APPROVE:
Didn't Approve of
JOHNNY, either -
Because Johnny
Failed to Confirm
his dubious
Humanity
by appreciating
LIFE'S FINER THINGS
Like
CITRUS SHAMPOO....



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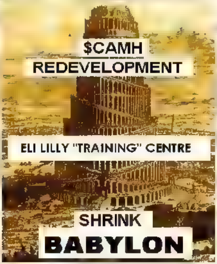
Parkdale Toronto - the LAND of GROUP HOMES.... MODEL SUITES?! The one Johnny knew STANK - of urine, bleach, and dirty socks. There were two or three such RESORTS in the picture above....

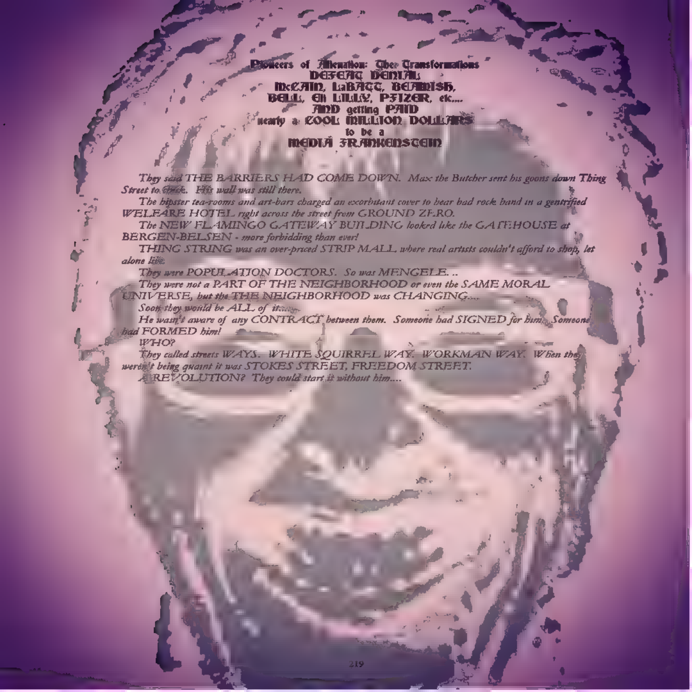
He'd been using the #badpharma hashtag for a while - to refer to all the questionable pharmaceuticals that $CAMH ("Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell") was in conflict with.



He finally watched one of GOLDACRE's TED TALKS. He was ridiculous - like a stand-up comedian doing a white-coater - that's what you had to be to get anyone's attention.

What a point though - so close to HOME....

In EMILE DURKHEIM (all $CAMH clients, all with schizophrenia) THEY - the



Pioneers of Alienation: The Transformations
DEFEAT DENIAL
McCAIN, LaBATT, BEAMISH,
BELL, Eli LILLY, PFIZER, etc....
AND getting PAID
nearly a COOL MILLION DOLLARS
to be a
MEDIA FRANKENSTEIN

They said THE BARRIERS HAD COME DOWN. Max the Butcher sent his goons down Thing Street to check. His wall was still there.

The hipster tea-rooms and art-bars charged an exorbitant cover to hear bad rock band in a gentrified WELFARE HOTEL right across the street from GROUND ZERO.

The NEW FLAMINGO GATEWAY BUILDING looked like the GATEHOUSE at BERGEN-BELSEN - more forbidding than ever!

THING STRING was an over-priced STRIP MALL where real artists couldn't afford to shop, let alone live.

They were POPULATION DOCTORS. So was MENGELE. ..

They were not a PART OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD or even the SAME MORAL UNIVERSE, but the THE NEIGHBORHOOD was CHANGING....

Soon they would be ALL of it.....

He wasn't aware of any CONTRACT between them. Someone had SIGNED for him. Someone had FORMED him!

WHO?

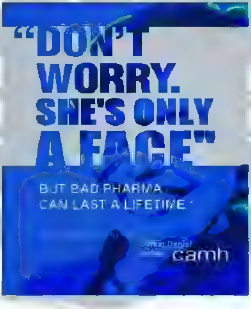
They called streets WAYS. WHITE SQUIRREL WAY. WORKMAN WAY. When they weren't being quaint it was STOKES STREET, FREEDOM STREET.

A REVOLUTION? They could start it without him....

POISONERS - prided themselves that the atypicals they PUSHED (mainly clozapine and risperidone) while more dangerous (re diabetes, white corpuscles, etc.) were justified because of reduced side-effects - not that they ever NOTICED any reduction THEMSELVES of course - but there wouldn't have been any anyway - because the tests that "proved" the reduced side-effects were RIGGED....

Normal doses of atypicals went up against huge doses of typical psychotics - so of course the results were biased in favour of the atypicals.... all of which, of course, were dangerous, toxic drugs....

It was all just a BAD PHARMA marketing PLOY. .


"DON'T WORRY. SHE'S ONLY A FACE"
BUT BAD PHARMA CAN LAST A LIFETIME.
camh

Clozapine (for one obvious example) had to be monitored with bi-weekly blood tests, appeared to cause dramatic weight gain (related to diabetes - everyone on it was at least pre-diabetic), heart trouble (directly or indirectly), coma if interrupted and not carefully titrated - and DEATH....

He remembered the MANAGER where he worked observing, that - MAYBE IN A HUNDRED YEARS - they'd look BACK on their WORK - PUSHING the MEDS, he meant - as SHEER BARBARITY....

Well, it didn't take a CENTURY...

Johnny didn't have a century.
He didn't have a FUTURE....
He was Precambrian....
A coelacanth....
With a good memory.....
He knew how to nurse a grudge....
Drop it? Never! He felt he'd been CHEATED by having been made an ACCOMPLICE - a PUSHER, a POISONER, a

Human Trafficker.

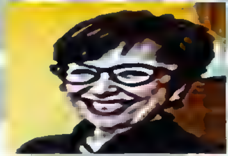
So he had. So THEY - all of THEM, collectively, and $CAMH literally - STILL WERE - POISONERS....

P.S. He DID PUSH - not just by the way. Clients HAD to take these dubious meds - or face homelessness AGAIN . .

Where'd he WORK? For EMILE DURKHEIRM HOUSE, right here on THING STREET, PORKDALE, HOGTOWN, DADANIA....

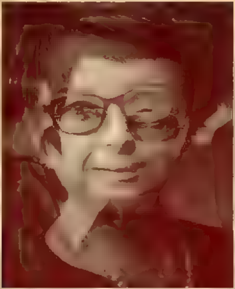
He never got a cut, either!

*****



(Johnny got better glasses at Value Village -
for $1.99 -
and NOT KNOCK-OFFS, either!)

TRANSFORMING LIVES
CUSP of a BREAKTHROUGH
PART of the NEIGHBORHOOD
NEW ERA for MENTAL HELL:
NEW KIND of HOSPITAL

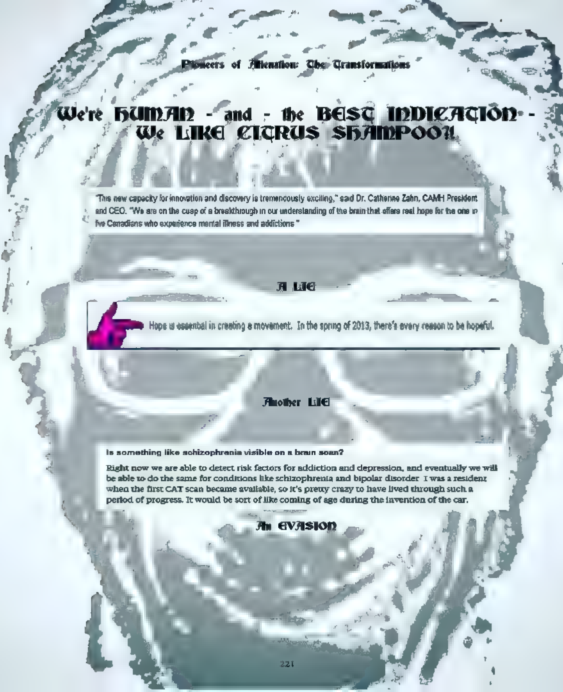


But what kind of REVOLUTION could they have expected, from a MOUTHPIECE and a MEDIA CONSTRUCT, paid nearly $700,000 annually - to front for the worst interests of "Mental Hell" - BAD PHARMA and BRAIN DISEASE QUACKERY - while spouting bromides that we were HUMAN, that we LIKED SHAMPOO (CITRUS especially)...

A CARE PROVIDER? Keep telling yourself, Chatty. "Methinks the LADY protests TOO MUCH"....

"Mental Hell" NOT SEPARATE FROM HEALTH CARE? Then what WAS all the BULLSHIT really ABOUT, Chatty? WAS there ANY OTHER FIELD where YOU could GET AWAY with THIS?

> "Let's face it, how good does that feel to have some nice citrus shampoo from time to time?" says Zahn. "It's a wonderful luxury that we all enjoy. One of the things I was told when we were building our facilities is that one of the architects asked somebody, 'What do people with mental illness like?' And the answer was, 'The same things you like -- what are you talking about? These are human beings who like the same comforts and luxuries as you do.' They're functioning on a level where they're trying to get by; what can we do to make life better [for them]?"



We're HUMAN - and - the BEST INDICATION - We LIKE CITRUS SHAMPOO!!

"This new capacity for innovation and discovery is tremendously exciting," said Dr. Catherine Zahn, CAMH President and CEO. "We are on the cusp of a breakthrough in our understanding of the brain that offers real hope for the one in five Canadians who experience mental illness and addictions."

A LIE

Hope is essential in creating a movement. In the spring of 2013, there's every reason to be hopeful.

Another LIE

Is something like schizophrenia visible on a brain scan?

Right now we are able to detect risk factors for addiction and depression, and eventually we will be able to do the same for conditions like schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. I was a resident when the first CAT scan became available, so it's pretty crazy to have lived through such a period of progress. It would be sort of like coming of age during the invention of the car.

An EVASION

Jon Thomas Rowland

Catherine Zahn: mental health proponent

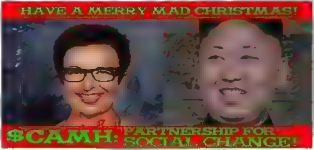
One of Dr. Zahn's goals as president and CEO of the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health (CAMH) is to shine the spotlight on mental health issues. Her recent "Communicator of the Year" award (handed out by the Toronto chapter of the International Association of Business Communicators) suggests she's doing a darn good job. We sat down with Zahn to discuss stigma, celebrity addicts, and CAMH's recent influx of corporate support.

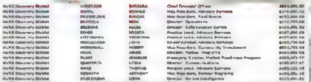
A LIE -
or a JOKE?! -
This time from the
Mendacious
TORONTO STAR /
TO GRID -
It's hard to imagine
a worse
"communicator"
a worse
illuminator
re "Mental Hellness".....

Emotional Manipulation -
Exploiting Suicide -
Exploiting the DEAD

These were the people CAMH CEO Trixie Sane "partnered" with....

When you were the CEO of CAMH - Centre for Affliction and Mental Hell Toronto - you couldn't hang out with just ANYBODY....


HAVE A MERRY MAD CHRISTMAS!
$CAMH: PARTNERSHIP FOR SOCIAL CHANGE!



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Would a celebrity overdose prompt a rise in people coming to CAMH for treatment?

I don't have specifics there, but I can say that when mental health is in the spotlight for whatever reason, we do get more visits. When Amy Winehouse died last summer, there was a lot of attention, not only because of her death, but also because Russell Brand made such a beautiful and meaningful statement in the aftermath. He said that addictions are not a crime and they're not a romantic affectation. They are an illness and they can kill you. That's what people need to understand.

Trolling -
for CELEBRITY SUICIDE?
"We get more visits"....
The only "MOVEMENT"
Johnny saw -
what ought to come out your ASS - not

SCIENCE
FICTION
THRILLS
CAMH CEO CATHERINE ZAHN

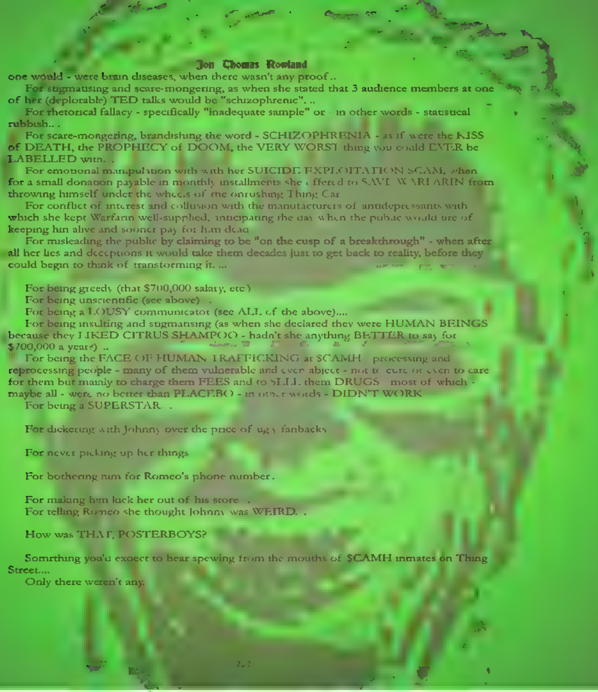
the MOUTH of
the CEO of $CAMH....

Take A TRIP
to

Jon Thomas Rowland

MaRS
DISCOVERY DISTRICT
BAD PHARMA, BRAIN DISEASE
and EUGENICS....

O, Ilse!
TREURNICHT!



one would - were brain diseases, when there wasn't any proof..

For stigmatising and scare-mongering, as when she stated that 3 audience members at one of her (deplorable) TED talks would be "schizophrenic". ..

For rhetorical fallacy - specifically "inadequate sample" or - in other words - statistical rubbish.. .

For scare-mongering, brandishing the word - SCHIZOPHRENIA - as if were the KISS of DEATH, the PROPHECY of DOOM, the VERY WORST thing you could EVER be LABELLED with. .

For emotional manipulation with with her SUICIDE EXPLOITATION SCAM, when for a small donation payable in monthly installments she offered to SAVE WARFARIN from throwing himself under the wheels of the onrushing Thing Car

For conflict of interest and collusion with the manufacturers of antidepressants with which she kept Warfarin well-supplied, anticipating the day when the public would tire of keeping him alive and sooner pay for him dead

For misleading the public by claiming to be "on the cusp of a breakthrough" - when after all her lies and deceptions it would take them decades just to get back to reality, before they could begin to think of transforming it. ...

For being greedy (that $700,000 salary, etc.)

For being unscientific (see above) .

For being a LOUSY communicator (see ALL of the above)....

For being insulting and stigmatising (as when she declared they were HUMAN BEINGS because they LIKED CITRUS SHAMPOO - hadn't she anything BETTER to say for $700,000 a year?) ..

For being the FACE OF HUMAN TRAFFICKING at $CAMH processing and reprocessing people - many of them vulnerable and even abject - not to cure or even to care for them but mainly to charge them FEES and to SELL them DRUGS most of which - maybe all - were no better than PLACEBO - in other words - DIDN'T WORK

For being a SUPERSTAR .

For dickering with Johnny over the price of ugly fanbacks

For never picking up her things

For bothering him for Romeo's phone number.

For making him kick her out of his store .

For telling Romeo she thought Johnny was WEIRD. .

How was THAT, POSTERBOYS?

Something you'd expect to hear spewing from the mouths of $CAMH inmates on Thing Street....

Only there weren't any.

The NEW $CAMH PHARMA PALACE (Q-) BALL PARK Where HUMAN TRAFFICKING LIVES!

A few days ago there was a great FLURRY of activity at the CAMH hashtag, all about how much they LOVED the TORONTO BLUEJAYS.

Only the people LIKING them - apart from a few autograph hounds - were mainly their own employees mainly PR people a few $CAMH PR department hangers-on - and (of course) the BLUEJAYS themselves.

He wondered WHY? Even IF a lot of clients LOVED the JAYS - which didn't appear to be the case - why make such a point of SAYING so? After all - if they loved the JAYS - they could speak for themselves. But maybe they didn't't - because they really didn't like ANYTHING that much least of all the FUCKING BLUEJAYS....

So WHY? It was the same SCHTICK all over again. Telling them they were REMOVING STIGMA while RESTIGMATIZING them ALL OVER AGAIN. Like Trixie Sane and the CBC's Shelagh Rogers - the original STIGMA SISTERS bearing GIFTS of LIGHT (footie pajamas and citrus shampoo)....

One of their FAVORITE ways they did this - was by TELLING THEM WHAT THEY LIKED: whether it was stupid SHELAGH ROGERS with her benighted GIFTS OF LIGHT or mendacious CAMH CEO Trixie Sane insulting them by telling them they were HUMAN (like it's NEWS) and that the indication of their HUMANITY was - guess what? - their predilection for....

CITRUS SHAMPOO....

Right in the PALM of her GREEDY LITTLE BIG BAD PHARMA HAND....

Butch - Mad Pride Toronto organizer - threatened to storm Thing Street. Having lived on it for 20 years, Johnny looked sourly on parvenu thugs trying to shake him down for a fix.

Butch pretended to be a Mad Pride activist. So if he had to storm something - why not storm $CAMH - even CRITICIZING them was better than NOTHING - which was about what Butch and his colleagues at MAD "PRIDE" (TVO Poster Boy Max the Butcher et al) were in terms of activism - WORSE than NOTHING - a DISTRACTION from the real issue - HUMAN TRAFFICKING at the CENTRE for Affliction and Mental Hell...

White Slavery ..

Butch, MAD PRIDE ORGANIZER - ACTIVIST - WORKED for $CAMH. In the COMMUNICATIONS department, no less.

Didn't everyone?!

Was that WHY he never criticized them? Other $CAMH employees DID...

A therapeutic milieu unit was a lousy bedroom, an "interngenerational wellness centre" was a gymnasium at CLUB MEDS, "transforming lives" was conning a few LIVE ONES.

Then $CAMH FOUNDATION chipped in with the BLUEJAYS.... But WHY? [illegible]!

Darrell Louise Gregersen
President and CEO
CAMH Foundation

Paul Beeston
CEO
Toronto Blue Jays

The BLUEJAYS CEO hung out with the $CAMH FOUNDATION CEO - with Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre - "NEW ERA" Weasel-Theatre herself - and sat on the FOUNDATION BOARD they were ONE. So it was FREE ADVERTISING, PHOTO OPS for MILLIONAIRE JOCKS....

Probably even TAX WRITE-OFFS...

In the CRAZY HOUSE always awash in fucking stupid BLUEJAYS TICKETS. Couldn't give them away. How he met Deane, who suicided. Could thank BEESTON for that much. Broke and trying to sell his shit on the lawn next door and Deane threw him a ream - of worthless BLUEJAYS tickets!

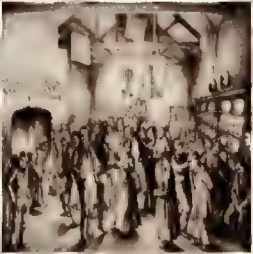
Clients had better things to do in the evening than watch a bunch of millionaires wack off (so to speak).

However - the REAL BALL GAME's NOT OVER HERE - (it never is) - it's OVER THERE with $CAMH and MARS DISCOVERY DISTRICT and TED TURNER (who owns the BLUEJAYS, and BEESTON too) and the CORPORATIONS and - especially - the PHARMACEUTICALS...

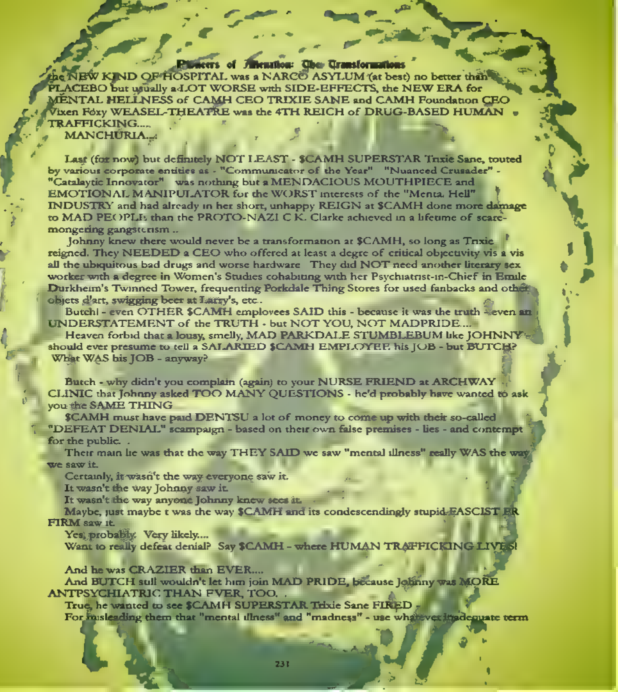
It wasn't BASEBALL - it was ASYLUM BALL....

Q-BALL - made with COKE and SEROQUEL (quetiapine) compliments of MARS DISCOVERY DISTRICT BOARD MEMBER ELAINE CAMPBELL'S ASTRAZENECA....

The BadPHARMA FOLKS $CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane really PLAYS BALL with.....



They're obviously haveing a BALL - an
ASYLUM BALL.
Black Market for AstraZeneca's SEROQUEL:
The REAL Q-BALL GAME!



the NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL was a NARCO ASYLUM (at best) no better than PLACEBO but usually a LOT WORSE with SIDE-EFFECTS, the NEW ERA for MENTAL HELLNESS of CAMH CEO TRIXIE SANE and CAMH Foundation CEO Vixen Foxy WEASEL-THEATRE was the 4TH REICH of DRUG-BASED HUMAN TRAFFICKING....

MANCHURIA...

Last (for now) but definitely NOT LEAST - $CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane, touted by various corporate entities as - "Communicator of the Year" "Nuanced Crusader" - "Catalaytic Innovator" was nothing but a MENDACIOUS MOUTHPIECE and EMOTIONAL MANIPULATOR for the WORST interests of the "Mental Hell" INDUSTRY and had already in her short, unhappy REIGN at $CAMH done more damage to MAD PEOPLE than the PROTO-NAZI C K. Clarke achieved in a lifetime of scare-mongering gangsterism ..

Johnny knew there would never be a transformation at $CAMH, so long as Trixie reigned. They NEEDED a CEO who offered at least a degre of critical objectivity vis a vis all the ubiquitous bad drugs and worse hardware They did NOT need another literary sex worker with a degree in Women's Studies cohabiting with her Psychiatrist-in-Chief in Emile Durkheim's Twinned Tower, frequenting Parkdale Thing Stores for used fanbacks and other objets d'art, swigging beer at Larry's, etc..

Butch! - even OTHER $CAMH employees SAID this - because it was the truth - even an UNDERSTATEMENT of the TRUTH - but NOT YOU, NOT MADPRIDE....

Heaven forbid that a lousy, smelly, MAD PARKDALE STUMBLEBUM like JOHNNY should ever presume to tell a SALARIED $CAMH EMPLOYEE his JOB - but BUTCH? What WAS his JOB - anyway?

Butch - why didn't you complain (again) to your NURSE FRIEND at ARCHWAY CLINIC that Johnny asked TOO MANY QUESTIONS - he'd probably have wanted to ask you the SAME THING

$CAMH must have paid DENTSU a lot of money to come up with their so-called "DEFEAT DENIAL" scampaign - based on their own false premises - lies - and contempt for the public. .

Their main lie was that the way THEY SAID we saw "mental illness" really WAS the way we saw it.

Certainly, it wasn't the way everyone saw it.

It wasn't the way Johnny saw it.

It wasn't the way anyone Johnny knew sees it.

Maybe, just maybe it was the way $CAMH and its condescendingly stupid FASCIST PR FIRM saw it.

Yes, probably. Very likely....

Want to really defeat denial? Say $CAMH - where HUMAN TRAFFICKING LIVES!

And he was CRAZIER than EVER....

And BUTCH still wouldn't let him join MAD PRIDE, because Johnny was MORE ANTPSYCHIATRIC THAN EVER, TOO. .

True, he wanted to see $CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane FIRED -

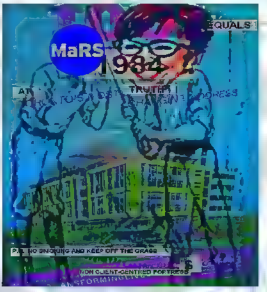
For misleading them that "mental illness" and "madness" - use whatever inadequate term

He was morbidly fascinated by the connection between AstraZeneca's illegal marketing of Seroquel for things like anxiety and sleeplessness, and its becoming a dangerous street drug. It continued, in urban drug treatment centres, to be prescribed for the uses that AZ illegally marketed it for - and paid a "token" half billion dollar fine for. The users, with their off-label prescriptions, dealt the stuff on the street.

He wondered if Sane's friends at AZ did some math - fine vs. sales to the street (where their "legal" shit is combined with illegal coke and even smack etc) - and figured they'd come out ahead. The head of AZ Canada sat on the board of the MaRS group that Sane and $CAMH partnered with

Was there no difference between a PUSHER and a PHARMACEUTICAL? The pusher was ultimately ethical - because at some point - maybe all along - he faced consequences and paid them. Half a billion - to AstraZENECA - wasn't consequences!

They werere having a Q-BALL. . .


EQUALS
MaRS
1984
AT
TRUTH?
ADDRESS
P.S. NO SMOKING AND KEEP OFF THE GRASS
$
NON CLIENT-CENTRED FORTRESS
TRANSFORMING

MORE than a FEW.... Looks LIKE....

CENTRE FOR ADDICTION AND MENTAL HEALTH
GIFTS of LIGHT

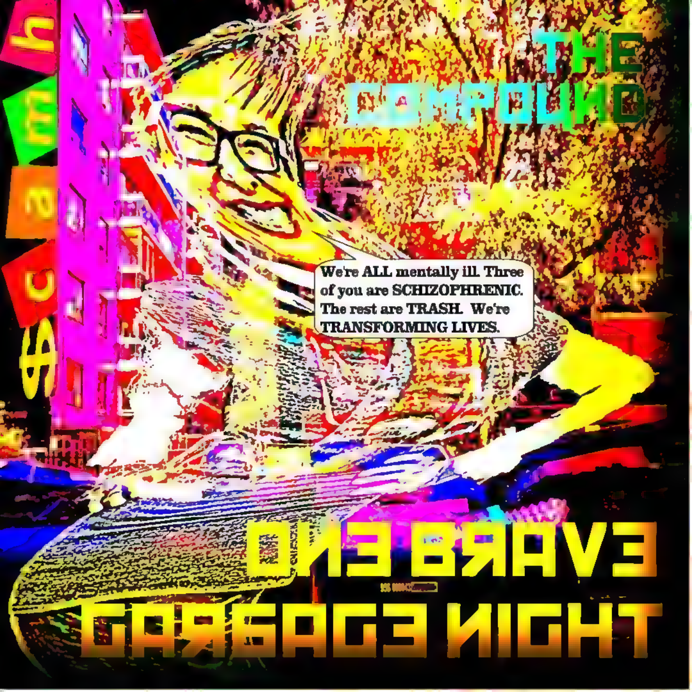
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."
101 Stokes Street
101, rue Stokes
Parkade
Stationnement couvert
Bell Gateway Building
100 Stokes Street
Édifice Bell Gateway, 100, rue Stokes
Shipping & Receiving
Expédition et réception
camh
Lower Ossington Entrance
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."
"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."

DARRELL GREGERSEN
President and CEO, CAMH Foundation

Catherine!
Did you FART?!
DARRELL GREGERSEN
President and CEO, CAMH Foundation

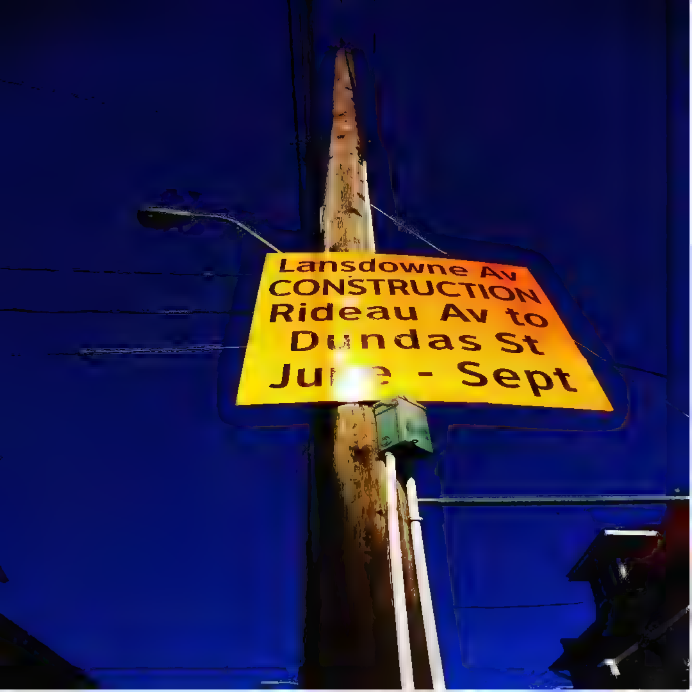
m
h

THE
COMPOUND
We're ALL mentally ill. Three of you are SCHIZOPHRENIC. The rest are TRASH. We're TRANSFORMING LIVES.
ON3 BRAV3
GARBAG3 NIGHT


schmeah
THE COMPOUND
We're ALL mentally ill. Three of you are SCHIZOPHRENIC. The rest are TRASH. We're TRANSFORMING LIVES.
ON3 BRAV3
GARBAG3 NIGHT

SHameFul Tiki ROOM
& Tues 5-1
- Sat 5-2
pen till close
$camh

nighttime sleep aid / la solution contre l'insomnie
Sleep·ezé
MD
sleep well tonight feel alert tomorrow
dormez bien cette nuit soyez en pleine forme demain
10 coated caplets | comprimés-capsules enrob


Lansdowne Av
CONSTRUCTION
Rideau Av to
Dundas St
June - Sept

Illustrative of the Pathology of Insanity," American Journal of Insanity 17.1 (1860-61): 7-8]

His observations invariably ended -- all normal!

The Young Doctor is seen shaking his head, perplexed.

I felt the knife running over my breast and abdomen, and then, after learned cuts and tearings, a hand grasped my heart, raised it out of its mysterious nook, and carried it to the light of day

The Young Doctor removes a heart-shaped box of chocolates from the "SPARE PARTS" box, and holds it up.

Some of the students now lighted their cigars; the smoke of tobacco has indeed its place in the dramas of the heart; why then should it not honor its dissection? The odor of my internal parts perhaps disturbed the olfactories of these genteel youths: --alas, what a metamorphosis of matter!

The students are seen lighting the Young Doctor's cigar.

My heart, as a dethroned sovereign, was laid on my breast; the point of the knife was pushed into it, and it was split open in two or three directions.

tunic, and with his wonted refrain and the last puff of smoke, he went out of the school.

Exit the sexton.

A profound silence now reigned in that chamber of death, when every part of my body, seized by the force of affinity, moved towards those which had been its neighbors during life, and in a short time I felt myself re-made.

Mental Health stirs on the table

In a short time I felt myself re-made; the edges of the wounds of the heart were united; it commenced to beat, and the blood again flowed through the most distant windings of the vessels. As if awaking from a fearful dream, I raised my head and looked around, and hearing no sound I arose from that dread repository and proceeded to the door.

Mental Health rises, walks over to the "SPARE PARTS" box and peers inside. Mental Health touches the relevant parts of her body as Divine Madness talks.

I was naked, and I must cover myself with something; it would have made a devil of a row, and they would have shut me up again in the asylum if I had gone out in that state; and yet those young fellows had seen and examined me from head to feet; so I took down from its peg your black gown and put it on me; I put a white covering on my head, and then I went forth from that place which I shall never be able to forget.

> The students open the heart shaped box of chocolates and share the contents.

I tell you truthfully that these wounds, inflicted on the dearest of my organs, were the only ones that made me feel a sort of thrill; but I found comfort in the thought that the treasure had long ago been removed from its shrine; the sought the prize in any empty casket. Sentiments, affections, passions, emotions, ravings, all its tumultuous array, I had given over the custody of other keepers ...

I was hoping that this entertainment had closed, when I was put to a fresh trial. The Professor, having cut off a little slice of my brain, put it between two glasses, and placed it under a lens which magnified enormously

> The Young Doctor removes a toy microscope from the box of "SPARE PARTS" and examines a piece of chocolate.

"Behold," I heard him proclaim, "a nervous cell!"

> An actor dressed up as a "nervous cell" or carrying a large poster of an amoeba, leaps up from behind the table and runs screaming from the stage.

And all those gentlemen, one by one, looked at it, but on finishing I thought I heard them say to themselves, - "we knew all that before."

The students pretend to be unimpressed.

After this the [Doctor] turned round to his scholars, and with much solemnity declared: -that as no special lesion was found, to which death could be ascribed, they must hold that the cause of this patient's death must have been paralysis of the heart.

The Young Doctor is seen to be speaking, his students nodding in agreement. All look very self satisfied.

I laughed in all the little bits into which they had divided my poor body.

Mental Health is seen covering her mouth with her hand. A figure dressed up as Time enters the auditorium, beating a gong. The Young Doctor and his students prepare to go. The Young Doctor hangs his blood stained gown on the coat rack beside the table. They leave. The sexton remains.

A stroke of the bell emptied the amphitheatre; the sexton remained, and smoking the stump of a cigar, a muttering with a monotonous cadence a vulgar jest, threw my ill-used members into the casket.

The sexton throws the body-parts (the whig, the bathing cap, the styrofoam brain, etc.) into the "SPARE PARTS" box.

He then poured water over the stone table, to make it ready for another dissection; after which he took off his black, blood-stained inmates, if anything more than his predecessors had done. See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Container 47, C.K. Clarke Folder

cxli. See Mr O'Mally's poem "Those Cruel Tories and Dr Herriman."

'Tis claimed Toronto is a city
That is always bright and gay
But an institution on Queen St. West,
Is mighty sad today

The laundry women went to work
A tear in every eye
And, when I met the nigger wench
I asked the reason why.

She flung her arms around me
shed scarcely speak a word
At least between her sobs she moaned
We're going to lose our Lord.

I gaze upon her blankly;
And, I said God never dies
But she wailed Oh Jack, 'tis Herriman
And, not the one in the skies.

Them wicked Tories are sending him
to idiots way up north
And, he said he loved poor Dinah too,
and, again the wails broke forth.

Oh Jack, aint it just awful bad
How them tories are so mean
To take our doctor from us so,
and, al some dirt to screen.

Tis on account of the by election
We have to lose our friend
If twent for that they'd leave him here
On that you may depend.

And, I'll never like the new one
I think his name is Clare,
I cant ask him for some salts each week
Oh Jack, it isn't fair

And, she says I hope old Whitney
And, that papist Dawney too
will get a good hot place in hades
when their idiot work is tru.

And, she sayd, I don't know what to do
My heart is broke you see:
While that scoundrel Whitney can drink hot scotch
Like he did at Napanee
And, Have it heated to his taste with electricity

Then I says poor Dinah do not wail
don't weep so, and dont cry
Vengence is mine the Lord has said
He'll pay them bye and bye.

And, altho you'll miss Doc Herriman
He'll be more among his own
For he's partly idiot himself
so 'twill be to him like "home."

And, when our Journey is over
And, we cross the Jordan o'er
Then you and I shall wear a crown
On the glorious Heavenly shore

For life here is but a twinkling
To eternity above,
And, we'll both be happy yonder
Where everything is Love

[cxlii] Dr Herriman, in the annual report for 1932, reports that "with the appointment of Miss Katherine Day as social worker a great change has been effected in respect to contact with patients' families and environmental conditions and in respect to conditions concerning probationary cases." In 1933 the province officially adopted the policy of placing selected patients in approved boarding homes. Such arrangements naturally altered the conditions of the class of patient represented here. Those who could write well tended to make it out, as did their mail. Beginning in the 1930s, there are fewer letters, and more Social Service Reports.

[cxliii] See Shirley G Morriss, ed., *The Journal of John George Howard* (Toronto: Ontario Heritage Foundation, Ministry of Citizenship and Culture, 198-?). Howard, the architect of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, describes how, in the late 1840s, the first patients from the Temporary Asylum arrived by "wagonload."

[cxliv] One such "case" seems typical. On May 21, 1926 a 42 year old labourer was admitted with the symptoms of paresis. "flattened out expression of facial muscles, slurring speech, corase tremor of fingers, talks at random and shows flights of ideas. Memory and orientation patchy." In July of 1926 he was given a series of treatments of suphoxyl salvarsan and bismuth. By Novemer of 1926 he had become depressed and had to be tube fed. He received another series of salvarsan treatments in January of 1827 and one D R.F thought that he had improved physically if not mentally. The patient polished the floor. In July he suffered an "epileptiform seizure" and in late July appeared to be failing, but by 1928 he was receiving non-specific protein therapy and seemed brighter. In the early 30s he eloped several times, once gettinga s far as his borhter's house. In October of 1932 his Wasserman was negative. In the late 1930s he is described as "a paretic who works about the hall" and "bangs about the ward doors trying to escape." It is difficult to gauge the degree of his "recovery," as he spoke little English. The doctors had initially interviewed him through an interpreter

[cxlv] The Medical Superintendents during this period were the following: Dr. J.M. Forster, 1911-1920; Dr Harvey Clare, 1920-1925, Dr F.S. Vrooman, 1925-1928; Dr H.A. McKay, 1928-1930. By 1922 it had become clear that the Queen Street institution could not be closed. In 1923 a series of long-delayed improvements began, including (finally') the installation of a new steam-heating system and improved hydrotherapeutic appliances. In 1924 Salvarsan was introduced to treat patients suffering from general paresis, and malarial treatment was started in 1933. Other more "heroic" therapies, like shock therapy using metrazol or insulin, were introduced in 1938 for the treatment of schizophrenia. Electroshock was not introduced till 1943. See Gifford Price. *A History of the Ontario*

most of these "reasons" seem to amount to little more than the fact that she and her Conservative friends hate the good doctor, and that he is "an old miserable, mean Grit [who] would not let one of us live if he could help it," which seem like the one and the same reason. She concludes her argument with an irrefutable reason, that Dr. McCallum, apparently already filthy rich with ill-gotten Liberal booty, shoud not continue to "get his living out of Conservatives, when he never cast a vote for them in his life." Plunder is permitted provided it does not cross party lines.

While Mr. Dargavel, M.P.P. for Elgin, forwards Mrs. Webster's letter on May 21, 1909, with a note that he has "considerable confidence in Mrs. Webster," the widow of a law partner of the Hon. John Wood, doubtless another loyal Tory, the Hon. Provincial Secretary is not so sure. He replies to Mr. Dargavel on may 28, 1909, that he has already received some of Mrs. Webster's letters through George Taylor, M.P. Whether or not on account of the "blackest Grit that ever trod the earth," the Hon. Mr. Hanna expresses his opinion that Mrs. Webster is indeed "breaking down mentally."

Yet it is evident that the Provincial Secretary had been trying to get rid of McCallum for some time. In a letter to Dr. of November 14, 1907 to Dr. William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, Hanna himself criticizes Dr. McCallum for some of the same things as Mrs. Webster.

> The fact is the Doctor has made the mistake of being General, and Lieutenant, and Private, and everything else in sight, instead of putting himself in a position where he could look to the heads of the different Departments under him for results.

Hanna's letter to Osler also seems to confirm Mrs. Webster's depiction of McCallum's isolation and general unpopularity.

> The Doctors of London and vicinity, irrespective of politics, were quite outspoken in their opinion that it would be unfair to the Department and the Province to continue Dr. McCallum there.

While he agrees with Dr. Osler, that McCallum is a good man as well as a good doctor, he intends to transfer him to the Asylum at Penetang.

An article in the London Free Press of November 11, 1907 notes that Dr. Robinson would become Medical Superintendent in London, with Dr. Harris as his likely assistant, replacing the late Dr. Buchan. The article also reports an anonymous statement, that Dr. McCallum would not accept the transfer to Penetang, a "minor post." An earlier letter from Hanna to McCallum dated October 9 indicates that McCallum had thought (without foundation, Hanna claims) that his transfer was to Brockville. A "secret" note from McCallum's wife, dated October 12, begs Hanna to delay the transfer till Spring. "Perhaps I am foolish about it but going to that North Country in the winter-time fills me with unutterable dread." The note is black-bordered, like the announcement of a death or a funeral, as if Mrs. McCallum saw the transfer that way, and wanted the Provincial Secretary to know that she did. See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter (undated or November 30, 1907) from Dr. Spohn, Container 30, Envelope 23.1, the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter from Mr. J.R.R. Dargavel, M.P.P. of May 21, 1909, Typed Transcript of Letter from Mrs. Sara Webster of May 19, 1909, Letter from Hon. W.J. Hanna to J.R.R. Dargavel of May 28, 1909, Container 30, Envelope 23.6, Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter of November 14, 1907 to Dr. William Osler, Container 23, Folder 23.32.

Given these rather sordid goings-on, Clark's reply to Dr. Lusk, the Secretary of the Ontario Medical Association, asking him to "write a paper dealing with the question Of forward work in the Asylums, and the present method of appointments, etc.," seems pragmatic in the extreme. Perhaps because he is already enjoying the benefits of a good appointment himself, he expresses himself "content to wait until the Government has shown itself opposed to adopting the ideals of the Medical profession." Moreover, he argues that "If we are given a Psychiatric clinic in Toronto ... the question of political heads for Hospitals for the Insane, will die a natural death." This must have been wishful thinking, or false. Perhaps it would not be too cynical to suspect that Clarke was willing to overlook such matters in the Asylums for the sake of his clinic, and generally to connive at "political interference" so long as it went his way. His deviousness is in implying that if people would only tolerate intolerable conditions at the Asylums for the sake of his clinic, they would eventually have not only that but improved asylums as well. This seems consistent with my own thesis, developed below, that in his numerous arguments Clarke merely exploited the Asylum and its patients or recommendations, on April 29 and May 6.

It seems to have been the same at every other Asylum. Take but two more (related) examples, Dr. Spohn's "retirement" from the Penetang Asylum, and Dr. McCallum's transfer to the same institution. On November 30,1907, Dr. Sphon, Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Penetanguishene, wrote to the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary. In the first two (undated) pages, he explains that the second part is a "brief statement of the work done at this Asylum since I have been in charge." He also reminds the Provincial Secretary of the details of an earlier discussion at which one A.P. Campbell (Dr. Spohn's lawyer?) was present. According to Dr. Spohn these details included the Provincial Secretary's verbal agreement to give him $3500 upon retirement from the Asylum, plus $1750 for his thirty-two years as surgeon at the reformatory. The total comes to about $5000, which, Dr. Sphor points out, was what Inspector Christie got when he retired.

The accompanying 10-page letter "justifies" this gratuity. Moreover, with its often rather craven and pleading tone, its slightly paranoid asides at political foes imaginary or real, it indicates the political climate in which it was written. It also indicates the ethical environment, since not once in its ten pages are patients mentioned, though it is clear that they did the physical labour, the building and farming which together comprise the sole basis and justification for Dr. Sphor's claim to such a fat "gratuity."

After five pages detailing such work, Dr. Spohn states his thesis, which is that he is not retiring but being unjustly removed, "because certain parties have been howling for my head since the change of Government." This unnamed enemy has schemed against and misrepresented Dr. Spohn to the Provincial Secretary. According to Dr. Spohn, his enemy, who will "stop at nothing," has boasted that he would seize the opportunity created by change of government and his own "great influence" in the same, and "see that my head was cut off." With an unnamed "Lieutenat," this foe has enlisted the townspeople to misrepresent the good doctor to the government, and intrigued to get their followers on the staff. The latter fabricate problems within the Asylum, which in turn become the basis of further misrepresentation.

Dr. Spohn concludes that he is the victim of a political conspiracy, all the more unjustly considering that, as he says, "I have taken no interest in politics in any shape of [sic] form since my appointment." He is especially incensed that he has been accused of spending too much time away from the Asylum operating a dredging business, while Dr. Ryan of Kingston is allowed to maintain a private practice, because he is "fortunately a Conservative." Dr. Sphon concludes that "different treatment is meted out to me, because forsooth ... I do not happen to be a Conservative."

The tone of the Hon. W.J. Hanna's reply of December 5, 1907 is best characterized as frigid. The details, Hanna asserts, were not "in so far as the amount is concerned, as you put it." Speaking, as he writes, "from memory," he insists that the amount he he had mentioned as "gratuity" was not $3500 but $2400 or 2600, based on the salary acutally paid. He also insists that he had stated at their meeting that anything beyond that amount, a year's cash salary, "would be a matter of argument." The matter would have to be rsolved by the Cabinet Counicl, when the contents of Dr. Spohn's letter would be given "proper consideration." The Provincial Secretary concludes rather warily that "I did not give any assurance as to what the Council would do with regard to such excess amount."

There is every indication that Dr. Spohn was being eased or bought out by the governing party, and that he might have been misled as to the amount of the purchase.

On May 19, 1909 one Mrs. Webster wrote one Mr. Dargave., MPP for Elgin, begging him to get rid of her boss, Dr. McCallum, Medical Superintendent of the London Asylum, "the blackest Grit that ever trod the earth." She claims that he is driving the staff mad, especially herself it seems. "Yesterday and to-day [sic] we are all almost insane ourselves ... we will all have to resign if something is not done." The mass resignation of the Conservative staff of an insane asylum, because they have been driven mad by the Liberal officers, poses an interesting medical problem.

Mrs. Webster seems to have joined the staff in some sort of clerical capacity; she complains that Dr. McCallum "will not allow me to control the mails" -- adding, incidentally, that "he could not treat a squaw worse than he treats the Assistant Matron and myself." The Liberal McCallum has made this good conservative woman's life a "hell on earth." Those good Tories, "the Hon. Mr. Hanna or Hon. Mr. Whitney had not the faintest idea what a brute they have here feeding at their board." If they did, she heavily implies, they would fire him immediately.

She adds a litany of reasons. That "he is hated like poison here," seems obvious enough already. That "the Conservatives cannot get at him here in the Constituency," basically because "he has nothing to do with any person around the town or country," seems only sensible on his part. But

Clare to record Dr Robinson's statement that "it was the most vivid illustration of demoniacal possession that has ever occurred in this world since Biblical times." Dr Robinson had probably been trying to exorcise Mr O'Mally of his addiction to alcohol

[xxi] The Archives of Ontario contains ample evidence of political interference and collaboration if not collusion on the part of doctors and politicians alike. After the defeat of the provincial liberals in that year's election, Dr. Daniel Clark of the Toronto Asylum, himself a long-time "Grit," wrote the new Provincial Secretary, W J Hanna, on April 24, 1905 to offer him his resignation

> I am now in the thirtieth year of my superintendency of this asylum. I am also in the seventy fifth year of my age and although my capacity for work remains normal yet it is my wish to retire from the cares and responsibilities which my present position entails.

Clark lists several pages of "improvements, executive and structural." He believes that the best gauge of his achievements is the "the faith the public has in our work," and the best gauge of that is the "revenue from the payments of relatives." By this gauge, an increase from $12,000 in 1874 to $41,000 in 1904, represents an improvement of "public trust" by several hundred percent. It seems unlikely that such moral arithmetic would have conveyed anything to the Hon. Provincial Secretary beyond perhaps the vague impression of more money to spend. Whether it would have encouraged him to "favourably consider," as Clark went on to request, a "retiring allowance" along the lines of what Workman got, "after twenty two years service .. $5000," as Clark reminds him seems equally unlikely Attached is a copy from the Hon. W.J. Hanna's secretary, rather cooly acknowledging the receipt of the Superintendent's letter, and accepting his resignation. There is no mention of the "allowance" See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W J Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter of Dr. Daniel Clark of April 24, 1905, Container 7, Daniel Clark Folder

In a letter to the Honourable W.J Hanna dated June 23, 1905, Mr James S. Fullerton [?] wrote the Hon. W.J Hanna to ask that one Dr Williams be appointed Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum Williams's principal recommendation is having been a loyal Conservative or, as Fullerton more circumstantially puts it, "for the last twenty-five years at least the recognized standard bearer of Conservative principles in South Oxford, speaking from many plat-forms [sic] at every election." Fullterton concludes that "there is no man in Canada who has given more constant more unselfish or better work to the Conservative Party, in his way, than Dr Williams

Williams has run several times for South Oxford and been defeated, first by Adam Crooks, and second by Dr McKay The writer argues that since the Conservative incumbent owed his late victory partly to Dr Williams's earlier work on behalf of the party, since Dr McKay had been promised the superintendency of the Toronto Asylum had he won, and since the Toronto Asylum was a provincial institution, "it seems very fitting that [Dr Williams] be awarded the prize See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon W J Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter from James S. Fullerton of June 23, 1905, Container 30, Toronto Asylum Folder

Dr Williams does not have any special training for the position, and the writer does not seem to think that he should For both sides the appointment is a blatant, shamelessly political trophy Moreover the felicity of awarding it to Dr Williams lies not just in giving it to a Conservative doctor, who might conceivably have been a competent alienist, but in giving it to a Conservative doctor who is also the personal enemy of the Liberal doctor for whom it was intended. A fat folder in the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919). Container 106. labelled "J J Williams Folder," indicates how vigorously Williams Williams campaigned for the superintendency of an Ontario psychiatric hospital -- any Ontario psychiatric hospital

Williams himself wrote on March 31, 1905 to apply for the "position of Medical superintendent of the Woodstock Asylum." He immediately emphasizes not his medical qualifications but his political connections and, moreover, his "strong claims on the Government worthy of recognition." He has campaigned in numerous elections, "both on and off the Platform," and has even been thanked by the premier, Mr Whitney, "personally by letter," for helping to elect one Mahaffy in a recent bye-election Only after relating these political qualifications, does Williams mention his being "a Graduate of Twelve years standing of both Toronto and Victoria, and having been steadily in practice ever since." The letter seems to have been accompanied by a brief note from A.B. Thompson, M.P.P., recommending him for the position. Williams forwards more compartmentalizes) in himself features of what Rothman sees as two sides of the same movement, the identification of problems in the asylum, and their cosmetic "solution" in ways that actually consolidate them. On Clarke's "banishment" see C.B. Farrar, "I remember C.K. Clarke (1857-1957)," American Journal of Psychiatry 114 (October, 1957), 114. See also Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files. Letter of December 28, 1918 to All Superintendents, Container 47, Dr. Harvey Clare Folder. Dr. Clare advises the superintendents of the Ontario Hospitals of Clarke's and Dr. C.B. Farrar's intention to visit "the various Provincial Hospitals on behalf of the Soldiers' civil Re-establishment" and warns them that "no general inspection of the wards or other portions of Provincial Institutions is feasible other than by the regularly appointed Inspector, without notice from this Department" (Clare had been appointed Assistant Inspector on August 29, 1918).

[cxxv] The title a quotation from the following fragment, by Mr. Robert, admitted on July 27, 1909

My new bed is in a good place
And the lunies are going a pace
Telling there troubles in there delusions
So now I come to a conclusion

Its hard to tell who won the race
For they certainly did go a pace
One would start the other to lark
Then all of a sudden a good bark

Its a treat when they get done
Then of course cease of fun
No doubt they'd make you laugh
then you feel if your going daft

Now I'm going to conclude
For I said all thats thrude [?]
Of course we all like a laugh
I write this Jake on your behalf

Jake — and I spent a good time
In Mimico's beautiful house of Zion
He certainty was a friend to me
So he's a good fellow you can see

Four years are passed and gone
When Jake and I would cricket on the lawn
A walk and talk we often had
When I think of old times it make[s] me sad

[cxxvi] One of Miss Dickens's poems is reproduced below, for its depiction of some of the routines of Asylum life.

Our Day
(It's best not to mention the night.)

After the bath is over,
After we all get dry,
Then the coal-oil is sprinkled,
To make the aviators fly.

[cxxix] C.K. Clarke, "A Study of 5,600 Cases Passing Through the Psychiatric Clinic of the Toronto General Hospital. A Special Study of 188 Clinic Cases. Also a Survey of 767 Cases of Illegitimacy," Canadian Journal of Mental Hygiene 3 (July, 1921): 11-24

[cxxx] Carolyn Strange, in Toronto's Girl Problem. The Perils and Pleasures of the City, 1880-1930 (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1995), describes cases of young women who were judged defective or "feebleminded," apparently for no other reason than "unapologetic pursuit of good times" (141).

[cxxxi] See Jennifer Stephen, Mental Hygiene, Mental Defect and Mental Age: The 'Feebleminded Woman' and the Work of the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic, 1900-1927 (Unpublished Master's Thesis, Graduate Department of Education, University of Toronto, Toronto, 1995). Stephen describes how "apparent sexual immorality in women was recast in medical and psychiatric terms, described as feeblemindedness, as delinquency and as 'mental degeneracy'; the 'feebleminded woman' was, in turn alleged to be the primary agent in VD transmission" (35)

[cxxxii] Some patients seemed to want to introduce their doctors to the criminal underworld. A patient admitted on February 27, 1927 had perjured himself in order to protect a friend with whom he had forged some checks. The patient was an ex-convict who had spent 6 years in the Stoney Mountain Penitentiary in Manitoba for attacking a guard in gaol -- where he had been sent for forgery. He had been brought into the Asylum suffering from "delusions" that the police were constantly watching him, and that ordinary citizens were stool-pidgeons. He begins his letter (to Dr Fletcher?) with the instruction to "read very carefully So as to understand the full meaning of what I have to say " He proceeds to relate an episode in the life of a petty crook

He and the friend had passed the checks then taken the early train from Portage la Prairie to Winnipeg. They had stayed in a Salvation Army Hotel where the friend had written out some more bad checks. The patient had then attempted to use them to purchase some merchandise in a "Jew store" in Winnipeg. He had had cash in his pocket. The proprietor had insisted that someone identify him. He had left and subsequently visited a series of establishments on Main Street, all of which had refused to cash his checks without suitable identification. Meanwhile someone had become suspicious

He had realized that the police were following him and "walked on as if nothing had happened to me that day at all, in a natural way of course, but they still stuck to me." They had searched him in a vacant yard, found the checks, and demanded where his partner was. They had not avoided being seen together and had really been rather obvious "every time I would come out of a store, the both of us would meet, then we would put our heads together to talk, about always trying some other Store " Two heads are not always better Meanwhile the partner had fled: So naturally me not being in the Check Artist business before and being that my partner had given me and the police the slip of course, himself jumping aboard a street car and leaving me to bear the blunt of the outcome, of course I felt pretty sore against him

After the police gave him some cigarettes and some "soft soap," he decided to "double cross" his "yellow streak of a partner " He only wishes he could have "squealed" on him in the Assizes Court, and "sent him down for a few years "

Doctor Fletcher describes him as a case of "Constitutional Inferiority." He was discharged on June 18 1928

[cxxxiii] Dr C K. Clarke, "Occupational Wanderers," MacLean's Magazine (April 15, 1922): 22-42.

[cxxxiv] The whole poems is as follows

"Queen St Asylum"
There's an institution on Queen west
Where we funies are sent to rest
Of course we all have a screw luce [sic]

Ryan, his successor at Rockwood Asylum in Kingston, "a political hireling." Greenland merely observes that Clarke was "deeply concerned about Canada's lax immigration policy" (32). See his "Origins of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital," TPH. History and Memories of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, 1925-1966, ed. Edward Shorter (Toronto: Wall & Emerson, 1996): 19-58.

[cxxxvii] While my view of Clarke and his clinics is negative if not cynical, it is not inconsistent with Thomas Edward Brown's view in Living with God's Afflicted (Ph.D. Thesis, Queen's University, 1980) that "Clarke's campaign to keep Ontario in the forefront of the new psychiatry, by shifting the attention of both asylum officials and politicians away from the problems of the asylums to the promise of the psychiatric clinic, had the unintended consequence of perpetuating, and in some ways, justifying the abuses, deficiencies, indeed, the very system of institutions that Clarke was attempting to reform" (370). In some ways my version of Clarke resembles the "progressive" of David Rothman's Conscience and Convenience. The Asylum and Its Alternatives in Progressive America (Boston, Little, Brown, 1980), with the importance difference that Clarke's intentions, so far as they can be told from his texts, are never simple, least of all in their "benevolence." Perhaps because of his pivotal role in the history of asylums, Clarke encapsulates (or compartmentalizes) in himself features of what Rothman sees as two sides of the same movement, the identification of problems in the asylum, and their cosmetic "solution" in ways that actually consolidate them. On Clarke's "banishment" from the asylums of Ontario, see C.B. Farrar, "I remember C.K. Clarke (1857-1957)," American Journal of Psychiatry 114 (October, 1957), 114. See also Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files, Letter of December 28, 1918 to All Superintendents, Container 47, Dr Harvey Clare Folder. Dr Clare advises the superintendents of the Ontario Hospitals of Clarke's and Dr C.B. Farrar's intention to visit "the various Provincial Hospitals on behalf of the Soldiers' civil Re-establishment" and warns them that "no general inspection of the wards or other portions of Provincial Institutions is feasible other than by the regularly appointed Inspector, without notice from this Department" (Clare had been appointed Assistant Inspector on August 29, 1918).

[cxxxviii] See Roy Porter's "The Voice of the Mad," in Mind-Forg'd Manacles. A History of Madness in England from the Restoration to the Regency (London. The Athlone Press, 1987), 229-273.

[cxxxix] Among the works preserved in his file is some "doggerel" describing C.K. Clarke conducting the Christmas Concert of 1910:

The nurses sat there, each quite prim on her chair,
The pianist, she sat on the stool
And Doc Clark he looked grand
With a stick in his hand
And, I tho[ugh]t of my teacher at school.

One cannot know what he thought of his old school-teacher, but it was probably rather less idyllic than another doctor Dr R.H. Robinson, imagined in his own (possibly even worse) poem on the same subject. In a rather scatter-brained article in the Dominion Medical Monthly of June, 1911, Dr Robinson describes how "the recollection of the sad condition of some of those in the wards led us to get up and" -- write down what came to him in a poetic fit

Fond memory would again be blank
And they once more a hopeless crank,
But Dr Clarke and his orchestra try
To carry them back to the days gone by,
   Of fireside lays
   And golden days.

It is enlightening to know, in terms of the doctor/patient relationship at the Toronto Asylum, that Dr Robinson and Mr O'Mally did not get along. Writing in the "Clinical Record" of August 7, 1915, Dr Harvey Clare describes how, at the request of Mr O'Mally's sister, Dr Robinson involved himself in Mr O'Mally's case. One evening they were alone in Mr O'Mally's room when the latter "became angry and hit the Dr. over the head with a pitcher, inflicting a sever wound." It amused Dr

Next we get our breakfast,
Of porridge or something such,
The food we get in this place,
Is surely not up to much.

Then up to our rooms we go
To put our beds so trim,
Then Dr Robinson pays a call,
We are rather fond of him.

Then sew till dinner-time, which is tough,
The meat was meant, I think,
For little puppy-dogs, and small cats
Or else throw down the sink.

Ting a lingling the bell doth ring
Some visitor I see
Though it's no use to strain my eyes
It's no one to see me.

At four o'clock the door they unlock
And we go to our rooms again.
To fold the counterpanes and the shams
And the carpets to treat the same.

The tea-bell rings, so down we go
In mingled hope and fear,
That pie is up for tea to night
But no such luck in here

At eight o'clock we got to bed,
Our little day is o'er
And as I now feel very tired
I'll not say any more.

Miss Dickens, 999 Queen Street West, Toronto

[cxxvii] Archives of Ontario, Ministry of Health Records, Queen Street Mental Health Centre, Case Files, RG 10-20-B-2 These were accessed under the Freedom of Information Act. Names and institutional identifiers of patients (such as file or case numbers) have not been reproduced. I have supplied patients with pseudonyms, in order to avoid referring to them as "cases."

[cxxviii] See Morton Schatzman's "Paranoia or Persecution: The Case of Schreber," Labeling Madness, ed. Thomas J. Scheff (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1975), 90-119 Miss Adams's dilemma calls to mind Morton Schatzman's point that "many people whom psychiatrists call 'paranoid' have been persecuted, and know it, but they do not recognize their real persecutors, nor how they have been persecuted" (113). Miss Adams was by no means alone in suspecting that her affairs were being meddled in, and that she was not being told the truth about such interventions. Many of the patients whose writings are discussed in this chapter obviously had reason to suspect that their writings were being intercepted and confiscated, or at least read by others besides their intended recipients. Such suspicions, the near impossibility of getting them reliably confirmed or denied, and the myriad uncertainties regarding the outside world which they would have aggravated, must have hurt many patients' mental health.

So here's the place we play the duce

To [?] this institution I refer
Some times we get a transfer
We tell Dr Campbell were [sic] all right
He knows were crazy at first sight

some times we lunies dont no [sic] why we are here
Campbell orders a dose of saults
And sends us to the rear
To keep us in good cheer

Of course we all have flats to let
I write this poem it makes me sweat
Of course I have a good excuse
Campbell says its no use

We all get in and cant get out
So here's the place we grow stout
Campbell laughs as he passes by
So we lunies have a good cry

Every morning Campbell takes a trip
To see us lunies on the rip
All kinds of tricks we do preform [sic]
So now its time to reform

Or Dr Campbell is dressed in white
And we think he's all right
A pair of glasses he does wear
Of course we never see him swear

His disposition is very kind
And his face most refined
The ladies say he looks cute
I wish I had him for my brute [?]

He is a Christian I do believe
And of course will not deceive
So with a jest of some kind
He's very clever in his mind

Now what do you think of your patient poet
Its only now you begin to know it
[redacted] is a poet and like[s] to show it

[cxxxv] See Archives of Ontario, Inventory RG 63, Inspector of Asylums, Prisons and Public Charities, "Historical Sketch."

[cxxxvi] See Dr Edward Ryan, "Seven Years' Advance in the Ontario Hospitals for Mental Diseases," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 6.1 (October, 1912): 3-11 Edward Ryan, a fellow Asylum doctor, complained about Clarke's wasting so much time and energy worrying about "the degeneration in store for us" (9), at the expense of "the plain demands of our own day." Greenland believes that the attack was principally motivated by an old quarrel in which Clarke called

Hundred Years," and others in What is Schizophrenia? (New York: Springer-Verlag, 1991), for some discussion of the problematic status of "dementia praecox" or "schizophrenia."

[lxxxix] Clarke himself offers a convenient definition in "The Detection of Mental Defect in School Children." The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery 21 6 (June, 1907): 343-48. "Now, what is dementia precox [sic] -- in other words, precocious dementia? If we limit its definition carefully, we find that it is a form of mental disease appearing generally at the first developmental crisis, rapidly running a course culminating in dementia. as characterized by apathy, indifference. negativism, irrelevance and inability to make continued mental effort" (344). See J.P. Harrison, M.D., "Dementia Praecox," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 3 5 (April, 1910), 6-16. He was the Clinical Assistant at the Toronto Asylum in 1910, so his definitions must reflect the way the disease was perceived toward the end of Clarke's tenure at the Toronto Asylum. His definitions are (not surprisingly) very close to his Superintendent's. Dementia Praecox is a "disease ... of the period of puberty and adolescence. It is characterized by a dementia that tends to progress, but which is frequently interrupted by remissions The majority of cases occur beteen the ages of twenty and forty, though cases have been reported even earlier than the fifteenth year and as late as the fiftieth" (6-7). General symtpoms include "lack of interest, carelessness, and indifference to dress and environment" (9). He also discusses the forms. "Hebephrenia" is characterized by "mental apathy and progressive dementia" (10), "catatonia" by "hysterical attacks. with epileptiform convulsions" (12). and "paranoia" by "delusions of persecution ... not well systematized, occurring in conjunction with marked intellectual impairment" (15). Like Clarke, he considers dementia praecox, or at least the disposition to it, an inherited disorder He theorizes that the "disease" -- "retrograde process" (7) -- is "hastened, or perhaps immmediately initiated" by "debilitating influences in early life, such as excessive study masturbation, etc." (7).

[xc] This resembles a part of the process whereby, according to Thomas Szasz, psychiatrists "extend the boundaries of medicine over morals and law" (22) to make themselves what he calls "religious-political leaders and conquerors" (35). In the passage quoted by Clarke in the text of his report to the Provincial Secretary, Kraepelin uses metaphors of imperialism and conquest Szasz argues that dementia praecox or schizophrenia is not a disease but a behaviour See Thomas Szasz, Schizophrenia. The Sacred Symbol of Psychiatry (New York Basic Books, 1976).

[xci] C.K. Clarke, "The Detection of Mental Defect in School Children," The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery 21 (June, 1907): 343-48).

[xcii] See Nikolas Rose, The Psychological Complex. Psychology, Politics, and Society in England, 1869-1939 (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul. 1985), for a discussion of how what he terms the "psychology of the individual," denies the agency and social being of the patient, in the name of "mental deficiency."

[xciii] C.K. Clarke, "The Early Diagnosis of Dementia Precox," Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery 37 (January, 1915): 6-14.

[xciv] C.K. Clarke, "A Critical Study of the Case of Louis Riel," Part 1, Queen's Quarterly 12 (April, 1905): 379-88. Part 2, Queen's Quarterly 13 (July, 1905): 15-26.

[xcv] Greenland is very much "C.K.'s" (as he calls him) apologist on this score, defending Clarke's policy on economic grounds. See Cyril Greenland, Charles Kirk Clarke: A Pioneer of Canadian Psychiatry (Toronto. Clarke Institute, 1966), 21-22.

[cix] Dr. Harvey Clare, "The Relationship of the Hospital for Insane to the General Practitioner," Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 8 4 (July, 1915), 161-69.

[cx] J.M. Forster, M.D., "Reception Hospitals for Cases of Mental Disease," Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 7 3 (April, 1914), 127-31

[cxi] Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files 1916-1919, Letter from Dr. Harvey Clare to Inspector W.W. Dunlop of January 15, 1918, Container 100, Toronto Hospital for the Insane, Reception Hospital Folder

[cxii] Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), "Memorandum [of December 6, 1918] for the Honourable W.D. McPherson, Provincial Secretary," Container 100. Toronto Hospital for the Insane, Reception Hospital Folder

[xiii] Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), Notes of Deputation re Toronto Reception Hospital Representing the Board of Control, Members of the Medical Profession, Local Council of Women, and Other Bodies Interested, Container 100, Toronto Hospital for the Insane, Reception Hospital

[xiv] The Toronto Psychiatric Hospital opened to receive patients on November 30, 1925.

[cxv] C.K. Clarke, "Notes of a Clinical Case. The Case of Wm. B. -- Moral Imbecility," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 7 4 (July, 1914): 207-3.

[cxvi] C.K. Clarke, "The Defective Immigrant," Public Health Journal 7 (November, 1916): 462-65. See also "The Need of a Psychiatric Clinic," Bulletin of the Toronto Hospital for the Insane 8 3 (April, 1915): 103-8. Clarke calls this clinic, which appears to have succeeded the "Ward Clinic" in 1914, the "Feeble-Minded Clinic" and describes it as "a department thoroughly equipped and officered" for the study of "heredity, environment, and other social conditions playing important parts in the development both of imbecility and psychoses" (107). One of its workers was Clarence Hincks, the associate medical director and secretary of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene, of which Clarke became medical director in 1918. This appears to be the same facility referred to as the "Mental Deficiency Clinic" in an article by C.R. Myers, "Notes on the History of Psychology in Canada," The Canadian Psychologist 6 (January, 1965), 4-19. From 1914 till 1920 there was also a Reception Hospital, for the treatment of incipient insanity. It was replaced by the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, which opened in December, 1925. To Jennifer Stephen in Mental Hygiene, Mental Defect and Mental Age. The 'Feebleminded Woman' and the Work of the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic, 1900-1927 (Unpublished Master's Thesis, Graduate Department of Education, University of Toronto: Toronto, 1995), the fact that Clarke's clinic was run under the auspices of the Social Service Department indicates "the reluctance of the established medical profession to endorse the form and application of psychiatry practised by Clarke and Hincks" (8).

[cxvii] C.K. Clarke, "The Story of the Toronto General Hospital Psychiatric Clinic," Canadian Journal of Mental Hygiene 1 1 (1919): 30-37

[cxviii] C.K. Clarke, "Juvenile Delinquency and Mental Defect," Canadian Journal of Mental Hygiene 2 (October, 1920): 228-32.

Colonel Chambers's sugestion that Ryan "might find some place nearby for his work," and demands "in view of all the circumstances, where?" (2). He concludes that "in this respect, at least, the Dominion Army Medical Service has failed to appreciate the importance of affording facilities for the prompt treatment of the mentally affected Canadian solder" (2).

Ryan seems to have got his way. In his letter to the Provincial Secretary of June 4, 1916, he reports ongoing friction with Colonel Chambers, who still insists that the mental wards "must be under him as part of medicine" (2). He contrasts his enemy with Achilles, who was "vulnerable in the heel ... Chambers is vulnerable in the head" (2). See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916) and W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919). For background see Thomas Edward Brown. "Shell shock in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, 1914-1918: Canadian Psychiatry in the Great War" in Health, Disease and Medicine. Essays in Canadian History, ed. Charles G. Roland (Toronto: Hannah Institute, 1984), 308-332.

The newspapers continued to report cases of shell shock into the 1920s. One such article, in the Toronto Star of June 18, 1927, was headed "War Hurts Drive Man Crazy; Wife Destitute and Alone," exploits the negative reputation of the Asylum as a place of imprisonment, and the Gothic imagery of its "gloomy and relentless walls on Queen street," as a foil for the "spotlessly clean ... little house on St. David's street" that the patient has been deprived of by being comitted.

The man had been a good worker, had received a gunshot wound over his right eye, and been awarded the D.C.M. On resuming his old job at Massey's he had suffered periodic bouts of "mental trouble" and finally been unable to work. He had been examined at the General Hospital and removed "to the confines of 999 Queen street west." The application for aid on his behalf had been turned down by the "Ottawa authorities." Now his wife was destitute. His case is seen as typical:

> one of these most unfortuante of men who after arduous service and an A1 discharge reap in after years the harvest of the insidious seed that was unquestionably planted in the days of active service. "Post-war origin," is the cry of the authorities.

The weekly visit of the patient's wife to the Asylum is "the most pitiful pilgrimage of all time." Her interview with her husband is "a tragedy that would break the barriers of cold indifference in the heart of the most callous." The patient calls tells his wife "You are my lady," and she replies "No, I am your wife." He gives her buttons or other trinkets, unaware that he is "at the centre of a ghastly calamity" and "living the life of the living dead."

[cxxi] "(Report of the) First Annual Meeting of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene." Canadian Journal of Mental Hygiene 2 (1920), 172-81.

[cxxii] C.K. Clarke, "Mental Hygiene in Canada," The Lancet 1 (June, 1923): 1.39-41.

[cxxiii] According to Thomas Edward Brown, "Living with God's Afflicted": A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto (Queen's University, Kingston: Unpublished Ph.D Dissertation. 1981), during the inter-war period Canadian psychiatrists expanded their jurisdiction, "invading the precincts of the court, the prison, the school, the factory and even the home" (374). That the war actually facilitated such expansion is apparent in these texts.

[cxxiv] While my view of Clarke and his clinics is negative if not cynical, it is not inconsistent with Brown's view in Living with God's Afflicted that "Clarke's campaign to keep Ontario in the forefront of the 'new psychiatry,' by shifting the attention of both asylum officials and politicians away from the problems of the asylums to the promise of the psychiatric clinic, had the unintended consequence of perpetuating, and in some ways, justifying the abuses, deficiencies, indeed, the very system of institutions that Clarke was attempting to reform" (370). In some ways my version of Clarke resembles the "progressive" of David Rothman's Conscience and Convenience. The Asylum and Its Alternatives in Progressive America (Boston: Little, Brown, 1980), with the importance difference that Clarke's intentions, so far as they can be told from his texts, are never simple, least of all in their "benevolence." Perhaps because of his pivotal role in the history of asylums, Clarke encapsulates (or

[xcvi] C.K. Clarke, "The Defective and Insane Immigrant," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 2 1 (July, 1908), 3-22.

[xcvii] C.K. Clarke, "The Defective and Insane Immigrant," The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 2 1 (July, 1908), 3-22.

[xcviii] C.K. Clarke, "Some Aetiological Factors in Insanity, also a Few Remarks on Expert Evidence," Canada Lancet 44 (January, 1911): 356-66.

[xcix] C.K. Clarke, "The Defective and Insane Immigrant," The University of Toronto Monthly 8 (June, 1908): 273-78.

[c] Thomas Edward Brown, in "Living with God's Afflicted": A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto (Queen's University, Kingston: Unpublished Ph.D dissertation, 1981) sees Clarke's departure from the asylum service as "symbolic of the direction the 'new psychiatry' would take in the years following the First World War" (373). Given the divided loyalty apparent in Clarke's texts, Clarke's official departure seems inevitable and somewhat foregone symbolic in more ways than one, of more things than one.

[ci] C.K. Clarke, "Canada and Defective Immigration," American Journal of Insanity 65 (1908): 186-88.

[cii] C.K. Clarke, "The Defective Immigrant," Public Health Journal 7 (November, 1916): 462-5.

[ciii] Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), Memorandum from C.K. Clarke to W.J. Hanna, Container 47, C.K. Clarke Folder.

[civ] Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), Willoughby Commission Report to the Hon. W.J. Hanna (1907), Container 47, C.K. Clarke Folder.

[cv] The commissioners decide against asylums based on the cottage system, in favour of "centralizing some of our Asylums for chronic" (3). Although they insist on their greater comfort to the patients, a major consideration is "a large reduction in the cost of management to the State" (3).

[cvi] "Preface," Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 2.4 (November 1909), 3-4.

[cvii] C.K. Clarke, M.D., "The Relationship of Psychiatry to General Medicine," Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 2.4 (November, 1909), 5-15.

[cviii] See, for an example of this, C.K. Clarke's "The Korsakoff Psychosis," Bulletin of Ontario Hospitals for the Insane 41 1 (October, 1910): 17-38. Clarke's article concludes with several pages of such "confabulations," as recorded by a stenographer present at an interview conducted by himself and another doctor. It is no small part of Clarke's argument to depict such oral testimony as worthless except as an indication of neurological damage, though it provides, as he snidely remarks, "no end of good material for students of the Jung and Freud school."

[cxix] Archives of Ontario, RG 8-5, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), Container 58, W.W. Dunlop Folder

[cxx] The issue of shell-shock and the doctors' reaction to it is beyond the scope of this book, but it is clear that the their reaction to this disorder was influenced by their desire to establish psychiatry on a "somatic" and "scientific" footing, on a par with general medicine.

Clarke's successor in Kingston, Dr. Edward Ryan describes conditions at the Ontario Military Hospital in a personal letter to Provincial Secretary Hanna dated April 26, 1916. The other Medical Staff, in particular a Colonel Graham Chambers, have shown strong opposition to a separate "psychopathic section," the sole provision for which has been "a portion of one ward ... taken by means of a wooden partitition" (3). The "beautiful baths" which Armstrong sent had to be installed end to end because of the narrow room. Chambers has insisted that "a Department of Medicine should control this section" (3).

In his letter of May 11, 1916, addressed "to general," now Captain Edward Ryan, M.D., reports visiting the Springfield Military Hospital, and an interview there with Colonel Aldren Turner. The latter described how, because of the difficulty of separtating cases of psychosis from psychoneurosis at the front, they had decided to treat all such cases as one group. Ryan's own opinion of such cases is a remarkable example of the persistence of a somatic and neurological approach to mental illness, and of the concept of "degeneracy":

> From what I have learned by observation and by discussion, both with the heads of hospitals and such men as Major Mott and Colonel Aldren Turner, it is clear that the myriad cases of psychosis, psycho-neurosis, functional paralysis, anasthesias, hyper-asethiss, hysterias, cases of mutism, of tremors and shock are all sprung from the same cause, namely, a faulty heredity and an unstable mental basis; a neurotic temperament, accompanied often by depressing environments and lowering habits of life. As they are all due to the one cause, so are then [sic] amenable to the same treatment; they yield to the same action and re-act to the same influence. (5)

This confident assertion of the somatic nature of war-related mental illness is obviously related to the immediately following argument for a "Psycho-pathic Hospital" [sic] for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, for the treamtment of "all cases of a pyschic or a psychoneuroatic character" (6). There are already beds and therapeautic equipment at Orpington, which could be added to by the Provincial Secretary, and the facility would be staffed by physicians and nurses who had already acquired "experience, energy and judgment," (6) working in Ontario Hospitals. Other reasons for a "Psycho-pathic Hospital" echo C.K. Clarke's reasons for a clinic, such as the "early and energetic treatment" without which patients would be "helpless for life, unfitted for industrial pursuits ... a burden on their friends and on the community" (6). The somatic claim that Clarke used to argue for treatment of mental disorders at a clinic is now made by absurdly discounting the impact of the war, and for the very disorders whose resistance to somatic explanation would be used to promote the new Freudian approach -- psychoanalysis. Ryan concludes patriotically, still appealing to the Secretary's practical sense:

> The instincts of science and the interest of humanity alike demand that those who have so fallen shall receive from us our very best, that we may not only reward them for services faithfully rendered, and if we cannot restore them to what they once were we can do all that is possible to restore them to industrial life and to preserve their economic worth. (8)

Ryan prefaces the above with a note to S.A. Armstrong dated May 12, 1916, explaining that the accompanying document was his report, and quoting the reamark of Colonel Chambers, M.D., that "I might find some place near by for my work ..., the mental cases are not wanted at Orpington." Premier Hearst denies Ryan's statement, in the letter of April 26 (which the Provincial Secretary showed him), that "I informed him that the section was int ended for the treatment of shock cases, mental and physical, and that it was intended to be a separate department" (1). He adds that "it was never intended that we should establish a complete Psycopathic [sic] Hospital."

However, in his "Memoradndum" of June 8, 1916, the Assistant Provincial Secretary insists that "I never understood ... that this Section was to be considered merely as a ward of the medical section," and generally takes exception to the Premier's comments. He seems especially offended by

[lxv] Harry Blanchard Stewart Palmer, Admission Order #5793

[lxvi] William Murray Harman, Admission Order #5285 June 16, 1880

[lxvii] Herbert Metcalfe, Admission Order #5525. November 21, 1882.

[lxviii] Herbert Metcalfe, Admission Order #5546. 1882.

[lxix] Archives of Ontario, Ministry of Health Records, Queen Street Mental Health Centre, Case Files, RG 10-20-B-2 This file (less than 100 years old) was accessed under the Freedom of Information Act. Names and institutional identifiers of such patients (file or case numbers) are not reproduced. I have supplied the patient with a pseudonym, in order to avoid referring to her as a "case."

[lxx] All of the patient files cited in this chapter are from the Archives of Ontario, Queen Street Mental Health Centre Records, Admission Orders and Case Histories, RG 10, Series 20-B-1

[lxxi] Archives of Ontario, Inspector of Asylums Correspondence, 1870-1897, RG 63-A1, Volume 250. File #6912

[lxxii] Thomas Merton, Admission Order #4868. June 26, 1877

[lxxiii] Alice Bedson, Admission Order #5637 June 11, 1883

[lxxiv] Archives of Ontario, Criminal Indictment Case Files, RG 22-392-0-8237, Container 240, 1887, "The Queen vs. Owen McIlroy." Dr Clark's "Information," and various Police Court statements by Alice Bedson, Detective Reburn, and others, are from this dossier

[lxxv] Archives of Ontario, Benchbooks of Justice Cameron, RG 22-441-1 12, Container 2, April 1886 to May 1887

[lxxvi] Clark reports in 1900 the grizzly "suicide" of George Jackson on December 23. 1899. Jackson escaped from a "walking party" and ran under a freight car on the Grand Trunk Railway. According to Clark, Jackson dragged the attendant with him and was run over It seems likely that the patient was trying to elope (1900, 5).

[lxxvii] The loss of the Asylum Farm is a narrative in itself. In 1885 Clark reports that the Asylum farm-land has shrunk from 105 acres five years ago to 79, thanks to incursions from the Central Prison brick yards, the Mercer Reformatory, and the railroads. In 1886 Clark reports that the farm is virtually gone, the Asylum having lost another 60 acres.

[lxxviii] Meanwhile, as if to foreshadow further devolution at the Queen Street facility, cottages are being built at Mimico, and are expected to be ready by the spring of 1890. By 1889 ten patients are residing permanently at what is soon to be the Mimico Branch. The Asylum takes possession of the land in the spring of 1888, finds it "in bad order," but with hard labour the patients manage to produce "a quantity of hay, oats and potatoes" (1889, 4). In the Report for 1888 Clark complains about the inconvenience of transporting patients 5 miles to Mimico and back.

thinking, or false. Perhaps it would not be too cynical to suspect that Clarke was willing to overlook such matters in the Asylums for the sake of his clinic, and generally to connive at "political interference" so long as it went his way. His deviousness is in implying that if people would only tolerate intolerable conditions at the Asylums for the sake of his clinic, they would eventually have not only that but improved asylums as well. This seems consistent with my own thesis, developed below, that in his numerous arguments Clarke merely exploited the Asylum and its patients or inmates, very much as his predecessors had done. See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Container 47, C.K. Clarke Folder

[lxxxii] See "Fatal Assault on Dr Metcalf," American Journal of Insanity 42.1 (October, 1885): 259-66. The attack is reported as one in a series of such incidents, i.e., "Not many months have elapsed since we had occasion to chronicle desperate assaults made by homicidal madmen on two English Superintendents, and these had followed, at short intervals, on similar acts of violence at home and on the continent of Europe" (259). Metcalf's assailant, the 55 to 60 year-old chronic patient named Patrick Maloney, appears to have suffered from paranoia, but enjoyed considerable liberty under the "open door" system: "He usually ate his breakfast about 7 30 o'clock, and going out, paced about, slept or played euchre" (263). When arrested he observes "that he thought he had at last given the doctor his blood money" (263). The tendency of the article is to suggest that insane criminals like Maloney, who had initially been accused of arson, pose special problems in terms of classification and accommodation. The remark of Dr Sullivan, one of Maloney's original jurors, acquires a double irony: "he considered the man perfectly sane, and that there were hundreds of men walking the streets no worse than Maloney was" (264). Perhaps another irony is the article's appearance before a report of "The Case of Louis Riel," which would pose similar problems of classification.

[lxxxiii] Cyril Greenland, "Origins of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital," TPH: History and Memories of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, 1925-1966, ed. Edward Shorter (Toronto: Wall & Emerson, 1996), 19-58

[lxxxiv] C.K. Clarke, "Mental Hygiene in Canada," The Lancet 1 (June, 1923): 1139-41

[lxxxv] The mental hygiene movement began in the United States in 1909 when Clifford Whittingham Beers, author of The Mind that Found Itself, founded the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene and later the National Committee for Mental Hygiene Incorporated. According to John D. Griffin, General Director, 1952-71, the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene was organized by Dr. C.M. Hincks after a meeting with Beers in 1917. The original mandate of the organization emphasized extending psychiatric examination to recruits, to immigrants, and to the mentally deficient. See Griffin's In Search of Sanity. A Chronicle of the Canadian Mental Health Association, 1918-1988 (London (Canada): Third Eye, 1989).

[lxxxvi] The institution in question officially opened at the Queen Street location (999 Queen Street West) on January 26, 1850 as "The Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto." In 1871 it became "The Asylum for the Insane, Toronto." In 1907 "Asylum" was changed to "Hospital", in 1919 it became known as "Ontario Hospital, Toronto." I have used the term "Asylum" throughout, as it is simpler and less euphemistic. The Queen Street Mental Health Centre is still in operation, though no longer an autonomous provincial entity.

[lxxxvii] Untitled, The Bulletin of the Toronto Hospital for the Insane 1.1 (1907)

[lxxxviii] C.K. Clarke, "Dementia Praecox," British Medical Journal 2 (1906): 755-57. The term was coined by Emil Kraepelin in 1899 and at least initially identified the same "concept" as Eugen Bleuler's term, "schizophrenia," of 1908. See Erik Stromgren's "Autism: Core of the Schizophrenic Reaction," and Manfred Bleuler's "The Concept of Schizophrenia in Europe During the Past One worthy of recognition." He has campaigned in numerous elections, "both on and off the Platform," and has even been thanked by the premier, Mr Whitney, "personally by letter," for helping to elect one Mahaffy in a recent bye-election. Only after relating these political qualifications, does Williams mention his being "a Graduate of Twelve years standing of both Toronto and Victoria, and having been steadily in practice ever since." The letter seems to have been accompanied by a brief note from A.B. Thompson, M.P.P., recommending him for the position. Williams forwards more recommendations, on April 29 and May 6

It seems to have been the same at every other Asylum. Take but two more (related) examples, Dr Spohn's "retirment" from the Penetang Asylum, and Dr McCallum's transfer to the same institution. On November 30,1907, Dr Sphon, Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Penetanguishene, wrote to the Hon. W J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary. In the first two (undated) pages, he explains that the second part is a "brief statement of the work done at this Asylum since I have been in charge." He also reminds the Provincial Secretary of the details of an earlier discussion at which one A.P Campbell (Dr Spohn's lawyer?) was present. According to Dr Spohn these details included the Provincial Secretary's verbal agreement to give him $3500 upon retirement from the Asylum, plus $1750 for his thirty-two years as surgeon at the reformatory The total comes to about $5000, which, Dr Sphor points outs, was what Inspector Christie got when he retired

The accompanying 10-page letter "justifies" this gratuity Moreover with its often rather craven and pleading tone, its sightly paranoid asides at political foes imaginary or real, it indicates the political climate in which it was written. It also indicates the ethical environment, since not once in its ten pages are patients mentioned, though it is clear that they did the physical labour, the building and farming which together comprise the sole basis and justification for Dr Sphor's claim to such a fat "gratuity."

After five pages detailing such work, Dr Spohn states his theses, which is that he is not retiring but being unjustly removed, "because certain parties have been howling for my head since the change of Government." This unnamed enemy has schemed against and misrepresented Dr Spohn to the Provincial Secretary According to Dr Spohn, his enemy who will "stop at nothing," has boasted that he would seize the opportunity created by change of government and his own "great influence" in the same, and "see that my head was cut off." With an unnamed "Lieutenat," this foe has enlisted the townspeople to misrepresent the good doctor to the government, and intrigued to get their followers on the staff. The latter fabricate problems within the Asylum, which in turn become the basis of further misrepresentation

Dr Spohn concludes that he is the victim of a political conspiracy all the more unjustly considering that, as he says, "I have taken no interest in politics in any shape of [sic] form since my appointment." He is especially incensed that he has been accused of spending too much time away from the Asylum operating a dredging business, while Dr Ryan of Kingston is allowed to maintain a private practice. because he is "fortunately a Conservative." Dr Sphon concludes that "different treatment is meted out to me, because forsooth -- I do not happen to be a Conservative."

The tone of the Hon. W.J Hanna's reply of December 5, 1907 is best characterized as frigid The details, Hanna asserts, were not "in so far as the amount is concerned, as you put it." Speaking, as he writes, "from memory," he insists that the amount he he had mentioned as "gratuity" was not $3500 but $2400 or 2600, based on the salary acutally paid. He also insists that he had stated at their meeting that anything beyond that amount, a year's cash salary, "would be a matter of argument" The matter would have to be rsolved by the Cabinet Counicl, when the contents of Dr Spohn's letter would be given "proper consideration The Provincial Secretary concludes rather warily that "I did not give any assurance as to what the Council would do with regard to such excess amount."

There is every indication that Dr Spohn was being eased or bought out by the governing party, and that he might have been misled as to the amount of the purchase

On May 19, 1909, one Mrs. Webster wrote one Mr Dargavel, MPP for Elgin, begging him to get rid of her boss, Dr McCallum, Medical Superintendent of the London Asylum, "the blackest Grit that ever trod the earth." She claims that he is driving the staff mad, especially herself it seems "Yesterday and to-day [sic] we are all almost insane ourselves ... we will all have to resign if something is not done." The mass resignation of the Conservative staff of an insane asylum, because they have been driven mad by the Liberal officers, poses an interesting medical problem.

Mrs. Webster seems to have joined the staff in some sort of clerical capacity, she complains that Dr McCallum "will not allow me to control the mails" adding, incidentally that "he could not treat a squaw worse than he treats the Assistant Matron and myself." The Liberal McCallum has made this good conservative woman's life a "hell on earth." Those good Tories, "the Hon. Mr Hanna or Hon. Mr Whitney had not the faintest idea what a brute they have here feeding at their board." If they did, she heavily implies, they would fire him immediately

She adds a litany of reasons. That "he is hated like poison here," seems obvious enough already That "the Conservatives cannot get at him here in the Constituency," basically because "he has nothing to do with any person around the twon or country," seems only sensible on his part. But most of these "reasons" seem to amount to little more than the fact that she and her Conservative friends hate the good doctor and that he is "an old miserable, mean Grit [who] would not let one of us live if he could help it," which seem like the one and the same reason. She concludes her argument with an irrefutable reason, that Dr McCallum, apparently already filthy rich with ill-gotten Liberal booty, should not continue to "get his living out of Conservatives, when he never cast a vote for them in his life." Plunder is permitted provided it does not cross party lines.

While Mr Dargavel, M.P.P for Elgin, forwards Mrs. Webster's letter on May 21, 1909, with a note that he has "considerable confidence in Mrs. Webster," the widow of a law partner of the Hon. John Wood, doubtless another loyal Tory, the Hon. Provincial Secretary is not so sure. He replies to Mr Dargavel on may 28, 1909, that he has already received some of Mrs. Webster's letters through George Taylor, M.P Whether or not on account of the "blackest Grit that ever trod the earth," the Hon. Mr Hanna expresses his opinion that Mrs. Webster is indeed "breaking down mentally."

Yet it is evident that the Provincial Secretary had been trying to get rid of McCallum for some time. In a letter to Dr of November 14, 1907 to Dr William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, Hanna himself criticizes Dr McCallum for some of the same things as Mrs. Webster

> The fact is the Doctor has made the mistake of being General, and Lieutenant, and Private, and everything else in sight, instead of putting himself in a position where he could look to the heads of the different Departments under him for results.

Hanna's letter to Osler also seems to confirm Mrs. Webster's depiction of McCallum's isolation and general unpopularity

> The Doctors of London and vicinity, irrespective of politics, were quite outspoken in their opinion that it would be unfair to the Department and the Province to continue Dr McCallum there

While he agrees with Dr Osler, that McCallum is a good man as well as a good doctor, he intends to transfer him to the Asylum at Penetang.

An article in the London Free Press of November 11, 1907, notes that Dr Robinson would become Medical Superintendent in London, with Dr Harris as his likely assistant, replacing the late Dr Buchan The article also reports an anonymous statement, that Dr McCallum would not accept the transfer to Penetang, a "minor post." An earlier letter from Hanna to McCallum dated October 9 indicates that McCallum had thought (without foundation, Hanna claims) that his transfer was to Brockville. A "secret" note from McCallum's wife, dated October 12, begs Hanna to delay the transfer till Spring: "Perhaps I am foolish about it but going to that North Country in the winter-time fills me with unutterable dread." The note is black-bordered, like the announcement of a death or a funeral, as if Mrs. McCallum saw the transfer that way, and wanted the Provincial Secretary to know that she did. See the Archives of Ontario. Provincial Secretary's Correspondence. RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter (undated or November 30, 1907) from Dr. Spohn, Container 30, Envelope 23.1, the Archives of Ontario. Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter from Mr J.R.R. Dargavel, M.P.P of May 21, 1909, Typed Transcript of Letter from Mrs. Sara Webster of May 19, 1909 Letter from Hon. W.J Hanna to J.R.R. Dargavel of May 28, 1909, Container 30, Envelope 23.6, Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter of November 14, 1907 to Dr. William Osler, Container 23, Folder 23 32

Given these rather sordid goings-on, Clark's reply to Dr Lusk, the Secretary of the Ontario Medical Association, asking him to "write a paper dealing with the question 'Of forward work in the Asylums, and the present method of appointments, etc.," seems pragmatic in the extreme. Perhaps because he is already enjoying the benefits of a good appointment himself, he expresses himself "content to wait until the Government has shown itself opposed to adopting the ideals of the Medical profession." Moreover, he argues that "If we are given a Psychiatric clinic in Toronto .. the question of political heads for Hospitals for the Insane, will die a natural death." This must have been wishful [lxxix] Cyril Greenland, *Charles Kirk Clarke, A Pioneer of Canadian Psychiatry* (Toronto: The Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, 1966).

[lxxx] Cyril Greenland, "Origins of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital," *TPH, History and Memories of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, 1925-1966*, ed. Edward Shorter (Toronto: Wall & Emerson, 1996), 19-58.

[lxxxi] The Archives of Ontario contains ample evidence of political interference and collaboration if not collusion on the part of doctors and politicians alike. After the defeat of the provincial liberals in that year's election, Dr Daniel Clark of the Toronto Asylum, himself a long-time "Grit," wrote the new Provincial Secretary, W. J. Hanna, on April 24, 1905 to offer him his resignation

> I am now in the thirtieth year of my superintendency of this asylum. I am also in the seventy fifth year of my age and although my capacity for work remains normal yet it is my wish to retire from the cares and responsibilities which my present position entails.

Clark lists several pages of "improvements, executive and structural." He believes that the best gauge of his achievements is the "the faith the public has ... in our work," and the best gauge of that is the "revenue from the payments of relatives." By this gauge, an increase from $12,000 in 1874 to $41,000 in 1904, represents an improvement of "public trust" by several hundred percent. It seems unlikely that such moral arithmetic would have conveyed anything to the Hon. Provincial Secretary, beyond perhaps the vague impression of more money to spend. Whether it would have encouraged him to "favourably consider," as Clark went on to request, a "retiring allowance" along the lines of what Workman got, "after twenty two years service ... $5000," as Clark reminds him, seems equally unlikely. Attached is a copy from the Hon. W.J. Hanna's secretary, rather cooly acknowledging the receipt of the Superintendent's letter, and accepting his resignation. There is no mention of the "allowance." See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter of Dr Daniel Clark of April 24, 1905, Container 7, Daniel Clark Folder

In a letter to the Honourable W.J. Hanna dated June 23, 1905, Mr James S. Fullerton [?] wrote the Hon. W.J. Hanna to ask that one Dr Williams be appointed Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Williams's principal recommendation is having been a loyal Conservative or, as Fullerton more circumstantially puts it, "for the last twenty-five years at least ... the recognized standard bearer of Conservative principles in South Oxford, speaking from many plat-forms [sic] at every election." Fullterton concludes that "there is no man in Canada who has given more constant, more unselfish or better work to the Conservative Party, in his way, than Dr Williams.

Williams has run several times for South Oxford and been defeated, first by Adam Crooks, and second by Dr. McKay. The writer argues that since the Conservative incumbent owed his late victory partly to Dr Williams's earlier work on behalf of the party, since Dr McKay had been promised the superintendency of the Toronto Asylum had he won, and since the Toronto Asylum was a provincial institution, "it seems very fitting that [Dr Williams] be awarded the prize." See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, Hon. W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Letter from James S. Fullerton of June 23, 1905, Container 30, Toronto Asylum Folder

Dr Williams does not have any special training for the position, and the writer does not seem to think that he shoud. For *both* sides the appointment is a blatant, shamelessly political trophy. Moreover the felicity of awarding it to Dr Williams lies not just in giving it to a Conservative doctor, who might conceivably have been a competent alienist, but in giving it to a Conservative doctor who is also the personal enemy of the Liberal doctor for whom it was intended. A fat folder in the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.D. McPherson Files (1916-1919), Container 106, labelled "J.J. Williams Folder," indicates how vigorously Williams Williams campaigned for the superintendency of an Ontario psychiatric hospital -- *any* Ontario psychiatric hospital

Williams himself wrote on March 31, 1905 to apply for the "position of Medical superintendent of the Woodstock Asylum." He immediately emphasizes not his medical qualifications but his political connections and, moreover, his "strong claims on the Government bedding is too. The short crop of straw suggests to Langmuir "the advisability of increasing the number of hair-mattresses throughout the Asylum" (1872, 4)

In the Report for 1871, Workman anticipates building new farm-houses on the newly created "farm" near a proposed bridge. He only regrets that they had not cultivated the land earlier "A few years of Asylum cultivation and enrichment will demonstrate the loss sustained by the public in the last 20 years, from keeping this land back from Asylum possession" (1871, 26). As for the bridge, he fears that raising it over the tracks would have required long and expensive embankments over asylum land. Moreover, the trains "incessantly passing" underneath would be a danger to "spirited horses and cattle" (26). Finally, the bridge itself, "so near our grounds," ought to be ornamented more "than the times warrant" (1872, 26)

What Workman calls the "New Farm" is begun in 1870, when he and Langmuir explore the western grounds north of the GTR railroad that cut diagonally through Asylum land. In 1871 he recalls the pleasure he had "walking and wading over it" with Langmuir in the spring. Twelve acres that were formerly the resort of snipes and plovers have been made arable by tile and drainage (1871, 24-5). Here is planted the bulk of the potato crop. An eighteen acre field south of the tracks has been similarly prepared, provision being made for the anticipated Central Prison. Since the Asylum pumps at the lake will also supply the Prison with water, Workman recommends the laying of a larger pipe 4 and 1/2 to 5 inches in diameter (1871, 26). The lease on the Bacon farm is renewed, but he frets that unless they acquire more cows, they will have to dilute the cream in their tea and coffee. Workman jokes that patients "have now been educated into scientific cutters of drains, and layers of tiles" (1872 26), but leaves no doubt that the real scientist is himself He himself draws "rough diagrams of the drains of every field ... in my asylum journals, so that at any time they can be readily traced on the land" (1872, 26)

[xxxviii] In his report for 1866 Workman again urges distributing the chronic population among secondary asylums: each district or union of counties, supports its own share of them, and no share of those of other districts each town and township levies from its inhabitants, just so much as it pays for support in a secondary Asylum' (26). An item in the Canada Medical Journal 3 (1866-67), 237-39, quotes generously from this report and indicates how the contents of such reports could be recycled. The writer concludes that 'by the present system of affording relief, we are each year augmenting to a serious extent, the number of cases of incurables, many of whom would undoubtedly have been restored to the industrial population had prompt measures for their relief been adopted' (238).

[xxxix] See Andrew T Scull, Museums of Madness: The Social Organization of Insanity in Nineteenth-Century England (London: Allen Lane (Penquin Books Ltd.), 1979

[xl] Workman is rather cryptic about his immediate reasons for retirement in 1875 at the age of 70 However, it would have been obvious to everyone that, as Thomas Edward Brown puts it in Living with God's Afflicted': A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto, 1830-1911 (PhD Thesis, Queen's University, Kingston, 1981), 'both Workman and the asylum were growing old' (230). Brown summarizes the Workman era at the Toronto Asylum as a good thing gone wrong: a time of shattered expectations, growing disillusionment and dissatisfaction, a search for alternatives, and, ultimately, of a forced but uneasy accommodation with the grim reality that the asylum did not cure (232). Workman himself could not have put it more heroically

[xli] Dr. Lizars obituary in the *Canada Lancet* 7 7 (March, 1875) notes that J.L. Lizars, nephew of the famous surgeon, was born in Edinburgh in 1832 After studying medicine in Edinburgh he joined the French army and seved in the Crimea He seems to have been involved with Dr John Rolph, in whose school he taught

[xlii] *The Upper Canada Journal of Medical Surgical and Physical Science 3.8* (1852), 363-71

[i] Dr Campbell also writes that he heard Mary ask "'why did you do this'" (viii), which he would like us to think refers to his removal of the suture

[ii] This is obviously a nick-name. "Posie" probably was Lorne Colin Campbell. Biographical information in the "Reive Collection" in the Archives of Ontario indicates that Lorne was born in 1851 This makes him 17 in 1868, the same age as Mary's "Posie." An article in the Daily Globe of June 5, 1868, states "Equally absurd is that supposition that she had formed improper relations toward a son of 17, two years younger than herself." A January 10, 1885 article in the Port Arthur Weekly herald and Lake superior Mining Journal, indicate that Lorne Campbell, M.D., "late of Silver Islet" was buried on Tuesday, with full Masonic honours. An article of January 3 reprots the complaint of a "poor woman" that "she ought to be able to secure some of the attention of this hereling [sic] of the corporation between his acrobatic feats in the municipal elections now going on." Lorne had just been elected School Trustee in Ward 3

[iii] See Thomas Edward Brown, Living with God's Afflicted: A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto, 1830-1911 (Kingston: Ph.D Thesis, Queen's University, 1981)

Joan Burbick in Healing the Republic: The Language of Health and the Culture of Nationalism in Nineteenth Century America (Cambridge: Cambridge UP 1994) discusses how in the middle of the nineteenth century medical superintendents used arguments about "the industrial nature of work, the enlarging urban landscape, and the restless pace of life in an increasingly commercial society" (144) as the locus of an essentially conservative and middle-class critique of American democracy Such a critique might have been out of place in the context of Canadian society, which rather complacently defined itself by contrast with the United States Workman himself was familiar with this mythical "kinder, gentler society" and enjoyed indicating the hypocrisy of the classes that extolled it but sent their relatives to U.S institutions. Daniel Clark, however was a younger man and a North American who had tended the troops in the American Civil War Thomas Edward Brown, in Caring for God's Afflicted, writes that "it is difficult to escape the conclusion, given his lack of experience in handling the insane, that his appointment was little more than a political reward" (236). Nonetheless he seems to have shared the intellectual preoccupations of his American contemporaries S E D Shortt in Victorian Lunacy: Richard M. Bucke and the Practice of Late Nineteenth-Century Psychiatry (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1986) discusses the similar preoccupations of a fellow Canadian asylum doctor In particular he connects the preoccupation with heredity and worry, as Burdick does similar concerns, to middle-class self-interest "a middle class presumably free from hereditary taint" (123) See also Ian R Dowbiggin's Inheriting Madness: Professionalization and Psychiatric Knowledge in Nineteenth-Century France (Berkkeley: U of California P, 1991). Dowbiggin concludes that "Hereditarianism was primarily a defensive ideology that enabled alienists to mitigate the professional embarassment and sociopolitical difficulties stemming from the impasse in which asylum psychiatry found itself at midcentury" (160).

[iv] There is evidence of tension between Workman and his successor, Daniel Clark. See entry for Tuesday, November 11, 1884, The Joseph Workman Diaries, Vol 1 (University of Toronto Archives, B80-0015): "Having learned from unquestionable authority that Dr D Clark Med. S. of the Toronto Asylum for Insane, stated to Dr Tuke of England when that gentleman visited the Asylum in August last that I left the Asylum in a disgraceful state' and that my 'election as an honourary member of the English Medico Psychological Association was a great mistake for I merited no such honour'" Workman was incensed and had encomiastic testimonials by J W Langmuir, former Inspector of the Asylums of Ontario and E.A. Merideth, former Chairman of the Board of Inspectors of Asylums for Canada East and West and late Assistant Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada, printed and distributed to scores of colleagues in Canada and the United States

days of witch burning" (365). In a paper delivered by to the Medical Section of the Canadian Institute on November 19, 1869, in one of the newly completed wings of the Toronto Asylum, a synopsis of which is published in the Canada Medical Journal [illegible] Workman asks his colleagues to remember when they serve as medical witnesses that "it is the sacred obligation of the medical man to absolve himself from all medical allegiance" (289). In a rather strange series of analogies he facetiously warns doctors not to scorn lawyers. If lawyers do "very dirty work" in court, doctors do as dirty work in the mortuary: "Though you may not have robbed your honest neighbour of his fair fame, yet you have robbed the grave of its sacred deposits, and though the moral stenchy of the swearing-shop may be very offensive to your now refined olfactories, do not forget how inoffensive to you custom rendered the odours of the dissecting-room" (290). The emphasis in the rest of the article is on telling the truth, even when it leads, as it does in a cases Workman describes, to the incarceration of a close friend's son. In "Case of Erastus Hotchkiss," American Journal of Insanity 32.3 (January, 1876): 405-19, Workman reports being requested by Judge Groquine of Brockville to examine Erastus Hotchkiss, convicted for murder of his mother. Workman believes Hotchkiss was mad before, during, and after the murder and should not have been found guilty of a crime for which he was obviously not responsible. The jurors' accompanying their verdict of guilt with a recommendation to mercy probably indicates that they had doubted Hotchkiss's sanity in opposition to the Judge. William Reid, Hotchkiss's brother-in-law, seems to have provided him with inadequate legal defence and to have wavered in his testimony as to his Hotckiss's insanity; Workman reports rumours that Reid expected to inherit Hotckiss's farm after his execution – just one of the factors that could interfere with the insanity defence. Workman indicates that Hotchkiss's mother's sister, and his father's brother, were both insane, and believes that this "family history showed the disease to be of hereditary derivation" (416). In "Crime and Insanity," Transaction of the Canada Medical Association (Montreal: Lovell Printed and Publishing Company, 1877), 1-23, Workman uses the case of K.S. (discussed in chapter 3) to illustrate the connection between crime and insanity and to argue for the use of heredity in determining "the actual mental condition of some moral delinquents" (12); the judge's usual charge to jurors that "they are not to enter into the history of the prisoner's antecedents or of his collateral blood relatives, but must form their judgment as to his general mental condition upon the evidence bearing upon this question at the time of the offence," ignores "the most ample proofs of insanity running through the stock for several generations" (13). Workman compares such judges to Chief Justice Hale of the Salem Witch Murders. That moral insanity is combined with hereditary insanity to absolve the subject of guilt, illustrates how Prichard's concept could be co-opted by the very forces of materialism and skepticism in reaction to which he developed it. In ways that possibly anticipate some of Clarke's bias against Riel, Workman's criticism of the "amateurishness" of the commissioners in "Remarks on the Report of the Italian Commissioners in Lunancy on the Mental Condition of Passanante," in St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal 36.5 (1879): 364-67, is partly based on his assumption that the elevated thoughts they describe in Passanante ("Productive activy of ideas normal, or if anything, uncommon. Rapidity of perception and judgment notable. Ideas and the expression of them superior to his condition – often elevated" (366)) indicate madness in him, because he is only a cook. Workman is especially indignant that the commissioners made nothing of the fact that all of Passanante's siblings, evidently, were mad. Whether or not he anticipates Clarke's conservatism, Workman certainly appears to anticipate his seige mentality, as he complains that the commissioners' report will probably be believed, if only because it has been published in the London Lancet, despite the fact that "we could, both from our asylum experience, and our observance of incubative insanity outside, adduce numerous parallel illustrations of the true mental condition of Passanante" (367). Workman flatters his audience that "to the intelligent medical reader, who in his professional round must have had but too many opportunities of noting similar mental lesions and obliquities, no such demonstration can be called for" (367).

lxiii Arthur Casper, Admission Order #5525. October 20, 1882.

lxiv Archives of Ontario, Ministry of Health Records, Queen Street Mental Health Centre, Admission Orders and Case Histories, RG 10, Series 10-B-1, Harry Blanchard Stewart Palmer, Admission Order #5477. July 29, 1882.

[lix] In this regard a kind of "party-piece" or (more likely) after-dinner talk, "Wrinkles in Ancient Asylum Reports," is interesting for satirizing the recent past of asylum doctoring as ancient Egyptian history. Clark facetiously suggests that "the Pyramids were intended as hospitals for the insane." These "Ancient Egyptians" wrapped their dead Pharohs in annual reports. The piece was read "at the forty-third annual meeting of the Association of Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the the Insane, held at Newport, R.I., June 18-20, 1880." Clark targets such topical issues as restraint, patrongage, the "cooking" of statistics to produce artificially low cure rates, the sensationalism of the press, and even the surgical mutilation of women as practised by colleagues like R.M. Bucke at the London Asylum: "It was also to be expected in that age of divisional medicine that the useful uterus and its appendages should be chargeable with being a prolific cause of insanity. Were these detached laboratories even slightly diseased then was the excision declared to be a triumph of medical foresight and skill: were they healthy then was it a good riddance to cut out these supernumaries. In that barbarous age it was not thought barbarous to unsex the many for the problematic benefit of the few" (9).

[lx] See Shirley G. Morriss, ed., The Journal of John George Howard (Toronto: Ontario Heritage Foundation, Ministry of Citizenship and Culture, 198?), 22. In the context of the Asylum's sheer monumentality, it might be useful to note that it really was built to military specifications. Howard, the principal architect, travelled to Montreal on April 18, 1845 to confirm to one Colonel C.B. Holloway that the Asylum could indeed be defended as a fort.

[lxi] Consider Clark's satire of "sentiment" in a piece, "Wrinkles in Ancient Asylum Reports," read before the Association of Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane, June 18-20, 1880: "What is restraint? Is a mit, or a sewed sleeve, or an attendant's grip, or seclusion in a room, or a sedative, restraint? If so, then is not a locked bedroom, a secured ward, or a high wall also restraint? Is not a lunatic restrained in a sense when he is curbed from having his own sweet will to the same extent as have the sane? ... The hair-splitting tendency over petty and unimportant details seems to be inherent in the human race, and teh silliness of calling a weakly sentiment a principle has had much vitality" (10).

[lxii] See "The Case of Louis Riel," American Journal of Insanity 42.2 (October, 1885): 265-66. This unsigned item under "Notes and Comments" might have been written by Dr. Daniel Clark, since it contains information similar and language similar to that in Clark's notes, reproduced in C.K. Clarke's "A Critical Study of the Case of Louis Riel," Queen's Quarterly 12 (April, 1905): 379-88, 13 (July, 1905): 14-26. In the Journal of Insanity article it is noted that Riel was twice confined in Asylums (in Longue Pointe, Montreal and in Beauport, Quebec), and both times afflicted with Megalomania (Dr. Roy's original diagnosis). The article notes the Riel considered himself a prophet, at the centre of a great movement, with the ability to foretell the future. In his trial notes quoted in Dr. C.K. Clarke's article, Daniel Clark observes that "His fidgety way, his swagger, his egotistic attitudes, his evident delight at such a trying hour in being so conspicuous a personage, impressed me very strongly as being so like the insane with delusions of greatness, whether paretics or not" (16). Clark is afraid, however, that his diagnosis is based on appearances "which cannot be desribed in writing, [although they] are matters of every-day observation by asylum medical officers" (16). In other words, as he admits, his diagnosis is based on professional "intuitions" which "would be laughed out of court by the legal profession" (16). Later in the same notes he records "[Riel] also told me that he wrote a book .... In it he clearly proved that he was a great prophert, and as a prophet he knew beforehand that a verdict would be given in his favour" (17). The "judicial murder" of Riel was regarded by psychiatrists as a setback for the psychiatric profession in Canada, and subsequently invoked in defence of the insanity defence in particular and of professional opinion in general. Psychiatrists or rather alienists who defended criminals on grounds of insanity were virtually pilloried by the community. In "Some of the Aetiological Factors in Insanity, Also a Few Remarks on Expert Evidence," The Canada Lancet 44 (January, 1911): 356-66, C.K. Clarke describes how a party of like-minded alienists including himself and Drs. Workman, Daniel Clark, R.M. Bucke, and Lett, were once openly insulted on their way to court, in the press they were pilloried as hirelings, and in the pulpit reviled in ways that, as Clarke says, applying a favourite trope, "would have done credit to the

[xliii] The editors reply that while Dr Campbell's suggestion for an elected Board would almost certainly be popular, the "most scientific and experienced" would almost certainly not be elected. It would have the unfortunate consequence of making the profession "an arena for popular strife or party distinctions" (366). They prefer a kind of rotating Council, based on seniority. As for Campbell's concern about centralization of facilities in Toronto, the editors point out that with the construction of railroads "local practitioners" will soon be "within a very few hours' run of Toronto" (367).

[xliv] Colonel T. Campbell, M.D., Medical Legislation in Ontario, Annual Address at the Meeting of the Canadian Institute of Homeopathy, Hamilton, June 14, 1892 (Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1892).

[xlv] The "Ontario Medical Act" of 1869 proved unsatisfactory in that it had not provision whereby students could be licensed for studying at a homeopathic college outside the province. There was no homeophathic college within the province. Although Dr Campbell, offended at not being allowed to assume the presidency of the Council in 1873, called for the creation of a separate Homeopathic Council and College. However, the "Act" of 1869 was amended the next year, eliminating the "eclectics" entirely but "allowing Homeopathic students to put in their full time at colleges outside the Dominion" (11). In 1875 Dr Campbell was returned as one of thee five homeopathic representatives on the Medical Council.

[xlvi] Duncan Campbell, Inquest on Mary Boyd, Held at Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, 5th and 6th May, 1868. Evidence and Correspondence in Full. With Comments of the Toronto Press (Toronto, 1868).

[xlvii] See Dr Campbell's obituary in Canada Lancet 11.7 (1879): 217. Born in 1811 in Angyleshire, Scotland, he came to Canada in 1834. He held one M.D. from the University of Edinburgh and another from the Western Homeopathic College of Ohio, and was president of the Homeopathic Medical Board of Ontario from 1859 till it was disolved in 1869. The writer of the obituary expresses some ambivalence about Dr Campbell's character, praising him for his "great intellectual power," but remarking his "imperious and arbitrary ... manner" (217).

[xlviii] See Archives of Ontario, Ministry of Health Records, Queen Street Mental Health Centre, Admission Orders and Case Histories, RG 10-20-B-1, #3419/68. The form is signed by Drs. Campbell, Hall, and J. Adams. J. Adams is listed with Duncan Campbell as a Homeopathic Representative at the first meeting of the Ontario Medical Council in 1860 (See Colonel T. Campbell, M.D., Medical Legislation in Ontario, 9). Under "supposed cause" is written "excitement -- caused by revivalist preaching and possibly suppressed catamenia." Under "propensities and hallucinations" is written "has attempted suicide by drowning, dreads being burnt up, has also morbid love affections." The form also indicates that Mary has "threatened others" and "threatened to kill another person." Campbell expresses the hope that "by ... treatment she will be ... cured." There is nothing else in Mary's file besides a letter from the Medical Superintendent, dated October 4, 1960, indicating to another researcher that "our records do not contribute anything at all."

[xlix] William Edward Bowman, editor of the Canada Lancet (Montreal), describes a similar procedure in "Amenorrhoea," Canada Lancet 1.4 (June, 1863), 25-27. "Electricity. This agent is not applicable in high states of congestion, but in ordinary cases it seldom fails of doing good ... placing one conductor on the sacrum and the other over the pubes, shocks of medium intensity should be passed through the womb for ten or fifteen minutes daily during the catamenial period" (25). Bowman state that amenorrhoea often, but not always, indicated pregnancy. "I can bear testimony ... that sexual intercourse, independently of pregnancy, not unfrequently arrest menstruation for two or three months, when its unexpected reappearance gives much joy to the singe, and disappointment to those recently married" (27).

[lv] Clark mocks the General in a piece read at the forty-third annual meeting of the Association of Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane, June 18-20, 1880: "It is worthy of note here that some great military man in one of the provinces had made a discovery in finding a unique cure for insanity. It consisted in putting the afflicted under blue glass. As might be expected a learned discussion at once arose as to the varied effects on the human body of chemical, thermal and actinic solar rays and especially upon nerve tissue. Speculation ran rife over this strange doctrine of therapeutics and it is worthy of note that few of the learned psychologists of that age raised a doubt as to its efficacy. By a sort of law of selection those afflicted with the 'blues' were put into and cured in blue rooms. Those having mania were struck dumb and mentally paralyzed at the surrounding blueness. Blue glass did wonders, while the blue sky of nature had in a sense 'to pale its ineffectual fires.' This sombre colour acted as a sedative, a soporific, a tonic and possibly a cathartic. Pseudo-philosophers wrote learned treatises on the wonderful effect of this occult color."

[lvi] In 1887 Clark reports that the connections between the wings and the main building have become rotten and need to be rebuilt and "extended upwards" to facilitate passage from the wards on all levels. He suggests that these passageways should have openings facing into the quadrangle for patients to use for airing without being heard or seen by the public on Queen and King Streets. Finally, after nearly half a century of using the "miserably small room" in the upper story of the main building as an auditorium, the patients build, with the help of two masons and a carpenter and some material left over from the old wall and the slaughter-house, a two-story amusement hall. The upper story is used as a hall, the lower as a work-shop (1893, 5).

Clark is emphatic about patients not being seen or heard "singing or speech-making," especially on Sundays; it seems to have been a problem on weekdays too. The remodelling of the old verandas has a similar public motive; Clark is embarrassed that "from the outside they look like cages for animals" (1887, 43). The iron rods should be removed and replaced with "fancy screening" which would enable them to continue to function as rather euphemistically designated "airing resorts" (43). Clark does not even bother to dissemble his concern for appearances, and a middle-class "respectability" closely related to the middle-class worry that concerned him so much. Unlike his predecessor for most of his tenure, Clark has to be concerned about the neighbours. Also unlike his predecessor, he does not appear to feel any embarrassment at accommodating them in a public Report.

Nothing better underscores the character of the Asylum during Clarke's tenure than the absence of a even a proper front door. In one of his earliest reports he notes the existence of a higher-paying clientele, which would pay 6-10 dollars per week, "if better furnished rooms, more comforts, and isolated lodgings were furnished to their friends" (1876, 207). His desire to cultivate this class is no doubt one reason for his concern about "the gloomy entrance of such a substantial and fine pile of buildings" (205). The original design has yet to be realized: "the main entrance door [was intended] to enter on the first floor, from a landing approached by two substantial flights of stone steps protected by a roof supported by costly and elaborate pillars of stone" (205). Clark pleads that if only the landing were erected, it would have a benign effect on newly admitted patients, "whose ideas of a mad house are usually of the most gloomy kind" (206). At present patients have to "descend several steps into a cellar passage" in order to enter the main building. Still waiting for a "decent front entrance" (239) in 1877, he complains that visitors "from all parts of the world" are disappointed, and patients frightened by the "dismal reception room" off a "gloomy passage" that is their "first experience of asylum life" (239). A proper entrance is installed only after some 38 years of using a basement door in a side of the main building "as bare of anything ornate as is the side of an Egyptian pyramid" (1888, 4).

[lvii] As with Workman, I am principally interested in Clark's annual reports (his from 1876-1905). Unlike Workman, Clark wrote and published a text-book on mental disorders, Mental Diseases. A Synopsis of Twelve Lectures Delivered at the Hospital for the Insane, Toronto, to the Graduating Medical Classes (Toronto: W. Briggs, 1895).

[lviii] Daniel Clark, Mental Diseases. A Synopsis of Twelve Lectures Delivered at the Hospital for the Insane, Toronto, to the Graduating Medical Classes (Toronto: W. Briggs, 1895).

evident throughout his life in occasional references in his writings' (16). These would include passages in the annual reports where he inveighs against preachers for terrorizing his patients with sermons on hell-fire and damnation. For example, in the report for 1871 Workman cautiously observes that 'We certainly have had a distressing number of the class who believe themselves to be unpardonable sinners; and it is well-known in Asylums that suicidal tendency is very common in them. As almost the whole of these creatures are really good people, who have been notable for their religious life and tenderness of conscience, I leave it to the common sense of the intelligent reader to assign the efficient cause of the delusion' (18). He deplores the effect of one preacher in particular, on a patient whom he describes as 'the most pitiable case of religious despair I have ever yet seen' (30).

[xxxv] Dr Joseph Workman, 'Demonomania and witchcraft', American Journal of Insanity 28 (1871) 175-93

[xxxvi] Many of his colleagues were not so open-minded. Workman describes the reception of an earlier version of 'Demonomania' at the Annual Convention of Medical Superintendents in Toronto in 1871. 'I read a paper on Wednesday evening on Demonomania [at the Annual Convention of Medical Superintendents in Toronto]. It brought up some discussion, but not on those points on which I desired it....New England men, with their constitutional thin-skinnedness, lost sight of every thing but my brief and very mild allusions to the atrocities of the Salem witchcraft murders. Dr [Isaac] Ray went even so far as to claim credit & honour to Massachusetts for her noble assertion of conscientious conviction of divine truth in that time of primitive credulity ... Dr [Richard] Gundry of Dayton made an [illegible] onslaught on me, because of my allusion to the witch murders in the time of Cromwell... Dr Gundry is a Cockney and is always most anxious to demonstrate his conversion to pure American fealty... All thanked me, but none seemed disposed to follow me. Moral courage is not over-thickly spread on the present race of Super-intendents, but the time must come when men will more freely speak out'. See the entry for Monday, June 12, 1871, Workman Diaries, vol. 1, B80-0015, University of Toronto Archives.

[xxxvii] The completion of the Asylum's long awaited wings seems to allow Inspector Langmuir to shift his focus from the building itself to its immediate surroundings. To him it seems to be a matter of dignity as well as a necessity that "this Institution ... third, in point of size and population, on the Continent of America ... should have at least 250 acres of land attached to it" (1869, 4). His focus seems aesthetic as well as practical, his attention almost equally divided between the arable and the ornamental as he discusses the "indication of a large crop" in the same paragraph where he approves of how the "ornamental portion of the grounds ... adds very much to the enjoyment of the patients" (1869, 4).

While some land is rented in 1866 from one Mr. Bacon, "thirty-six acres, contiguous to our grounds" (1867, 49), Langmuir urges that the "short-sighted mistake of placing an Institution of this magnitude on a plot of fifty acres" should be permanently rectified (1869, 4). It is a problem not just in terms of economy but in terms of "providing out-door occupation for the inmates of the Asylum, the beneficial results of which in an Insane Hospital cannot be over estimated" (1869, 4). Arguing in tandem with his Inspector, Workman is even more pungent in his criticism, calling the omission "a most stupid oversight" by men "who understood the requirements of a large lunatic asylum about as well as they did those of the Crimean army" (1870, 18).

In the Report for 1871 Langmuir complacently observes 23 patients "engaged in out-door employments ... in draining, ditching, and in preparing the land for spring crops" (1871, 4). This is accepted as a part of "the process of converting a barren common into a fruitful and productive farm" (1871, 4), morally and materially beneficial. Patient labour was not restricted to the farm. Langmuir describes how "a considerable wood surface throughout the Asylum had been repainted, doors grained, and the front fence bronzed, chiefly by the labour of the inmates" (1871, 4). Women worked as well as men, but they did "the internal work" of the Asylum. The distribution of internal and external work between males and females is an argument for not maintaining separate asylums for men and women (1867, 51). Segregation is only desirable in "aristocratic institutions, where the patients will not work, or their stupid proud friends wish them not to do so" (1867, 51). All clothing except shoes is made by the patients, assisted by a tailor and a seamstress (1872). Probably the reformist politician and medical teacher; he was Rolph's brother-in-law. Thomas Edward Brown's, "Living with God's Afflicted": A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto (Queen's University, Kingston: Unpublished Ph.D. Dissertation, 1981), 123-27, contains a brief statement of Park's difficulties at the Asylum.

[viii] It helped that there were a number of very prominent clergymen among the Commissioners. According to The Dictionary of Canadian Biography (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1966 --), the Rev. Commissioner Henry James Grasset (1808-1882) began his career in Toronto in 1835 as curate at St. James Anglican Cathedral. His Low Church Protestant persuasion might account for his apparent allegiance with the Rev. Dr. Roaf, a Congregational minister and Dr. Park's great enemy. Dr. John Roaf was born in Margate, Kent on January 5, 1801 and died in Toronto on September 2, 1863. A minister of the Congregational Church, on arrival in Toronto in 1837 he took the Nonconformists' side in the controversy over Clergy Reserves. As is not surprising from his involvement in the affairs of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, he seems to have been something of an entrepreneur. An anonymous eulogist records that "in 1855, he was overtaken by financial embarrassments, and he then resigned his pastorate" and that "the tongue of scandal made itself busy with his business transactions" (In Memoriam, The Late Rev. John Roaf (Toronto, W.C. Chewett & Co., 1863). The Rev. Dr. Roaf precipitated the quarrels at the Temporary Asylum when he relayed a complaint by a keeper, James Hungerford, to its target, the Steward. Such involvement violated the regulations, which stipulated that any incidents arising during a given week were to be addressed to the Commissioner appointed for it (which Roaf was not):

> stepping out of his sphere in the assumption of an extra-visitorial function, (never assumed before,) [the Rev. Commissioner Roaf] brought the letter, the writer of it, and the officer offended by it, into immediate collision ... privately producing discord without remedying it. (9)

Finally the Commissioners simply refused to suspend Keeper Hungerford, although he was guilty of drunkenness, neglect, and insubordination.

One curious effect of such quarrels, often over punctilious matters of jurisdiction, is to make reason appear weak and wasteful in the very context where it should have been most respected and conserved. The casual disclosure of very different realities as "asides" in the course of such arguments, such as Dr. Rolph's mistaking Hungerford for a tradesman because he was smoking in the attic, and Rolph's assuming that it was "to correct the noisome fumes to which he had not been accustomed," suggest a reason running more than slightly amok in its own defense, at the expense of the reality it was supposed to redress. But once invoked it is impossible to dispell, even from a jurisdictional dispute, a turf war. Rolph introduces it to distance himself from it, while disingenuously attaching the blame to subordinates like Hungerford who "to save themselves trouble, had doomed lunatics to such noisome quarters." But it cannot be laid at the feet of a mere Keeper. Ultimately it embarasses the authority who only acknowledges it in order to exploit it. Park himself reveals a paradoxical tendency to base what should have been a very real medical authority on an abstract one -- or, in other words, to base his authority on activites that are really properties of authorship. The accompanying danger is that the "mad" reality will, as it periodically does not only here but in the polemics of subsequent Asylum doctors, either discredit authority when it is invoked, or erupt into the text through an unwary aside -- and discredit it even the more.

[ix] Upper Canada Journal of Medical Surgical and Physical Science I 9 (December, 1851), 378-84.

[x] See Thomas E. Brown's item in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography, vol. 12 (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1990), 1122-27. Brown's 5-page essay is the best secondary source of information on Workman and his importance.

[xi] For the sake of simplicity quotations from the annual reports of the medical superintendent, for the years 1853 through 1905, are referred to by year and page number. A complete series of these reports is available on microfilm at the Archives of Ontario in Toronto and most can also be found in

[xiv] See for example the item in the Canada Medical Journal 3 (1866-67), 237-39. The writer supports Workman's ambitious plan for a system of secondary asylums and concludes by reiterating Workman's views on the causes of insanity, 'the most fruitful of which is that moral sin, self-abuse, or, in plainer language, the filthy practice of masturbation, learnt at school by most boys, and carried on in after life by many, to the sapping of the foundation of all that is pure, holy, healthful, and intellectual' (239). A similar item, in the Canada Medical Journal 1 (1864-65), 491-92, urging that a proper asylum be built in Montreal, attributes insanity to unspecified 'evil habits': 'Many, we might say the majority of cases of insanity are superinduced by evil habits, indulged in possibly for years. The unfortunate victims, in many instances, become so enslaved by the particular vice, as to lose all moral power of self-restraint' (491).

[xv] Workman's important work on educational reform in the 1840s and 50s would also have reinforced his position and given his allegations about education and masturbation special authority. See Rainer Baehre, 'Joseph Workman (1805-1894) and lunacy reform: humanitarian or moral entrepreneur?' (Montreal: Paper Presented to the Annual meeting of the Canadian Historical Association, Learned Societies Conference, 1980). In 1850 Workman was appointed first chairman of the Toronto Board of School Trustees. Baehre describes the 1840s and 50s as an era of educational reform: "free education, non-denominational schools, and provincial control over the university system were dominant issues" (7-8). Workman supported non-denominational schools.

[xvi] This tends to corroborate E.H. Hare's hypothesis that masturbation was like God in Pascal's wager. See note 9 above.

[xvii] See Vern L. Bullough and Martha Voght, 'homosexuality and its confusion with the "secret sin" in pre-Freudian America', Journal of the History of Medicine 28 (1973), 143-55. Doctors were urged not to be reticent about onanism because young lives were at stake (147).

[xviii] See note 11 for indication why. Workman exploits masturbation's scarifying potential: 'Case, Register No. 2,826.--T.D., a man, aged 27, insane for several years before admission. One side of his body was half covered with large patches of naevi materni, which owing to the feeble power of the capillaries, had generally an inky hue. It appears that he had been a rather promising youth, but owing to causes which his friends did not understand, his mind broke down, and confirmed insanity ensued, the assigned cause of which was "disappointed hopes". We too well know what was the real cause, for a more obstinate case of insanity associated with secret bad habit, has hardly been met with here. Before his death sloughing of the scrotum and other contiguous parts, induced by cutaneous inflammation, from a cause which it is unnecessary to specify, had taken place. A more piteous human wreck could hardly be imagined. P.M.--Testes completely exposed, and the dorsum penis also bare. The ulcerative process extended to adjacent parts. Intestines, stomach, liver, spleen, and pancreas all normal. Lungs totally destroyed by tubercles. Heart hypertrophied to double the normal size. The full details of post-mortem condition of certain parts are unfit for publication in an annual report' (1866, 34).

[xix] See the Canada Medical Journal 1 (1864-65), 401-12.

[xx] Wendy Mitchinson, The Nature of Their Bodies: Women and Their Doctors in Victorian Canada (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1991), 293. Mitchinson observes that in the nineteenth century causes of mental disease tended to be assigned at least partly on the basis of 'medical perception of gender roles' (293). While masturbation primarily concerned males' (111), tuberculosis was the 'primary killer' (54) of women; assigning a form of it to male masturbators might well have been a way of stigmatizing their sexuality.

[xxvi] Dr Joseph Workman, 'Moral insanity -- what is it?', American Journal of Insanity 39 (1883), 334-48

[xxvii] See Wendy Mitchinson, The Nature of Their Bodies: Women and Their Doctors in Victorian Canada (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1991), 298. She describes a similar "blind spot" in Workman's response to one Catherine Furness's recurrent bouts of puerperal mania; "at no time in his diatribe against this woman did he blame her husband for sharing his wife's bed" (298). Perhaps the family was spared especially when the patient was female and the father, husband, or brother might have been the source of the problem.

[xxviii] Workman's dissatisfaction with the terms invented for related phenomena by Prichard, Pinel ('manie sans delire') and Esquirol ('manie raisonnante'), but especially with Prichard's 'moral insanity', which he argues should be reversed to insane morality', indicates at once a grudging reluctance to even suggest that the insane might posses anything as coherent as an alternative morality and a sensitive admission that they might: 'The insane do not always rave, nor do those who rave always do so; the insane sometimes reason, occasionally indeed, a little too sharply, as I have often known, for those who address them as if taking them for mindless bipeds' (336). Workman recounts the case of a failed businessman whose symptoms include Prichard's unaccountable change in the feelings, the moral sentiments, or the conduct and social demeanor of its destined victims' (337). Such symptoms would tend to restrict moral isanity' to middle-class patients; Workman's article features a rather cloying depiction of the middle-class life 'moral insanity' disrupts, complete with loving husband', tender parent', and happy home' The patient is probably William Thorold. Admission Order #5575 (January 20, 1883), Ministry of Health, Queen Street Mental Health Centre Records, RG.10-20-B-1, Archives of Ontario. Thorold lived at Mutual Street, Workman at 113. On the Certificate of Insanity', witnessed by Workman's wife, Workman describes Thorold's deep melancholy' and his History' indicates attributes his insanity to business unsuccess' No reference is made to 'moral insanity'

[xxix] Workman, Case of Moral Mania, 410.

[xxx] Dr Joseph Workman, Notes illustrative of the pathology of insanity', American Journal of Insanity 17 1 (1860), 1 18.

[xxxi] Dr Joseph Workman, 'On paresis', The Canada Lancet 10,11 (1878), 357-59; 11 1, 1-5.

[xxxii] Dr Joseph Workman, Insanity of the religious-emotional type, and its occasional physical relations, American Journal of Insanity 26.1 (1869-70), 33-48

[xxxiii] See Wendy Mitchinson, The Nature of Their Bodies. Women and Their Doctors in Victorian Canada (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1991), 315 Mitchinson remarks that In 1869 workman discussed the relationship between religious melancholy and certain deviant acts and language (315) Workman's noting the preponderance of women afflicted with this disorder is cited as one of the few instances of Asylum officials noticing gender differences in inmates.

[xxxiv] Workman's own beliefs or lack of seem to show through his approach to religious insanity, which is guarded with reason (see note 19). See Rainer Baehre, Joseph Workman and lunacy reform: humanitarian or moral entrepreneur' (Montreal: Paper Presented to the Canadian Historical Society, 1980). Baehre summarizes his religious beliefs thus. in regard to Workman's reforming zeal it should be noted that he helped establish Toronto's first Unitarian congregation. He himself was not apparently a regular church-goer and can probably be described best as a free thinker and a secular moralist. His disdain for the hypocrisy and self-serving nature of the establishment churches is

the Archives of the Queen Street Mental Health Centre. The institution referred to simply as the Asylum officially opened at the Queen Street location in 1850 as the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. In 1871 it became the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto. In 1907 it became known as the "Hospital" for the Insane, and in 1919 it was identified as "Ontario Hosital, Toronto." I refer to it as "the Asylum" throughout this work -- a simpler and less euphemistic designation. Some of the 'traffic' in Annual Reports among Asylum Superintendents is indicated in a series of letters from Workman to Dr Edward Jarvis (Superintendent of a private asylum in Dorchester, Massachusetts), preserved among the Edward Jarvis Papers in the Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine in Boston (typed transcripts of these are available at the Archives of the Queen Street Mental Health Centre in Toronto). On August 20, 1853, Workman indicates that he has sent Jarvis three back-issues of Reports concerning the 'temporary asylum' which preceded the permanent institution of which he became Acting Superintendent that year. In the same letter Workman expresses his opinion that even in cases of religious madness, 'there is always a predisposing cause which renders the individual liable to the malady'. He rather disingenuously flatters Jarvis as one who has 'no doubt bestowed much attention to the subject of insanity', and invites the more experienced alienist to send him 'at an early date, a list of the best recent authors on the subject of insanity'. On November 1, 1855, Workman acknowledges receiving from him '17 copies of your report on Idiocy and Insanity', no doubt for distribution in Canada and probably in England too. He apologizes for his slowness in sending Jarvis, in return, copies of his own latest Report, 'presented to the Legislature in June 1854', which appears to have been held up at the printer's. He also expresses his satisfaction, after a convention he attended in Boston, that 'my own asylum here is, in many respects, perhaps in the main, superior to any which I visited'. On December 17, 1863, Workman complains, in a letter marked 'Private', that the Chairman of 'an incompetent Board of Inspectors of asylums and prisons -- men pitchforked into office by political influence', one Dr Tache, has printed a report criticizing 'a communication of mine to the Govt on several matters relating to this asylum'. These matters obviously included the problem of crowding, since Tache faulted Workman for accommodating fewer patients per square foot than his counterpart at the Beauport Asylum in Quebec; Tache also complained about the ventilation of the Toronto Asylum. Workman is openly soliciting, as he himself puts it, 'authorities' (his emphasis), seven of whom he has already written. He also asks Jarvis for permission to publish his answers in his own reports, and begs him to send him copies of any annual or other reports '... English or Irish or French bearing on the subject'. On December 14, 1863, Workman sent Jarvis a little questionnaire addressing questions of 'sufficient atmospheric cubic space for an insane person' under both 'an efficient system of ventilation' and 'a defective system'. In another letter to Jarvis, dated September 17, 1868, Workman states that he has sent a set of his reports to Sir James Clark, along with his comments on the issue of non-restraint. Andrew Scull places Clark among the 'articulate and outspoken detractors' of Victorian asylumdom; he was physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria (See Andrew Scull, The Most Solitary of Afflictions: Madness and Society in Britain 1700-1900 (New Haven: Yale UP, 1993), 318). At least on this occasion Workman seems to function as unofficial spokesman for 'all the Superintendents of American Insane Hospitals', with whom he agrees that 'the alternatives had recourse to in English Asylums, as witnessed by myself, are much more annoying, and must be more hurtful, both bodily and mentally, to the patients than any mechanical appliances used in America'. The contents of the reports promoted professional interests, and their dissemination opened channels for additional communication.

Dr Joseph Workman, 'Reminiscences of asiatic cholera in Canada', The Canada Lancet 16.2 (1883), 33-39.

For the background of masturbation and insanity in the nineteenth century, see E.H. Hare, 'Masturbatory insanity: the history of an idea', Journal of Mental Science 108 (1962), 1-25. Hare argues that three main factors account for the prevalence and long duration of the masturbatory hypothesis: conservatism, poverty of scepticism, and fallacious reasoning. Of particular relevance to Workman's handling of the issue is his observation that 'From Tissot to Sachs, physicians saw themselves as the guardians of civilization; they proclaimed it the duty of parents and teachers to prevent by all means the habit of masturbation in the young ... One doubted it at one's peril or at the peril of one's race' (16-17).

[xxi] See H. Tristram Engelhardt, Jr., 'The disease of masturbation', Bulletin of the History of Medicine 48 (1974), 234-48. He suggests that doctors like Workman associated masturbation with the symptoms of other diseases as part of a general effort 'to correlate a vast number of signs and symptoms with a disapproved activity found in many patients afflicted with various maladies' (246). Workman's 'On latent phthisis in the insane', American Journal of Insanity 19 (1862), 1-10, contains an earlier version of this colourful passage from Workman's report for 1871 'They cough not, expectorate not, sweat not, have no blood-spittings, no colliquative diarrhoeas, no pleuritic pains, and assuredly none of that mental brilliancy, insane hope, and indomitable restlessness so usually met with in ordinary consumptives' (1871, 24). That what first appeared in an argument for more post-mortem research into the connection of chronic insanity to bodily ailments like tuberculosis, now appears in a piece warning against the hazards of moral pestilence, or that the same passage applied to latent consumptives could be applied to secret masturbators, indicates the contingent nature of Workman's constructions. In 'On Latent Phthisis' Workman's confidence in physical pathology could not have been greater: 'When we lay open the thorax, and introduce the hand to grasp the lobe of the lungs, we may discover, in an instant, the important secret' (8). At the same time his confidence in the ability of moral therapy to effect a cure seems diminished. He argues that, once the connection between 'incurable bodily disease' and insanity were established, not only would the prognosis of insanity be more accurate, but the unreasonable expectations imposed on Asylum doctors would be correspondingly reduced. The Asylum could then get on with the care of the chronic insane, 'its real duty ... the happiness and well being of the insane ... to the largest possible measure' (10). See also Workman's 'Cases of fracture of the ribs in insane patients, revealed by post-mortem examination', American Journal of Insanity 18 (1862), 349-55. This appears to express a similar fascination with the connection between insanity and the 'most formidable disease', a connection previously obscured by the apparent 'immunity' of the insane themselves to pain and other symptoms associated with their disorders. 'On certain abdominal lesions in the insane', American Journal of Insanity 20 (1863), 44-60, attempts to articulate the same connection, through the intestines: 'Deflection of the colon, in the insane never exists as an isolated pathological fact . . . It is however, very doubtful if it is ever present in curable insanity' (57). While his pieces might appear scattered and trifling, their motive is probably otherwise: the desire to extenuate the Asylum, and indeed to reassert its utility in the light of the increasingly obvious failure of moral therapy. Associating insanity with a synthesised plague of consumption and masturbation seems to provide Workman with both a pathological excuse for the increasingly obvious failure of moral therapy and a reason for its continuation in a different form: the alienist as public moralist.

[xxii] Dr Joseph Workman, "Case of moral mania?," American Journal of Insanity 19 (1863): 406-16.

[xxiii] See Hannah Franziska Augstein, 'J.C. Prichard's concept of moral insanity -- a medical theory of the corruption of human nature', Medical History 40 (1996), 311-43. According to Augstein, the concept was formulated for the first time by Prichard in 1833. In his formulation the highest mental faculty, judgment, was not directly affected by the brain, while lower faculties like emotions and understanding were affected by the entire body. Moral insanity was a disorder of the passions brought on by the moral depravity, the irreligion, of the age, and which medicine alone could not cure. Later doctors tended to emphasize the 'somatic' aspects of Prichard's concept without its religious underpinnings, even synthesizing it with popular ideas about heredity. Workman himself later seems more interested in the hereditary aspects of K.S.'s moral insanity than in its immaterial origins.

[xxiv] Workman observes that 'it is difficult in contemplating the cerebral Fort Sumpter, to avoid the suspicion that some naughty Jeff. Davis was at the bottom of the row' ('Case of Moral Mania?', 412).

[xxv] Kate Storror, Admission Order #2625 (December 14, 1861), Ministry of Health, Queen Street Mental Health Centre Records, RG 10-20-B-1, Archives of Ontario. Storror's 'Form of Admission of a Patient' indicates 'destructiveness -- thieving -- sullen' under 'propensities and delusions'.

[i] When Workman first knew of it, he anticipated a raised bridge which would have required long and expensive embankments over asylum land. Moreover, the trains "incessantly passing" underneath would be a danger to "spirited horses and cattle" (Report for 1871, 26). Finally, the bridge itself, "so near our grounds," ought to be ornamented more "than the times warrant" (26).

[ii] The Provincial Lunatic Asylum officially opened on Queen Street West in 1850. In 1871 it was renamed Asylum for the Insane, Toronto. In 1907 all of the provincial asylums, including the institution on Queen Street, were renamed "Hospitals for the Insane." When in 1919 such institutions were renamed "Ontario Hospitals," the Queen Street institution became "Ontario Hospital, Toronto." The name "Queen Street Mental Health Centre" was adopted in 1966. The institution merged with the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry and various other institutions to form the Addiction and Mental Health Services Corporation in 1998. Such names describe, in a different way, the argument of the book, so does the persistent apocalyptic designation, "999," after the institution's street address (subsequently changed). For simplicity, and because it is less euphemistic, I consistently identify this institution as the "Toronto Asylum" or "the Asylum."

[iii] In "Demonomania and Witchcraft," American Journal of Insanity 28 (1871): 175-93

[iv] Michel Foucault, The Birth of the Clinic: An Archaeology of Medical Perception, Trans. A. M. Sheridan Smith (New York: Pantheon Books, 1973).

[v] See in particular Foucault's discussion of how the "birth of the asylum" at Samuel Tuke's "York Retreat" and Pinel's "Bicetre" facilitated not only a liberation from physical restraint but also a subtler imposition of different kinds of "self-restraint" (250-51). These kinds included constant observation or self-observation whereby the insane were no longer a spectacle for others but objects of their own self-loathing, and above all silence whereby "there was no longer any common language between madness and reason" (262).

[vi] See T. J. W. Burgess, "A Historical sketch of our Canadian Institutions for the Insane," Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Series IV (1898). The prisoners are released from their basement cells and allowed to occupy the relatively luxurious quarters formerly reserved for debtors; they are washed, clothed and for once properly fed. The effect of such physical improvement on their mental condition is radical:

> many who had long been confined as confirmed lunatics were found labouring not under mania but under derangement arising from physical causes and yielding to physical remedies. Several have completely recovered who, but for this treatment, would probably never have exhibited another gleam of reason. (Burgess 21, quoting from the Journal of the Legislative Assembly of Canada, appendix L.L., Kingston, September 22nd, 1841.)

The transition is depicted as a movement from dark to light: from the dark of the cells to the light of the debtor's quarters (described as "purified and airy" (20)); from filth to cleanliness; from the night of madness to the day of reason. Thomas E. Brown, in "Foucault Plus Twenty; On Writing the History of Canadian Psychiatry in the 1980s," Canadian Bulletin of Medical History 2.1 (Summer, 1985): 23-49, calls this point of view the "Whiggish bias" of Canadian asylum history: "the asylum was a noble humanitarian 'reform,' the inevitable concomitant of the moral progress and enlightenment of the Canadian community. Nor did Burgess see the nineteenth century Canadian asylum experience as anything other than a triumphant upward progress" (24).

[vii] George H. Park, M. D., Narrative of the Recent Difficulties in the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in Canada West (Toronto: Printed at the Office of the Toronto Examiner, 1849). Very little is known about George Hamilton Park. Like Joseph Workman, who later became Medical Superintendent of the permanent Provincial Lunatic Asylum on Queen Street, he had strong ties with Dr. John Rolph, a

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jon Thomas Rowland was born in Chatham, Ontario in 1956. He did his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Toronto, and his Ph.D. (in 18th-century satire) at the University of Montreal. He taught at the University of Toronto from 1993 to 1995. His thesis was published by the University of Delaware Press as Faint Praise and Civil Leer: The Decline of 18th-Century Panegyric. His study of the meanings of homosexuality in some obscure and not-so-obscure 18th century texts was published by the Fairleigh Dickinson University Press in 1998.

Never obtaining tenure or even a steady job, Rowland subsequently worked in shelters and group homes for mentally ill people in Toronto, Canada. This experience, his appreciation of 18th-century satire, and the 20th-century satires of Celine and Burroughs, have affected his view of the world. He lives in the Parkdale neighborhood of Toronto, and continues to write.

Mental Health removes the Young Doctor's gown from the coat-rack, and puts it on. She looks around her, then exits through the auditorium door. Divine Madness is now alone on stage with Dr. Workman, who is still reading the long letter, and sipping his brandy.

Once outside, I became mistress of myself; I went around, as is now my custom, among the people, to-day I walk in professional vestments, which suit me just as well as any other, in which I disguise and conceal

Divine Madness begins to loosen the dark gown which she has been wearing till now. On the next word she lets it fall to the floor.

MYSELF!

Spotlight on Divine Madness who is now seen to wearing a beautiful, sequined gown. She looks a bit like MAE WEST.

You have now, my dear Doctor Workman, the story of the post-mortem of a living woman!

She walks over to Dr. Workman, who has finally finished reading the letter. Dr. Workman is holding a snifter of brandy He puts down the snifter, and in his left hand raises a

And I hope to see you soon again, in some new and interesting resemblance.

Divine Madness takes a long drag on her cigarette. Exhaling she blows out the flame, leaving Dr. Workman in deep shadow. A single small spotlight glitters on her diamonds.

Continue to me that friendship which was so great a favor to me, and which shall never be forgotten by your most devoted

A brief pause as she raises her arm in a magnificent gesture, before shouting

MADNESS!

A brief moment of intense light on the statuesque figure of Divine Madness. Then

BLACKOUT.

large lighter, preparing to smoke his cigar. By now Divine Madness is leaning over his chair.

You may be grateful to me for the secret, as I am to you for all the kindness lavished on me by you, and for all the experiments made on my body both in life and supposed death.

By now Divine Madness is perched on an arm of Dr. Workman's chair, though he does not appear to notice, still thinking of lighting his cigar. Divine Madness reaches over to the table, and takes a cigarette.

I do not kiss your hand, fearing that I might thus infect you with a little of my own --

Dr. Workman flicks his lighter. A large flame.

Whimsicality!

Dr. Workman proceeds to light his cigar, keeping the flame very still.

But I make you a low courtesy.

Divine Madness stoops just a little, to light her cigarette from Dr. Workman's flame.

[clv] Stephen suggests that Clarke's heavy reliance on the Binet-Simon intelligence test as an indicatior of mental defect, and his strong determination to demonstrate a connection between mental defect and prostitution or "loose morals," led him to invent a new and rather paradoxical category of "high grade moron" for women who scored too high on the test. See Jennifer Stephen, Mental Hygiene, Mental Defect and Mental Age, 82-85. Like Carolyn Strange, she believes that such designations were applied to women with whom there was nothing the matter, but who "were out for a good time, and were guilty of moral infractions but had not turned their `immoral careers' to commercial gain" (81).

[clvi] C.K. Clarke, "Mental Hygiene in Canada," Lancet 1 (June, 1923), 1139-41.

Hospital Toronto, Master of Social Work Thesis, School of Social Work, University of Toronto, 1950, p. 97-100

cRlvi Porter states that while some 17th-century writers were generally not interested in "the *physical* but in the *metaphysical* nature of the madhouse," 18th-century writers were increasingly "dominated by one exceedingly tangible presence: notably, the madhouse, a totally secular institution" (269). Writers like Miss Adams and Miss Stein found some degree of "paradox" in the nature of asylum life, but rooted in the emotionally charged routines of an oppressively material *building*

Just for the record, I cannot recall a single patient or inmate writer who was unequivocally positive about the Toronto Asylum. Occasionally a writer writes something good about it to a relative or a doctor, but this invariably seems to be motivated by a desire to appear "well" and to get out faster

Mr Jones was such a writer He was admitted in 1910 with a morphine addiction. Others compared the Asylum to a hotel (a bad one), but he makes it resemble a spa or a modern fitness club, as he describes his improved physical condition and boasts that "I am forty inches around the chest, and have a fourteen inch biceps. I have taken a general course of physical culture ever since coming here, and am in the pink of condition." His assertions that "I *have* got ambition" and "I have that habit of mine beaten so far that you can't see it," his promise that "I am going to made good'," and his off-hand dismissal of the place where is as "this old bug-house," are probably all part of that unconvincing "plausibility" that the doctors remarked. On the one hand he seems to elevate the place, and on the other to dismiss it entirely. Perhaps he cannot make up his mind, or perhaps he cannot really admit to his correspondent any more than to himself what it really is -- and that it is not so easily dismissed. His assertion that "I guess I could leave about any time now, but I want to go on a little further with my music " as if the Asylum were his conservatory, rings similary false a denial of the terms of his confinement there. Is it all a fiction? The hope that "I will some day be dropping in to hit you for a job" seems no more realistic. It resembles the "career ambitions" of Miss Adams, above

In a letter to Dr Clarke dated February 2, 1911 he seems to have lost his parole yet again and writes to have it back again "in the afternoon. I am in fairly good condition again and I would like to be able to go out on the ice for the remainder of the season." He claims to have altered his view of the Asylum

> I believe that my little hysterical attack of a few weeks ago was about the best thing that ever happened to me taking "dope" and all for it made me absolutely disgusted with myself I have had more confidence in myself than I ever had before, in regard to conquering the "dope," and also, I have considerably moderated my point of view regarding this Asylum. Heretofore I have always thought - "How long do the girls *want* me to stay?" Now the question is -- "How long *ought* I to stay?" -- and the answer with me now is -- "until I am well."

The letter develops his "fiction" that at the Asylum he will learn enough about music to undertake a new career, and indeed that he is only staying in the Asylum to learn more about music "Also I have become ambitious to be a musician, and I do not think I could have any better opportunity than I have here." He reverts to his characteristic quotation marks to set off an especially plausible maxim, as he asserts that the sexual problems he earlier expressed are now under control: "I think I have settled that for all time -- as a man *thinks*, so is he'." Again, he probably protests too much when he assures Clarke that "I am not trying to 'taffy' you for my parole, but am trying to give you the results of my late 'bust'." And again quotation marks surround his too plausible explanation, his too simple and easy solutions

> my conclusion of the whole matter is simply "that if a fellow trys [sic] for all that is in him to do what is right, and keeps his thoughts entirely away from that which is injurious (women, dope, etc.) nature will give him back the mental and nervous poise he has lost."

In his letter to Dr Stead of April 21, 1911 he attempts to ingratiate himself with the latter by letting him into what he terms "a deep dar-r-rk secret," that the lessons he has in mind are vocal While ostensibly saying something "good" about the patients, he subtly distinguishes himself from them. "They" may be "nutty," but not enough to stand for his taking singing lessons in the ward. He does not say "we" He boasts that "Damon and Pythias will be a pair of also-rans alongside of the Professor and me" and that "I will stick to him like a leech." He eloped on June 2 1911 and was "written off" by Dr Forster on July 3.

[cxlvii] For a good discussion of the kind of thought prevalent among late nineteenth-century medical superintendents, see S.E.D. Shortt, Victorian Lunacy. Richard M. Bucke and the Practice of Late Nineteenth-Century Psychiatry (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1986), especially chapter 4, "Genesis of Etiological Speculation," 94-123. He suggests that Bucke and his contemporaries (who certainly included Daniel Clark) "had pragmatic professional motives for enthusiastically endorsing degeneration as an etiological reality," principally because it "substantiated the somatic model of mental illness". "The existence of a hereditary neuropathic diathesis, usddenly made overt by situational stress or vice, provided an important explanation for the manner in which these functional deficits operated" (104). It would also have got them off the hook for the failure of moral therapy or, as Shortt more elegantly puts it, "the depressing decline in cure rates in late nineteenth-century asylums" (104).

[cxlviii] Thomas Edward Brown, "Living with God's Afflicted". A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto (Queen's University, Kingston: Unpublished Ph.D. Dissertation, 1981).

[cxlix] Most of the very few published articles on Workman are indeed of this ilk. For example, Cyril Greenland's predictably titled "Three Pioneers of Canadian Psychiatry," Journal of the American Medical Association 200.10 (June, 1967): 129-38. Greenland tells us several times that Workman was one of the "best loved physicians in all Canada" (835, 837) and connects Workman to the Clarke Institute for which the article appears to have been written on the occasion of the Canadian centennial. Greenland's examples of Workman's writing actually argue against his thesis, since they show Workman unchivalrously attacking his critics, calling Dorothy Dix's father a "paranoiac," etc. Scull's complaint about bad biography seems appropriate here: "useful ideological constructs for those bent on creating an idealized fiction as a support for their current professional identity" (Masters of Bedlam: The Transformation of the Mad-Doctoring Trade (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton UP 1996), 4. C.G. Stogdill's "Joseph Workman, M.D. 1805-1894: Alienist and Medical Teacher," Journal of the Canadian Medical Association 95:18 (1966): 917-23, is more informative and less gloating. Stodgill notes, for example, Workman's interesting and value-laden diagnoses. A more recent article by Peter J. Mitham, "'Very Truly and Undisturbedly Yours': Joseph Workman and a Verdict of Malpractice against John Galbraith Hyde," Canadian Bulletin of Medical History 13 (1996): 139-49, discusses several letters in which Workman supports a fellow-doctor involved in a malpractice suit.

[cl] For example, Rainer Baehre, "Joseph Workman and Lunacy Reform: Humanitarian or Moral Entrepreneur?" (Paper presented to the Canadian Historical Society: Montreal, 1980). Baehre comes down hard on the "humanitarian" side, though the division now seems like a false one.

[cli] See Andrew T. Scull, Museums of Madness. The social Organization of Insanity in Nineteenth-Century England (London: Allen Lane, 1979). Scull offers strong evidence for one of his principal theses, that "there was on obvious link between how serious a problem insanity perceived to be, and the importance and prestige bestowed upon those thought to be experts in its treatment" (238).

[clii] Constance M. McGovern, Masters of Madness: Social Origins of the American Psychiatric Profession (Hanover, New Hampshire: UP of New England, 1985). See especially her chapter, "Selling the Profession," 127-48.

[cliii] Ellen Dwyer, Homes for the Mad: Life Inside Two Nineteenth-Century Asylums (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers UP, 1987). See for example "The Economics of Compassion," 29-54.

Divine Madness now becomes very mysterious.

I must, distinguished doctor, make to you, in strict confidence, a confession, without which you could not comprehend the mystery. You must not regard me as the equal of any of the other afflicted ones who have the good fortune to be under your care; I am a privileged being!

A Mythical Figure, dressed possibly as a Native Shaman, approaches the reclining figure of Mental Health. Mythical Figure performs a ritual ceremony as Divine Madness speaks.

When I was yet in baby swathing, a genius came to my cradle, and bestowed on me some whimsical caresses, and placing her hand on my tender forehead, she pronounced nearly these words, which have proved prophetic; "Live, dear child, as long as humanity shall endure, and every individual who shall look upon you, or shall touch the hem of your vestment, or possess a lock of your hair, shall derive something from you, and transmit it to most distant generations. The spirit shall animate every part of your body, so that, even when detached from all the others, it shall still have sense and consciousness, and by its own proper virtue it shall tend to reunite with them."

Mythical Figure departs.

Here I now am to prove the truth of [these words], by relating to you, in length and breadth, all that happened to me whilst I appeared to be dead!

The Young Doctor, assisted by his students, begins to weigh the lower portion of the styrofoam head with the sort of scale that one finds in a grocery store.

[With obvious pride.] And when the Professor announced the weight of it, there was an exclamation of general astonishment, for it exceeded not only the average of that of the brain of woman, but even that ascribed to the brain of man!

The Young Doctor holds up the styrofoam brain on its grocery store scale. The students ogle it. Ohs and ahs.

They now began to slice the brain, but I did not lose a bit of my consciousness or my finest senses. I heard the Professor at every cut uttering his remarks, which were spiced with strange words, such as the topography of the brain abounds in.

Here it would be possible to insert of voice-over using some of Dr. Workman's own "Pathological Notes." For example:

> On dividing the dura mater, a large encysted deposit of blood coagulum, with some discoloured serum, was found covering the entire superior surface of the left cerebral hemisphere, and extending downwards over the inferior surface of the middle lobe.... In fact, the brain, now freed from its encumbrance, presented not a vestige of disease, excepting a few spots of meningeal adhesion. [Dr. Joseph Workman, "Notes

The Young Doctor removes a whig from the "SPARE PARTS" box and flings it onto the floor.

Next I heard the scalp leaving the skull, with a sort of rustle, very like that given by my silk dress when I used to attire myself for a ball.

Rustling noises. The Young Doctor removes a plastic bathing cap from the "SPARE PARTS" box and throws it onto the floor.

I did not feel the least pain, and I listened with curiosity to what the [Young Doctor] was saying to one of those young students, who had come beside me, and from time to time rested his writing board on my abdomen, with very little respect, if I must tell the truth.

One of the student doctors rests his clipboard on the stomach of Mental Health.

They now, with a saw, removed the upper half of the cranium. When the Professor uncovered the brain, there was a general movement of curiosity.

The Young Doctor throws the top of a styrofoam head on the floor

All eyes, armed with magnifying glasses, were turned to this organ, which, being very carefully raised out of its shell, was placed on a weighing scale.

More doctors and nurses in white coats appear at the back of the hall and parade onto the stage, carrying sheets, saws, hammers, butcher knives, a large box labelled "SPARE PARTS." They are led by the Young Doctor, wearing a blood-splattered gown. They mime as Divine Madness speaks.

You had just pronounced the fatal word, "MORTA," when I felt the white sheet drawn over my face.

One of the Doctors places a white sheet over the face of Mental Health.

Then ... with but little politeness they denuded me; they lifted me up, and then let me drop into a box, but not without paying a compliment to my body, which, as a handsome female, I accepted with gratification, though I was obliged to appear dead.

They lift mental health and roughly drop her on a table to Dr Workman's right. Wolf whistles all around.

I passed into the hands of a man who was still more rude than [the others], this fellow was the grave-digger, with the assistance of another he lifted me out of the box, raised me high up, and let me plump down on a hard cold stone table, that would have made any creature shiver.

> The Student Doctors gather around the Young Doctor. Pushing and shoving. Nudging and winking. Some of the students are tippling on the sly. Others are obviously cracking risque jokes.

Now began a strange exhibition. All around, on the seats of an amphitheatre, were stretched a hundred young fellows, some of whom were near to me, and you, dear Professor, were among these; the others were higher up and more distant. Oh! how many eyes were fixed on my members, which I, through all my life had so modestly guarded, excepting on occasions in which I was rather discreet. How many complimentary epigrams did I hear!

> The Young Doctor puts on a pair of strange glasses. He begins to examine the brain of Mental Health.

One long, lean gentleman, with a thin gray beard below the chin, and a pair of spectacles on his nose (he was very like you, [Dr. Workman], and wearing a long, black, glossy cloak, came near where my head was placed on a wooden pillow.

> The Young Doctor removes a large saw from the "SPARE PARTS" box, and begins to remove the skull of Mental Health.

An iron hand squeezed my face and pressed it against the hard cushion; I then heard a sharp blade running round my head, from which the hair was removed, and the skin was cut down to the bone.

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Dramatis Personae

1) "La Pazzia" or Divine Madness

2) Mental Health

3) Dr Joseph Workman

4) Clever Young Doctor (Dr. Workman in his Youth)

5) Clever Young Students

6) A Mythical Figure or "Shaman"

7) A Sexton

8) Time

Various "Bit Parts". The Human Heart, The Brain, A Voice, etc.

Notes on Production

The centre of the stage is occupied by a large arm-chair, occupied by a character who says nothing but sits and reads for the duration of the play. This character represents "doctors in general," and Dr. Workman himself.

On the left of this seated character is a lectern, at which stands the figure of Divine Madness. She wears a very elegant dress, covered until the end of the play by a dark cloak or gown. She reads throughout the play. Note that while her part is large, it does not have to be memorized, except for the few sentences at the very end, when she leaves the lectern to sit lean on Dr. Workman's chair.

> She is examined by a busy doctor with a clipboard and a genealogical chart. They continue to mime the words of Divine Madness.

My features were studied as earnestly as those of a lover; my body was subjected to a thousand examinations and experiments, poked, punched and peered into in every part; convulsed by electricity when I was quiet; restrained in a camisole with long, closed sleeves, when I became too lively.

> By now Mental Health is in a strait jacket. Restrained as she is, the Young Doctor begins to give her too many pills. Divine Madness continues.

My inward parts were no less annoyed, for I swallowed as many pills and decoctions as might have terrified a hypochondriac.

> Mental health begins to reel around the stage.

At last I was one day believed to be dead --

> Mental Health collapses on stage. The Young Doctor nudges her with the toe of his boot. She does not move. The Young Doctor shrugs and goes away.

And I hoped now to have peace, but I was disappointed.

moved to Toronto in 1836. After a number of years running the family hardware business, he returned to medical practice in 1847 and taught obstetrics and therapeutics in the Toronto School of Medicine. From 1853-75 he was Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto. Contemporary biographers remark his "literary turn of mind." Nonetheless, while Workman's career is occasionally discussed in an article of the "pioneers of medicine" school, or in a chapter of an unpublished doctoral dissertation, his writings have been virtually ignored.

This is especially unfortunate given the interesting light they cast on the evolution of Workman's attitude to insanity. The thesis, expressed in some (now-dated) doctoral dissertations and articles, that Workman approached mental illness as an essentially physiological disorder, or that he "dismissed the long list of supposed `moral' agencies to which asylum superintendents in the early part of the nineteenth century had assigned causal primacy" (Tom Brown, Living with God's Afflicted: A History of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto, 166; unpublished ph.d. dissertation, Queen's U, 1980), obviously needs revision.

All his life Joseph Workman sought the answer to unanswerable questions. Here he translates a work which mocks the arrogance that assumes that one can ever find such answers. Something he thinks his colleagues could learn a lot from.

Note that in his long lifetime Dr. Workman dissected hundreds of cadavers, male and female alike, but the object of this post-mortem is deliberately female, because it stands for things traditionally associated with women: the muses, genius, and the soul. We leave it to you to decide what it stands for exactly.

Dr. Workman must have delighted, in the last years of his life, in satirizing, in this Wonderful Post-Mortem, the futility of looking for truth where it cannot be found, while not looking at it where it already is. We hope you like it too.]

Divine Madness returns to her former place, as the voice speaks.

When he awoke he found on his table a letter; it showed no post-stamp; it was strangely addressed, a little in one direction and a little in another, partly in small characters, and partly in large, with some hieroglyphics interposed; it was just one of those to which alienistic physicians are accustomed, and thus it read.

Divine Madness: [With a florid gesture.] My dear and good Doctor! A sentiment of profound gratitude, to which I am not a stranger, my respect for the untiring kindness which you lavish on your patients, and the desire to explain an occurrence which has caused so much noise, have induced me to address to you this letter.

I know that the sedate and tranquil minds of [Doctors] of this celebrated [Mental Health Centre], as well as a few of the [Provincial Authorities], have been much disturbed by the fact of the disappearance of the body of a woman from the School of Anatomy; here I am to explain the secret, and by so doing I hope to quiet the minds of all those gentlemen.

You know who I am, and you will well remember that, whilst I was your clinical guest, you made a world of enquiries in order to know me thoroughly. My genealogy was traced back to its most remote source, and it was discovered that I descended from a merry and thoughtless god.

A little mime on Dr. Workman's right. A very modern looking female actor, in T shirt and tights, as Mental Health.

On the right of this seated character is a table which serves as a "dissection" area. The figure of Mental Health stands near this table. On and around this table, Mental Health and other actors mime the words of Divine Madness.

The following items will be needed for the mime: a whig, a bathing cap, a styrofoam head or brain, a plastic saw, a heart shaped box, gowns for the Young Doctor and his students, etc.

The mime could be improvised by a number of volunteers, and might be a good opportunity for some of the staff of the Centre to perform.

The most important actors are Divine Madness, Mental Health, the Young Doctor, and Dr. Workman himself. Note that, depending on the wishes of the Director, it would be possible to dispense with an actor for Dr. Workman, and substitute an empty chair or a portrait instead.

Note that while as a "post-mortem" this play might at first seem slightly morbid, the whole point of it seems to be that the phenomena of life elude explanation and death by virtue of a mysterious power of infinite variety and change. This power is "La Pazzia" or Divine Madness.

A Possible Introduction.

Dr. Joseph Workman was born near Lisburn, Ireland, in 1805 and died in Toronto in 1894. He came to Canada in 1829, taught school for a time in Montreal, obtained his medical degree from McGill College in 1835, and

***

The stage is dark. In the middle is a large chair in which an old man, Dr. Joseph Workman himself, sits reading by the light of a single lamp. On the table beside him are a flask of brandy, several glasses, cigars and cigarettes.

Male Voice: I would like to answer a question which is frequently heard by alienists. Do we find the organic changes of our subjects any which may account for the numerous and varied forms of mental disorders? Is there a material structural alteration of the brain, which should explain the strange manifestations of insanity?

As the voice speaks, Dr. Workman adjusts himself accordingly

An old professor, whose hairs had become silvered in the study of insanity, and who was accustomed to long vigils whilst poring over questions of science, was one night overtaken by drowsiness; he placed his head against the back of his chair, and closed his eyes, to get a little repose.

At this point, a shrouded figure to Dr. Workman's left, Divine Madness, mimes the speaker's words. She carries a scroll, and discreetly deposits it on the corner of Dr. Workman's table.

8 APPENDIX:
THE WONDERFUL POST-MORTEM
A MASQUE OF MENTAL HEALTH

Translated and Adapted from Prof. Tebaldi's

Ragione e Pazzia

by

Dr. Joseph Workman

Originally Published

in The Canada Lancet 22.2: 33-6 (October, 1889)

Finding and Adaptation for the Stage

by

JON THOMAS ROWLAND

Asylum -- his, Workman's, and Daniel Clark's Asylum -- continues to exist. It comes between them and their El Dorado as palpably as a continent, more real than ever, as their "virtual asylum" becomes a Tower of Babel, constructed of language over a city always a lot closer to Hell than Heaven.

Parkdale, 1999, 2008

remarkable that it has been able to achieve anything at all (1139). Given "the host of immigrants drifting from the old world," more must be done to preserve its vulnerable but virtuous population; otherwise, it will lose its identity, "the rugged qualities which have characterised our people in the past" (1139). Yes, he concedes, grotequely adapting Kipling's infamous metaphor, "Canada must ... pump in the population," but "it is necessary to put the suction pipe in waters not polluted by defect, physical degeneracy, and social failure" (1139). Canada's greatest hope is not now from Europe, but from "the importation of good Nordic types from the United States" (1139).

*****

Park, Workman, Daniel Clark, and C.K. Clarke -- create among themselves a new kind of "hieratic" authority at once highly textual and, at least ostensibly, referential. This volatile and indeed almost paradoxical combination can probably only be accounted for with reference to the silenced or unheeded mad. The elements of this authority ultimately prove incompatible. The "references" are always unpredictable. They do not support the texts in anticipated ways, and the mad themselves too often seem merely incidental to arguments made on their behalf.

Their authority is also peculiarly spacial, bound up with the Asylum building itself, with all its brick and mortar, perennial practical problems of heating, plumbing, and ventilation -- and patients. One of the problems for this authority as it endeavours to remove itself from its physical shell, is its unseemly nakedness as it leaves its carapace behind.

From these texts it is hard not to suppose that "Hogtown" is incurable partly because it is not in the best interest of its doctors to cure it. They invent diseases and make them epidemic; at the same time they allow, to borrow C.K. Clarke's phrase, a "terra incognita" of hardship and mental suffering to flourish, by barely acknowledging its existence, and refusing to learn its language. Despite the realization of Clarke's grand designs, the real

While there appears to have been a discrepancy between what Workman thought he was doing and what he really did, he thought less of what he did all the time. Very late in his life he translates part of one Professor Tebaldi's Ragione e Pazzia, a masque-like satire of doctors' arrogant assumption that they can identify the physiological origins of insanity.[cliv] The subject of this post-mortem is a strikingly female personification standing for a range of things including genius, inspiration, and the soul. The post-mortem itself is a self-important search for truth where it cannot be found. Today Workman might inspire us to seek it in language, or not at all.

C.K. Clarke promoted the dissemination of psychiatric authority in texts addressed mainly to other doctors, colleagues, and public authorities. Other texts addressed to a larger audience show Clarke promoting that authority in ever closer and more sustained relatinship to his patients and clients. They show Clarke promoting his profession while "doctoring" patients and public alike - in public. They also show Clarke, often in a clinical setting if not actually at his clinic, confronting the individual that he insists is the focus of his discipline.

In some ways Clarke's "Jennies" and "Betsies" resemble the "erotomaniacs" of Workman and Daniel Clark, women whose will and appetites are perceived as a threat and therefore pathologized.[clv] Inconsistencies within Clarke's narratives indicate a character more intelligent than the one Clarke wanted to establish. Jennie, for example, mischievously inserts her own name in the engagement notice of a supervisor and subsequently received the wedding presents "with great equanimity" (42). She is also suspected of having dispatched her baby, but manages to keep its fate a secret from the authorities. That she is immoral is obvious, but that she represents a serious threat to society, or that she is really a likely subject for psychiatry is less evident, and these are the issues. Clarke, at least, is convinced that the "Betsies" and "Jennies" are mentally ill and sufficiently dangerous to warrant universal psychiatric examination of all would-be factory workers.

At the end of his career Clarke gives the fourth Maudsley Lecture before the Medico-Psychological Society of Great Britain. The abstract is published in Lancet.[clvi] Now the wholenation is a virtual asylum whose relatively meagre mental health resources render it vulnerable to a plague of European immigration. With its tiny population and its fledgling development, it is century had assigned causal primacy,"[cxlviii] appears to be largely based on uncritical assessments of Workman's own unself-critical pronouncements about what he thought he was doing. It should be revised or at least reconsidered in the light of how, in Workman's texts, even such causes appear to have been motivated. Most of the diseases discussed above are in complicity with the social arrangements intended to address them, with the doctor, and with language This tends to refute those historians still addicted to the hagiographic "great man/pioneer" school of medical history, to whom the notion that a medical doctor is not necessarily more rational and objective than anyone else amounts to apostasy.[cxlix] Yet despite the interestedness of Workman's presentation of "diseases" like masturbation, paresis, and moral mania, respectable historians[cl] still tend to exempt him from the application of arguments like Andrew Scull's in Museums of Madness,[cli] Constance M. McGovern's in Master's of Madness: Social Origins of the American Psychiatric Profession,[clii] and Ellen Dwyer's in Homes for the Mad: Life Inside Two Nineteenth-Century Asylums.[cliii]

7 AFTERWORD

Workman's notions of disease reflect, as much as any strictly pathological phenomena, the heroic role that he creates for the physician and for himself especially, the amount of material support that he believes such a role requires, and the inadequate institutional support for such a role in 19th-century North America and especially at the Toronto Asylum. The transition from a heroic period of building to a pessimistic period of compromise and accommodation is reflected in constructions of disease focussed on the Asylum itself. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the Asylum has become not unlike the hereditary "diathesis" of contemporary etiological thought.[cxlvii]

Workman's language, no less monumental and (at times) obsolete, nevertheless helps us to understand one phase in the discourse of madness. Without it we probably cannot hope to understand the whole or know where we are with our own discourse. Workman does not seem to have fully appreciated where he was with his, until it became a dead end. This alone would make him instructive, worth reading. It is widely accepted that madness has been silenced from about the middle of the 17th century, but the effect of this silence on the authorities – on the lop-sided and misshapen discourse that remained is still imperfectly understood. Reading Workman's texts helps us to understand what happened.

Finally, the thesis that Workman approached mental illness as an essentially physiological disorder, or that he "dismissed the long list of supposed `moral' agencies to which asylum superintendents in the early part of the nineteenth

The annual reports for the 1920s are very scant for the Queen Street Asylum, no doubt partly because its future still seemed uncertain. The report of W.K. Ross for 1931 is at once strikingly similar to the reports of Daniel Clark, and portentous of innovations that promised to permanently alter Asylum life. Dr. Ross celebrates such improvements as new "fireproof" cement staircases in the Main Building; the (rather long-delayed) move of the Roman Catholic Chapel from the upper story of the Main Building to a room off the basement corridor, the renovation of the old Chapel as a new dormitory for the nurses; the removal of the (hardly "fireproof") paint shop from the Main Building to the grounds; the installation of a new electric dumb-waiter, etc. But after all these "changes" come others more real. Dr. Ross notes, for example, that 30 paretic patients received malarial treatment and 800 intravenous injections of salvarsan or novarsan were given in the last year [cdiv] Over 100 patients were treated with manganese chloride.

By the 1930s the Asylum was schizophrenic in more ways than one.[cdv] Despite the implementation of some aspects of the "individual approach" to mental illness that C.K. Clarke had advocated before the war, many patients continue to find their treatment inadequately personal. The doctors reflect on and celebrate their history; the patients reflect on theirs -- mainly to deplore it. They also remember Workman (the institution's most famous doctor, Medical Superintendent from 1853 to 1875) -- not as the "Nestor of Canadian Alienists," but as "Fox and Goose"; they celebrate the Nursing School, as a school of literal "hard knocks"; they note the establishment of a Reception Hospital, but in the context of confinement in a gaol cell, recollected in the untranquil presence of an unsympathetic and abusive nurse; they use semantic arguments, but while the authorities use terms like "asylum," "hospital," "clinic," "reception hospital," "Poor Man's Sanatorium," etc., they see the Asylum at once less positively, and more inventively,[cdvi] as a living tomb, an especially long drawn-out kind of murder, a fourth=rate hotel run by sadistic scullery maids, a brothel for Government Bonded White Slaves, Ontario Hospital Hell, etc. Parallel lines never meet, however often they appear to come to a point.

mid 1920s it was at its apex, in that it still largely existed, and in that it had been around long enough for it to have developed its own history -- it was conscious of itself, it was a culture (consider the case of the Highchurch family, in the preceding chapter). Modern forms of electronic communication, occupational therapies, intrusive therapies, and (last but certainly not least) intrusive social workers -- would radically transform it.[cxlii]

Dr. J.M. Forster succeeded Dr. Clarke in 1911; the annual reports for the period are less grand, less polemical, and therefore textually less interesting than those of his predecessors. In 1920 Dr. Forster was transferred to the new Asylum at Whitby. His report for the year ending October 31, 1920 was its first; it had previously been a Military Hospital. His description of the arrival of the first patients, mainly from the Toronto Asylum, strikes a chord: John Howard's offhand mention of the arrival of the first patients at Toronto, in horse-drawn wagons, like so much coal.

> A careful selction had to be made as this hospital was planned to be very open and lend itself to supervision rather than detention. A special car accommodating about sixty patients was engaged daily and attached to one of the regular trains from Toronto to Whitby. From Whitby Junction this car was brought on the siding to the Hospital grounds, and from there they were soon in the new quarters.

They arrived in wagons like so much coal. Seventy years later the anthracite variety leave by "special car."[cxliii] Dr. Forster is apprehensive about giving these former Asylum patients too much freedom. He adds another term to the official lexicon: "supervision."

In the next year's report he is similarly anxious about another innovation, the introduction of Occupational Therapy, which he describes as "the beginning of a concerted and scientific effort on the part of the staff to, if possible, allay or ameliorate the progress of a dementing process so familiar and yet so regrettable to all medical observers." "Dementing Process" was the same term he applied to the experience of shell shock victims. Dr. Forster expresses a degree of uneasiness about the "tremendous amount of freedom being conceded our patients."

*****

W.V. This is my son - he's going to McGill University.

11:30

M.V. What do you want us to do?

W.V. Have the woman examined.

M.V. She is allright -- you leave hear alone ...

*****

M.V. What are you doing to that woman?

Women's Go on make her holler.

Voices

M.V Stop that -- this is positive torture to that woman.

Wednesday, January 2, 1927

M.V. There is something in all this -- that woman is all right -- besides she'[s] a Rosicrusian [sic].

M.V. Do you think so.

W.V. Yes -- she is studying the doctrine.

M.V. If that is so, we'll not allow this persecution -- no -- no more of it.

M.V. It isn't right.

W.V. Then let her get another man.

*****

W.V. It's Electric Hydro Electric. It[']s Rape by Radio or so they call it.

M.V. How do you account for it. She certainly knows all we say.

*****

W.V. What do you think of it, Doc?

M.V. This woman has been B -- rd.

W.V. The juice is on again.

M.V. This is the Radio hour.

The format might have enabled her in some sense to co-opt and control the "Clinical Record" that she must have known would be compiled about her, as well as to control or at least organize her experiences. It could have been as much a form of treatment or therapy as a record of illness. Combining her version of her "Clinical Record" with a form of popular entertainment would also have made her experiences less peculiar and herself something of a celebrity.

The format helped to make her a star or to explain why she thought she already was one to other people. She describes overhearing them talking about her on the streetcar. She is annoyed by an older man and a youth who sit down opposite her (like M.V. and W.V.?). She recognizes the youth as an "operator" and tells him, before she gets off, that his "number was up." On the way out a woman observes to another passenger that "She is the girl they have got on the Radio. She is the Radio Artist -- is it not awful?"

She was discharged on June 20, 1927.

(The "Schizophrenic" Asylum)

The innovations of Clarke's "individual approach" not-withstanding, "Asylum Life" up to the late 1920s does not seem radically different form what it was at the turn of the century, and the texts considered here reflect its (rather depressing) continuity with the 19th-century. It might be argued that by the habitual forms of communication. There would have been more amusing things to do in the evening than write letters, and by 1932 there was a telephone in every ward. It is probably indicative of changing tastes and pass times that Miss Marvel saw her sister fleeing on the fire-escape, in a "most movie picture attitude." By the end of the 20s patients were depicting their voices in radio plays and hearing them from "megaphones."

A good example is a piece by a 52 year old housekeeper, another Theosophist, admitted in February of 1927. She heard voices and passed an old undergarment between her legs to "keep out the ray." She claimed that she was being impersonated by people who were after her money. She was not yet a clairvoyant but believed she would become one someday.

She wrote what appears to be a cross between a "Clinical Record" and a radio play. The initials M.V. and W.V. are written in the pencilled margin where, in the "Clinical Record," the doctors' initials would appear. The dialogue is recorded where the main text would be. The initials could stand for "Man's Voice" and "Woman's Voice," but at times both voices appear to be male. At other times the "voice" is clearly the patient's. Occasionally the dialogue form is interrupted by a passage of "authorial comment," as occurs in the "Clinical Record." The date is indicated at the top of the page, the time of day in the margin. Even sound effects are added, as in the following passages:

> Monday, January 24, 1927
>
> W.V. You had better get her in the Mimico Asylum to-night if possible
>
> M.V. Yes I think so --
>
> (scratching at door)
>
> W.V. How you startled me.
>
> M.V. Take that light off that woman
>
> Two or three times today they have tortured me with the "Ray" or whatever it is they seem to have down below which shoots up my womb like Electricity ...

In the same letter the husband indicates that he too suffered from some sort of "nervous" disturbance. He refers to having been under expensive treatment himself for "shattered nerves." This is consistent with his wife's contention, in her undated letter above, that after they were first married she supported him for seven months by working at Eatons. The husband does not mention this when he points out that, without help from his family, he could not have afforded to support his wife as a private patient.

He too describes events immediately preceding the committal of his wife, but rather differently than she does. From his account she seems to have gone looking for him in the cellar of Mrs. Pl- ter's house, where (according to the wife's letter) her brother-in-law had told her he had gone. The wife's letter does not refer to actually going to Mrs. Pl---ter's house (really the other half of the house they lived in), or indeed to breaking in, but of course it is quite conceivable that she did so later. According to the husband Mrs. DeVere broke into the cellar looking for him, and the police had to set up a guard. He was relieved for the sake of the child when Dr. [McKichan's] wife took in the mother and child (in her own correspondence, Mrs. DeVere is relieved for both their sakes).

Mr. DeVere seems more determined than a loyal and affectionate spouse would be, to stigmatize his wife by referring Dr. Clare to Inspector Kennedy's alleged "ideas" about her, by indicating the damage she had done to around the house (she had broken a door), etc. The entire object of his letter is, as he writes Dr. Clare in conclusion, "to convince you that I do not dare to consider her coming out."

Nonethless she did "go out" on probation on June 23, 1911, to her father in that small Ontario town. She had been diagnosed at a conference only three days earlier with "Hebephrenic Dementia Praecox." On July 20 she showed up at her husband's house in Toronto. The latter contacted the Asylum authorities, who in turn notified her father. From letters already received from her during her probation, the authorities had concluded that "her mental condition is evidently not improved a great deal." She returned to her father, but on September 2, 1911 she was again at her husband's house, "making considerable trouble." The police were reluctant to get involved again, but advised the Forsters "to make up their troubles and try again to live happily together." This had some good effect, since the next day she visited the

> unfit to be at large. They must be placed under control, both for the protection and for the protection of the Public.

The writer could almost be diagnosing himself He seems more interested in displaying his knowledge of the latest developments in psychiatry than in obtaining any understanding of the individual before him. The lore does not cast any light on Miss Coral's predicament, but helps to obscure and finally dismiss her. The letter is a curious mixture of text book, rote definition and vulgar prejudice. Here new lore only seems to reinforce old prejudice.

Having been a nurse did make being a patient any easier. A nurse, who had worked professionally in one of the Asylums, was admitted to the Toronto Asylum from the Psychiatric Hospital on April 5, 1927. She wrote Dr. Crawford on April 8, 1927, to express the same sort of violent antipathy to the Asylum that doctors Clarke himself had exploited just a few years before. She offered to work both as patient and as nurse if only he would take her away from "this filthy prison, Queen St West," but she refused to work in any capacity so long as she was there

Asylum life for her was merely a painfully slow kind of death: "murdered ... inch by inch just like a cat could kill a mouse." The Asylum offended her as nurse as well as patient, professionally as well as personally, and she refused to "lower myself to nurse here or work here, under any circumstances." The food was what her mother fed her cat or dog at home, and she felt the staff only wanted to disgrace and abuse her. In a slightly later letter to her father she wished that he would send her to "a general [hospital], not asylum & prison." For her the governmental status of the institution made it "licensed to be bad" or as she called it "Ontario Hospital Hell." She turns the officials' euphemisms against them; as a former employee herself, she probably knew them well.

(The Radio Hour)

In the late 1920s patient writing begins to reflect some of the technological innovations that might account for an apparent decline in volume. Telephones and radios were becoming common, and they changed people's habits and

She indicates what almost anyone glancing at her "Statement" would suspect. Conditions at home could not have been very good. As one of two sisters, without a mother but with three brothers and an invalided father, she really would have "slaved" as she puts it. She refers to "circumstances" which might have included other things besides housework, and which moreover seem to have been an issue among the siblings (ie., "you know ... as well as I do"). Bad as things are in the Asylum, she sees no point in returning home to "slavery." "Slavery" was partly if not principally what drove her there.

She feels abandoned by her father and by her other brother, who "left me on the street" (presumably at the gate). At the same time she seems glad to get rid of them: "I walked in here care free after they [were] gone." In reconstructing her latest admission, she might be belittling their importance to her; at the same time she might really have felt some relief at getting away from them for a while. Abandonment provides an excuse for not going home but running away, for the elopement she contemplates with some understanding of the law about writing-off patients not returned after thirty days: "Now if I can get out [of] here for a month without anyone knowing where I am I am free, as you see [her brother] and Pa left me on the street."

Miss Marvel (admitted on October 21, 1919) describes a visit to her lawyer during which she says she "left the black key in your vault and told you of my suspicions regarding [her sister & her sister's husband?] being addicted to drugs." She also mentions a (not very plausible?) "supposed burglar under bed." She recounts many, often rather trivial details which she uses, less as foundation for her suspicions, than as reinforcements. She believes a man who boarded her sister's streetcar, and to whom her sister referred in a conversation, was interested in the sister's "Drug Company." In the evening she saw "druggy looking" people loitering about the house.

Miss Marvel relates how she went to one Dr. Green, who assured her that no one could "stick a needle in her" without her knowing it. She replied that "yes [they could], if they first etherized me." The same doctor reassured her that the "druggy looking" people would not follow her any more, but when she visited the lawyer later that day, she found that someone had gone in ahead of her; she was convinced it was her sister (who had obviously been following her). Later in the same letter she describes how "as I left he opened the door &

was bitterly disappointed when Dr. Smith merely dismissed her as "paranoid," without (according to her statement) stating his reasons. She was deported in February of 1913. After returning yet again to Michigan, and again being arrested and deported, she began a final campaign in Toronto, demanding to see the Provincial Secretary, Mr. Hanna, and his Inspector, Mr. Rogers. Her money was running out, and when she asked the police to put her up for a night, she was arrested, charged with vagrancy, and "remanded for a week for medical examination" -- another "voluntary admission."

She was subsequently examined by the Asylum doctors, including the Superintendent, Dr. Forster, "who told me that there was no excuse for an honest woman to be in my position." Such a wholesale (if not brutal) dismissal seems intended to suggest that she was not "merely" mad but morally depraved, perhaps even a prostitute. Forster's comment (if true: the "Record" indicates that Miss Coral was generally truthful) seems to respond less to any ailment she might have had than to the charges she had made against one of the profession, not merely by dispelling those charges but by turning the tables on her -- making the same sort of charge against her that she had made against Dr. T. Even if her charges against Dr. T were false, there is no doubt that she was not simply lying; at the same time, one has to suspect that the fact that the object of these charges was another doctor, negatively affected her diagnosis and prognosis.

Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson supplied the latter to Police Magistrate R.E. Kingsford, in his letter of July 10, 1913. The Magistrate had had some doubts about the case, and requested some another opinion, besides that of the regular doctors. Dr. Johnson never for a moment entertains any possibility that Miss Coral's beliefs and behaviour might have any basis in reality:

> She is suffering from what is known as Persecuting Paranoia .... Her whole life is dominated with a fixed delusion of persecution which is linked with what is known as expansive delusions, that is, an exaggerated appreciation of her own self importance. She is one of that host of mentally unbalanced dreamers, who are frequently known as cranks ... The outlook in all these cases is very poor. Once established this condition does not improve: it grows steadily worse. These cases are looked upon as being always dangerous, and

when her husband was away, and she felt insulted. She relates again how her husband told her "three nights running" to go home "as my ugly face made you [her husband] sick around the house." She agreed to stay home for a month, and leave her child behind. The details of abuse and marital discord are consistent with her previous version. Her additional information, that her husband sent a rude letter to her family, "threatening me & all my people," seems consistent with other information below

Why were all these people arrayed against Mrs. DeVere? A letter to Dr. Forster of November 21, 1911 describes yet again, but with more detail, the relations between the two families occupying different halves of Mrs. Pl---ter's house. Some of Mrs. DeVere's "voices" might have been the real voices of her "enemies," as overheard through the walls dividing the Forsters from the Pl---ters. For example, she claims to have heard Dr. McKichan's voice upstairs in her own house, and to have been told that she could not have heard him there because he had not gone in through the ground floor -- in other words she was hallucinating. She insists that the attics of both halves of the house were connected, and that Dr. McKichan had simply gone through his friend, Mrs. Pl---ter's house -- a not implausible explanation. It is similarly not implausible that at least some of the voices she claims to have heard in the radiators were simply the real voices of her neighbours, conducted through the pipes into the bedroom where she lay awake.

The motive for such a conspiracy might have been an affair between her husband and Mrs. Pl---ter, the friend of the doctor committing her. Perhaps it was something more than a case of "friendship all round," as Mrs. DeVere herself seems to suggest on November 13. It is curious that while much of her account tends toward such an explanation, she is never explicit about it, as if it might have been only too real, something she preferred not to believe, even when it was in her interest to reveal it.

As do many inmates in similar circumstances, Miss Pearl dramatizes herself writing in the evening. She is addressing one of her brothers. It is May 3, 1914.

> ... nearly dark and I am in a mad fever again. It se ems I will have to kill a man to get out [of] Toronto Asylum. The curiou s eyes are more than I can stand.

discovered [her sister] creeping down the side staircase in a most movie picture attitude -- as if she had followed me and had been even dropping in on [our] conversation."

A sore on the corner of her mouth, "a large ball of puss," worries her. She seems to take it as an indication of having been poisoned. On the day of her committal she feels that people have been tampering with the mail in her dresser drawer, and someone has broken into her "safe" (a bread box with a padlock). A phone call from a friend strikes her as strange, because the friend had not called for a long time. She wonders if Dr. Green has been talking to her. She phones Dr. Noble (one of the physicians who certified her) but he is not in. He phones her later in the day, perhaps to make sure that she was in.

> [I] had supper in my room & [was] reading paper when in walked two policemen & said "Come to the Hospital." I said strange way to go to the hospital with policemen. Walked down & landed here.

Miss Coral relates how, after she was discharged by Dr. T, she returned to her home in a small Ontario town, where she began an unsuccessful campaign to get justice. It seems she took some drugs to prevent a child ("certain drugs, for a condition which did not exist") and began to take alcohol in order to sleep. According to her own statement, "a suicidal tendency with delusions" developed, and she was committed in August of 1905.

After this, her first committal, she returned to Michigan where her employer had her arrested and deported to London, where she was committed a second time. She was released again in December of 1905, when another doctor examined her and decided that she was not insane, but merely in need of rest. She returned to work in Cleveland. A letter from the husband of one of her patients, mailed to her as a reference when she was confined at Queen Street, indicates that she was very highly regarded as a nurse.

For reasons she does not state (there is a gap in the "Record" between 1907 and 1912), she was committed again, this time to the State Hospital in Richmond, Indiana, on the basis of information supplied by Michigan and London. She demanded to be examined by competent doctors in Canada, but

Asylum with her baby, "showing that her husband had trusted her this far." This effect was not long-lasting, since by September 12 they had apparently seriously fallen out again, with Mrs. DeVere threatening to burn down Mrs. Pl---ter's house, where her husband was living, and saying things about Dr McKichan "to the detriment of his practice."

Mrs. DeVere was "re-certified to" on Saturday. On Sunday Mr. DeVere called the Asylum for help in bringing his wife back. They referred him to the police. He explained that the police had refused to do anything without a warrant, so they sent a nurse and an attendant to help him re-capture his wife. By then she been taken in by a sympathetic neighbour who had locked the door and refused to allow them in. Mrs. DeVere was eventually persuaded to surrender, and re-admitted to the Asylum at about 11:30 Sunday night, "her baby on her arm." Dr. Vrooman notes her statements that Dr. McKichan was "the cause of her family troubles, that he is inciting her husband against her, and that he uses black magic on her, and has gotten her under his power by stroking her hair."

On September 16, 1911, she after being re-committed, Mrs. DeVere describes in a letter to her father how, after her brother-in-law had phoned the police (who did nothing), her husband phoned the Asylum. The neighbour, the woman who took her in and locked the door, met her on her way home and told her that there was a horse and buggy outside her house, with a man and a woman in it (obviously the nurse and the attendant), waiting to take her back to the Asylum. The neighbour took her in, but the officials insisted that she accompany them. She refused, but according to her account at least, she was forced to go along.

On November 13, 1911, Mrs. DeVere describes again, in her letter to her husband, the events preceding her committal (whether first or second is unclear, but probably the first). This second description is more circumstantial than the first, includes details about her visit to Mrs. Pl---ter's half of the house, and accords much greater prominence to the latter and her relationship with Dr. McKichan. Now Mrs. DeVere relates that she heard a "stranger's voice" as she went to find her husband. Mrs. Pl---ter even spied on her, using a candle to see her in the cellar. Afterwards Mrs. Pl---ter introduced Mr. DeVere to Dr. McKichan. Her husband went to him first. Then she went to him herself, but refused to let him examine her. Dr. McKichan asked to examine her at home surprising that "outsiders" (even well-intentioned ones, which Mr. Brown might not have been) have difficulty accepting that there must be a discrepancy, sometimes an enormous one, between their understanding of the Asylum, based on a visit in broad daylight, and an inmate's based on confinement day and night. It is perhaps more surprising, though not less logical, that inmates like Mrs. Brown, have difficulty accepting outsiders' difficulty.

Even if he had wanted to, he could not have known what it was like to live in one of the wards, to sleep in one of their unlit 6 X 10 foot cells, but the wanting itself might have done his wife some good. It might have been hard for either of them to accept the limits of the other's knowledge, but it would have been hardest of all for her to accept that it might not have made any difference what he knew. Perhaps she ultimately preferred to believe that people could not imagine what it was like to be confined in Queen Street Asylum. She seems to end up with a version of Pascal's wager in reverse, because it involves not affirming "god" - i.e., authority - but denying him to some extent, limiting his responsibility, even his power of imagination, not in order to enjoy an afterlife should there be one, but in order to make an overwhelming present endurable. Usually our confinement to one sensibility is seen as just that, a limitation, but in the context of confinement to the Asylum it seems to have provided, for some, a measure of absolution. It made it easier to forgive. Things could be that bad.

In a letter to Dr. Herriman dated April 10 1910, Miss Dickens (admitted for the seventh or eighth time in 1910) describes how she was jailed in May of 1896 and abused by the Matron, Miss Fraser, who "banged my head on the iron railing of the cot." Her head still hurts and she asks Herriman to "trepann [sic] the place." She writes Dr. Herriman from "Queen St. Asylum," on Sunday April 10 1910, because "it will do me a lot of good to tell you somethings I have thought about a great deal." Because of headache she declines to discuss a dream she mentioned, but this is probably the subject of her letter below. She must have waited till she was out of the Asylum to relate it, because she felt it was too controversial, and embarrassing.

Her letter is mainly a discussion of masturbation, or "self abuse," which she declares "is the cause of very much insanity." At the same time not all masturbators "are guilty of a vile sin"; some are "the victims of a nervous from her purse to pay for a lawyer's letter, apparently to evict her. When the in-laws returned to the house in early December of 1910 and found her still there they demanded why she had not gone home (presumably to her father in the small Ontario town where he lived). The husband said that he was "tired of seeing my ugly face about the house as it made him sick to look at." The third evening of this sort of thing she packed her and her child's clothes to leave, but her husband persuaded her to go home alone for a month. During her time away her husband wrote her that he was out of work and that "there was only four dollars in the house" but that he would not live with her unless she behaved "like a selfrespecting wife." She replied that she would not live with him unless he behaved like a "selfrespecting husband & father."

A second letter, the first and last pages of which are missing, describes the events which precipitated her first committal. She seems to have become upset over the husband's prolonged absence from their home. She insists that she was not hysterical, but her brother in law called the police. When they arrived the brother-in-law told the police that she was lying when she claimed not to know where her husband was, she knew all along that he was "staying with a doctor's widow [Mrs. Pl- ter, their landlady, who occupied the other half of the house they lived in]." Mrs. DeVere reports that on other occasions her husband struck her in the face, and that she had had to go three times to Police Inspector Kennedy. The husband managed to convince the Inspector that his wife was lying, for the latter finally sent her home, where the husband gloated that "the inspector had sent me away crying." Mrs. DeVere demands, "Is there no justice for me in Canada?"

How did Mr. DeVere take his wife's confinement in the Asylum? In a letter to Dr. Clare of May 14, 1911, after excusing himself from visiting his wife because "it upset her, myself and others to hear of her pleadings to come out," he is concerned that his wife's people might sue him. He indicates the familial nature of at least a part of her difficulty, when he concludes, rather complacently, that if she had only listened to them she "would not have alienated those who for years have treated her as one of the family." From the following, it seems quite likely that she did not want to be a part of his family. For his part, he never showed the slightest indication of wanting to belong to hers.

Besides being lonely, and despite her masturbatory dream, Miss Dickens was ignorant of her own sexuality or, as she herself put it, "I had never been unwell each month at that time [15 years old], and knew nothing of a woman's life, for mother never told me anything." There seems to have been some hostility between the two women. When her parents separated over her father's drinking, she asserted that "if I had been a man married to the woman he was married to, I should have drunk a great deal more." Her mother is a cause of her frequent "appearances" at the Asylum, "worse for my nerves, than any red flag ever was to a bull's nerves."

Her 18 readmissions notwithstanding, Miss Dickens continues to narrate clearly and circumstantially her first admission to the Toronto Asylum, on September 30, 1896. On April 7, 1922, she tells Dr Ross how when she 16 years old she became hysterical during a storm, and Dr. James Murray Johnstone gave her "ten different kinds of medicine" which made her "devilish" and sent her to jail. Although the jail doctor, Dr. Richardson, insisted that she was "no more insane than he was," she was "herded" with criminals and prostitutes. The Matron introduced her to the Prisoners' Aid Association as a street walker, but one of the workers, a Miss Roxy Wood, recongnized her and pointed out the mistake. After her release she had gone to work, but cried herself to sleep every night thinking about her ordeal, which never would happened had her father been around. Her parents had been separated and her father had remained in Canada just long enough to watch her recover from her bout of typhoid, then had returned to England. Her mother never wanted her, and told her lies about her father

Six weeks after her release she was sent back to gaol. Her lawyer was unable to do anything for her as the judge had already signed the papers. She was committed to the Asylum, where Dr. Daniel Clark swore "I was not insane."

Mr. O'Reilly provides some background to his admission narrative in a letter to his wife. He begins this relation of marital strife with an argument over a suit of clothes which he is angrily returning as "I never wore a store suit in my life." Moreover, he does not want to accept anything from "an untrue and an unfaithful wife as what you have proved you're self to be." He lists his grievances, beginning with her requesting him, one hour after their marriage on reporting as well as he can what he must have heard. According to Mr. O'Reilly's own account he "spoke a few words under protest until the madgesterate told the police man to take me away." He even seems to have taunted Judge Dennison that "I was just as senceble [sic] as what he was and that he would find it out yet too."

Mr. O'Reilly complains that since he was confined to the Toronto Asylum on March 2, 1909, "I have not heard nor seen any of my friends sence" and, moreover, that he has been "kidnaped." Somewhat inconsistently he adds that "my suposed wife comes to see me some times," but that she replied to his requests "to take me out of this Asylum" that "she never would." Either she was not a very comforting visitor, or he found her disturbing. Mr. O'Reilly insists that "I have been subject to the most cruel and unhuman treatment I have been near poisoned over a dosen times." Besides its subjective impressions, which were real at least to Mr. O'Reilly, his letter contains more than a little factual information about the admission process. In the entire process there is only one bright spot, "our New doctor [,] Doctor Stead" without whom "I would not be alive today."

In late March of 1911 Mrs DeVere wrote Dr. Clarke asking for permission to live with her sister, who apparently was willing to take care of herself and her child. She does not want to return to her husband, who has mistreated her since New Year's Day. She then proceeds to write an "admission narrative" of strife between herself and her in-laws.

Mrs. DeVere's mother and father-in-law arrived in May of 1910. She found her mother-in-law crying on her husband's shoulder, and assumed that the mother-in-law had been saying bad things about her. Mrs. DeVere told her not to tales. It seems that when her father-in-law called her a liar her husband, as well as her in-laws, including her husband's brother, turned against her. Mr. DeVere "came towards me with uplifted hand threatening to strike me & told me to go as he was going to look after his people."

This signals the beginning of a systematic campaign to get rid of her. They had recently moved into a larger house (perhaps to accommodate her in-laws), which her husband frequently reminded her was not in their name but in her father-in-law's -- the in-laws could throw her out. He took her own money

> to be there. I presume my dream is a warning not to read any more trash like the Crippen murder trial.

She goes on to congratulate him on his being appointed Medical Superintendent of the Orillia Asylum.[cxli] She thanks him for apparently relieving some of the tensions between her mother and herself. As for Dr. Clarke, et al., she asks Dr. Herriman to tell them she that she has not forgotten them, but she does not "intend to come near them at all, for fear the old den should open its mouth to take me in."

She was admitted for the seventh time on May 26, 1911. Now the sexual nature of her disturbance is more apparent than ever. The "Certificate" signed by Doctor Becker describes her dishevelled hair, her "lewd actions," her pulling her bed apart, her swearing to have been made pregnant by men to whom she was married, etc.

In a letter of February 17, 1911 to Dr. Clarke, Miss Dickens offers her "life story" as a "help to you in your medical work." At the same time she asks him to promise to not let "my own people ever know of my secret." Her letter to Dr Clarke is, at least for Miss Dickens, an attempt to renew an understanding which she believes she had with Drs. Herriman and McEwan, to keep her "secret" from her family. She assumes that, as another doctor, Clarke has already been made a party to the secret; she wishes to make him a party to her "understanding" as well

After her father's crops and livestock were destroyed by a flood in 1879, and she was about 3 years old, she went to live with an aunt. She stayed with her for 7 years. She started school when she was about 4 years old, partly so that she would have some "playfellows." She was lonely, because her aunt's only other child was an adopted girl 11 years older than herself. She had her "own little bedroom" and she remembers having there, about this time, "a very nasty dream"

> The dream was, I thought a cat got between my legs, and was scratching me. I woke up in an awful perspiration, and that was the beginning of the habit of self-abuse, which went on until I reached the Asylum.

He probably did not boast more of his sexual prowess out of greater preoccupation with the other side of the equation, his wife's appetite. He states that "man was not made for the woman the woman was made for the man" and concludes with a long diatribe against what he calls "wemon suffrage." He would have fewer "gaols and peneenterys and ... Asylums" and fewer "Carnagie labaries" as they are a principal source of the education that is giving women "aspirations," a "curse to the Countrey." Sexual promiscuity and aggression, drugs, women's suffrage, and theocracy are all connected as he forgets his original addressee and urges "Mr Editor" to show his letter to the Laurier government and ask the same to grant him an "absolute divorce" from his wife. His quarrels with his wife are related to his ideas about the "Messiahship," priestcraft, Irishness, and purity discussed above.

In Mr. O'Reilly's narrative of his arrest and admission, in a letter to a local politician in November of 1909, events seem to "just happen," especially when the reasons for them might be incriminating. He visited his wife twice in the same evening, but he does not explain why he left the first time, or why his brother-in law refused to admit him when he returned. Things "just happen," without causal connection or explanation. He can be more circumstantial, at least when the details tend to heroicize himself, as when he relates that he was "erested on the steps of their dor by 200 police men."

He states that the breakfast the police gave him the next morning had been poisoned by his wife or his mother-in-law or some other member of his wife's family. The "poisoned breakfast" might only be a way of accounting for his mental state that morning, for which a cell-mate will "vouch" (if not for the cause). It accounts for the "dosed and bewildered condition" he states he was in when he appeared before the magistrate, and which led the officer to tell the latter that "I was drunk and that I was not sober." He was remanded for a week, during which he was visited by one of the "Asylum Doctors." He asked Governor Chambers to summons his "suposed wife" to appear in court because "if my wife did not want to live with me I wanted a Seperation and a divorce."

He describes how, when he appeared in court on Friday, February 26, "the madgestrate [sic] did not ask me for to stand up or to speak one word" but simply told the officer to take him to the Asylum as "a nebereate [sic]." The patient's parenthetical "I think he said," and his bad spelling indicate that he is system," or of an accident caused by "us[ing] their hands in a wrong way, because the nerves simply make them do so." She herself belongs to the latter class, although "I am a girl of a tremendous [sic] will power, tenacious also, for if it takes me half a life-time to accomplish my purpose, Ill never give in." She seems to be engaged in a losing struggle with frustration, which she believes her own "terrible experience" with might indirectly be used "to help you to cure some of the other patients." At the same time he is to remember that "no one on earth excepting doctors and students are ever to know that a girl told these secrets of a woman's life"·

> I've had to hold my wrists lots of times to prevent myself doing wrong with my hands, and I think it was an awful shame, that no one ever took me on one side as a child, and explained to me that my body was God's as well as my soul. There are times even yet and I am thirty years old now, when it seems almost impossible to keep my hands away from myself but I never give way to those feelings at all now .

At the same time she admits she frequently feels like smashing things, and it sees she occasionally finds relief that way as she puts it with rather surprising candour, "smashing everything and every body, who deserves smashing." At the same time it is not entirely wrong, given that "some of the brutes ... are mighty fond of smashing us." She exempts the nurses, but it is hard to know who else she could be referring to. After worrying about the cleanliness of the tea-things, she promises that "If you get some fools' cap I'll endeavour to write such things as well earn me something better than a dunce's cap."

In her letter to Dr. Herriman of September 27 1910, she addresses him as "Father." She is staying (and/or working?) at a hotel in a small Ontario town. She begins by explaining that "It's raining this morning, so ... I cannot work." She thanks him for his "kindness and patience" during her last confinement in the Asylum, before proceeding to compain about tiredness, caused by her inability to sleep after reading the sensational report of a murder:

> Last night I was dreaming all sorts of rubbish. I dreamt that I was the first of nine wives of Dr Crippin, and from that I was in the asylum, and all sorts of things were happening. Dr. McEwan came through along with Dr. W.K. Ross, who used

July 26, 1899, "to go down and to have a talke with ---- the Priest." The priest claimed that Mr. O'Reilly and his wife "were not married."

After Mr. O'Reilly went outside with his brother and some others, his wife went in to talk to the priest herself. Five minutes later, Mr. O'Reilly claims, he went in and saw "the priest had his head up between youre legs under neath youre cloes [.] [Y]ou stept over him just like you'd step over a log and you let youre cloes down." The charge seems to involve a recollection of some dispute with a priest over the legitimacy of their marriage and a "vision."

He alleges other acts of infidelity. On the way to Grand Forks, British Columbia, he caught his wife flirting with men on the stage coach,

> [sitting] on one of the mens lap and I saw you taking money lots of it from different men .... In my presence every one of the men cohabited with you and you done other things which is too shocking for me to mention here.

After they were living again on his old homestead in Ontario, he returned from speaking against a local politician at the Opera House to find her in bed -- "cohabiting" as he put it with her Aunt's adopted boy. Mr. O'Reilly's account contains more plausible elements, such as his accusation that

> you often told me that a minusters maradge was no marradge atall. You often told me in my old cabbin that you did not look on me as youre Husband.

Again, it is possible to detect, under a lot of implausible trappings, the lineaments of a more plausible quarrel over the legitimacy of their marriage.

Related to these allegations of promiscuity is his charge that she gave him aphrodisiacs which "made me amerous." This "poison" is essentially the same as "the stuff the priest[s] put in their sacrement to make the people amerous." The allegation is connected to what seems like a boast, his statement that "you know that I have done it nine times in one night that's impossible without drugs." The effects have even interfered with his farming, since "I some times would have to come in from the field I would be unable to work with my person so stiff and hard."

lawyer's opinion that she is "perfectly sane, and he would not allow [her] to remain longer here." Again she claims she "must think of [her] future" and that it will be compromised if she remains any longer as the Asylum "is not the place for either social or business advancement." The euphemistic and cliche language exploits something like a myth of recovery and reformation which it would have been contrary to the interests of the authorities to dispel very directly. A letter from the Trinity Home to which she is eventually released indicates that she spends her time playing the piano, doing fancy work, shopping, socializing, returning visits, etc. A career was out of the question and she appears to have known it. With the mixture of criticism and flattery that marks most of her correspondence with the doctors, she concludes by thanking Forester and his colleagues "for any medical attention I have received here" but also reminding him that she urgently wishes to leave "this week or next if possible." Her gratitude is always implicity contingent on her release. Her praise is contingent on its implicit advice being followed.

On September 30 1907, Mrs. Brown writes to Mrs C. in pencil that her husband "had [her] put in the Insane Asylum, Sept. 30." She makes statements similar to the preceding, especially that she has not seen her husband since she was admitted to Dr. Myers's hospital on July 1. She wonders if the doctors have had something to do with his abandoning her in what she calls a "living tomb," the misery of which "cannot be described or imagined." Since realizing where she was, she has spent her time constantly crying and praying. But she would rather absolve her husband of any responsibility, that confront the possibility that he has abandoned her himself.

One of the earliest letters in Mrs. Brown's file, dated October 4 1907, was written for her by Miss Adams, her ward-mate. In a few lines scrawled in the upper left-hand corner, Miss Adams describes herself "writing in an almost dark room, as there are no lamps or lights in the rooms." Through Miss Adams, Mrs. Brown writes an "admission narrative" of how her husband brought her to Dr. [Campbell] Myers's hospital, where she was kept for thirteen weeks at thirty dollars a week but "was doing well" when her husband decided to remove her to a much cheaper room in the Asylum.

Wanting to believe that her husband would not knowingly have buried her alive, Mrs. Brown naturally wonders if he might have died himself. It is not

> and God will bless and reward you and dont ever allow me to di in this Asylum at the hand of wicked men.

Mr. O'Reilly has done, or nearly done, what Christ is supposed to have helped all Christians to do. He invites the local politician himself to be Christ or Christ-like by saving him, by interceding for him, as Christ did for everyone. Everyone is potentially "Christ" here, as in Christianity itself.

A poem he wrote on July 17, 1905 makes Robert Burns a kind of working-class Messiah, who suffered and died "Through the blindness of the human race / and vanity in their mind." Like Christ he was a poor man who suffered for people who ostensibly follow him but would only "recrucify" him if he returned to earth:

when Burns was down on this Earth
and said he had the blues
their were not one of his own class
who'd go and help him through

sence that noble man is dead and gone
and most of his work so true
now you ill hear those learnt men
a telling what he did do

if Burns came on Earth again
after all that he did do
he'd get the same reception
as when he had the blues

Miss Adams writes Dr. Clarke on June 10, 1908, expecting her father to come from New York "at any time" to "take [her] away from here" and asking him to "make some inquiries for some jewellery of mine which has gone astray in this place." The phrase is similar to the one used in the letter above, in the context of lost relationships. Since the jewels were given to her by close relations (a ring from her father on her birthday, another from her brother, etc.) they might have symbolized family relation-ships; their loss would have been especially poignant and significant. She describes them circumstantially ("one pearl half crescent, containing the letter `X' in pearls," "one ring containing five opals .... one stone of which had gone," etc.), as one would a lost item one wanted to identify, but perhaps also to prove that she had not merely imagined them.

She calls upon the authorities themselves as witnesses: "[I] have been seen wearing each article here but the topaz broach." However, it is apparent that she does not regard them as honest or above suspicion, as she warns them that if the jewels are not recovered soon her father will search for them; a detective "has the affair in hand." She is understandably milder toward Dr. Clarke, her immediate addressee and the Superintendent of the Asylum, whom she exempts from any responsibility because she had never mentioned the jewellery to him. She explains that she did not immediately advertise for them because she had expected them to be found immediately. She had not noticed when she "dropped [her] purse but ... missed it on leaving Simpsons store."

Although the jewels were "not valuable to some people" they were "invaluable" to Miss Adams and "no substitutes can be accepted." Dwelling on their loss leads to a passage unfavourably contrasting the Asylum and its wicked "hospital nurses" with the "honest household" she has also lost. Blaming the Asylum and its staff for a loss they are not accountable for is probably a means of blaming them for far worse losses that it clearly facilitated. Considering that, unlike most of the writings Porter discusses, none of this material was written with certainty that it would even be read, let alone published, its existence seems all the more remarkable.

(Uncivil Liberties)

After the regimen of Asylum life and its banal brutality and boredom, what most preoccupies these patients is how they got there in the first place. This kind of writing becomes a distinct genre or sub-genre in the Case Files of the Queen Street Asylum. Usually it is a narrative of deception and betrayal, the decisive climax of a life story, the remainder of which is distorted -- truncated or abbreviated altogether. Many re-admissions later, the first committal is obsessively retold with surprising clarity of detail and also probably with subtle changes reflecting the death of a relative who had formerly played a role in the patient's confinement, a new doctor, or simply the passage of time.

Miss Adams's losses extend from the loss of possessions, as Miss Adams puts it, to bodily security. They amount to the loss of a life, something worse than being, as she describes her condition in the Asylum, buried alive. They are progressively depicted as due -- all the more terribly, perhaps -- to a parental "mistake," bureaucratic blundering, and gross human oversight. She initially feels outrage at being abandoned by a father with ample means to have rescued her: "it certainly would have been better if he had buried me instead of placing me amongst such degrading surroundings when he has possessions enough to keep me at home."

After attacking the nurses (in her June 10 letter) as "common uneducated women" unfit to "attend to ladies of refinement" she partially excuses her boastfulness as the natural reaction of one who should never have been committed in the first place. After his death her father appears less ambiguously as she claims that against his will she has been "forced into a Mad House without any certified Insanity paper signed by any reliable Doctor." Only god is competent to judge "where the Almighty afflicts" while his (the doctor's) "care and anxiety" for patients are, she adds sarcastically, "really touching." She understandably anticipates that "this letter will probably land me head over ears in warm water " Toward the end of the decade Miss Adams has developed a role for herself as a wealthy and refined heiress victimized by wicked nurses. In writing to Dr. Forster in 1917 to obtain permission to take music lessons, she expresses her dissatisfaction with the Asylum, and her determination to leave it.

She asks Dr. Forster on September 17, 1917 that her "Certificate of Sanity" be sent to Miss Watson at Hillcrest Convalescent Home. She repeats her

Oh House of Stueards how you have rued

Sickly King James

when the House of Hanover did come over

and took ahold of the raines

Oh House of Stueards cast off your mude

you have been lang a waiting

you will ascend your own rightful throne

for it is now decaying

why shoud men be angry

why should they one me frown

God gave to ye a Profit

His words record them down

(Signed "Lord Mr. O'Reilly, September 18, 1905")

Occasionally a material object in a patient's writing acquires the force of an objective correlative in a poem. Miss Adams's letter to her father conveys an almost palpable sense of loss. She speaks of a lost relative or friend as a material loss that "like many of my other belongings .. [has] just gone astray." Perhaps she was thinking of some lost object and omitted to mention it, or perhaps all the losses simply blended together. She would have known every kind. One senses her alienation from the normal routines of life, in her references to children maturing and getting ready for school; after all, it was September. Her worries that her family might lose their house, seem to be an extension of her feelings for herself. It had been lost, but to her.

Two things, madness and the asylum, are now if anything more inextricably united than Porter saw them becoming in the 19th century. People's experiences, delusional or otherwise, are inextricably bound up with the physical layout of the place. Perhaps the surprising thing is the survival into the 20th century of essentially 19th-century and earlier kinds of writing. Apart from the Asylum itself, a huge exception since as a whole it compromised a kind of "psychiatric" treatment, in the above "Case Files" there is still less protest at specific medical treatments than at the violation of individual rights through confinement. The physical abuse of nurses and attendants so often objected to by patients -- was seen as an abuse not of a psychiatric but of a bureaucratic order. Nurses acted this way, not because they were executing the orders of a sinister profession but because they were (according to some patients) vulgar, the naturally brutal hirelings of a corrupt and venal government. When the doctors were sinister, it was usually for abuses of a civil order. At their worst they looked more like bad counsellors (or ambitious rival priests) than mad scientists, especially considering that until the 1920s their principal therapies were bathing, rest, and diet.

Apart from the Asylum itself, the greatest abuse that could be attributed specifically to a "psychiatric regime," was the increased gathering and recording of personal information as part of the intensified "individual approach" advocated by C.K. Clarke as a basis for more scientific classification. But the reading and confisication of patients' private letters and papers, was (understandably) what most obviously concerned them in this regard and it was nothing new

Most of the people whose works are featured here are writing for their lives against a bureaucracy that had already mastered that game. The presence of patients' letters and other papers in their files nearly a century later shows how. Many of the patients knew what was going on and wrote anyway (a kind of Pascal's wagering, hoping something would get out), or started addressing their letters to "Dear Reader" --- or to posterity. A great deal of material was smuggled out by other patients or by visitors -- in this regard the Asylum was never "total." Dr. McClenahan observed in 1917 that Miss Adams got more mail than all the rest of the patients together, so a lot got out somehow.

(Narrating Admission)

A relation to his nephew (in a letter dated September 7, 1909) of how a Cornish Irish foreman "planed to have me murdered in his owne sloon by a man the name of Eagen," occasions a discussion of good and bad Irishmen in Butte City. His favourites were "Good Kerry men and also Good Irish Men from the County Cork." He seems to have a special antipathy for "Cornish Traitors" and other imposters, such as a newspaper editor named "Paddy" who "was no Irish man nor he never was."

This concern with such "imposters" is related to his concern with Irish or celtic culture, as a preoccupation with purity. He concludes his letter to his nephew by calling on

> all true Irish men to learn ... the language of yeor four fathers and dont be some mengreals [.] [A] mongreal is onely good for fiv hundered years at the most [.] They run out after that when the True Blood never runs out.

The connection between this preoccupation with purity and his "Messiahship" becomes more explicit when, after running through a list of families with Irish-sounding surnames but not of "true Irish" stock, he asserts that

> Poor Paddy could never make a messiah for he's a mixed bread [.] The Murphys are Jewes who went in to the Country kerry at the time of William and threw their lotts with the [K]erry men.

His desire for purity as a qualification for the celtic chosen race, and ultimately an Irish Messiah, seem to be related to his fear of poison, his suspicion of his wife (a potential source of "mixed breeding") and his hatred of priests (who by then were seen to play an ambiguous role in Irish politics).

Mr. O'Reilly's identification of "Cornish Traitors" with Tamany Hall ("I pronounce Tamady hall to be composed of a lot of Irish cornish traitors whome I now pronounce now as out Laws") suggests that he combined a superficial if garbled knowledge of history and current events with more paradigmatic and passionate beliefs to produce a personal mythology. Sometimes he writes almost as a crude 17th-century balladeer of "Poems on Affairs of State," as in the following:

It could not be said of early 20th-century Toronto, as it could of late 17th-century London, that "so many who went out of their senses were never brought before a magistrate or confined" (232). Porter describes an 18th-century pattern of increasing intervention and confinement, though not yet on a large public scale. The inmates of the Toronto Asylum were aware of its public character, in ways that sometimes profoundly affected both the course of the behaviour that brought them there, and their perception of where they were. Some patients were merely amused by the blatant abuse of the Asylum for the worst sort of pork-barrel patronage, but others were seriously disturbed. In "Those Cruel Tories and Dr. Herriman," one Mr. O'Mally (who suffered from alcoholism and was in out and of the Asylum from 1910 till his death in 1917) mockingly describes the effect on staff and patients of the transfer of one of the doctors to the Orillia Asylum in 1910, apparently as a result of the liberals losing a recent by-election. After commiserating with Dianah, the "laundry wench," he points out to her the felicity of sending Dr. Herriman to Orillia (an Asylum for Idiots) where

> He'll be more among his own
>
> For his [sic] partly idiot himself
>
> So 'twill be to him like "home."[cccxlix]

Miss Coral, a 40 year old Anglican nurse admited "voluntarily" on July 21, 1913, after getting fired (she claimed) for resisting her employer's sexual advances, worried that the doctors who examined her had been appointed by the same officials who had denied her justice -- including (of course) the Provincial Secretary and his Inspectors. Miss Coral gradually became convinced that she had been black listed by a combination of government and government-run professionals. She died on April 14, 1914 of what Dr. Forster told her father was "toxaemia," but which he admitted in a letter to Inspector Dunlop was suicide -- a massive overdose of alcohol that she took "feeling that her future was hopeless." It is interesting to reflect that, as in the case of Mrs. Brown above, no one entertained for a moment the possibility that her allegations might have had some basis in reality. She was just another case of "Paranoid D.P."[cccl]

Miss Pearl was admitted on July 8, 1913, after suffering a "nervous breakdown" possibly brought on by the strain of nursing a sick father. Dr. Biggs observes that Miss Pearl's conversation was "disconnected & intensely self-centred." A sample was put into the "Clinical Record." It might be "disconnected" but it presents the "stream of consciousness" of someone recently admitted to the Asylum and not yet too jaded to notice its stimuli:

> This crazy business is not what it is cracked up to be .... some Drs. I know are not peace makers, are no good, I can work peace at home. I can tell a great deal about insanity. I can smell it, and then I work my way out. I think it is Providence that sent me here. If I had not trusted in Providence, I would not have got through the last 3 months .... I want to get busy, so I can take my mind off myself .... I never tie a knot with my tongue that I cannot untie with my teeth. I will hang a shingle out against you Dr., I will not work for less than $10.00 a day. Some people run around here with a handful of keys. I do not know what closed doors mean. It would just kill my father, If he knew I was here. He will be here in a few days. His head is bad enough, without worrying about me. I suppose if I would break down and cry, they would like that. I would sooner take up a chair and smash their brains out. I did not come here to be bossed. Hear that noise? That patient has got to be moved out of the room [patient heard somebody pounding upstairs] .... I want that woman taken away. My head is sore enough now, some poor soul in distress I suppose. When I was in Peterboro I did not have to wait, I know where I am well treated and where I am not. I would not give my little finger for their whole carcass. I think too hard, that is what hurts my head. My brain had a house-cleaning about three months ago. I never had a horse run away from me. I am not so crazy as cabbage looking. When I went to Rockwood, I knew I had found my mission. I could manage the patients better than the rest of them. I only had to get advice from the matron.

Miss Pearl's mocking claim to possess an expertise on insanity to rival the Doctors', is intelligently interspersed with references to the grim reality -- the best evidence of the failure of their expertise to redress it. Her claim to be a good nurse was actually true, judging by some of her comments elsewhere. A different "expertise" comes from having been "insane" herself, and from understanding "insanity" from the patient's perspective: officious people running around with bunches of keys, and still so many unopened doors, so much violent noise unanswered, so much waiting around unattended She is aware of the irony that, having recently nursed a sister and a father, to the detriment of her own "sanity," she is herself neglected -- and called upon to nurse -- in an Insane Asylum. She probably was a good nurse.

In a long letter to a friend, written on Christmas Day, Miss Marvel (admitted on October 21, 1919) expresses her indignation and shock at finding herself in the Asylum. She feels that it is the worst place for her. If not a cause of what it is supposed to cure, it is a major aggravating factor:

> After getting here they may have thought me crazy but if anyone here a week without eating & sleeping & placed in dark rooms with mad people singing all around you -- not knowing they were mad -- I think it only natural to lose your balance as I know I must have one night when I saw angels & lighted cross.

Under the circumstances "madness" becomes "natural," a vision is not merely a "delusion," a sign of sickness, but also a sign of salvation. Perhaps after such a drastic transition, it is also "natural" to want to offer some sort of explanation. In her letter she offers what she calls her "solutions," reasons for her coming to the Asylum. She suspects the doctor of complicity with her sister:

> Dr. Green instead of speaking to [her sister] as I wanted him to -- simply telephoned Police and then they wanted to take me down to identify Drug fiends or something of that kind & in order to show my being mixed up with them.

Then again, she might have been suspected of having been a German spy, since she had worked for a German and Dr. McClenahan had seemed to take note of his name during an interview At any rate she finds it rather ironic that she is the one committed and not her sister, an addict, where "any brute of a nurse" literature." By then she was employed, as Dr Forster had hoped, and not as a "White Slave."

Mr. O'Reilly similarly used Christianity, Irish history, and Robert Burns to objectify his hardships as a miner in Western Canada and later as an inmate of the Toronto Asylum. He had been admitted in March of 1909 and diagosed as a case of "Paranoid Dementia Praecox." According to the "Clinical Record," on everything apart from his particular "delusional fabric," Mr. O'Reilly was sane. This "delusional fabric" consisted mainly of ideas of himself as a kind of Messiah:

> The Jewish Messiah mission as contained in the Bible has been fulfilled, so that neither the Bible or Christ are any longer factors in the evolutions of the cosmos but the Almighty has directed him (the patient) as the revealer of his future messages to the world.

Mr. O'Reilly appears to have resisted such a role, but been compelled to accept it by headaches, which he could only relieve by writing out "god's messages" in the form of poems. The writer describes these as having "a certain rhythm and lilt imitative of Burns." Mr. O'Reilly's "exalted opinion of the ideas expressed there" and his belief that they came from God because, as he said, "'how could an uneducated man like himself have such fine ideas'," only confirm his madness.

Mr. O'Reilly's description, in a November 20, 1909 letter to a local politician, of his sufferings at the Asylum borrows its terms from ideas of Christ and the resurrection. But Mr. O'Reilly does not so much assert that he is the Christ as imply that his suffering is comparable to the crucifixion and resurrection that are so central to Christian experience:

> Dear James I was kept in Ward Six for about three months and when they thought that I was about dying the doctors had me taken up to ward eight wheir I nearly dide but ... I did di three or four times or more and I came to life again hoping and trusting that you will entersead [sic] in my behalf at once

used metaphors, others recognized systems of belief, to objectify their "delusions" -- or simply to cope with the difficulties of living.

Mrs. DeVere's "Theosophy" seems to have served such a function - and been discarded when it no longer served it. It provided a vehicle for her experiences, for "voices" that were sometimes a bit too convenient, if not "rational" (for these and other "delusions' she was diagnosed with "Catatonic Dementia Praecox" in February of 1911). They reproduced snippets of conversation that might have been real, phrases that could as easily have been lifted from Rider Haggard as Madame Blavatsky. In her letter to Dr. Forster of November 21, 1911, they told her to "escape through window" when she dreamt of (or really saw) a cab coming to take her to the Asylum, or ordered her to "lie down" when she got tired of housework.

In an undated letter to her husband theosophy provided a means of not being afraid, a "plane" where "you are without fear," an ideal of "wisdom and control" when it must have been painfully obvious to her that she had little control or power of any kind, and a "symbolic" means of talking about and describing and thereby ordering her own life -- at a safe distance. Thus she could discuss her husband's tendency to frustrate her -- at least some of which, to judge from his correspondence with the Superintendent, must have been real -- but in "Theosophical" terms of his helping the "dweller" block her at the threshold of wisdom. She claimed that "You were made one of her [the "dweller's"] instruments of torture." She claimed that the "solution" to her problems "[lay] in the Astral light" -- perhaps a metaphor for understanding, or for her own point of view. She believed that this understanding "light" illuminated "the terrible mental torture I was put through in that house." Her theosophy seems to have been partly a reaction to an insufferable home life, complicated by in-laws whose hostility and aggressiveness is eloquently attested to by their correspondence in her file.

Some of the above episodes, and some of the events leading up to her first admission, appear "filtered" through a long hand-written piece on Theosophy. They become the garbled content of a "hypnotic trance" induced on Dr. McKichan's couch, either shortly before or after the hysterical episode that precipitated her committal. She explains that the doctors (premusably including Dr. McKichan himself) are now practising the "mind-healing" techniques of the

Dr Forster wrote her husband on March 29, 1913 that, wherever she was, "I dare say she is honestly trying to earn a living." Mr. DeVere's reply is possibly the "maddest" thing in the file He insists that

> Your reference to Mrs. DeVere earning an "honest living" was uncalled for ... Don't try to misconstrue my meaning. We know more of the "White Slave Traffic" than you can ever know in your position. As you expect to be rated as a gentleman, take the advice of a humbler than yourself. Spurn duplicity.

Dr. Forster replied on April 2, 1913, to report that he did not know his wife's whereabouts.

One gets the impression that he did not want to know them either, and that by now the Doctor had some serious reservations about Mr. DeVere himself He certainly felt that he had not done everything he could have done to help his wife, and he suggests that if he had only taken his advice and let her come home "on trial," she would have been fine -- at least would not have gone missing. He might have been mistaken. A letter from her brother-in-law to Dr. Forster, dated March 14, 1913, is at once pompous and shrill. His concern is entirely for his mother, whose peace and comfort he fears have been seriously jeopardized by his sister-in law's escape. He describes everything that his parents gave up to join the Forsters in Canada, but entirely one-sidedly. He rather stridently insists that his mother was a "lady of distinguished ancestry" and that his father was "valued & loved by all who knew him for his selfsacrificing spirit for his great integrity and unbending fight for principle and the right." He expresses no concern at all for his sister-in-law It seems likely that his entire family, including Mr. DeVere, regarded Mrs. DeVere as an inferior being. Her Theosophy would at least have provided some much-needed self-respect. In her letter of November 13, 1911, she describes how much, at the first seance she attended, the medium flattered her by telling her that "I was a magnetic healer & a clairvoyant." She suspects that she might have had an over-active imagination, since she recalls being spanked for "seeing" a girl in her bedroom when she was three or four years old: "Father & Mother did not see it, so of course it was not there." At any rate in a letter to Dr. Forster on July 24, 1913, she writes that she has "decided to keep to the religion I learnt as a child although I am still interested in Theosophical

Miss Stein, admitted on August 8, 1911, partly for frightening her family with her socialist sympathies, found "the hypocrisy in this building ... simply disgusting" and records how she was beaten for intervening to feed an old woman who could not feed herself. "In they would come with a tray on which was Bread & Butter, Milk or dishwater to resemble tea & some custard ... They place it in front of her & so it stands & if I were not here she would simply starve." She notes how many younger women are committed "such is married life" -- and complains (in a piece that might have interested Dr. Clarke, had he cared to read it) about the hardship of her own life as an employee of Eatons, sewing for $2.60 a week: "how the wealthy man makes wealth at the cost of blood money ... No wonder Eatons can afford to sell articles at such a low price .... No one knows how you have to work for it... Blood Money."

If the "individual approach" had truly been benign to people as opposed to "the people," the abstract "ideal" of race[cxxxv] which Clarke really had in mind, it might have done something to alleviate the routine brutality (too pervasive to have been delusional) and mental suffering ("delusional" or not) recorded in patients' own writings in their files. There is no evidence of Clarke's approach acting this way on the basis of the information it accummulated.[cxxxvi]

(Objectifying the Record)

Roy Porter, in the section of Mind Forg'd Manacles called "The Voices of the Mad,"[cxxxvii] discusses the presentation of the "patient's point of view" in 18th-century material, which he organizes into its principal categories: "delvings" into delusion, discussions of depression, assertions of "divine madness," first person accounts of (what we would term mad) experiences ("speaking insanity"), first-person accounts of treatment, and (of course) arguments proving sanity. Most of Porter's categories are represented in the Case Files, with changes that he might have predicted from his own. It is striking how many patients delved into their own delusions, even if the authorities regarded such "delvings" as no less delusional themselves. Some interesting question just how much of her behaviour was also the mimicry of such lore.

On November 13, 1911, she demands that her husband return "the baby the Great White Master gave me." The husband now clearly appears as the "professed disciple" turned traitor that he was in an earlier letter of October 13. He is accused of having allied himself with "the power of the dark Goddess with her snakes & books of magic & secret dark knowledge." Perhaps he really has, or perhaps it suited her to depict his opposition in such terms. It is hard to tell whether such depiction created, aggravated, or merely helped to distance and control, the hostility between herself and her husband and in-laws. There is at least a range of possibilities.

She refers to another doctor, Dr. McDonald, her "ideal of the good physician," who had given her a more positive examination and (apparently) laughed at the "whole story" of her husband's efforts to have her committed. He also warned her "what would happen" if her husband managed "to get papers signed." Her letter of November 13, 1911 contains interesting suggestions that her landlady, Mrs. Pl---ter, also was in league with her husband, since she (according to Mrs. DeVere) said that this "ideal" doctor was "no good." Moreover, Mrs. Pl---ter's husband, himself a doctor, had apparently been a good friend of the mysterious Dr McKichan. Husband and landlady now appear to have sided with her "committing physician" against her. In her September 16 letter to her father she states again that Dr. McKichan is the friend of "Mrs. Pl---ter half whose house we rent." Her mother and brother-in-law both run errands for her. It is, she balefully concludes, "a case of friendship all round here." Unfortunately, for whatever reason, she was outside the charmed circle.

She eventually got away from in-laws, from the Asylum, and to some degree from "Theosophy" too. She wrote Dr. Forster on July 24, 1913 to tell him that she had "decided to keep to the religion I learnt as a child although I am still interested in Theosophical literature." Her file shows how a patient could work things out herself, by writing the kind of things it contains it also shows that she had to. On March 15, walking with a nurse from the King Street Branch to a dance at the Asylum, she eloped.

can "beat and abuse me" -- and where she had wanted to put her sister herself. She accuses the nurses on her ward of "viciousness." She describes how early on the morning of her first day in the Asylum she was disturbed by a woman "coming continuously in & out of my room." She got up and wandered into the hall, observing the rats "flocking in & out of the room" she had just vacated. She asked a nurse to see the "house Doctor" when "lo! the morning nurse came on & advised me she would put me in the pack." When Miss Marvel talked back and began "fencing her around a chair" the nurse attacked her, pulled her hair, and "doubled her fists & struck my temples." The nurse then began to strip her naked. A patient "beckoned to me -- not to resist."

Later the same patient came to her bed and introduced herself as the in-law of a friend. Miss Marvel wonders in her letter if they might have been put together "to get first-class personal evidence against the nurses for their treatment of patients." Ironically, her friend proves if anything more suspicious than herself. Nonetheless Miss Marvel follows her advice "to refuse all food she told me was poisoned," but she soon finds herself starving. Her ward-mate disturbs her with tales of someone in a contrivance under her bed, tells her which side she should get up on, and warns her that for punishment they could be sent to the cellar, among the rats and "bad men." Miss Marvel clearly doubts some of this, but admits that, hearing all the noise at night, "I sat up all night expecting to be killed every minute." When she is sent to a "dark side room," she remembers her former ward-mate's stories and cannot sleep or even lie down. She feels she would not have survived that night in the side room, without the vision she described above. She writes, "I saw angels outside."

Miss Marvel refused to eat until one evening Dr. McClenahan came and sat with her during her supper. She complains about having to take "salts," but not being allowed to go to the toilet, so having to urinate on the wooden floor -- and being accused of "unclean habits." She describes how, on other occasions, she had to beg over the fan-light for a nurse to let her out. The "salts" were taken from a cup "that goes from mouth to mouth from the most loathsome patients," and the thermometer was equally filthy. The spray in the bathroom was usually "in some way out of order and cannot be gotten warm." Nonetheless, the nurses insisted on putting her in the shower, even when she was having trouble with her period.

Theosophists themselves: "through hypnotism they reach the subconscious memory & read all its secrets & find out one's private affairs & the cause of the disease." Dr. McKichan made her "yell for police" by the power of suggestion. Then she went back to sleep and dreamt that her husband was at the furnace, telling someone to "burn her out," when Mrs. Pl---ter prevented him saying "you cannot burn my house getting her out," and told him instead to "go in window & get baby from her." Nonetheless she was "burned out & baby taken, & Dr M[cKichan] got the papers signed." The content of the "trance" appears to be the same episode that she related, with the sort of changes remarked above, shortly after her firt committal and again on November 13, 1911 (see her "narrative," below).

Dr. McKichan subsequently appeared to her in a dream, trying to lure her away from "Balvastky" [sic] to initiate her into "his school." Later, in a second hypnotically induced trance, she

> dreamed about all the theosophical members appearing to me. Dr. M[cKichan] said he was going to use me for Psychic Research & I was going to [her father's town] & there was a nice white bed waiting for me upstairs (here).

It seems plausible that Dr. McKichan practised some sort of hypnotism on Mrs. DeVere and that it aggravated her already over wrought condition. She herself claims that the first time she heard of "Psychic Research" [a book as well as an activity?] was "on the couch at Dr McKichan." It is interesting that her husband as well appears to have been engaged in similar if not the same activities, since she reminds him in the same letter that "You told me about other planes & the people who used them for their own selfish ends & communications."

In a long letter to the same dated November 20, 1911, she mentions some psychics they knew in common, discusses various books and articles, such as a book called Scientific Mental Healing by one H. Addington Bruce and an article in the Canadian Journal of Medicine & Surgery on "psychic healing," the various applications of hypnotism and suggestion as developed by Phineas Parkhurst Quimby [ie., "Quimbism"], and its "off-growths" in Christian Science and the New Thought Movement. She is at least aware of "the wonderful influence of the subconscious mind," and of famous cases treated by Liebault, Charcot, Janet, Freud, etc., as discussed in Bruce's book. It becomes an altogether, as "just an outcome of the disease," and by dismissing all of his son's letters as "so insane that they would cause you pain rather than satisfaction." The effect of Clarke's diagnosis is to utterly dismiss Mr. Cooper's point of view by reducing it to a "symptom." He subsequently has nothing to say -- or write.

Yet these letters are an eloquent indication of Mr. Cooper's state of mind -- and his reasons for it. Like Mr. Ross above, he keenly appreciated the disastrous implications of having been committed, and worked off some of his despair in a series of metaphors:

> My career hence-forward will be somewhat like the steam engine's flash-light: travelling on, on, on, and never stopping. Or better, like the man lost in the woods and travelling in a circle. Again, like one who, without compass, might attempt to cross Lake Superior from Duluth to the Sault in a row-boat. Or to be plain, like one who, with all things necessary to reach the desired end, deliberately takes the key that should open the door of his prison and throws it out the window.

The tenor of all of these comparisons is the long, slow passage of time bringing about nothing -- except loss, ruin, extinction.

To write his father on January 5 1911, he had to ask Attendant Johnston for pen and paper. It's odd to think of the authorities supplying the materials for a letter they intended only to intercept -- or dismiss as "insane." The son's concern to point out that by calling his father's letter "interesting" he was not being sarcastic, like a "newspaper or marginal reader" returning a rejected manuscript, seems instead to highlight the possibility. Moreover, the denial momentarily puts the father in the position of the rejected author, the likely vengeance of a son humiliated partly for his literary pretentions. Mr Cooper proceeds to hints at more serious sexual matters which his father, a minister, had been unable to address or had failed to recognize because "you preachers, fire men trying to extinguish the Burning Bush -- you preachers are good fellows, but you don't kn(own) the whole cheese."

In his admission narrative Mr. Cooper had dramatized the negative role of a particular physician. He concludes this letter to Dr. Stead with a bitter "final suggestion" that he show his letter to Doctor McKay, evidently for him to show to his "rival practitioner" Dr. Ross, to correct what he, Mr. Cooper considers his excessive "veneration for the superior wisdom of his rival practitioner." He refers to Ross as "the fatty who will always regard [himself] as a graduate masturbate" [sic].

Of his all his physicians Dr. Ross incurred his special enmity for making insinuations about his sexuality. He alleged that when he was coming down with typhoid fever he consulted Dr. Ross who "advised that my penis be circumcised." A little later he blamed Dr. Ross for inadequately helping him, when he was "a nervous little book worm who had not masturbated twenty times in the unusually brief period in which I was a victim of that inevitable youthful danger." It is unclear whether he was angry at Ross for diagnosing him (and stigmatizing him), for not diagnosing him sufficiently or in time to prevent further danger, or for not allaying fears based on (false?) notions that "seminal fluid was extracted from the brain," that such emissions were "liable to decrease the brain power," etc. It seems likely though that he blamed his present mental condition on a habit of masturbation which he felt Dr. Ross had not adequately helped him to cope with or control.

Mr. Cooper's letter suggests that he was dogged by fear and anger that his masturbation had led or at least significantly contributed to his present problems — and a desire to deny that he was a masturbator at all. Toward the end of the letter he inconsistently asserted that "Dr Ross, being one of these individuals who live on superficialities, does not know an earnest young person when he sees one. He took me for a masturbate." At the same time he believes masturbation, either real or alleged, figures prominently in his case: "so long as you agree with him, I shall be force to let the people here do as they will with me." He intuits (correctly) that his letter might be used against him: "I know damned well that the expression I am penning this morning may, very likely will, result in my being detained in this here beauty parlour for an indefinite period."

Mr. Cooper was released on probation in the summer of 1911. On August 5, 1911 his mother wrote the new Superintendent, Dr. Forster. She thanked him and his staff for her son's recovery, but expressed bitterness about Dr. Stead for "the cruel things he said to me on Christmas day 1910." Harvey Clare, an assistant, finally wrote an apology on August 8, 1911.

Mr. Cooper subsequently worked as a deck-hand on a Great Lakes freighter. For a few weeks he did well. Something, however, happened to him in Detroit conduct themselves in a manner "socially inferior" to "intelligent and refined patients." Patients are treated as "general merchandise," and "voluntary patients" -- ie., like himself -- have to "leave their individuality outside the hospital doors" which he for one is loathe to do. So much for the rhetoric of an "individual approach." Suffering acutely from the effects of tubercular peritonitis, and depressed over his blighted prospects, Mr. Alger repeatedly attempted to commit suicide -- his own life was conspicuous for the absence of anything like "personal influence."

He describes how, after his mother's death, he left home to live in a boarding house. He seems to have spent a lot of time brooding in his room, when he first began to have delusions that "invisible people are around me." He feels that they are "sitting beside me and making fun of what I am thinking and writing" at this very moment. He had similar delusions while working for a tester at General Electric. People said he studied too much. He underlines phrases like "at home" in order to qualify them, because "I can never remember the time when I actually did feel at home." He feels that this sense of alienation contributed to a sort of reversal whereby he was unwilling to "accept facts as facts," but over ready to believe anything "in the nature of a hypothesis or theory."

Such distortion extended to his relationships with people. He distrusted his "so-called relatives," but increasingly came to believe in some remote "someone that I could trust." He began to feel that he "didn't belong to the country at all," and spent more time in the library, reading books "relating to foreign countries." He relates how he spent his time "mentally designing" the fortification of an island hide-away he wanted to escape to. "The magazines, my private suite, the various style of uniforms, the map-room, etc." became more real to him "than anything that actually happened around about me." He designed his "Perpetual Motion Machine" in order to supply himself with coal. He wonder if aliens from "some other planet" where he had been the prince are trying to "make me go crazy" so that he can never return to power. People say he studies too much. He supposes he does, "on such a problem, so personal." It is hard to believe that if Clarke's "approach" had been operative, that is personal, his own "case" would not have been read more favorably -- and a lot sooner.

Miss Dickens and Miss Highchurch were close. In her letter to Dr. W.K. Ross of April 7, 1922, Miss Dickens states that, at the bedside of her dying friend, she renewed her vow to avenge a "murdered" patient. The rest of her letter is a highly circumstantial complaint of the abuse of patients, which Miss Dickens feels is a major part of the history of the place, as long ago as the time of Dr. Daniel Clark, who "knew that cruelty went on . and did his best to stop it" but underestimated the "gang he was up against."

The fact that Rev. Burns (the "voluntary" admission discussed above) was committed to the Asylum (and not, as he had expected, admitted to the General Hospital), seems to have aggravated his illness as much as the duplicity involved in his committal. A fragment of dialogue records his impressions:

[Dr Williams] What made you do that?

[Rev. Burns] The horrors of a life like this.

[Dr. Williams] Afraid here[?]

[Rev. Burns] The fear of life in an asylum.

[Dr. Williams] You feel hopeful?

[Rev. Burns] It is the very worst place I could be to get well.

During another interview with Dr. Williams, Rev. Burns complains about the loud noises he heard during the night:

> Good Lord! that noise last night was terrible. Can't I do anything Williams to escape that. Is anything like that ever treated with serum?

Rev. Burns's fears of the Asylum were sufficient to be remarked by Dr. Williams in his "Summary," along with the suicide attempts. It is striking how much of the behavior noted here was directly caused by admission or committal to the Asylum.

Among his papers he left behind two related essays. The first, entitled "Our Medical Staff," describes some of the Asylum doctors, just before the outbreak of World War I. In Mr. Alger's depiction, they are rather remote individuals, too wrapped up in themselves to notice their idiosyncrasies (let alone Mr. Alger's). The opinions of the superintendent, at this time Dr. J.M. Forster, carry more weight in the Asylum world than Teddy Roosevelt's in the real one; but they are bromides about "fresh air" and "mental and physical hygiene," whose only effect is to make flies scarce and fresh air plentiful in his office. Dr. Clare, his assistant, is the "chief of works, chief lever puller, and major-domo"; Mr. Alger remarks the "abysmal profundity of his lectures in psychiatry," but that most of the patients liked him — a heavy man, fond of laughter, good-natured and boring. The first assistant physician, however, was a "great dispenser" of smiles, a lady's man with an annoying habit of looking at his bank book. The main thing he noticed about the pathologist were his "lovely teeth," which unfortunately went with "biting" remarks. He was unpopular with the stenographers, who found him "pedantic and dogmatic on occasions."

In the second piece, "The Personal Influence of the Physician in the Treatment of Mental Cases," Mr. Alger argues for a more "individual" approach which toward the end of Clarke's tenure at the Asylum, is still far from the reality. He urges physicians to tailor their authority according to kind of patient. "Semi-intelligent and poorly educated" patients only understand "brute force," so have to be dealt with by the attendants, though at the cost of any remaining self respect. But "intelligent and educated" patients ought to be the responsibility of the superintendent and his assistants, since such patients are capable of recognizing and appreciating their authority. But this clearly a reciprocal relationship. Unless acutely ill, they will make their own "mental estimate" of the doctors. Many patients know that "they are not what they should be," so will submit to the doctor's authority, provided that he displays "character and intelligence." It is therefore in the doctors' interest to be courteous and considerate of these patients. The better the first impression, the greater the chance of a cure. Conversation, "views and timely observations," the very sort of things doctors have least time for, would do as much as "drugs, baths, etc."

Mr. Alger concludes that Doctors should be men of "striking personality," notable for "culture, delicacy and learning," not "despots, as has often been the case, in the past." Meanwhile many doctors continue to behave coarsely, or

Miss Dickens reminds Dr Ross of an episode of abuse, and of how the Supervisor concealed it from him when he "stamped right through the corridor or connection as it was called between [wards] 13 and five ... being determined to stop the cruelty if possible." While Dr Ross inspected the toilets, looking for the abused patients, "locked in the nurses private toilet there was a patient with two black eyes Miss Middleton had given her." She adds that "I was in there when Rose Middleton said `Now you get in there and if you utter one cheep or make one move I'll kill you'." Her story, with its details and its integration into the physical layout of the Asylum, seems convincing.

One day the Supervisor asked Miss Dickens to clean the windows in the sitting room. Lining up to get clean cloths, Miss Dickens got into a conversation with a male patient, also lining up, about the "new" Reception Hospital, from which the man had recently been admitted. Miss Dickens reminisced over "the days when I was put in jail for insanity, as they had no reception hospital then." Supervisor Middleton, overhearing her, observed that "`you would not have been there if you had not been a bitch'."

Miss Dickens was still being discharged and readmitted throughout the 1920s. She was readmitted on March 27, 1922. Her correspondence indicates that she was preoccupied by the same sort of things that had worried since about 1900. She too seems to have become a part of the historical consciousness of the place, although to Dr Clare she seems to have become merely a nuisance. On May 2, 1926 she accuses him in a letter to Inspector W.W. Dunlop 1926 (her 18th re-admission) of complaining to her brother that she "was alwyas interfering in his [Dr. Clare's] affairs, and that half the nurses wanted to resign when they heard I was coming back here." The letter is addressed to Inspector Dunlop as himself a prisoner, not in an asylum but in gaol, where Miss Dickens vows never to desert him, in consideration of all his investigations on behalf of herself and other patients. She reminds him that "even if you did take some moneys," he should still be happier than "those people now at liberty who murdered helpless patients." Inspector Dunlop was indeed himself "committed," or rather sentenced (along with a junior inspector named F.C. Williams) to terms in Kingston Penitentiary, for "stealing public money."[cxxxv]

It seems fitting that Miss Dickens knew the Highchurch family, and was a friend of the daughter who died of erysipelas in 1923 (see previous chapter).

asylum doctor as busy and officious expert. Robert and his fellow inmates, as inmates of insane asylums probably always do, try to get out by convincing the doctor that "were all right." The doctor, either very brusque or very conceited (or both), "knows were crazy at first sight" [sic] and dismisses Robert and his friends with a placebo of "saults."

Everyone has a "good excuse," the author included. He tells his to the white-coated Dr. Campbell, who answers "its no use." Robert bleakly observes that it is easier to get in than to get out. The doctor "laughs as he passes by" and the "lunies have a good cry." The doctor, patient relationship is analogous to that between performer and audience, or spectacle and spectators as "Every morning Campbell takes a trip / To see us lunies on the rip." Robert's diction reinforces the analogy, as he and his companions "perform" for the authorities the very antics the latter have come to "reform" them of. The reference to Dr Campbell's spectacles is significant in the context. Robert's praise is mockingly familiar, as he observes that women find Dr. Campbell "cute," and that he himself would like to have him for a pet. If it had really been so obvious, perhaps he would not have had to say so. Dr. Campbell is the sort of man who laughs at his own "jest of some kind" and is "very clever in his mind" - and "of course [Dr Campbell] will not deceive." There had to be more dialectic.

That was also the implication of Mr Alger's assertion of the importance of "personal influence" a not very veiled criticism which many patients made in various ways. One of Clarke's "occupational wanderers," Mr Alger voluntarily admitted himself on November 18, 1911, after a period of hardship and itineracy that brought him from Toronto to Montreal and back. He had finally been hospitalized with T.B., but had left the sanatorium rather than undergo an operation. At the Asylum he was diagnosed as "an incipient case of catatonic dementia praecox, probably induced by physical condition." He finally died of tuberculosis in 1914

The hardship of his life is as striking as any "delusions" or other eccentricities noted in the "Record." His mother had died when he was only 16 and, while boarding with "mostly medical" students at Queen's University, he found escape in reading. Besides the job in Montreal, there had been various jobs in Quebec City, Buffalo, and New York. When not working, he was in the library. He would walk the 50 miles to Toronto along the CPR tracks, trying to solve "The Problem of the Fourth Dimension."

He disembarked and took to the road, eventually winding up with family friends in Boston. His mother retrieved him in very bad shape, and the family wrote to Dr. Forster to take him back as quickly as possible. He replied on January 19, 1912 that he thought the best place for their son was the London Asylum, with its "many avenues for occupation." Ironically, or tragically, the file contains a letter from that institution, requesting that Mr. Cooper's case notes be transferred. The letter is signed by Dr. Stead. Dr. Forster replied, rather waspishly observing that "the patients at that time had better histories written on them than Mr. Cooper."

Some Observations

(The "Individual Approach" Not Personal)

At least some of the behavior recorded as evidence of insanity in the above cases, seems no worse than what might be reported of anyone subjected to intense scrutiny, and painfully aware of being scrutinized. At the same time there is often only too little self-consciousness on the part of the examiner, who seems blissfully ignorant of causing (or at least aggravating) some of the phenomena he observes. Other material is recorded as if it were delusional, even when elsewhere it is corroborated as fact. The "Record," which ought to have presented evidence, not only creates but interprets it too. Unfortunately this interpretation tends to be one-sided, selective about what constitutes information, and arbitrary about evaluating it.

In other words, the "individual approach" in the name of which Clarke began to accumulate such files in the first place, seems at best only selectively and sporadically personal. The above readings suggest that the "individual approach" could not work if it was not personal, and could not be personal if it was not mutual. Easier said than done perhaps.

Mr. Robert, admitted on July 27, 1909, was described as "very fond of music," excitable, unsteady at work, impulsive, and "very" passionate -- and diagnosed as a case of "Hebephrenic Dementia Praecox." He considered himself a poet. In "Queen St. Asylum"[cxxxiv] he presents us with a version of the

(Turning Asylum Inside Out)

One very important element which Clarke and like minded colleagues would have discounted, thanks to their one-sided and hostile reading or wholesale dismissal of patients' writings, is the role of the Asylum itself, in others words of "therapy," in causing rather than curing mental illness. Mr Peters, admitted in March of 1909, and diagnosed by Dr Clarke as a case of paranoid dementia praecox with "grandiose notions," found the Asylum physically and morally damaging. Something of a projector, he had editorialized in newspapers on the importance of fresh air, he was understandably offended by the Asylum's notoriously bad heating arrangements, in particular the "dirty, troublesome fireplaces ...., injurious to the health of many inmates."

Mr Peters was even more offended by the Asylum's moral atmosphere, the "nerve wrecking filthy and blasphemous language by inmates," and the harsh punishment by staff of patients' "objectionable habits which they have been allowed and given time to practice and cultivate until mania develops." He later eloped, and in a letter complained to Dr. Clarke that he had "acquired the art of 'picking' door locks as one result of being imprisoned in a Government institution for crazy people."

Miss Dickens, admitted for the first time in 1895, had similar complaints. She wrote to Dr. Ross on April 7, 1922, describing her first visit to the Asylum nearly thirty years ago. After fortnight-long periods of insomnia every few months, and her "unconscious mind ... registering all the filthy remarks and the brutal treatment," she really went mad. It seems she also learned how to masturbate, or her ward-mates did, since "anyone can hear just how Toronto [Asylum] teaches immorality to the young." She developed the governmental status of the institution into the idea that she and other female patients were "Government Bonded White Slaves (otherwise known as patients in the Queen St Asylum)," the nurses a "huge criminal organization."

Miss Dickens's complaint is convincing in its details, even if her overall construction of them sometimes seems improbable. She remembers the time she was a patient on Ward 5. Her first Supervisor was Miss Campbell, under whom "everything was fine." But under Miss Campbell's successor, Miss Middleton, "it was hell." According to Miss Dickens, Supervisor Middleton "actually killed" a patient, "and she did it in less than three weeks."

[illegible]

> [illegible]

[illegible] and was filled with excitement morning, noon and night."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

> [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] between the Vice President and the Secretary [illegible] Treasury. [illegible] Mr. R[illegible] was elected

The supervisor conspired with the father against the son, warning the father that Mr. Cooper probably had no intention of going home to stay, and intended to begin a lecture tour as soon as possible. He urged the father to "come right down and I will do all I can to help you to get him to go home," and offered to concoct a lie that a portion of Mr. Cooper's pay had had to be withheld -- "that we were a little short" -- in order to deprive him of the means of going away.

The father seems to have been at once authoritarian and sickly. Mr. Cooper wrote Dr. Stead regarding his problems with his father, in particular his frustration at his father's "bossing." According to the son, the father's "determination to boss me" has given the latter "more trouble -- than by all the ministerial difficulties that fall to his lot" and possibly "wrecked" both their lives. He tries to enlist Dr. Stead on his behalf, to influence his family to allow him more freedom "to complete and execute my will," and to loan him "enough money to carry through my lecture, possibly in Toronto."

In a letter to Dr. C.K. Clarke of December 12 1910 Mr. Cooper's father expressed misgivings about how much his son's doctors had been influenced by information from himself. Dr. Clarke replied on December 13 merely that the young man was suffering from dementia praecox, "a well defined mental disease" and that his prognosis was "very doubtful." The father wrote Clarke again on January 9, 1911, and stating more explicitly his concern that his previous information was in its "very nature ... a one-sided statement -- not a biography so much as a selection of peculiarities." The same could be said of so many case histories! He proceeded to list his son's many virtues, his intelligence, his capacity for fiercely loyal friendship, his generosity, his thoughtfulness, etc.

This second letter to Dr. Clarke seems to have been precipitated by statements that Dr. Stead, who had examined Mr. Cooper for the Conference Report, made in front of the young man's mother and the mother's close friend, a professor at the university. Stead had described Mr. Cooper as "inferior in native and acquired endowment." The father was as offended by this as the mother, and insisted that "in the range of his sympathies and interests [his son] was superior rather than inferior." Having heard nothing from his son, and confident that his son would have forgiven him by now, he wondered if his letters had intercepted, as "not considered passable" [sic]. Of course, they had. Clarke replied by asking him to ignore the issue of his son's resentment

> To think that I never get a line from anybody, old or young, that none of my many Toronto relations and friends (except my brother and cousin, come to see me, and that nobody at all ever sends me anything in the way of books, magazines, tobacco, or things like that, to think of all these facts is to be deprived of one's faith in human nature, and to believe that all men are fickle, and women doubly so. I know now what to think of those who were only too pleased to be "nice" and "friendly" to me as long as my money and conversation flowed fast and free; but who are entirely oblivious to my existence when I am down on my luck. I know how to think of them now, and try hard to say "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." More often I fear I ask God to damn then, for I do feel very bitter some whiles.

He is especially stung at having received "no word of cheer" from his small town aunt and uncle, though such neglect seems consistent with the conventional behaviour and expectations of his very middle class relatives. In his present despondency he believes that "truly might the front portal bear Dante's line 'spem deponete ... [illegible]'" His language, studded with melodramatic phrases like "I have abandoned all hope of success in this fleeting and ephemeral world," suggests that however transitory he thought the world was he was still posing for it -- and his female addressee especially. The myth of a promising career wasted, as opposed to a promising career awaiting, could be used to obtain not release but pity.

While his letter is not so much "Life Story" as a suicide note, written rather melodramatically from the viewpoint of "abused ... golden opportunities," it also contains some valuable insight, consistent with some of the information above. In the family context he seems to have suffered for not having a mother and father to speak for him, and to have been stigmatized, by an aunt and a sister especially, "that I was the black sheep of the family[.] 'He is a discredit to the family and a disgrace to his future Alma mater' is one of the many remarks my sister ... made about me in Toronto." He was similarly stigmatized in High School and later at Queens. Such a narrative would be self-defeating in terms of obtaining a release, but here he clearly wants sympathy

> I think that [to] account for an expenditure of $170 to within $.05 not having kept track of it through out is sufficiently sound proof that there isn't much wrong with my "think tank." It is not too full, or not too empty but just on the level as it always was.

While the expenditures themselves might indicate extravagance, Mr. Ross feels that the circumstantiality of their record is a greater indication of sanity. Dr. Stead presented him at a Conference on July 29 1910 as a case of "Hebephrenic Dementia Praecox." He was discharged March 19, 1911.

Mr. Ross describes early stigmatization, abandonment, and blasted hopes -- a great life wasted -- on account of being committed to the Toronto Asylum. On June 19 1910 he wrote a girlfriend, just after Dr. Stead had informed him that he would have to remain in the Asylum for at least another 6 months. He had expected to get out in a few weeks. In his disappointment he feels that "they all know perfectly well that I am a sure cure, that I have much greater self control than any other member of the family." He believes the authorities want "to humiliate and annoy me, and to crush entirely what manly spirit I can still call mine." No doubt he feels crushed. For now at least he feels he cannot bear it and that no "just God" would ask him to. His routine does not seem entirely unpleasant, but the loss of freedom galls him.

> There has been perfectly glorious weather here lately, and I have had a pleasant time playing baseball for an hour each morning and afternoon. Otherwise, I am locked up inside, and am never on any condition outside of my room after 5:30 p.m. or before 10:00 a.m. So, although this is the sort of weather in which one would like to be outside of an evening, yet I am locked in a 12 x 6 room. The same last summer, and to all present appearances, the same for all time, and the Lord only knows what we'll get for eternity.

Even worse than this, according to Mr. Ross, is the neglect, and the consequent sense of having been abandoned by all his "friends":

pure josh" so he had not deceived anyone; he did not deny spending money on horses but insisted that he "was making money in ways my uncles had no idea of"; so reserved the "right" to spend money as he saw fit; he had not been lazy about the garden, but had planted 28 hills of early potatoes before anyone else in town has even begun to dig, etc. He concedes that he was not in the room very often at night, and somewhat disingenuously confesses to being "a damn fool" and that he has "frequently been told so by others and more so by [himself]."

Mr. Ross quarrelled with his aunt and uncle over the kind of people he chose when asked to invite some guests to a tea. He states that this caused "dissention in our peaceful [sic] domesticity. She and my uncle did their level best to make me feel uncomfortable throughout the evening." At the same time the patient seems to have played the part of charming young man very well. At least he seems to have far greater social skills and sensitivity than his aunt and uncle. He implied as much when he characterized her as unable to "talk enough sense to last an ordinary intelligent person five minutes." He has appreciated that "there were two girls and one boy who had never been in the house before and naturally felt a little backward in coming forward." Mr. Ross attended to them while his aunt and uncle "spent the time talking to or being talked to by Mr. Manager of Bank." Nevertheless the evening was the source of another big quarrel, with his uncle and aunt making various points against him like the ones the uncle had already raised, which Mr. Ross again enumerates here in his characteristically circumstantial and slightly discursive manner. His uncle and aunt must have been a rather snobbish couple. Just as the uncle had objected to his nephew's eating with working class women, he objected to the last night's "mixed crowd" with "bank managers and grocery clerks playing cards at the same table."

Mr. Ross continued to see the "little Ontario girl" surreptitiously and to study and play the piano in a local minister's house, where he had been given free access to the library. In May he began to borrow a lot of money from various people, ostensibly to buy Prince Rupert land in British Columbia. At the last minute, with a concern for appearances that is beginning to seem typical, his uncle persuaded him to go east instead, because "he thought that the people down east would imagine that he and I had fallen out and that I had left in a fit of anger." After yet another a circumstantial enumeration of monies received (primarily loans) and spent, he concludes:

He recalls adverse family reaction to an incident which got him expelled from school when he was 11 years old. He insists that it had been precipitated by another boy. "I was hounded morning, noon and night for more than a month. But ----, Dear, it's all for your good. We punish you because we love you so! Hell!" Subsequently in B.C. he was hounded by his uncle for "vulgarity," which, as he interprets it, "meant hard toil and over alls." He could not win:

> I lost job after job, was scolded by Uncle ---- and Aunt ---- for keeping them, and by ---- for throwing them up. Therefore melancholia. Therefore Asylum. Therefore insanity. Therefore hopelessness for this world and the next. Therefore what I have already determined.

(Labelling -- A Bungling Father)

A letter to his father from Mr. Cooper's former employer, dated November 25, 1910, indicates how a man could accidentally be labelled by his own father --with disastrous consequences. The supervisor's impression of his employee's character seemed to alter as he wrote. He "remembered" that he began to suspect that something was the matter with Mr. Cooper when the latter, who had been a "capable" teacher for the first month of his contract, stated his intention to quit on November 30. However this impression was strengthened by the father's enquiry, for the supervisor now feels that if he had received it earlier he would have "dismissed [him] at once." He similarly revises his opinion of Mr. Cooper, retroactively: "I have thought for some time that there was something wrong with him." Nothing is made of the young man's expressed aversion to "school work," his own opinion that "it would be better for the children and himself for him to quit."

The supervisor was evidently the source of the father's information, related to the Asylum authorities, that his son had "acted queer" in school. He related the children's stories of the young man forgetting that the had asked them to stand up, laughing without reason, gazing out the window, etc. He also made a great deal of his "walking along an untravelled and swampy side road," and lecturing the very evening of the day of writing in the Town hall on "the advantage of 60 acre farms instead of 160."

Miss Minn was admitted on December 24, 1910. Her "Schedule No. 2" form states that she was an 18 year old Presbyterian "domestic" who had been insane for some 3 years; her insanity manifested itself in a "disposition to wander away from home." She suffered from "immoral delusions" and was considered "dangerous to herself." She had committed theft, and had herself been "committed to Industrial School." Her conduct had been good, but had gradually changed for the worse. She was considered "mentally defective" (although her letters suggest otherwise), a "moral imbecile."

Miss Minn seems to have been observant and sociable with other patients. Yet the examiner considered her somewhat withdrawn or devious (ie., "she would not give me the details of her life freely"), even though she was candid enough indicate to him that she intended to elope as soon as she could. The Clinical Record reveals the tendency of the authorities to retain certain value judgements even in the face of contrary or conflicting information. What she was diagnosed with was slightly paradoxical by nature it could be applied to someone quite the opposite of "imbecile," but who persisted in "immoral" behavior and beliefs. The record also reveals how selective the authorities could be, emphasizing Miss Minn's pursuit of pleasure ("she takes a great deal of pride in discussing the fact that she is having a good time and that she is going to continue to have a good time . no interest in anything except as shown by her life in the last few months") but making nothing of her intense desire to "get out of here" before her father could come for her, and to be "entirely free from him." Miss Minn ran away from home as soon as there was anywhere to run to, so presumably there was a reason. Nothing is done about this.

Like many patients and patients-to-be, Miss Minn appreciated that the examination could "create" as well as expose the symptoms of "madness." She had been reluctant to talk, because "she thought that talking too much was the cause of getting her into trouble before." Her language was selectively quoted against her, as if her moral depravity was best conveyed in the argot of a sub-class: "'You bet your life I'm not quiet'." Talking really did get her in trouble!

"H.C." [Dr. Harvey Clare] noted on January 3, 1911 that "she seems to be a bad tempered girl" on the basis of her occasionally getting cross and scolding other patients. At the same time he attributed to her considerable vivacity, the capacity to laugh at a word. He did not attempt to connect one attribute to brother's wife many years ago: "She only lived with him for about two months and then she ran off with Mr. Smith." Mrs. Smith really was someone else.

Moral Imbecility and Occupational Wandering

In a piece based on the work of the Psychiatric Clinic of the Toronto General Hospital and its Social Service Department, "A Study of 5,600 Cases,"[cxxix] Clarke argued that the "immoral" women of a group received at the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic became so, not as "enthusiasts" and other "sentimentalists" believed, because of economic want, but because they were mentally defective. By "defective," Clarke meant that they measured "low in the scale of intelligence, and do not reach a mental age of twelve, although their chronological age is much greater" (12). Others, however, were defective in terms of "want of ability to realize their social obligation, and ... defects in character" (12). These last are "defective" simply for not sharing Clarke's values.[cxxx] These are Clarke's "High Grade Morons," which he considers "the greatest menace to the community, as they are so often attractive in appearance, and plausible, to the ordinary observer" (12) The "experienced social worker" knows that such must be supervised at all times; these "high grade defectives" are "the greatest menace of all to the community" (16) as they freely move about in "normal" society and eventually marry other "mental weaklings," thereby "perpetuating the race of defectives" (16).[cxxxi] Proper psychiatric inspection and evaluation in the public schools would have prevented many from becoming prostitutes, as most do; consequently, "prevention should be the slogan of all social service workers" (12). The "glamorous prostitute" is no more than one of these "flashy high grade moron[s]" ("Juvenile Delinquency," 229). Clarke insists that with his expertise he can see through her physical attractiveness to her underlying "absence of moral sense and ... easily detected mental defect" (229). How these moral or spiritual qualities manifest themselves physically or visually is not explained. Her "mental weakness" appears to amount to values which Clarke does not share.

(Moral Imbecility)

effect, among all these signs of fallenness, he remarked her "complexion that is only too evidently made-in-Canada" (22)

Then, superficial as his own analysis was, Clarke accused her of superficiality. He doubted that she even had any emotions, but felt certain that if she did they were "so shallow that it is scarcely possible to notice them" (22). Clarke obviously had difficulty noticing them.

He similarly failed to notice that "Betsy" had any sense of morality, although she at least admitted that she was "immoral" (22). The word that Clarke used to characterize her particular form of immorality, her "capitalization" of her beauty, offered an obvious connection between her personal immorality and that of the society that exploited her labour by day and her sexuality by night. But Clarke declined to explore such nnections, if he noticed them at all, his allegiance evidently being entirely with the factory supervisors to whom she is "a stumbling block to the efficiency of the plant" (22). Such connections, and incriminations, are implicit throughout Clarke's essay, which easily lends tself to reversal: the interviewer interviewed by his interviewee, albeit posthumously, and all the more effectively because unwittingly. It is arguable that Clarke did not read his own "interview" any more sympathetically, or carefully, than some of his patients' Case Files above. He really was unsubtle.

The irony becomes all the more obvious when one realizes that Clarke is actually afraid of Betsy as a perpetrator of "almost irreparable harm to the community" (22) Assuming the stance of a cautious reformer of popular stereotypes, challenging the depiction of such women in the popular media as more intelligent than they really are (23), while (of course) exploiting and reinforcing such stereotypes, he urges us to see "Betsy" as she "really" is: "a hideous skeleton in the cupboard of civilization" (23). Fearing her himself, he warns us to beware of her type as it includes "the developing paranoids who are nursing ideas of persecutions and flitting here and there to get away from their imaginary enemies" (22). But who is afraid? Who is paranoid? The case of "Jennie" is similar. A "high grade moron," her animal energy and good looks compensate for mental deficiency. After she tires of stuffing chocolates boxes at sixteen dollars a week and takes to "a pretty continuous life of immorality," she could "easily corrupt a whole circle of weaklings if left to her own devices" (41)) and is "as dangerous as dynamite in the community" (42) -- till she is institutionalized.

Writing now as the head of "a large psychiatric clinic," no longer an Asylum with a fixed place and a definite inside and outside, but a more diffused entity or a "virtual" asylum with tentacles reaching into community and nation, Clarke began his discussion of what he called the "occupational wanderer"[cccxiii] with stagy, obviously contrived dialogue between himself and an ostensibly "upper-class" gentleman. The latter facetiously speculated that he must be an "occupational wanderer" himself, having had "more than two dozen jobs in my life" (22). Clarke comfortably assured him that, since his jobs have all been "onward and upward," he could not be an "occupational wanderer," whose jobs were always "onward and downward" (22).

Clarke illustrated what he meant, with the narrative of "Betsy W." "Betsy" talks like a "B movie" gangster's moll; Clarke's own voice is scarcely better realized, unless he wanted to sound as condescending as he does here:

> "Well, Betsy, what's the trouble this time?"
>
> "Same old thing, Doc, fired. Gee, this is fierce, and now another course of treatment in the Out-Patient. Doesn't it beat--"
>
> "Never mind what it beats, Betsy, you don't need to finish the sentence. For what were you `fired'?"
>
> "Nothin' worth talkn' about. You know I was a usher in one of the Vawdevilles and got all broke up on a trapeze artist and stayed away two days. Told them I had a cold, but couldn't get it across. Gee, but I had some swell time though!" (22)

Clarke concluded the "interview" with the observation that "Betsy is a typical occupational wanderer, a pretty little butterfly with an undeveloped brain" (22).

He did not, however, really consider anything "Betsy" said, such as the indications of sexual exploitation by male employers and generally deplorable working conditions, "Betsy" being poisoned by the chocolate she handled in the candy factory, etc. Instead he dwelled on her "extreme demi-monde fashion, bobbed hair, stockings of filmy thinness" (22). As if for dramatic

She eloped again on June 4, 1916, using a key this time. On June 30 she was arrested with a well-dressed bootlegger with whom she had been living on Carlton Street. At 7 P.M. on August 11, 1916 she eloped again, using a key stolen from a nurse's ring. She was arrested a few days later near her brother's house. She said that she had been staying with a Mrs. Pickup on Church Street and that she had a job in a munitions factory, but had quit because of the noise. On September 12, 1917 she got "all dressed up" to see her mother (she said), but instead eloped again. The patients watched her go, but said nothing till she had left the grounds. She was written off on October 12, 1917.

Her file contains some interesting letters addressed to soldiers in hospitals in England and Canada. She is clever and even generous, considering her own confinement, to attempt to divert her readers by unflattering self-description:

> If you seen me you would scream for assistance. I have a face like a carrot[,] a shape like a catsup bottle and my feet run all over the sidewalk. Some chicken believe me. Are you one of mamma's boys? We have a battalion over here called mamma's darlings and believe me they are some boys.

She is also frank about her profession, if not her avocation:

> I am employed at the sausage factory putting hamburg steak in tights till 8 P.M. then I work for street and walker cutting corners and polishing nails. Some job believe me.

In one letter she mentions having difficulty writing because of a "bad finger." A note in the Record for June 28 1916 indicates that she was "suffering from a felon on her finger and she [would] not let me see this."[cxxxii]

(Occupational Wanderering)

While Clarke believed that industry was potentially a whole new domain for the exercise of psychiatric authority, or as he put it, "a live issue," he did not think that factory girls deserved even a minimum wage. He described for a popular family magazine some of his encounters with these so called "immoral women" and "mental weaklings."

another, to suggest a more balanced or even a whole personality, but presented them in isolation, in which case the "negatives" naturally outweighed the positives. In isolation either attribute would indicate shallowness and stupidity.

Miss Minn really was sociable, and missed normal social routines, like going to the movies in the evening. An entry dated February 23 1915 describes her staying up to midnight with the night nurse, and going downtown with the nurses to the "picture-show." She got along well enough with one nurse that the latter even agreed to share a room with her on College Street after she left the Asylum to work at a "ladies fancywear company." The nurse seems to have found the patient a job at the same place, till the doctors intervened and ordered her to bring back their patient or "it would be very serious for her." The doctors still anticipated a crisis, convinced that "she has a psychosis upon a marked defective basis." After wholesale labelling and condemning of her "proclivities," they waited for her to "do something" and even seem to have precipitated the doing of what they were waiting for: "Since coming to this Institution her language has been fairly clean, but an out-break may be expected at any time." At they same time they themselves grudgingly acknowledged what many would have surmised already, that she was not really mad, but "at the present time ... nothing more than being perverse."

They got what they were looking for (and probably precipitated). She had a special feeling for Dr. Clare and, at the end of an assembly on November 20, 1911, as the patients were leaving the hall, slapped his face. This might have been an outbreak of that bad temper noted earlier in the Record. At any rate, a letter in her file indicates that she apologized to Dr. Clare "for my rudeness" and expressed her willingness "to let bygones be bygones." Whether Dr. Clare expressed a similar willingness to forgive is not recorded. On October 8, 1912 she barricaded herself in her room with another female patient who had been allowed to visit her. In her fury she broke "twenty lights of glass." By December 7, 1914, she had calmed down. She spent her time attending the weekly dances, and decorating her room.

On June 30, 1911, she eloped but was arrested at 9 P.M. in Parkdale by an attendant named Cassidy. She had evidently been propositioning some man. In October she was more rebellious than ever. She had to be confined to a single room and given rugs instead of sheets, because rugs were harder to tear.

By late November, thanks to the intervention of Miss Adams's lawyer in response to repeated requests, Forster appeared to have accepted that Miss Adams would soon be released. He also seems to have intimated to Miss Adams that she was no longer welcome anyway at the Toronto Asylum. In her letter to Forster of November 24, 1917, Miss Adams, after fighting so strenuously to get out, reminds him that "the Provincial Asylum is open to all Provincial patients", moreover, "[he is] only a Doctor after all in the building, but [he doesn't] own it." All that aside,

> far be it from me to ever enter its walls again[.] When I pass out or see any of its inmates[,] nurses or otherwise[,] or Doctors again, when I leave it I owe not one of them an unusual kindness of any sort or a welcome to visit or address me in any way.

(Doctors for the Prosecution: Mrs. Brown)

The arguments of the authorities sometimes took a rarefied forensic turn. Mrs. Brown seems especially unfortunate in that her doctors tended to behave as lawyers – for the prosecution. The Clinical Record describes her version of her husband's infidelity. Shortly after her niece came from England to stay with them, Mrs. Brown began to think that her husband was being to friendly with the young woman. He went to her bedroom to kiss her early in the morning and late at night. The crisis was precipitated on the night of December 31, 1906, when Mrs. Brown noticed that her husband and her niece were together in the former's room with the door shut. Mrs. Brown complained, and they came to blows. She struck him, but only after he struck her. The interviewer (Dr. Fitzgerald) thought it was a weakness in Mrs. Brown's account that she refused "to express her exact opinion of the relations existing between her husband and her niece."

The niece finally left on June 14, 1907. The husband's display of affection to her while they waited on the platform occasioned another violent well, and she was at a particular disadvantage as she did not even know precisely which letters. Nonetheless she made the interruption of the correspondence almost as strong an argument for release as the letters themselves. In a letter probably written in late October of 1917 Miss Adams threatened Dr. Forster that a court case "might make it a trifle serious for those detaining me" and considered him, as "manager," personally "dishonourable" for reading her letters, especially when "he is really only a physician after all, not a postmaster, as he evidently imagines himself." She obviously resented the denial of all her rights and the consequent assumption by medical authorities of every other kind of authority as well.

When Forster, speaking out of implicit moral authority, told her unilaterally that "men must be kept away," she attacked his diction for its blunt and to her rather vulgar implications of gender and sex. She insisted that her "friends" were "gentlemen." More balefully she observed that no one was allowed to call for her at the Asylum anyway. She was especially angry that Forster wrote to her sister about her correspondence, which she considered a great "impertinence." Then she turned the tables on the authorities, accusing them of humiliating her and her mother "all this summer on references to my opened letters by a stranger." They were the only "strangers" to read her letters. For people so concerned for her reputation, they had done the most to damage it themselves.

She wrote Dr. McClenahan again on October 27, 1917 to advise him of her lawyer's intention to "bring up my case in the courts immediately" if he did not receive her Certificate "right away." The lawyer himself "could see no flaw in my brain reasoning," and had another doctor examine her on the grounds. If she really had not been cured, as they insisted, "in ten years," the Asylum "cannot be any good" and she really ought to "try another." Miss Adams seemed to threaten suicide as she warned him that he might "goad a broken-hearted woman to desperation" if he detained her much longer She lived "like a prison[er] behind iron bars[,] like a convict," when she loves "life and gaiety and society life and friends and will have them." The statement attests to considerable stubbornness and strength of will given that she had been in the Asylum for more than ten years, confined most of the time, as she wrote elsewhere, to a room six feet wide by ten feet long and without a light.

immediately assumed that he was throwing her out and ran into the street screaming for the Police "to take the children out of here." It is obvious that Mrs. Smith saw in his request an attempt to separate her from her children, something she dreaded more than anything else. The husband would have known this and was either insensitive to his wife's fears or deliberately aroused them.

His apparently innocent suggestion might not have been so innocent. His statement that her getting up in the middle of the night was because she "thought she might be sick before morning" and his suggestion that this was a recurrence of her frequent delusion that she was being poisoned, might all be true, but it also seems intended to suggest that she was mad, to discredit her, and thereby to distract the reader's attention away from other factors which might have accounted for her behaviour.

Subsequently the Clinical Record describes a slow nearly 40 year long physical and emotional decline. By 1927 she is "considerably demented." She now believes that she is a man, and considers herself "a nigger" Perhaps for these reasons, out of conformity to a role she has in mind, she acquires the habit of spitting on the floor, and using coarse language when anyone disturbs her. She bunches up her dress around her crotch on her way to the bathroom, as if she wanted it to be a pair of pants. She suffers from chronic erysipelas.

Yet there are some stranger twists to her case. In the late 40s an attempt is made to trace her husband. A form bearing the heading "Social Service Record Ontario Mental Health Clinic" and dated November 28, 1938, describes how a call was made to someone with the husband's name and who was known to have a son about the same age as Mrs. Smith's. A woman calling herself Mrs. Smith "noticeably froze up as soon as any mention was made of this institution .... Woman definitely seemed to be worried." Subsequently the worker does not scruple to use the information in Mr. Smith's case file to identify his signature. The worker then promises to confront Mr. Smith when he comes for his next voucher.

That anything was done about his bigamy is doubtful. A note indicates that a woman came to the Asylum to visit her son, and identified Mrs. Smith as her untruthfulness were easily demonstrated" Clarke proceeds not as a doctor but as a prosecuting attorney.

(Letters to Father: Miss Pearl)

The "Clinical Record" of July 9, 1913, states that "Miss Pearl was brought to the Institution by her brother and a friend. She was sent to ward 13, was bathed and put to bed." The nature of her admission, officially "voluntary," is disputed in the letters below. Most of the following "Record" is devoted to criticism of the latter as "somewhat childish and disconnected" (Dr Clare), and of her conversation for its "egotism, flight of ideas" and "trying to be clever in what she says." According to Dr. Clare "she mostly impresses one with the idea of being foolish and childish." Dr. Clare states on July 24, 1913 that she was "presented at conference Tuesday, July 22 .. diagnosed as a Maniac form of Maniac depressent [sic]. It was decided to give her parole of the grounds."

Male authority, or rather of the absence of any sympathetic female authority, was a factor in Miss Pearl's life. At the very end of her letter of May 3, 1914 she states that "I don't know which brother is going to be the best to take advice from." She seems to have taken a lot of advice from her father and her brothers, and something worse from her father

Her father wrote Dr. Forster on April 26, 1914, asking him to discourage his daughter from visiting friends in the City, as it "does her harm & people don't like it." He also advises the Superintendent that women, former townspeople, are to call at the Asylum in a few days, to measure his daughter for clothes. Clothing her inside the institution seems presents problems (she requires an irregular size, because she is large), but these are less for the father ~ than the problems posed by allowing her to circulate freely.

In his letter to Dr. Forster of October 23, 1913, the father indicates that a principal object for curtailing his daughter's activities is to prevent her from "writing cards when away from the Hospital and mailing them down Town. The Cards are not fit to send & should not be sent." The father seems to feel some guilt at wanting to restrict his daughter more than Dr. Forster himself, who had written him on October 8, 1913, about the difficulty of preventing Miss Pearl from "going down into the city" without denying her parole of the

He was also abusive, a "very hard drinker ... very inconsiderate in the treatment of his wife." According to Mrs. Smith, he took time off work "so that he could lie awake and watch her." While such behaviour would have been irritating enough, it is his "attitude" at which Mrs Smith expresses annoyance. One suspects that at the very least her husband had begun to treat her as a "lunatic," an insult which by itself might have precipitated "lunatic" behaviour. Whatever else she reacted to, Mrs. Smith reacted to the effects of a self fulfilling label. It is hardly surprising that, after this brief visit home, she returned to the Asylum "very much in the same condition as when she went out, and mildly excited." The only surprise is that she was not worse.

One of the delusions noted on her "Certificate," that "people were plotting against her and wanting to shoot her," probably was a memory of something that happened before she was married. Mrs. Smith's sister states that, when she had refused to marry her present husband because of his alcoholism,

> he came up to the sister's house [where Mrs. Smith was staying] with a revolver and pointed it at the patient, stating that if she did not consent to marry him, and did not marry him when he wanted her he would kill her.

Mrs. Smith's sister adds further alarming details of her brother in law's behaviour, such as his sleeping "with a razor under his pillow" and threatening "to kill his wife if she did not do what he wished in every particular" If Mrs. Smith's sister is telling the truth, Mrs. Smith had been traumatized by her husband

The Record states that during her visit home Mrs. Smith's husband had also kept her children away from her. Late at night Mrs. Smith ran into the street screaming and calling for the police "to have her husband put into custody for the abuse of her children." Mr. Smith's letter to Dr. Day of November 19 1910 describes this event from a different perspective He states that "she won't stay anywhere else unless she has the children," as if it were another indication of insanity (but not, as we might suppose, a reaction to his abusiveness).

Nevertheless, when early in the morning he caught her dressing to go out, he suggested that "I would like her to go over and stay with her sister." She

Clarke finds additional inconsistencies between Mrs. Brown's "statements," all of which of course are really his own or other authorities' statements. (1) she suggested that her niece return after frequently finding her husband in the niece room but she indicated that she did not think anything wrong had occurred, (2) she persuaded her niece go back after she found her husband in her room but she said she did not persuade her niece to go back; (3) she said she had told no one about her suspicions but she had in fact written to a sister in England about them.

The first alleged inconsistency reflects Clarke's premise that the husband's evident intention alone would not have been sufficient reason for Mrs. Brown to be upset and to want to get her niece out of the house. The second appears to have resulted from Mrs. Brown's confusion over the time referred to (ie., before often finding her husband in her niece's room or after). The third alleged inconsistency could simply be between Mrs. Brown's sense of telling as communicating directly to another and Clarke's sense of it as precipitating any sort of communication at all; it might also have been an equivocation to protect Nurse Ferguson, who had written on Mrs. Brown's behalf.

Nurse Ferguson wrote to Mrs. Brown's sister in England and to her friends in Canada. A copy of one of the letters she wrote on Mrs. Brown's behalf was included with the sister's understandably disturbed reply to Dr. Clarke. Nurse Ferguson believed that Mrs. Brown was "as sane as [herself]." She also believed that she had been committed by the husband "for some reasons of his own." She came from her town and had always heard good things about her. The reticence that Dr. Fitzgerald attributed to inconsistency (or worse) she attributes to her "trying to shield [her husband] as every true woman will" (in a letter to Dr. Clarke dated October 9, 1907 a local clergyman, though mainly defensive of the husband, notes that Mrs. Brown was "kindness personified to the poor & distressed"). Nurse Ferguson was dismissed.

Other alleged "inconsistencies" appear to be entirely a matter of semantics, between what Mrs. Brown might have meant by "finding" her husband in her room (evidently indirectly) and Clarke's assumption that "finding" either means literally catching him in the act -- or is a lie or an insane delusion. That his standards of consistency are excessively legalistic or arbitrary and value-laden never troubles C.K. Clarke. He concludes that "[Mrs. Brown's] story was that of a woman suffering from marked delusions, and her inconsistency and

(Quiet Burial: Mrs. Smith)

The "Statement" signed on August 5 1910 by Dr. Norman states that Mrs. Smith had always been nervous but that she had had a sudden attack in January of 1910. The attack which precipitated her confinement seems to have happened on July 31 when, while out with her husband, she claimed "she had been abused by her relatives." In one attack she "took down hair ran outside on verandah knelt down and started to preach she was Christ."

Mrs. Smith's "Certificate," signed on September 6 1910 by Dr. Norman, describes a distraught woman with "thin, white hair wild eyes very prominent." She is "very chatty and noisy"; part of her conversation concerns her conviction that "she is a divinity and earthly ruler." She has already given the authorities some difficulty by "stealing" out of Western Hospital in the middle of the night by jumping out of the window. Dr. Norman considers her "crafty." The "Certificate" signed on September 5 by Dr. Webster indicates her fear that "friends and attendants are plotting her death."

Mrs. Smith was admitted on September 20 1910 for the first time, at age 31. The Clinical Record states that "she had always been of a passionate, impulsive, jealous nature; got along pretty well at her work but was inclined to be moody." She had been a "tailoress." Her sense of persecution seems to have become acute after July 31 1910, when she told her husband that she had been "considerably abused by her relatives." Her inability (or refusal?) to be specific about her allegations seems to have discredited her. In the Conference Report of 1911 she is diagnosed with "Dementia Praecox of the Catatonic variety."

The detailed "note" (signed W.F.I.D.) in the Clinical Record for January 5 1911 describes Mrs. Smith's visit home. Although her husband knew that "she does not get along at all well with her mother-in law, each dislikes the other and makes no secret of it," he nevertheless did not take her directly to her sister, with whom she could have stayed, because he had similar feelings about his sister-in-law. It is perhaps indicative of how bad Mrs. Smith's family situation really was, that her husband put his aversion to his sister in law above hers to her mother in law, even when Mrs. Smith was the patient and needed special attention. Her visit was after all supposed to be therapeutic. As a visit to the very people who would have aggravated her condition, and who seem to have precipitated her attack, it could not but have had the opposite effect. The husband's behaviour seems perverse.

confrontation with his wife, after which he decided to bring her to Toronto. She remained at Dr. Myers's hospital from July 1 till she was admitted to the Asylum on September 29. Dr. Fitzgerald, invoking Krafft Ebing, referred to her history as one of "psychopathia conjugalis."

The "Conference Report" of January 30, 1908, indicates that the doctors were determined to diagnose Mrs. Brown with paranoia even when the diagnosis did not fit the particulars of her case. They might have decided that Mrs. Brown's mental condition was not paranoia, because it was not characterized by the other features of the disorder, such as a "magnification of the patient's own relative importance," a "conspicuous feeling of well being," or a "delusional fabric." Instead they decided that hers was an "unusual" case. Their diagnosis is based on a refusal to acknowledge that Mrs. Brown's ideas could have had any basis in fact.

The portion of the "Clinical Record" dated September 20, 1907, is signed by C.K. Clarke. Clarke notices the same reluctance to be explicit about her husband's activities that Fitzgerald had remarked earlier. Clarke's own expression, that she "frankly confessed that her husband as far as she knew had not been guilty of any gross impropriety," suggests that what might only have been an admission of lacking hard evidence or an avoidance of explicitness was taken as a "confession" of mendacity. The language of the diagnosis is anything but neutral; what should interpret the evidence actually creates it.

Apparently Clarke had questioned her very closely indeed about just what she had seen or heard the night of December 31, 1906. He states that she said she had "never seen" her husband actually going to the niece's room, but had heard him "going in that direction." Mrs. Brown's allowing her niece to remain in her house for the rest of the winter because "it was not suitable for her to sail in the rough weather of the winter" is treated as another "confession" (ie, "It came out that ...."). Clarke does not hesitate to "point out" to his patient that he finds such behaviour "inconsistent" (a euphemism for insane?). One might wonder if Clarke would have considered Mrs. Brown more sane if she had been less kind, but it probably would have gone badly for her either way. The tendency of Clarke's diagnosis is to attribute the absence of hard evidence and the presence of apparent inconsistencies to madness.

grounds. He profusely thanks him for "the very kind way you have used her & the Privileges given her," and indicates that part of his concern is for her, since "she walks so far & is tired out at night."

Such solicitude notwithstanding, the father would rather his daughter were confined to the ward, "if you can't depend on letting her in th e grounds." He finally warns Dr. Forster, "don't let her on Queen St. that is where she mails her cards. Send me the cards .... I will write her in a day or two .... I think she would gain far better in the ward." His anxiety is aggravated by the fact that his other daughter worked in the Post Office and many of [the cards] come to our P O."

Forster replies on October 24 that Miss Pearl's privileges have finally been cut off, because "she did so much visiting, writing and talking that we found that we could not control her in the least unless we put her to bed." At first she takes it rather well, but in his letter of December 20, 1913, Dr Forster has to explain to the father that this total curtailment has led to other problems, since the daughter has begun to resent it and responded in kind by totally curtailing her activities with them. It being Christmas, this has created a minor embarrassment, since she refuses to spend her father's money order if it means going downtown accompanied by a nurse Dr Forster, Miss Pearl, and her father, finally work out a compromise whereby Miss Pearl agrees to spend her present accompanied not by an Asylum official but by a brother (one might wonder which brother) and a neighbour (whom the father has approved of in advance).

Miss Pearl's reaction to such efforts at containing her are expressed in a phrase pencilled at the bottom of her father's letter of April 15, 1913. To the father's admonishments to rest and "Be sure and keep on the Grounds," the daughter replies in defiant blue pencil: "A change is as good as a rest - I am going out." A similar spirit is indicated by a scrap of paper, folded rather like a case file, on which she identifies a number of Asylum doctors as the "Dramatis Personae" of a play. Dr. Clarke is the "Lady Superintendent," Dr. Barber a "Hopeless Case," Dr. Herriman a "Royal Yeast Cake," and strangely enough, given that he had been dead for twenty years -- Dr. Workman a "Fox & Goose." She signed herself "Tory." She was finally discharged "improved" on October 10, 1916.

6 "TELLING THERE TROUBLES IN THERE DELUSIONS":[cxxv]
CASE FILES AS ARGUMENT

> you may never receive this lengthy document, but if you don't I hope that the censor's eyes may get sore making out all the scrible [sic]. (Miss Dickens, circa 1911)[cxxvi]

C.K. Clarke consistently argued that his "clinic" -- by which he variously meant a psychiatric hospital, a research facility, or a method of enquiry -- was a source of knowledge and that this knowledge served the patient. The way he argued this, and such case studies as the following, suggest a different relationship. Below I discuss a number of cases from the files of the Toronto Asylum, the majority of them cases of "dementia praecox." I wish to establish what Clarke's "individual approach" meant in terms of the way he and his colleagues approached this material, and the ways patients responded -- in other words, what it meant in terms of argument.

These files were selected primarily on the basis of their containing sufficient writing by patients and staff. All files from circa 1905 to 1911 were read, and every 5th box from 1911 till 1930. The information addresses mainly the "realities" of the Asylum during the period of C.K. Clarke's administration (roughly 1905-1911), and glances at the work of his successors till circa 1930.[cxxvii] The probability that some of the statements were "delusional" has to suspended if not inverted. It could mean that he would break his promise and not come at all -- or that, since he always kept his promise, he must have promised not to come. Her praise of what he could not have "promised" (or he would have done it) is a veiled criticism of people's saying one thing and meaning another -- by saying one thing and meaning another. Her letter amounts to a rather subtle strategy of trapping the father by praising him for doing things, when only the wrong things are getting done -- or nothing at all.

The authorities did not hesitate to criticize Miss Adams's correspondence and correspondents alike, on the basis of class and other value judgements. In the Clinical Record for November 26, 1917 (the day of her discharge), the writer (C.McC. Dr. McClenahan), stated that she had been receiving more mail than the rest of the patients together, and had opened a correspondence with a "matrimonial bureau" in the United States. She had represented herself as a nurse and never indicated that "she was a patient." A man had been to see her claiming to be a "distant cousin," and been turned away -- one of her suitors. She had also written "many letters" in a "persistent" effort to get out of the Asylum and had managed to enlist a lawyer on her behalf. Even after her letters were "stopped" she enlisted other patients to mail them for her and arranged to pick up her return mail at a local drug store (Lawrence's).

According to the doctor she was ready "to hitch up with anything at all," and moreover "did not seem to realize the class of people she was dealing with," as he evidently did through their letters. At times it is not entirely clear whether he is talking about the letters, their writers, or both: "crude, words often being mis-spelled, and [showing] an entire lack of education." When caught she was condemned for having "resented ... very strongly, and [become] very threatening and abusive about" this intervention in what she considered her private affairs, but when she was quiet and docile she was implicitly criticized for duplicity: "When spoken to she was always very nice and rarely had any complaint to make, but would sit down shortly afterwards and write about all sorts of ill treatment." A classic "Catch 22" quandary.

She seems to have appreciated only too well, as she indicates in her letter to Dr. McClenahan of October 27, 1917, that like any other "facts" of her case, the letters could be used as evidence against the very argument she intended them to make. Her letters had not only been "confiscated" but "criticized" as

Rifling through old files the edges of which stain one's fingers with soot, the residue of the very air of the place that everyone breathed and which at least a few wrote to complain about, one wonders at the sheer volume of material. Why? For whom? In most cases it was for a reader to do a reading.

Letters from Ward 13: Mainly Dementia Praecox

(Truth as Falsehood or Delusion)

Miss Adams was admitted twice before the "present" admission, suffering from aural hallucinations (hearing voices) and the "delusions" that food (candy her sister had given her) was poisoned. On her "Certificate" for 1905, Dr. Clarkson records, as "facts indicating insanity observed by myself," behavior that might have been a reaction to his examination. Miss Adams sat silently for 5 minutes, wringing her hands and holding her head, before she "brightened up & spoke freely." She seemed suspicious and looked behind the sofa. He records under "facts... communicated to me by others," more "insane behavior," that nonetheless might have been caused by anticipation of confinement. According to her sister Miss Adams had repeatedly told her that someone was coming to take her away, that she seemed to be terrified and suspicious of everyone, that she had ceased to play the piano although she had been fond of music, and that she peered under doors and tapped on walls. Much of this "insane" behaviour was a reasonable reaction to the truth.

After her admission Miss Adams is depicted suffering from a nameless dread, attributed to paranoia but quite possibly due to finding herself in the Asylum. She spends most of her time reading, doing fancy work, and practising music. Generally she is healthy and "takes an interest in her personal appearance, and in her surroundings," but sometimes she is "depressed and inclined to be suicidal." She accuses people of wearing her clothing, and watches for an opportunity to escape. The entry in the Clinical Record for May 25, 1909, describes her as disturbed and "dreading something" and recalls her sister's statement on Dr. Clarkson's "Certificate." She might have been dreading her move to the infirmary, which occurred on June 3, 1909. Such probabilities are never entertained, although other entries suggest that the atmosphere of the place would have been threatening enough without any specific danger. For example, that of April 12, 1909, casually records a violent because "she will fill them up with all kinds of misrepresentations." The confinement of his wife as well as his daughter in the Asylum seems to have become a local scandal, with himself the principal villain. He clearly fears the daughter's ability to persuade people that she has been unjustly confined. The father is especially annoyed by a letter from one of his daugher's friends, complaining about Miss Adams's treatment in the Asylum, and recommending that she be cared for by a trained nurse in a private hospital. This friend's letter is also preserved, in which she reports that Miss Adams is confined in a ward "where she is constantly struck by other patients," has only only one pair of drawers, and needs to have her teeth done.

Rather than justify or redress the conditions of Miss Adams's confinement, Dr. Clarke makes them a matter of professional -- and male -- jurisdiction and even mystification. He writes the father on December 31 that "it is extremely difficult for outsiders to understand the true condition of affairs and there are always certain women will `step in where Angels fear to tread'." Such difficulty might have been used to argue for paying more attention to what "insiders" such as patients had to say. Clarke informs the father that his letter was read just as the annoying friend called again to take Miss Adams downtown; she was not allowed to see her. It occurs to neither father nor physician, that if Miss Adams had no ground for complaint before, she might now -- denied not just the right of communicating directly with the outside world, but also of having anyone else communicate with it for her. It was not just her the authorities wanted to control.

Miss Adams's letter to her father of September 5, 1907, is a mixture of explicit gratitude and implicit criticism and concern. She obliquely praises her father by praising the authorities for keeping their promises "just as you do." Indirectly praising him by comparing his behaviour to behaviour which she was known to have criticized, leaves the actual nature of his conduct, and her response to it, ambiguous. Such "praise" could very well have been veiled criticism or at least a reminder that its being praise (and not blame or satire) was contingent on performance.

Later in the same letter she remarks the promises of her father and many other visitors she understood "were to come by promise," but whom (of course) she never saw. But by now the meaning of "keeping your promise" has been be entertained, but makes no difference in terms of what the Asylum meant. Their "delusional" status, especially in those cases where it is relatively obvious, does not preclude their being the premises of working arguments which, despite the examiners' invocation of such concepts as "fabric of delusion," all too often tended to be ignored. My approach here is to consider patients' and inmates' statements not as truth or fiction but as arguments, the validity of which as any rhetorician knows is unaffected by their truthfulness. It is a thesis of this study that the writings of the authorities themselves suffer from a similar dichotomy between an obvious self-referentiality and an equally obvious (if not overwhelming) referent. It is more than ironic, it is a human disaster, that so much of the voluminous information produced by the closer clinical methods of the early 20th century flowed straight into the files along the old parallel channels, without intersecting, least of all in a reader's mind. Whatever clinical approaches were served by ignoring it, there is a rhetorical argument in many of these files or rather "cases," one which sheds light on the individual's predicament sometimes sufficient to dispel madness entirely. It deserves to be made, or rather we deserve to make it, since there is nothing which we can do for these patients now but benefit from their experiences ourselves, and since many of these writers whatever else they wanted wanted to be read.

of the patient's mental status. Had the facts been detrimental they would not have been suppressed.

Beliefs could be stigmatized as "delusional" on the basis of unverified "facts" -- really on the basis of simply "other" beliefs. Mrs. Adams' ward-mate and friend, Mrs. Brown was committed in September of 1907 with paranoid delusions that her husband was having an affair with her niece. Her "History," signed by Dr. Burson, indicates that she had a "violent temper & jealously since childhood" and that "for past 18 years she has been unreasonably jealous of her husband," watches over him and has "made attack on his life." The husband is reported to have noted that she had lost a child before marriage and that its loss had "upset her mind." Mrs. Brown's "madness" was marked by a "gradual increase of unreasonable temper & violent attacks of jealousy." The statement about her lost child could have been intended to discredit Mrs. Brown's morals as well as her mental condition; her reticence on this subject is noted in the Clinical Record.

Dr. Burson's "Certificate" records her conviction that "her husband has deserted her for another woman & that he is attempting to take her money away from her. That he and her niece tried several times to starve her to death. That he is constantly going with other women." This certificate also records, under "facts ... communicated ... by others," her husband's statement that "there is no reason for her jealousy," etc. Her "Certificate" signed by Dr. Fitzgerald notes that she is "suffering from Delusions of a persecutory nature -- believes her husband is misconducting himself which is contrary to the facts." Precisely how he knows the facts he does not say. He is convinced of her "insanity" by her "childishness," and her "marked narrowing of associative processes with almost total lack of insight."

(A Vast Correspondence: Miss Adams)

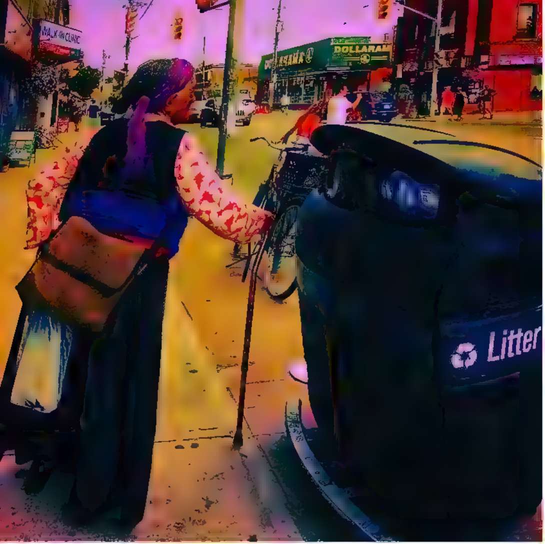
Miss Adams's father urged closer -- virtually total -- confinement of his daughter, in order to prevent her from communicating with people outside. In a letter to Dr. C. K. Clarke of December 27, 1906, he requested that "some arrangements be made whereby Miss Adams is not allowed to see visitors" exchange between the patient and another female patient in which the latter called her names and told her that she would "smash her head" if she ever went into her room again.

Her worries about clothing and laundry, and about her mother confined in a another part of the enormous building, are similarly characterized. The Clinical Record of June 6, 1909, describes her interrupting her reminiscences of a happy home life by "asking every little while if the patients still work at the laundry and wondering if the clothes will ever come back." This concern for clothing and laundry might explain why, as is recorded for June 8, 1909, "the sound of running water seems to affect her" and caused her to "run frightened, confused to the bath room, [to] stop again and listen." The same entry describes her disorientation as she

> seems to get confused and forgets what she was going to say ... looks out the window as though she were going to tell somebody ... has just a faint idea where she is at the present time, says she thinks its [sic] the Infirmary, but is not quite sure whether she has ever been here before or not.

Such passages seem intended to convey the impression of neurotic behavior, although the behavior they describe is not inexplicable, and possibly no different from anyone's behavior, under stress and disoriented in a hostile and intimidating environment -- and under intense scrutiny.

A new "delusion" is introduced in the entry for August 26, 1909, where it is reported that she "thinks her letters are kept at the office" and "sometimes accuses the nurses of keeping them." They obviously were. This and the related accusation that "her visitors are not allowed in to see her when they call," though substantiated by other material in her file, are recorded here as if they were mere delusions. The statement of August 26, 1909 that she "thinks everyone is deceiving her and telling her untruths," because its subjectivity is highlighted without corroboration (although plenty was available), seems to confirm a diagnosis of paranoia.[cxxviii] It is easy to believe that the patient is living in fantasies and delusions, when only her "thoughts" are presented, without any of their basis in reality When such a basis exists and clinicians could not but have been aware of it, to exclude it amounts to a deliberate distortion of the record. The record is implicitly "subjectified" to the detriment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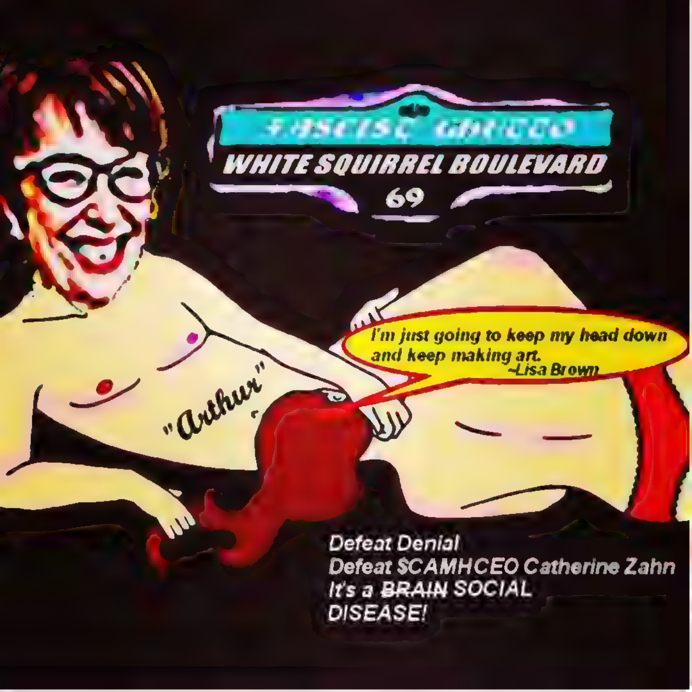
FASCIST GHETTO
WHITE SQUIRREL BOULEVARD
69
I'm just going to keep my head down and keep making art. ~Lisa Brown
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Defeat Denial
Defeat SCAMHCEO Catherine Zahn
It's a ~~BRAIN~~ SOCIAL DISEASE!

10

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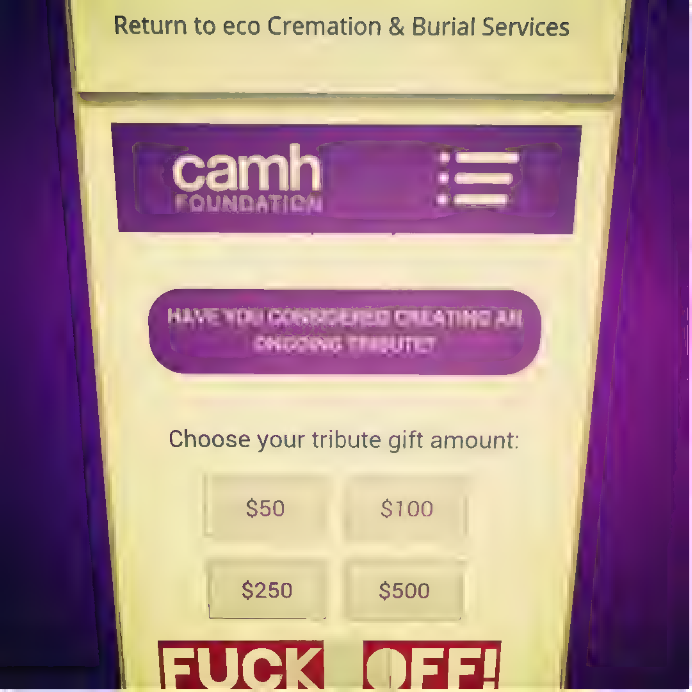

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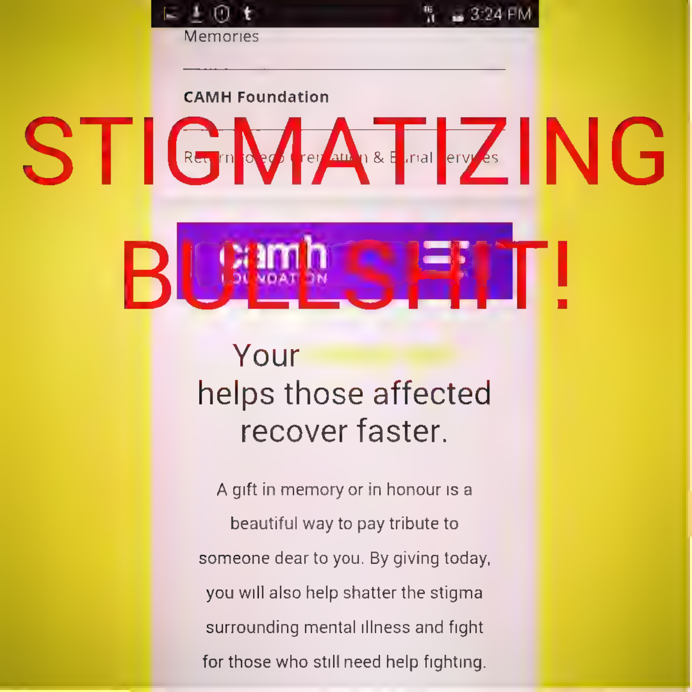
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THE COMPOUND

ALL IN YOUR ASS

greatest -- of the prevalence of mental disease since, though it occasioned neuroses, "they are many times more common in peace." Like Clarke he treats the war principally as an occasion for something else, namely mental illness, not by creating it (since it was there all along) but by exposing it. At least when he writes about it afterwards, for Clarke it seems less an outbreak of collective insanity than an opportunity to bring insanity to the front -- literally -- by inadvertently conscripting and bringing to the attention of the authorities so many of the insane, who had previously "found their niche in simple farm work or occupations of a routine nature" (1140);[cxxii] the war exposes them, not just to enemy fire but also to "friendly" surveillance and control. Clarke celebrates what he considers the greatest lesson of the war, that many "insane" people can become "useful hewers of wood and drawers of water." If this is true, psychiatry only "discovered," and at considerable cost to the insane themselves, what they already knew.[cxxiii] Perhaps they publicly underestimated the war to avoid the rhetorical trap of suggesting that insanity was caused by the war and the implication that therefore their movement might relent upon the cessation of hostilities. At any rate, at the risk of trivializing as well as exploiting the horrors of World War I, Salmon urges that the "mental hygiene" movement remain on a continuous "war footing" in a virtual war against insanity.

In the "Report of the Medical Director" which follows the report of Salmon's speech, Clarke describes the movement's educational activities. They first interested the Canadian Army Medical Corps in obtaining trained social workers for the neurological units, then they developed a special course for such workers at the University of Toronto, and subsequently trained "no less than thirty two nurses from all parts of Canada" (176) for the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment. He also reports his inspection of all Western asylums where soldiers were patients (175) His insistence that the only solution for such provincial institutions was "the appointment of independent Commissions" is partly a reaction to the conditions he was allowed to observe, but also to those he was not: by this time he had been forbidden to set foot inside any Ontario Hospitals for the Insane.[cxxiv]

> He seems to be very quiet and will not speak. He lies perfectly still with his head covered up, at other times smiles in a silly way and says, "I do not know."

The man later revealed that he had enlisted about 2 years ago in the 20th Battalion at North Bay. He was diagnosed on Christmas Day as a case of "Catatonic Dementia Praecox." By February of 1917 he was thought to be recovering, although (according to Dr Clare) he would laugh and smile "without cause."

He was out on probation to a sister from February to March of 1917. He returned to the Asylum and was transferred to Whitby in June of 1917. Clare writes that they thought "the outdoor life" might help him. A visit from "a coloured woman, claiming to be his sister," did not do him any good. Dr. Forster believed that, apart from the Dementia Praecox, there was "some slowly dementing process going on."

The refrain in letters from his family is his silence, and his tendency to run away. On August 26, 1917, his sister reported that "he got away on us one day walked about 2 miles before we could get him back." On July 4, 1918 he was returned to the Toronto Asylum. Dr. Forster's opinion must have been right, for Dr. Clare notes on November 17, 1918, that he

> is degenerating noticeably He is filthy in his habits and generally restive in his attitude. He still takes his food, however, with some persuasion.

On October 2, 1918 he was finally discharged. Then he seems to disappear. The Superintendent wrote his sister on August 11, 1920, that he "left this hospital ... in care of his brother. We have no record of him since that date."

The case of a 33 year old Roman Catholic is similarly opaque. Dr. Vrooman writes on his "Statement" of December 11, 1917, that he is

> erratic, has delusions and hallucinations -- is restless, will sit for hours singing. Is inclined to be violent and excited.

According to the "Clinical Record" he had served with the Royal Engineers during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900, and had subsequently been "wandering from place to place as an ordinary labourer or as a sailor."

Dr. Forster describes the patient as "talkative, busy and pleasnt," but convinced that "he has a mission to correct everything in the world." Leading the doctor, Inspector Dunlop asks whether "from the disease from which he is suffering, he might in endeavouring to spread his advice take particular spite on any particular person?" The Inspector seemed to want to take the line that the patient would have resented anyone who seemed to interfere with his "mission," and moreover would have had occasion to vent his resentment in performing that mission.

Dr. Forster pursued a different tack. the patient was "very accessible to a slight" and the Attendant's perceived interferance would inevitably have been exaggerated into a "great grievance." The Inspector's "version" would at least have allowed the patient a degree of rationality -- it was rational to resent interference if you believed you really were about to save the world. Dr. Forster's version is a wholesale dismissal. Dr. Clare's observation, that the man's wife felt she had noticed something the matter with her husband about five years ago, seems part of general tendency to date soldiers' mental disorders to a time before the war.

The Inspector notes that Chief Attendant John Carson gave Nelson "a good name," and that the Head Nurse, Miss Dodds, felt that he was "one of the best, if not the best" man she had ever had. He concludes that the patient was "a case for pity rather than for investigation." The patient's own letters, in which he had not made any harsh criticism of the institution, were used against him.[cxx]

The report of the first annual meeting of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene in Toronto on May 27, 1919 contains news of the "shocking facts" of the prevalence of insanity in the respectable contexts of "the family, the school, and the shop" (173) as well as at Clarke's clinic. Colonel Thomas W. Salmon, as Medical Director of the U.S. National Committee for Mental Hygiene, argues that because war and civilian neuroses are "identical in their mechanism," the study of the former will also benefit civilian life. Neuroses are essentially the attempt of the individual to adapt biologically, at the expense of "the individual ... and society" and of "social and economic efficiency" (172).[cxxi] He proceeds to urge maintaining something like the vigorous wartime campaign against the neuroses even in peacetime. In his polemics the war becomes yet another gauge -- the latest and perhaps the

With the outbreak of hostilities he had returned to Canada and enlisted with the 37th Machine Gun [Battalion?] in March of 1915. He later transferred to the 36th Battalion. Once overseas he was drafted into the 1st Battalion and went to France. He was in France for 9 months. There he "underwent heavy bombardments around Messines, Plug Street and Hill 60."

The "Clinical Record" describes a condition that today we would call "shell shock":

> He was never wounded but was buried due to shell explosions and after he got out he went to his dug out, says there he had a peculiar feeling, had a burning sensation in his face, felt as if he could not get his breath, went tot he trench to get a drink of water. Says he felt dizzy as if he was going to faint.

He was transferred through a series of Dressing Stations, before arriving at the No. 8 Stationary Hospital at Boulogne were he as diagnosed as a "manic." He was extremely annoyed when some medical people attempted to attribute his illness to intemperance.

In Canada he continued to make the rounds. He was at Cobourg from October 11 to December 11, at the Toronto Asylum from December 11 to December 28, and from December 28 to January 4 at the Convalescent Hospital on College Street in Toronto. He was "on Yonge Street for trying to stop the cars and acting wildly," and returned to the Asylum. He was returned to relatives in England.

In March 1917 Attendant William Nelson was investigated for allegations of cruelty that had been made against him by a returned shoulder.[cxix] Inspector W.W. Dunlop interviewed various members of the staff. Dr. Clare stated that the patient arrived at the Reception Hospital on Jaunary 7, 1917, fresh from overseas, and with the belief that "he had been sent by the British War Office to France on a secret mission." He believed that Attendant Nelson was a spy. Nelson, it should be noted, was 28 years old and had been born in Sweden.

Dr. Forster, Superintendent, testified that the patient was always writing letters. He caught another patient going through his papers and the two patients began to fight. Attendant Nelson parted them, and the private developed a grudge.

facts with which to convince the general public" -- to fund more clinics ("The Story of the Toronto General Hospital Psychiatric Clinic," 33). Clarke's assistant, Dr. C.M. Hincks, founder of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene, seems unable to contain his joy:

> Toronto is roused at last! The terrible menace of the feeble-minded has shocked the community.... Whence has come the dynamic power bringing about such an upheaval of public opinion? Many forces have been at work, but chief among these has been the Psychiatric Clinic.... Dr. C.K. Clarke stated that 54 per cent of the defectives examined at the clinic were of foreign birth. The newspapers published these startling statements and Toronto was convinced that the problem needed immediate solution. (33-34)

In "Juvenile Delinquency and Mental Defect,"[ccxvii] Clarke observes that the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene has carried its investigations into areas that have generally been avoided or ignored by the government. Previously, only those he characterizes as "amateur social reformers" have explored this "terra incognita" better left to professionals like himself. It was a new jurisdiction for his profession -- but like the original El Dorado to which Clarke's language continually alludes, it really was only a colony (as well as a myth)

By 1916 the Queen Street facility was receiving its first cases of shell shock. A 24 year old unmarried Methodist soldier, a butcher by profession, was admitted from the Reception Hospital on February 12, 1916, suffering from the delusion that he was a member of the Royal Family. The "Certificate" signed by Dr. Brown describes him as "depressed." He acted in a "repulsive way" and refused to speak. He refused to eat and had to be force-fed. Dr. Algie notes his insistence on taking off his clothes, his defective memory, and taciturn behaviour. Under "other facts" reported to him, Dr. Algie records the significant information that he "has been overseas and is said to have been in the trenches for 9 months."

Dr. Clare's note in the "Clinical Record" of December 4, 1916, describes his condition on being brought to Asylum by one Captain Calhoun:

> deficient and imbecile, ever ready to be influenced by the first advice he hears, be it for good or evil. (220)

Clarke is (understandably) nervous about the similarity of "moral imbecility" to an older diagnosis of "hazy definition," "moral insanity," from which he distinguishes it as a firmly identifiable "absolute type." Part of this tendency toward "absolute" identification is discernible in Clarke's insistence on details like William B.'s apparently automatic or physiological reaction to the sight of blood:

> He becomes excited, pale and agitated, and under the influence of the strange stimulant is particularly liable to the morbid impulse. Occasionally, after seeing blood, he has been known to act almost as if under the influence of an intoxicant, and has been terribly excited. (220-21)

Clarke's tendency is to reduce such responses to something like a chemical reaction, the better to exempt William B. from responsibility. Yet, Clarke insists, as if defending the value of his professional opinion, William B.'s demeanour is quite inconsistent with such behaviour. He was, at least while in the Asylum, "somewhat of a dandy" (219) -- as the photograph printed with the article confirms: a slight man with a thick moustache, rakish hat, dark suit, shiny pointed shoes. He is a dapper gentleman's son.

In the same year Clarke began what he called his "special survey of the defectives in the community of Toronto" ("The Defective Immigrant," (462), at his clinic run out of the Social Service Department of the Toronto General Hospital.[cxvi] The clinic shared what Clarke considered the legitimate goals of any Social Service Department, "discovering the defectives in a community and providing proper care and treatment of them" (31).[cxvii] It proved "a gold mine" (31) of "feeble-minded children," "defectives" and weaklings from the "slum centres" of Britain but now "transplanted to the virgin soil of a new world" ("The Defective Immigrant," 463), many of them with the symptoms of dementia praecox. It was "imperative" that clinics like his be established in every community with 10,000 or more people and that "travelling clinics" be created to visit smaller all smaller communities. Each new clinic creates new information, new "Surveys," for "accomplishing true reforms and gathering exaggerates his alienation. The father becomes unnaturally class-conscious, imposing "ridiculous and absurd" restrictions on his family. He suffers from "unnecessary fears concerning his children." While Clarke does not emphasize the connection, these would appear to have excited his "hysterical antipathy" to animals. William B. first expresses his "moral imbecility" by torturing poultry. In such suggestive ways the son's subsequent narrative of "moral imbecility" almost seems to be an extension, a criminal completion, of the father's story of immigration and exile in -- as Clarke puts it -- the "primitive society" of Canada.

William B.'s subsequent "career" becomes a grotesque parody of the father's, just a William himself grotesquely caricatures his father's gentlemanly ideal. After advancing to mutilating horses and assaulting siblings, he briefly finds a place for himself in the United States Cavalry He deserts, and resumes his torture of animals and people alike, till he is committed to the Rockwood Criminal Asylum in February in 1870 and the penitentiary in 1877. Pardoned in 1878, immediately upon his release he mutilates another horse, is recaptured, and admitted to the Kingston Asylum.

The rest of William B.'s career is worse. On August 20, 1884, he escapes from a picnic on the Asylum grounds, assaults a 13 year old girl, but is arrested before he can rape her. Clarke uses the subsequent trial to illustrate the need for the law to take into account such phenomena as moral imbecility and criminal insanity. While it is impossible to convince the public that William B. is "irresponsible," it seems unwilling to find him simply guilty either. The result of this impasse is leniency, a six-month sentence after which William B. would be released once again into the community. Clarke cynically observes that "B. was delighted at the prospect and seems to have thoroughly appreciated the advantages to be gained from being a moral imbecile" (227).

From Clarke's testimony "moral imbecility" comes to involve, or at least to allow for, the capacity to create the "impression" of having "a mind equal, if not superior, to that of the average of his class in life" (220). Perhaps it also allows the doctor to account for strikingly immoral behaviour in someone like William B., who otherwise does appear to be responsible, or simply criminal. The operative word is "impression," as Clarke insists:

> after an extended acquaintance with B. you are convinced that he is in reality a man of a very low order of intellect, in fact,

While the subsequent clinic, or rather Psychiatric Hospital, funded by the Rockefellers and run by the University, opened initially under the rubric of the Reception Hospital,[cxiv] that institution, its particular raison d'etre and its clientele, had all been elided in reality as effectively as the Asylum had been in print. The fears of provincial officials such as Inspector Dunlop, that the involvement of the university would lead to the creation of a facility "a little too advanced for the demands of the public" (quoted in Greenland, 47), were only too prescient; they anticipate contemporary criticisms of the Clarke Institute.

The "Terra Incognita" of Mental Hygiene: Moral Imbeciles, Prostitutes, and other Weaklings and Defectives

IN 1914 Clarke finds the case of William B., in the "Notes of a Clinical Case,"[cxv] of "undoubted interest" (207). No doubt part of its "interest" lies in its connections with D. Hack Tuke, who discussed William B. in an article in the Journal of Mental Science of October, 1885. Clarke offers to supplement Tuke's work with his own, drawing in particular on information about B.'s childhood obtained from a friend, Dr. A.C. Bowerman. B.'s history tends to privilege his later years, as his behaviour brings him to the attention of the authorities. Apart from the information on his childhood provided at second or third hand by Clarke, his history is largely the record of such attention.

Other interest stems from the problem that B's disorder presents for classification as either an "imbecile" or a "subject of mania" (207), and from the ability of the case history, at least as expanded by Clarke, to offer a solution. William B. was born in Swansea, Wales, in 1838. After the death of his mother and his father's remarriage, he immigrated with his family to Canada when he was still a child. Clarke's history emphasizes William B.'s delicacy, and his increasing destructiveness as he grows stronger, as if evil were not accidental to him but essential -- his real nature.

Clarke also emphasizes the "extremely nervous" nature of the father, by whom William B. is educated at home in Canada. This father is at once "a gentleman of the old olden type," as Clarke rather affectedly describes him, and himself a social misfit whose unexplained "banishment" to Canada only

Clarke shows considerable antipathy toward the very people on whom his innovation would have the most immediate and widespread effect --the inmates of the his own Asylum, and the chronic insane in particular. He does not oppose but reinforces popular prejudice against the Asylum and its inmates, commisserating with people over "the stigma of having been sent to an Asylum the hardships of being forced to associate with the chronic insane" (2). Not everyone believed Clarke's assurances, that the clinic would not "militate against the usefulness of the institutions now in existence," or that "it would simply assist them in developing the scientific side of their work" (14)

In 1907 Clarke travelled to Europe as part of a Commission authorized to recommend, as the Commission Report of 1907 put it, "a policy to be followed in making new departures as to the State treatment and care of the insane" (2).[civ] The "problem" is initially "dissolved" into what are seen as its two "divisions," "treatment" of the acutely insane, and "care of the chronic insane." The shift from "treatment" to "care" seems crucial, a portent of problems to come. "Chronic" and "acute" are euphemisms for asylum and clinic.[cv] The commissioners' discovery, "the absolute impossibility of combining Hospitals and Asylums to accomplish the highest and best kind of scientific work" (3) seems to have been a foregone conclusion. The issue is not just the greater degree of "individual care" essential to the cure of insanity, but the prejudice whereby "the developing case will shun the Asylum almost instinctively" (3). Like Clarke above, the commissioners do not oppose prejudice or redress the conditions that contribute to it, but sympathize with the prejudiced. Most impressed by Emil Kraepelin's clinic at Munich, they quote him extensively on the status of clinic vis a vis asylum the "estrangement" of asylum doctors from developments in neurology, the "retarding influence" of the asylum, the "isolation" of the asylum from "a large province" of nervous diseases outside it, waiting to be "conquered," the afflicted patients analogous to indigenous peoples whom the clinicians "claim with a perfect right" (9), etc.

With characteristic brusqueness Clarke acknowledges the stigmatization of chronic patients, only to dismiss the concern: "Of course this feeling should not exist, but it is present, and one would be callous indeed if he did not sympathize deeply with those who have it" (1908, 5). A principal recommendation for the psychiatric clinic is its accommodation of middle-class prejudice -- what Clarke means by the "asylum bugaboo" (1908, 4) -- an accommodation that would later help to perpetuate another "accommodation," the human warehousing practised by generations of Asylum doctors. This antipathy to a significant patient population partly accounts for his, and his colleagues and successors', failure to read patients' files more sympathetically. It is doubtful that any amount of information alone could have created understanding, or that where there already was hostility such information would not have contributed to misunderstanding.

Still awaiting the establishment of a Psychiatric Clinic, Clarke celebrated the opening of "an out-door Department" of the General Hospital in 1909. In a brief "Preface" to an issue of the Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane,[cvi] he asserted that "the relation of a Psychiatric Clinic to a General Hospital is as important as its relations to a Hospital for the Insane." The tenor of the article immediately following, "The Relationship of Psychiatry to General Medicine,"[cvii] suggests that it was rather more important. The prejudice of the general practitioner, who finds "the problems of Psychiatry ... unattractive, and ordinarily, distasteful" (5), had some basis in the nearly total absence of clinical method from psychiatry, whose specialists were what Clarke terms "metaphysicians," and whose stock in trade consisted of "a happy combination of divine inspiration, complicated theory, and ponderous phraseology" (5). Clarke's suspicions of the Freudians also cut him off from more sympathetic ways of reading.[cviii] Instead his sympathy was all for clinicians like Kahlbaum, Wernicke, and Kraepelin, who had done much to resolve another "bugaboo," classification: "a sort of picture puzzle" in which, as it became more "intricate and elaborate," the pieces "did not fit" or "add to the beauty of the picture" (6). The greatest obstacle to such work, and to the patient's "right" to enjoy clinical methods, is the present asylum system, with its "herding of the acute with chronic" (13). Clarke luridly depicts the Asylum as a "hideous nightmare both to friends and patients" and its inmates as the "stranded hulks of wretched humanity" who "forever haunt" the imagination of the people (one wonders which people) with "possibilities of what they may come to" (13).

Clarke's technique, and the direction of his bias, become even more obvious when his essay is contrasted with an essay on roughly the same topic, "The Relationship of the Hospital for the Insane to the General Practitioner,"[cix] by Harvey Clare, the Medical Director of Reception Hospital of the Toronto Asylum and later Medical Superintendent of the Asylum itself from 1920 to 1925. Written only a few years after Clarke's piece and published in the same journal, it is possibly a deliberate corrective. While Clare also advocates a

(More Figures in the Street)

Various texts preserved in the Archives of Ontario indicate the close relationship the Reception Hospital was to have had with the Toronto Asylum, and the conditions that contributed to its early closure. It is evident from these that, while Clarke and others exploited the Reception Hospital as he had the Asylum earlier, its purpose – unclear and contradictory as it was – was still different from the clinic's he had in mind. At least a part of the problem seems to have been accommodating low and middle-class patients under the same roof, or indeed, in the same room. While accommodating together the different disorders that afflicted the patients must have been hard enough, accommodating different classes seems to have upset the officials even more:

> About one half the patients coming into this Hospital are women and men from good families, who have been accustomed to lives of refinement. In the Reception Hospital we have treated many women from the best homes in Toronto, and the purpose of my letter is to draw your attention to the almost impossible situation where we are compelled to recommend the Hospital to good, clean living, decent people, when we are admitting to the same room patients who will use the same bathroom and the same closet, and who are suffering from contagious diseases, such as, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Tuberculosis, Scabies, and all other forms of skin diseases.[cxi]

A "Memorandum for the Honourable W.D. McPherson, Provincial Secretary," prepared by Dr. Clare in December, 1918, explains that part of the role of the Reception Hospital was to keep the large population of "defectives and insane" that "drift in" to the capitol from ending up in gaol.[cxii] The idea of a migration of the insane to the city, so reminiscent of Clarke's earlier scarifying, probably has less to do with reality than with Dr. Clare's desire to make caring for them a provincial as well as a municipal responsibility

After the province ordered the Reception Hospital to close because of the appalling inadequacy of its premises, city and provincial officials, including C.K. Clarke (for the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene) met on May 27, 1919, to discuss alternatives. In the minutes Controller Cameron explains that the Reception Hospital had been intended to treat the mentally ill "before they have the stigma of being placed in an asylum" (2-3).[cxiii] When

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with a safety razor blade." A special "Admission Note," attached by Dr. Williams to the "Clinical Record," describes how, after his arrival in the ambulance, he emerged "an old man suffereing from a great mental depression." Post hoc ergo propter hoc? Dr. Williams thought that Rev. Burns refused to trim his beard because he wanted to disguise himself from his friends. He at least conceded, perhaps without sufficient emphasis, that "the fact that he was brought to the General Hospital forcibly seems to have aggravated his condition very much." Rev. Burns's suicide attempts subsequently were held against him as much if not more than any of his previous actions, although they were directly the result of a committal that involved guile and force and was in reality anything but "voluntary." In his "Summary" Dr. Williams reiterated that Rev. Burns "attempt[ed] to commit suicide on two different occasions," but without stating the rather unusual circumstances in which the attempts were made, and insists the Rev. Burns "has to be watched." The discrepancy between Clarke in print and Clarke in practice is revealing -- and characterstic.

The war effectively cancelled plans to finally move the Toronto Asylum from its increasingly unsatisfactory urban setting to a rural site at Whitby. As discussed by J.M. Forster, then Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum, the original plan had involved the establishment of a Reception Hospital in the city, which would have become the Asylum's urban clinic.[cx] In "closest touch and sympathy with the large Provincial Hospital outside" (129), it would also guarantee "the hospitalization of the whole in the fullest sense of all that this means" (129). All patients, chronic as well as acute, would enjoy the benefits of clinical practice and innovation. With the establishment of a shabby temporary Reception Hospital in May of 1914, the indefinite postponement of plans to move the Asylum with the transformation of the Whitby facility into a military hospital in 1916, and moreover the reopening of Clark's own clinic at the Toronto General Hospital in 1914, the city appears to have been left with two clinics, operating in very different contexts. While the Toronto Reception Hospital should have become, as Forster idealistically described it, the single urban clinic of a unified hospital system, the existence of Clarke's clinic and (more importantly) the continuous urban presence of the Toronto Asylum actually laid the foundations for the virtually two-tiered system that prevails today.

with the excitement of the City he goes crazy" (17). Irritated by their sarcasm, McBride asserts that "we are not going to build a hospital for the benefit of the Province of Ontario" (17).

While city and provincial officials revert to the paradigms of Daniel Clark and lose the mentally ill in a legal and jurisdictional quarrel, Colonel Primrose, the representative of the Toronto Academy of Medicine fares no better by merely invoking the pitiable suffering of "these poor people who are least able to help themselves, who are mentally unfit, who are sick folk, etc." (18). He concludes that the whole problem comes down to an injustice, but when the Provincial Secretary blandly asks "what injustice do you refer to" he pointlessly replies "the injustice ... to the sick." One would hope that his point was that justice had been lost sight of in a quarrel over legality. Whatever it really was, in the context of urgent problems it seems ridiculous, another invocation of madness with embarassing implications for sanity.

At any rate Primrose's "point" seems to have reminded everyone that they really were getting nowhere, with an urgent problem to solve. His intervention seems to have facilitated a kind of pause or a transition to "experts" including Dr. Myers, founder of the Nervous Ward of the Toronto General Hospital, and C.K. Clarke, then Medical Director of the Canadian National Institute for Mental Hygiene. It is clear that both men differ not only with each other but also with the Provincial Secretary over the objectives of the Reception Hospital.

Myers, with his neurological orientation, argues vigorously for an institution closely integrated with the General Hospital, not only for the education of staff but also for the education of the public "that these are people suffering from a physical sickness" (22). He believes that the province should subsidize patients on a per diem basis, as it would save for every patient prevented from going insane. However Clarke now opposes further integration with the General Hospital, in favour of a separate institution. He too exploits the figure of the person in the street, rendered all the more pathetic as a woman, "a poor old person whose brain happened to be affected by its arteries, or something like that" (27), who would presumably be better off at his clinic with its "research laboratories and all the other laboratory essentials in the modern treatment of this class of patient" (30). It is interesting that Clarke chose, as the typical beneficiary of his facility, someone -- a chronic patient, a case of senile dementia - who would not have gone there, but to the Asylum.

Cameron poses a rhetorical question whether it is a fact "that the Province is charged with the care of these mentally afflicted people" (7), the Provincial Secretary reminds him that, strictly speaking, provincial jurisdiction is only over those who have been certified to be insane. The whole point of the Reception Hospital was treatment of "those who are not certified to be insane, but are suffering from some trouble of an indefinite nature." He passes the buck, though the city officials appear equally willing to pass it back, as the interests of the mentally ill are lost in yet another jurisdictional dispute. It is as if, to enjoy state support, the mad have to suffer stigmatization; only those who can afford to, can escape it. The debate is a classic delineation of a by now all too familiar pattern in attempts to redress madness.

Perhaps, given the limited resources of the city and of other communities in the province, the only real means of achieving what the Provincial Secretary saw as the principal raison d'etre of the Reception Hospital was, as City Controller McBride expressed it, "a big building ... where big interests are concerned" (11). The Provincial Secretary himself objects that "these are local problems as far as administration goes" (11) and that "local" communities would insist on treating patients locally. McBride replies that up to half of the patients treated at the Reception Hospital have come to the city within the last three years, so presumably are a provincial responsibility But when a provincial official reminds him that anyone who has lived for three years in Toronto is legally a resident of the city, the Controller concedes the point. He only meant there had been "a tremendous influx from the rest of the Province" (15).

Former Controller McCarthy invokes the by now apocryphal man, a not so distant relative of Daniel Clark's "A" and "B," "found insane on the street today" (15), and whom the city has to pay for, whatever the law. The Provincial Secretary rather impatiently reminds the former Controller that it is the municipality of origin that has to pay. Controller McBride takes advantage of the opportunity to defend his predecessor and reiterate his point. The man on the street, who has "wandered in from Hamilton or London or anywhere else," goes straight to the Reception Hospital. The Provincial Secretary again denies this. When McBride insists that "ninety-nine per cent of them go to the Reception Hospital" (17), the Provincial Secretary accuses him of "coming here and making a general statement that no one can check up or confirm" (17). A colleague satirizes McBride's exploitation of the apocryphal figure "who comes down from say Owen Sound and comes to the Reception Hospital because stronger partnership between psychiatry and general medicine, instead of exploiting and reinforcing negative stereotypes of the Asylum in the name of the clinic, he appears to address the stereotypes out of a sincere desire to redress the human suffering they at once refer to, help to create, and perpetuate. The difference in tone is palpable, as when he regrets the persistence of the common prejudice, that "when a patient is admitted to the hospital for the insane ... he need hope for nothing in the way of sympathy or kindness" (162). Despite the legal prohibition against restraint, female as well as male nurses still recommend themselves on the basis of physical strength. Many people still believe that "if a man was once admitted to the asylum, this was the end; he never came out again" (164). Instead of exploiting such mistaken beliefs and slyly reinforcing them, Clare appeals for education to dispel them. "Teach the people that the hospitals are for the care and treatment of these people," Clare urges:

> Our ideal is that we shall have a voluntary admission system, that our hospitals shall be the poor man's sanatorium, that we shall get the incipient cases, that we shall gain the confidence of the people, and in this way be of more use to them. (167)

Clarke urged a rapprochement between psychiatry and general medicine principally by abandoning a significant patient population, and by slyly if not subtly reinforcing certain stereotypes in order to distance himself and his enterprises from them. In a certain sense Clarke's "clinic" was not for them. Yet despite his apparent concern for middle-class sensitivities, Clarke could be callous in practice. One Rev. Burns (admitted in November of 1914), suffering from depression and eventually diagnosed with a variety of dementia praecox, was visited a few days before his committal by Dr. Clarke, when he was Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital. While Clarke got the man to agree to come to Toronto to be treated at the Hospital, he secretly made other arrangements with the man's wife. Dr. Williams (an Asylum doctor) writes, one wonders with what understatement, that on the day of his committal Rev. Burns did not want to go and that "it was necessary for them to use a little force to persuade him." According to Rev. Burns himself, just before the train started his wife told him "that they were bringing him to the Toronto Hospital for the Insane." "Agitated and excited," Rev. Burns tried several times to jump off the moving train. A few days later, before being taken from the General Hospital to the Asylum, he tried to commit suicide, "by cutting the radial artery weakling" as Clarke calls him, would have been "under lock and key at the time" (23).

Immigrant Plagues: Racism, Heredity and Dementia Praecox

While Clarke focuses professional attention upon the individual, his ultimate object is the welfare of larger entities -- the nation, the race. In one of the first of many slights directed at the patients of his own Asylum, Clarke d escribes, in his annual report for 1906, the foreign born among them as if they were spies, plotting to infiltrate his Asylum, half the continent and one whole ocean away:

> It is to be regretted that so many defectives from the old world have found their way to our wards, as it goes to show that no matter how careful the inspection of immigrants, at sea ports, many mental weaklings will obtain entrance to the country. (1906, 3)

He displays no compassion for them as unfortunate and underprivileged people, perhaps because he cannot see them except as "defectives" or "mental weaklings" (1906, 3). He refuses to see these people as burdened with loads of economic and racial discrimination and injustice, but only as burdens themselves to the provincial treasury. The idea that the country's population, apart from a minority of exploited natives, was entirely comprised of immigrants, and that one immigrant was not inherently more entitled to enjoy its great wealth than any other, is itself foreign to Clarke's rather obvious politics.[xix] Moreover, despite the population being comprised almost entirely of immigrants, Clarke shows no interest in the experience of immigration. That many of these alleged undesirables are fleeing stigmatization for confinement in asylums in the Old World has to be ignored as mere "sentiment," when "the very life of a nation" (1908, 8) is at stake Such a dismissal seems tantamount to a dismissal of his own patients of at the Toronto Asylum.

Combining, as the true disciple of his mentor, one plague with another, Clarke argues that immigrants are especially to be guarded against as a source of dementia praecox, "particularly common among the imported defectives" (1906, 3). This makes them especially burdensome because those affected, while incurable, do not die immediately and may even live a long time with their calmly accuse us of a want of patriotism in decrying certain kinds of immigration from the old country" (1908, 7). He combines virulent ad hominem attack with economic snobbery, accusing the "pseudopatriotic enthusiast" of "building up beautiful philanthropic plans which are to enable the slum weakling to shake off the stigmata of degeneracy in the free air of the prairies" (1908, 7). Asserting that "much of the success of a nation will depend on the quality of the stock from which it springs" (1908, 7), he quotes an unidentified "recent writer" on "uplifting humanity rather than [trying] to maintain an exclusive virtue, limited by a political boundary" (1908, 7), whom he accuses of using such alleged "sophistry" to impose on Canada "one of the biggest burdens in the way of alien populations that we have to carry" (1908, 7). Such, he warns in quasi-biblical language, have "sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind" (1908, 7).

In an article published in 1911, the year he gave up his superintendency of the Toronto Asylum to superintend the Toronto General Hospital,[xviii] he echoes phrases from the report for 1907, balefully observing that "my knowledge of family histories in Ontario is far too large for my peace of mind, and I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that certain strains, will produce defective and insane, just as regularly as other strains will reproduce the strong minded and capable" (360). Clarke simultaneously seems to regret possessing such sensitive information, and to relish it -- his regret, principally at his inability to act on it, conveying more than a hint of menace, as if anyone who would oppose him must be secretly abetting a lunatic. All of this, of course, reflects a growing interest in eugenics

Clarke's emphasis on hereditary insanity, stemming as it does from rather intimate and privileged knowledge of the patients of his Asylum experience, complements his emphasis on the individual -- as Clarke writes: "it is always the individual who has to be considered, especially in cases where there is no well defined pathological basis" (360) -- yet it always appears to have the benefit of some other in mind. In "The Defective and Insane Immigrant,"[xix] Clarke presents this individual in terms of a face-to-face confrontation with a great danger. Such a confrontation requires sanity, courage, and something else which Clarke typically requests and which, despite his efforts to redeem it as resistance to "maudlin sentiment," looks suspiciously like callousness -- resistance to sympathy and compassion. Clarke appears oddly isolated between equally "chronic" inmates of the old Asylum, to whose plight his audience has a pilgrimage from Saskatchewan to Philadelphia caused them to be arrested and jailed at Fort William. Clarke approvingly reports their having been force-fed and anticipates the day when the authorities will have more power to "break up the community system" which supports such immigrant groups.

Clarke dramatizes himself as a prophet who has been harshly and unjustly treated for stating these "truths."[ci] He presents his earlier arguments, like that in the Annual Report of 1907, as disinterested and true but foolhardy for exposing him to "unpleasant controversy," especially the selfishly motivated opposition of politicians who courted and depended on immigrants for votes. He contrasts himself favourably with elected officials whom he characterizes as generally too opportunistic and short-sighted to consider "the future welfare of the community" (462)

Asylum vs. Clinic: Birth of "The Poor Man's Sanatorium"

Clarke's interest in dementia praecox as a disease whose patients would benefit by the "individual approach," and his distaste for the Asylum with its "indiscriminate" population of immigrants and urban poor, are obviously related to his interest in establishing a psychiatric clinic in Toronto, where individuals could be isolated and treated, according to the latest techniques. Although he was still Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum, in a 1907 "Memorandum"[cii] to the Provincial Secretary entitled "Reasons Why," Clarke dismisses the Asylum as "about to pass away, having outlived its usefulness and being hopelessly situated" (5). He emphasizes the social utility of discovering why so many citizens are unable "to stand the strain, which leads to the wrecking of so many lives." Arguing that if mental disease was as counterproductive, it was also as "definite, as susceptible of treatment" as other diseases, he was obviously thinking of acute as opposed to the chronic cases the Asylum was full of. In the rest of his "Memorandum" Clarke argues on behalf of the asylum, and in its name, for things of obviously greater benefit to the clinic. Duty lies not in alleviating the conditions of the asylums so much as in going where "we are in duty bound to follow" (3), which first means adopting a better system of classification, its object "keeping the acute and chronic separated" (3). Proper clinical work cannot be done "in a so called hospital for the insane [ie., asylum], where acute and chronic cases mingle indiscriminately" (4).

which immigrants could be detained and observed in a psychopathic pavilion newly constructed for the purpose. Clarke concludes quite emotionally:

> Those not familiar with the practical side of the subject cannot estimate what it means to protect the coming generations of Canadians from the evil results of the addition of defective and mentally diseased immigrants to our population. Preventive medicine has a duty to perform that cannot be ignored and Federal and Provincial Authorities must unite to fight the threatened evil. Our new law is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and in many cases we are powerless to act, when our duty seems manifest. It would be so much better too, to intercept the defectives at the port of departure whenever possible. (1907, 9).

A year later, in The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane, he is more specific about how the inspection could be improved. Besides their being specially trained to detect cases of dementia praecox and other disorders common among immigrants, Clarke emphasizes their youthfulness. Clarke seems to see them almost as plain-clothes policeman as they "mix with the immigrants during the voyage across the ocean and get an idea of their mental status" (20) before they can disembark [xcvii]

To those who might argue that he is scarifying and exaggerating the "gravity of the situation" (1907, 8), Clarke replies, not very reassuringly, that he is one of those who has been "scanning family histories for many years" and therefore "in a position to speak with authority" (1907, 8). In reality he scarifies even more, connecting dementia praecox and immigration to yet another horrifying plague, hereditary insanity. Attaching to his report for 1908 a chart analyzing the hereditary tendency to insanity in the last year's admissions, Clarke asserts that heredity "is a tremendous factor in the development of insanity" but the statistics on it "have always been compiled in the loosest way" (1908, 6), because physicians are reluctant to ask the customary questions about heredity on the standard form. More serious opposition to the "facts" comes from "friends [who] persistently dodge the telling of family secrets, especially when they have to be recorded in a public document" (1908, 6).

In his report for 1908, Clarke asserts that "the bare facts are suggestive enough; an analysis of them makes us marvel at the complacency of those who

Canadian immigration. Based on their proportion of the general population of 1907, the total foreign-born of 10,087 admissions should have been 1,681 instead of 5,707. Of course, such reasoning fails to justify the application of a percentage from one year to other years, or to explain why, other factors being unequal, the rate of insanity among the foreign-born should be the same. Such reasoning equates cases of insanity with admissions, when many cases, especially in better established native-born families, would have been cared for at home.

Clarke asserts that Britain is deliberately dumping its "undesirables" on Canada: "sexual perverts of the most revolting kind, insane criminals, the criminal insane, slum degenerates, general paretics, in fact weaklings of all objectionable types" (1907, 4). He recounts discovering "whole families of degenerates" (1907, 4), some of whom are immediately returned to England, but not all, as in the case of "an imbecile young woman" and her alcoholic husband who were deported, leaving six children behind them "to be cared for by the community" (1907, 4). Clarke dreads what they will become. In describing this population Clarke appears to be dealing with a sub-species, without the same rights as the species. When a man afflicted with dementia praecox marries, he is alleged to have "found a woman weak enough to marry him" (1907, 4), as if Clarke cannot allow the emotions and desires of an alleged "defective" more dignity than a base parasitic design on a commonwealth that excludes him. He cannot begin to do justice to the cost to the country of the "importation of so many defectives" (1907, 8), though he makes a rather good effort at it. He estimates that, given that most dementia praecox patients are afflicted when they are quite young, or at an average age of 25, and that each lives on the average 36 years longer, at $145 per year each such foreign-born "defective" costs the state $5,220. He calculates that this year's accumulation of 43 foreign-born Dementia Praecox cases will cost the state $224,460, before they die. Such arithmetic, untempered by any indication of the contribution of immigrants to Canadian society, amounts to a slander of Canada's immigration policies over the last half-century and, of course, of immigrants themselves. He finally urges that "defectives" be weeded out at the port of sailing, by psychiatrically trained physicians, using "procedures" like those described by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon at Ellis Island, where officers of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service have been trained at institutions for the insane to watch for immigrants who seem "atypical" (1907, 9). Inspectors should be equipped with "memoranda" consisting of lists of peculiarities, on the basis of become inured, and the so-called "hordes of degenerates of the English-speaking peoples, to say nothing of those lowest in the social scale of the European and Asiatic races" (273). In 1906-7, Clarke's principal qualification for choosing the best means of making Canada a great nation is still, oddly enough, Asylum experience.[6]

Foreign born "defectives" are those who usually escape being committed to an asylum, and subsequently evade deportation under the relevant Act. Instead of indiscriminately "pumping in the population," as proposed by Kipling, he proposes performing a Darwinian experiment on the whole nation, applying the laws of "artificial selection" to the "magnificent heritage" of Canada so as to improve the race. It is perhaps slightly ironic to discover Clarke beginning by using the histories of families against their own descendants and countrymen and women, but he is presently undertaking "an elaborate study of the foreign born admitted since 1900" into the Toronto Asylum. He offers a "brief examination" of some 422 patients admitted in 1906-7. Of these 210 are foreign born, and 124 of these are "recent arrivals" (275). Clarke is especially concerned that 65% of these foreign born admissions are afflicted with dementia praecox, "a psychosis notoriously the outcome of defective heredity," and consequently likely to be passed on through the descendants of the afflicted.

He represents immigration as a tide, deliberately poisoned by British officials, with the effect of creating new kinds of degeneracy in a previously pure Canadian stock: "sexual perverts of the most revolting kind, insane criminals, the criminal insane, slum degenerates, general paretics and weaklings of other varieties are represented" (277). It is also a kind of perverted and diseased pilgrimage, with Toronto its Mecca. Now, instead of Workman's march of cholera, it is the people themselves that have to be stopped. Now, Clarke argues, despite his earlier warnings about doctors promiscuously attributing cases to "dementia praecox," that at the Toronto Asylum 60 per cent of the foreign-born admissions suffer from this disorder.[9] A high proportion of these are "slum degenerates" from European cities. Unfortunately, it is too early for laws recently enacted for the purpose to enable the authorities to deport these undesirables. Meanwhile, without clinically trained physicians able to detect "the weaklings of the dementia praecox type" (187), inspection at the ports will continue to be inadequate. Clarke devotes the last few paragraphs to mocking the "performances of the Doukhobors," whose habit of disrobing on illness. The law needs to be strengthened, giving the government more power to expel immigrants who fall sick after an initial two year probation period.

In his report for 1907 Clarke argues that by accepting the immigration of "classes which should be avoided," the state is jeopardizing the quality of the entire population. He represents the effect of recent immigration as a crisis of such magnitude that only "those who are conversant with the facts," or in other words doctors like himself, could appreciate it. Comparing admissions to a Toronto and York County population of 400,000, Clarke arrives at a ratio of one insane person for every 1500 people. By virtue of being roughly one third of admissions, Clarke argues that new arrivals should account for approximately one third of the population, or more than 130,000. In fact new arrivals account for only 5,000, making the proportion of insane to normal people 26 times higher for new arrivals than the rest of the population. Clarke grudgingly acknowledges that the "high preponderance" of the foreign born at the Toronto institution might be not be representative of the entire immigrant population, since that institution serves an area in which foreigners are especially concentrated. But to defend himself he invokes the past, in particular the words of his predecessor Dr. Workman, to argue that even when the Toronto Hospital ("Asylum" in Workman's day) served all the Province, and so could be said to be truly representative of the entire population, the foreign-born accounted for a share of the inmates much larger than their share of the rest of the population. Countering the objection that the Toronto Asylum now receives a disproportionate share of immigrants, but also clashing with his tendency in the first part of the essay to depict Canadian immigration as "steady" and to contrast it favourably with immigration in the United States, he argues that "the grievance we have to-day is an old story and Toronto Asylum has always suffered." He notes that in 1854, roughly 84% of the first 1000 admissions were foreign-born, compared to less than half of the general population. He cites Workman, who in the Report for 1854 observes that "the native Canadian, equal to nearly 65 per cent. in the Provincial population, has contributed only about 27 per cent. to the asylum population." Ignoring all of the other factors which might have applied once but not now, he neatly concludes that "Ontario has always been unduly taxed from the maintenance of imported defectives" (6). An expanded version of "The Defective and Insane Immigrant," published in his own Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane,[xcv] is virtually the same as the above till about page 10, where Clarke provides a more detailed statistical argument to support his concern about

In the same year Clarke establishes The Bulletin of the Toronto Hospital for the Insane (later The Bulletin of the Ontario Hospitals for the Insane), the purpose of which is to improve the status of psychiatry relative to that of general medicine. The editor hopes that his "little periodical" will facilitate "fuller co-operation between the outside medical man and his patients, on the one hand, and the psychiatrist on the other" (4) [lxxvii] The journal would feature "clinical pictures of type cases" (5), which would encourage general practitioners to approach their patients as "cases," creating more psychiatric "knowledge." Clarke describes a transformation in the status of the patient:

> [from] a menace to public safety or to his own welfare [to] a sick man ... at daggers drawn with his environment, who can no longer accommodate himself to the requirements of organized society; the victim of a diseased personality -- often accompanied by manifestations of various physical disorders" (4).

Clarke's "individual appraoch" served the psychiatrist too; it transformed the Asylum, and transported psychiatry, with a new and more portable kind of knowledge.

Clarke's emphasis on the individual finds a likely disease in Dementia Praecox. In an article from the same period entitled "Dementia Praecox"[lxxviii] Clarke observes that, even if Kraepelin himself has yet to give an "absolute definition" of dementia praecox (755)[lxxix] (the term is unfortunate, especially as it is applied to "cases which cannot fairly be called precocious, and others which are written off the records as recovered" (756)), the "Kraepelin idea" is the most promising for the future of psychiatry, "the one that points to the most hopeful line of investigation to put psychiatry on a more solid basis than has yet been the case" (756). Clarke suggests that more clinical work would enable it to do so especially the clinical observation and surveillance of ever younger members of the lower classes.[lxxx] He elaborates the idea in a slightly later article,[lxxxi] repeating comments he originally made in 1906 before the American Medico-Psychological Association in Boston, in which he urged a "careful study of school children" in order to weed out "weaklings" likely to develop into cases of dementia praecox. Anticipating arguments for eugenics that would be made by members of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene in the 20s and 30s, Clarke observes in the present piece that if left to itself nature argued for clemency were as mistaken as the Protestant bigots and "Orangeists" who called for the death sentence. The real issue in Riel's trial should have been medical, not political. Clarke's medical judgement is a more effective more devastating condemnation of Riel's politics than the more overtly political one that merely sentenced him to death.

An interesting feature of C.K. Clarke's essay is its inclusion of material from Daniel Clark's original notes. Riel's nervousness and expressiveness are attributed to his being French. Riel's pride and sense of himself as leader are turned against him as signs of insanity: "He was very talkative, and his egotism made itself manifest, not only in his movements, but also in his expressed pleasure in being the central figure of a State trial, which was likely to become historic" (15). A principal focus of Clark's notes is Riel's resistance to the insane verdict. Clark records how, at the mention of how Riel's lawyers were trying to establish his insanity in order to save his life, Riel reacted "like a chained animal until his irons rattled" (15) elsewhere he is "an enraged tiger" (16). Riel's defence, that he scorned such a plea as he considered himself "'the leader of my people, the center of a national movement, a priest and prophet'" (15), is reported as only another instance of the behaviour that makes him, at least for Clark, "like the insane with delusions of greatness, whether paretics or not" (16)

Much of Daniel Clark's evidence, which C.K. Clarke reiterates as confirmation of the value of professional opinion and an example of the difficulty that it encounters in a public forum, is intuitive, based on "a hundred and one little things in appearance, movement and conversation, which cannot be described in writing" (16). One might wonder how what "cannot be described in writing" could be used to obtain a conviction in a court of law With strange inconsistency, given his evident ability to read Riel's mind in his gestures, in nearly the same passage he accuses Riel of "concealing to some extent the inner working of his mind" and having "an object in view" (16) Besides their obvious jealously of the greater respect awarded the legal profession, and their immediate concern for the respectability of the insanity plea, both Daniel Clark and C.K. Clarke have "an object in view" -- respect for the psychiatric profession that makes such a plea on the basis of its unique experience and incommunicable lore -- of its sheer authority. If this had been respected, instead of leading a rebellion, Louis David Riel, this "mental individual is the basis of study" (348), but the eradication of individuality appears to be the object.

(Preventing a Prophet: The Case of Louis Riel)

This aspect of Clarke's emphasis is well illustrated by his slightly earlier analysis of the great 19th-century Metis leader, Louis Riel -- one of Clarke's earliest applications of the paradigms of dementia praecox to an individual. Clarke appears benign when he argues that Riel should never have been executed, but it is evident that, with the powers that he thought rightfully belonged to psychiatry, he would never have allowed a Riel to exist in the first place. Writing 20 years after Riel's execution, Clarke depicts him as an atavism, one that "should have been an impossibility at as late a period as 1885" (379).[xxv] Clarke attributes his unlikely occurrence partly to the primitive character of his people, "ignorant, superstitious, and suffering from inexcusable wrongs" (379). But while they are the appropriate raw but "inflammable material" for the "fire" of Riel's "fanaticism," Clarke also attributes Riel's alleged sickness to the austerity of the region he came from, "the lonely prairies of the North West" (Part II, 23), where cases of paranoid delusion tend to develop. Among a "well educated people," Clark assures us (II, 23) he would have been detected and confined, "shut up from society as long as he lived" (22).

In Riel's subsequent trial the rest of society, by not acknowledging what Riel is, become it themselves; only a few brave alienists, rightly finding Riel mad, "stand by their guns in the midst of a torrent of abuse." The mixed metaphors convey Clarke's own mixed feelings of being at once morally and intellectually stronger and politically out numbered, besieged and victimized even when on the attack (and on the winning side). Ironically enough, it is an analogous position of moral superiority and physical defeat that Clarke's colleagues, and symbolically Clarke himself, offer Riel an "opportunity" to exchange for clemency and "life," provided that he recognize their jurisdiction and accept their diagnosis of himself as "mad." He criticizes Riel for refusing to be "saved" at the cost of what he himself might have been reluctant to pay.

One of Clarke's own objects is protecting his professional medical jurisdiction against the law. Riel's execution was "judicial murder" which might have been prevented had the "general public" respected alienists' opinions in would weed out such cases on its own, but "civilization and culture" are not necessarily governed by "nature's laws" (344). Consequently, Clarke implies, dementia praecox is becoming more prevalent; alienists must do some of nature's work themselves.

This work, under the heading of "abnormal psychology," is of an increasingly specific character, as Clarke describes how its object is to allow us "to fix the standard, not for a class, but for the individual" (344). Such individualized scrutiny must be extended to the public schools, which have hitherto tended "to regard classes rather than individuals" (344). This would, of course, facilitate the narrating of those histories from cradle to grave, some of which are discussed below, which Clarke believes a proper study of dementia praecox requires[xcii]

While his perfervid language is meant to convey the pathos of the "frail barks" drifting "to their inevitable doom beneath the Niagara of dementia," Clarke's two sample case histories, "J.C." and "C.S.," show instead a lack of sympathy for their subjects. The former, apparently abnormally intelligent, has been persecuted for his cleverness by his professor as well as his classmates, "C.S." walks with a proud strut and wears her hair in an unusual style, for which "eccentricity" she too is persecuted by her peers. She resorts to some form of unnamed "wickedness" obviously prostitution and is arrested and confined in a hospital for the insane. In a few years she too is reduced to "a lump of hideous clay" (346). Clarke's intervention helped neither child.

The "typical" symptoms, in Clarke's diagnosis of developing dementia praecox in the case of the twelve year-old "A.B.," included "lack of judgment, mannerisms and stereotypies, lack of insight and abnormal point of view" (12).[xciii] "A.B." expressed his abnormality by thinking that sleeping late, fishing, playing, having supper, and going to a movie were "the proper way for the modern boy to spend Saturday" (12). By 1915 Clarke considered dementia praecox a disease whose "well-marked cases" doctors could not afford to ignore (6) Its sure diagnosis made it one of the principal "justifications" of psychiatric opinion, to which the psychiatrist could appeal against other doctors' charge of being "almost as big a crank as many of his patients" (6) -- the more recalcitrant of whom Clarke characterized in the same piece as "hard nut[s] to crack" (7). In "The Detection of Mental Defect," Clarke concludes that "the of leadership which, from his perspective at least, might have substantiated his claim.

Yet, Clarke attributes to Riel a degree of calculation inconsistent with his depiction of him as a fanatic. For Riel, the Metis represent an "opportunity" for the development of "revolutionary instincts" -- given Clarke's emphasis on Riel's family and his spirited father in particular, he probably means "instincts" literally. When rebellion does occur, it is "ill advised and half witted" (382) and, above all according to the conservative Clarke, unnecessary. While acknowledging the injustice imposed on the Metis people, Clarke argues that Riel's rebellions achieved nothing that would not have come "constitutionally in due course" (382)

Clarke quotes from Riel's own account of his vision of December 18, 1874, when he felt himself "called," like Moses, by a "heavenly messenger" (384):

> `I was stupefied, I was confused; he said to me; "Rise up, Louis David Riel, you have a mission to fulfil" .... I have worked for men, and with what success the world already knows. Events are not finished in a few days or a few hours. A century is but a spoke in the wheel of eternity. I have obtained practical results, but much more still remains to do.' (384)

Clarke treats this vision unequivocally as a "fixed delusion." Sandwiched between Dr. Roy's diagnosis of "megalomania" or paranoia, and Clarke's account of Riel's arrest in Washington, it is just another example of his madness.

In June of 1884 a deputation from the North-West visits Riel in Montana and invites him to return to lead the Metis in their struggle against the Canadian government. By July he is in Saskatchewan. Clarke dwells on particular details such as Riel's signing himself "Louis David Riel, by the grace of Jesus Christ, Prophet, Pontiff, Infallible, and Priest King." He chooses to ignore the intelligence indicated by Riel's use and subsequent explanation of a term like "Exovede" -- "from the flock" -- to characterize his authority or rather renunciation of personal authority over anyone else. To Clarke such a model is itself an indication of insanity, part of the political and religious thought that Father Andre and others regarded as "completely insane" (387). He concludes this first part of his discussion by arguing that those French Canadians who criminal examinations as much as in "every day cases" (380). It would have been more even more effectively prevented had alienists known what they known today, or been able to act on what they knew then. Clarke's opinion of the Canadian public in general, and of Canadian legal methods in particular, is scarcely more "optimistic" than his opinion of the Metis (II, 14). Like other kinds of "criminal" behavior, Riel's revolutionary activity must have had a hereditary origin. Since, as Clarke observes with some complacency, Riel had little "Indian blood" (380), he must have inherited his rebelliousness from his father, who had himself rebelled against the Hudson Bay Company's monopoly of the fur trade.

Certain elements and incidents in Riel's story are isolated and interpreted in a way that makes them damning. Clarke mentions Riel's precocity, even his unpopularity with his school mates -- as if retroactively (and posthumously) diagnosing the visionary leader with dementia praecox. Riel's enthusiastic correspondence with Archbishop Tache becomes evidence of "the mental unbalance which characterized the remainder of his life" (381), and the Archbishop's conviction that Riel was unsuited for the priesthood becomes evidence of an "unbalanced" mental condition that made him unsuited for everything. Clarke informs us that Riel's delusions were "marked," without telling us what they were.

Clarke describes Riel's visiting the home of a wealthy Montrealer to ask for money to support him in one of his crusades, as virtually a case of "break and enter." His obtaining money from his mother, depicted as pitiably "old" and "poor," is proof of delusional egotism, as he heartlessly exploits her, induces her to take a long "tiresome" journey at the end of which he fails to appear, etc. In Clarke's narrative, when the abuses of the Dominion Government first come to Riel's attention in 1869, he is already an "ill-balanced youth."

After the failure of the first rebellion and a brief period of exile in the United States, Riel makes a disturbance in a Montreal church in 1876. Asserting his authority over everyone else present, Riel insists on conducting the service himself. He is arrested, and subsequently committed to Longue Point asylum and thereafter to Beauport Asylum under the care of Dr Roy, who diagnoses him with "megalomania" (383). Clarke makes no attempt to connect this episode with Riel's long preparation for the priesthood or his recent experience general hospitals over hospitals for the insane would be overcome as, with "with proper equipment, our results should be just as striking and satisfactory as in any hospital department" (1906, 10). Exploiting prejudice on one hand while, albeit less energetically, attempting to reform it on the other, Clarke's loyalty already seems unevenly divided between his position as Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum, and his dream.

Justifying the latter, he brutalizes the mentally ill of the metropolis, describing "the flocking of mental weaklings to the city" and urging that "something must be done to meet the requirements of the situation" (1908, 3). Evidently a metropolitan magnet for "mental weaklings," the city needs a psychiatric clinic, which he asserts would "relieve the situation materially," but without which "we cannot cope with t he difficulties which face us" (1908, 3). Much of Clarke's subsequent writing is devoted to dramatizing and problematizing the city's needs, and the clinic's ability to supply and even solve them, the Asylum proper dwindles into insignificance beside the psychiatric clinic, a "virtual asylum" with the whole city, if not the nation, potentially its "patient."

Dementia Praecox and the Individual Approach

In his Annual Report for 1906, Clarke quotes long passages from his own journal (The American Journal of Insanity, of which he had been an editor since 1904), of what originally were after dinner speeches delivered at his own Asylum (to "members of the Psychological Section of the British Medical Association, and the visiting members of the American Medico-Psychological Association" on the 60th anniversary of the laying of the corner stone) by a roster of hand-picked speakers. While their tenor that "Ontario had done nobly in caring for her insane" (1906, 10), might not have been strictly in accordance with the truth, the particular innovations advocated include the acquisition of some of the recently developed hardware for scientific work, the augmentation of the medical staff, and the freedom of more of that staff from clerical work. But these are minor compared to the ultimate goal, the implementation of what Clarke calls "study of individuals and their treatment" or "the individual method" (1906, 10). This is essential for the transformation of the Asylum from a "well managed poor house" with its "hopeless wrecks stranded in asylum wards" to a "hospital for the insane" (1906, 10).

know-how."[lxxxi] This essay appears, incidentally, in a volume edited by Edward Shorter, which the latter introduces by celebrating the end of Marxism and the dawn of a new class unconsciousness in medical history.

classification and treatment. This paper considers, on the basis of some of this accumulated information, much of it written by patients as well as doctors, how Dr. Clarke's "individual approach" affected his patients as individuals.

To the unsustainable rhetoric that his mentor created in the name of the Asylum and its patients, Clarke adds another layer in the name of the clinic. This rhetoric becomes sustainable, as the earlier was not, principally by eliding the referent. It vanishes somewhere between a reality and an ideal, both gravely misrepresented. Clarke writes as if, with the establishment of his various clinics, the Asylum is replaced in reality, as it is in imagination, his rhetoric of the 'virtual asylum" not withstanding, the "real" one has continued till now, more real than ever.

C.K. Clarke at the Toronto Asylum: "The Bricks Should Be Worth Something"[lxxxvi]

Clarke begins his first Annual Report at the Toronto Asylum (1906) by noting that the admissions have been "unusually numerous" (1906, 3) He congratulates the inspector on his success in "dealing with the warrant cases" (1906, 3), by which he means his streamlining of the admission process, admitting patients directly into the Asylum rather than letting them languish indefinitely in jail. The earlier the treatment, the likelier cure. The issue for C.K. Clarke is the role of the Asylum as a hospital for curable acute cases as opposed to a custodial facility for chronic incurables.

The hospital role has been compromised for the Toronto Asylum by "a want of certainty regarding its future" (4). While the government is reluctant to spend money on a building that might soon be demolished, Clarke himself sees many disadvantages to the old building on Queen Street West The formerly rural site had been especially suited to the patients, most of whom had been farmers or, as Clarke puts it, "drawn ... from the agricultural classes" (1906, 4); moreover, with its farm, it had provided the kind of work many of the inmates would have been accustomed to. However, with the expansion of the city and the loss of the farm, all this has changed. If "a quiet locality, where fresh air and restful conditions generally are obtainable" (1906, 5) is really desirable, Queen Street is the antithesis of what is wanted:

Clarke admits that he could as easily accommodate them in a work house, such as the House of Industry on Elm Street.

Clarke wavers as he considers good reasons for not demolishing or removing the Asylum: the resistance of the government to losing its great investment in the building, the convenience of the urban location to an increasingly urban population, and proximity to the university. These last two considerations are especially important to Clarke, since they would also be advantages for his long-desired psychiatric clinic, "where students may receive practical instruction in clinical methods," at a reasonable distance from school (1906, 5). In conjunction with such a clinic, the Asylum would become a source of experience for young doctors, before they were sent "out into life with an intelligent conception of the nature of mental diseases and the cause" (1906, 5).

It is probably no accident that in such a configuration the Asylum appears to serve the clinic, since what finally makes Clarke decide in favour of demolition is a fiscal consideration, the value of the existing 34 acres of Asylum land (26 within the walls and 8 outside): "This [would] if sold, produce a sum that would go a long way towards the erection of a new hospital on a suitable site" (1906, 5). After all the Asylum stood for to his predecessors, his appraisal is strikingly reductive: "The brick would be worth something" (1906, 5). Considering the cost of remodelling, its "makeshift and incomplete" results, and the revenue lost by not selling the valuable property, he concludes that "a new institution should be developed, on a suitable site, within reasonable distance of Toronto" (1906, 6), or easy commuting distance by "train or trolley" (1906, 6). The "Psychiatric Clinic," for the accommodation of from fifty to seventy five patients, would be built closer to the university, within "easy reach of the student and physician" (1906, 6).

While a principal motive for such an arrangement appears to be its convenience for "the teaching of medical students" (1906, 6), it would also appeal to the friends of patients, as there would be less prejudice against sending them to the ward of a hospital than to an asylum. The clinic might have what Clarke terms an "intimate relationship" with the Provincial General Hospital, but it would remain under the management of the Hospital for the Insane because "no specialty has a greater reason for existence than that of mental diseases" (1906, 6) Meanwhile the widespread prejudice in favour of

Dr C.K. Clarke was born in 1857 in Elora, Ontario and died in 1924 in Toronto. He became Superintendent at the Toronto Asylum in 1905 and resigned in 1911 when he became Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital. In 1908 he became a full professor of psychiatry and Dean of Medicine at the University of Toronto. His career was marked by a long struggle to establish a psychiatric hospital, establishment of the first psychiatric clinic in Canada in 1909 (more precisely an out-patient service), and the formation of the Canadian National Committee for Mental Hygiene, with himself as Medical Director in 1918

The changes which his career describes, the collaboration of psychiatry with psychology, the dissemination of psychiatry into the community, through schools, clinics and general hospitals, and finally its nationalization in the form of the Mental Hygiene movement, represent for Clarke what he calls "emancipation from asylum life" (1140).[lxxxiv] Clarke stresses the greater experience this "emancipation" offers, but it is apparent that this emancipation for the doctor has other implications for his patients, as with this greater experience comes greater control and power over the patient's entire life, literally from birth to death. It amounts to the transformation of the "aloofness of psychiatrists shut up within the walls of custodial institutions" (1140), into a more outward-looking militancy as Clarke urges psychiatrists to become "aggressive leaders ready to show their mettle in a great cause" (1140). The following pieces dramatize how Clarke and his colleagues and successors attempt at once to enlarge and disguise his authority, emancipating it from the old asylum of brick and mortar and lunacy, and erecting in its place the "virtual asylum" of mental hygiene.[lxxxv] Clarke's writings on the subject are intriguing, not just because of their depiction of his pivotal role in the process (the last of the "great" Asylum doctors, the first of the psychiatrists), but because of the divided allegiance, nominally to the Asylum and other institutions like it, but in reality to something that, intentionally or not, would eclipse it.

Clarke's single most important innovation at the Toronto Asylum was what he termed the "individual approach," which he promoted in some of the works mentioned below -- and practised, either personally or through his lieutenants and succeors, in the following "cases" at the Toronto Asylum. In practical terms this meant that, beginning in 1907, more information than ever before would be gathered -- and would accumulate -- in an individual patient's file. Theoretically this should at least have positively affected the patient's

Greenland glosses over the political career of Clarke's father, the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Clarke, a reform leader and former speaker of the Provincial Parliament. Greenland's conclusion, that C.K. Clarke's "antipathy to politics and politicians was, perhaps, inevitable" ("Origins," 21), follows from a faulty generalization, and is not born out by events. Colonel Clarke was a long-time friend and political ally of Joseph Workman (one of Colonel Clarke's daughters married one of Workman's sons) and it is through this connection that C.K. Clarke, in this regard not unlike Workman himself, became the latter's clinical assistant in 1874-5. Subsequently Clarke assisted Dr. William Metcalfe at the Rockwood Asylum in Kingston, his brother in law and himself a Workman disciple. Greenland paints an idyllic picture of the pair, finally free from ignorant rabble below and lay dictators above, "to test the theories they had so often discussed and ... to realize their ambitions in this new and important field of medicine called psychiatry" (9). The idyll is shattered on August 13, 1885, when they are attacked by a patient, Patrick Maloney. Metcalfe dies of his wounds, but Clarke defends himself successfully, thanks no doubt to his pioneer stamina.[lxxxii] Clarke succeeds his brother-in-law, as Medical Superintendent of the Rockwood Asylum, Kingston.

Greenland's "Origins of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital" is essentially a rather misleading and, in historian Thomas Brown's sense of the word, "Whiggish" history of the development of the contemporary Clarke Institute.[lxxxiii] What Greenland calls "a tortuous path" (19), is so convoluted that one might suspect him of having tangled the "paths" of several projects begun with very different motives. Seeing these as one "path" and that a "progress" leading to the unqualified success in the creation of "a world class psychiatric centre" is what makes Greenland's account such an egregiously flawed example of this kind of history. One effect of it here is to merely reproduce, or even to reinforce Clarke's own rhetoric, first by heroicizing his militancy as the "stalwart" leadership of an intrepid band of pioneers, second by practising Clarke's own rhetorical sleight of hand whereby measures are proposed in the name of people and institutions, and in the name only. Greenland characterizes Clarke's clinic as the "linchpin of the new mental health system" (21), a part of "the move from asylum to hospital" (22). If so, the only wheel it held in place was on Clarke's juggernaut. The vast majority of chronic patients, of "defective immigrants," of "degenerates," of "feeble-minded women," of "high-grade morons," to name but a few of Clarke's betes noires, the poor and the working poor, went nowhere. They were sacrificed.

> the days and nights are made hideous by electric cars, on the one side, and railway traffic passes directly by the south wall, where a freight shunting yard is also located. (1906, 5)

The Asylum grounds have dwindled to "some 26 acres ... enclosed within gaol-like walls" (1906, 5). With the extra aggravation of "smoke from the many trains and factories in the neighbourhood" (1906, 5), Clarke concludes that "a more undesirable site for a hospital for the insane could not be selected" (1906, 5)

Besides the problem of its location are the Asylum's perennial problems of heating, plumbing, and ventilation. Clarke reiterates some old complaints:

> at the present time, many of the wards are so cold that the patients suffer severely during the winter. This is particularly the case in the wards of the main building, the long corridors of which are, at times, too cold to be occupied by delicate patients. (1906, 4)

The hot water is still inadequately supplied by "some twenty-six (26) isolated boilers, scattered here and there" (1906, 4). The plumbing is "deplorable," a study for anyone interested in comparing "the sanitation methods of sixty years ago with those of the present" (1906, 5). Tents for separate accommodation of tubercular patients have to be erected on the grounds in the early summer:

> The wards are fearfully overcrowded; the cases of tuberculosis many, and the conditions all favorable, for the spread of this disease, which is nearly always rampant in hospitals for the Insane. (1906, 9)

Unsuited buildings have been adapted and annexed to accommodate the excess population of "quiet, indigent" chronic patients. Now the former Mercer Reformatory is re-equipped:

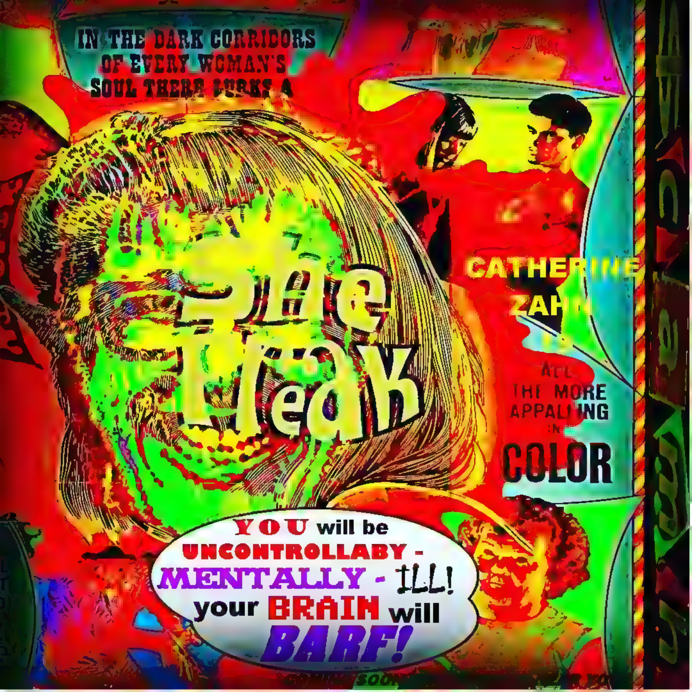
> structural changes have been made, which have done away with the prison arrangements that existed, and before the end of a few months the Mercer will be made quite as home like as any part of the main asylum. (1906, 9)

5 C.K. CLARKE'S "INDIVIDUAL APPROACH": THE VIRTUAL ASYLUM
(CIRCA 1905-1920)

> you will [be] in the hands of Justice before many minutes go by [and] ... mighty sorry you have abused me for you will hold a swell position as prisoner & occupying a cell in the Central Prison[.] [T]here you will have to work for your living you will then repent of your sins by Heaven you will.
>
> Miss Stein, 1911

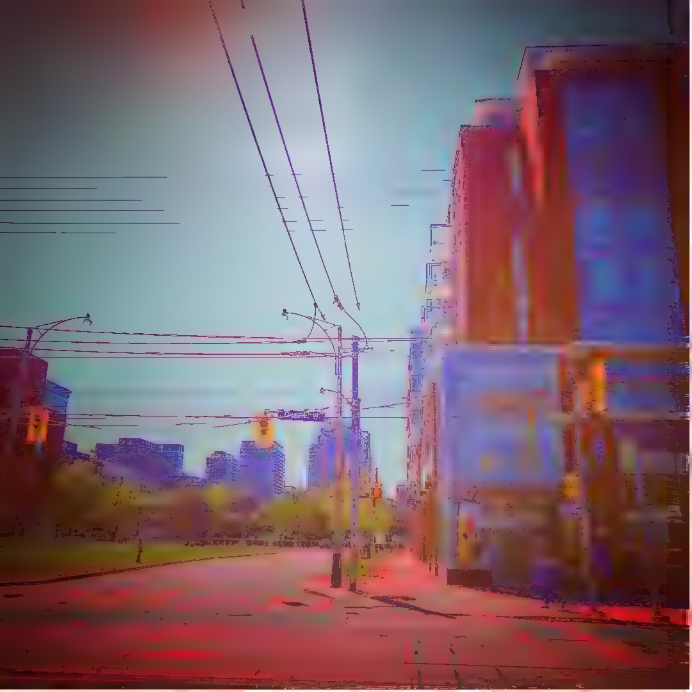
Published on the occasion of the Canadian centennial and the recent completion of the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, Cyril Greenland's encomiastic pamphlet on Dr Charles Kirk Clarke is prefaced by M.B Dymond, M.D , then Minister of Health.[lxxx] Dymond sees no inconsistency in praising Greenland's subject, Dr. C.K. Clarke as apolitical, except when he had "to harass busy politicians in order to provide better care for the mentally ill." The exception is considerable, given how closely Clarke worked with the nation's elite to control a perceived plague of mental degeneracy from soldiers, workers, immigrants, and women. Perhaps Dymond would have approved of Clarke's stigmatization of the staff at the Hamilton facility as "an immoral and uncontrolled rabble" (9).

Clarke's apolitical politics are equally dear to Greenland, who, nearly thirty years later, begins an essay, "Origins of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital,"[lxxxi] with a similar statement of Clarke's disdain for politics, conveniently (and inexplicably) exempting Clarke's own "political connections and considerable


IN THE DARK CORRIDORS
OF EVERY WOMAN'S
SOUL THERE LURKS A
The Freak
CATHERINE
ZAHN
ALL
THE MORE
APPALLING
IN
COLOR
YOU will be
UNCONTROLLABY -
MENTALLY - ILL!
your BRAIN will
BARF!
COMING SOON

Paul E. Garfinkel
Park
1071
Parks, Forestry & Recreation

TH3 COMPOUИD
HIPST3Я
JOIИT

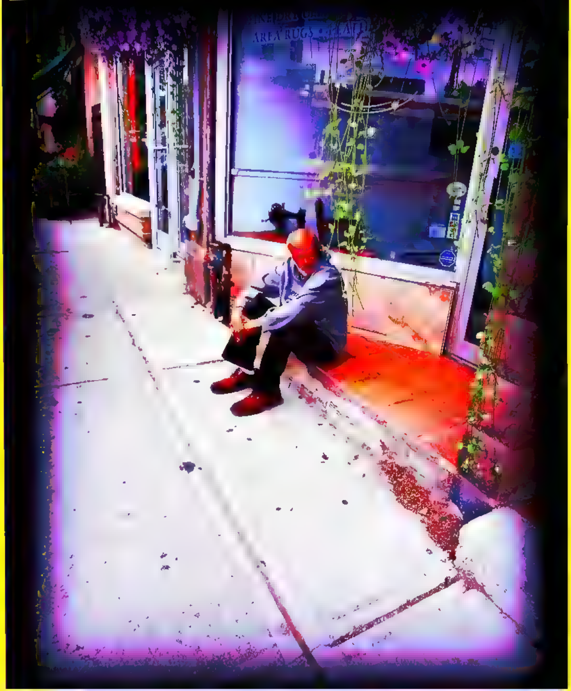


TH3 COMPOUND

HOTEL
WE ARE TORONTO
HOT SHAW

BOUTIQU3 HOT3L

TH3 COMPOUND
YOU'VE
CHA
TOMORROW
B3LONGS
TO YOU!


AREA RUGS

TH3 COMPOЦИD
POSTCARD FROM TH3 KR3MLIN

TH3 COMPOUND
Paul E. Garfinkel
Park
1071
HITL3R'S JAWBON3 LI3S H3R3

TH3 COMPOЦИD

LITTL3 LOG CABIN IN T.O.

Smile!
...donate clothing to
THE SALVATION ARMY
THE SALVATION ARMY

$ c a m h
HARRY'S BURGERS
PHARMACY
OFFICES
PIT CREW

TH3 COMPOUND

LOOK WHO WANTS TO KNOW

DEMOCRATS STUMBLE INTO THE SPOTLIGHT
O STAR
Animal cruelty investigators face 'shocking' conditions
?
NOW
FREE
FREE
TORONTOSTAR
For convenient home delivery call:
416 ... 5 ... 3213

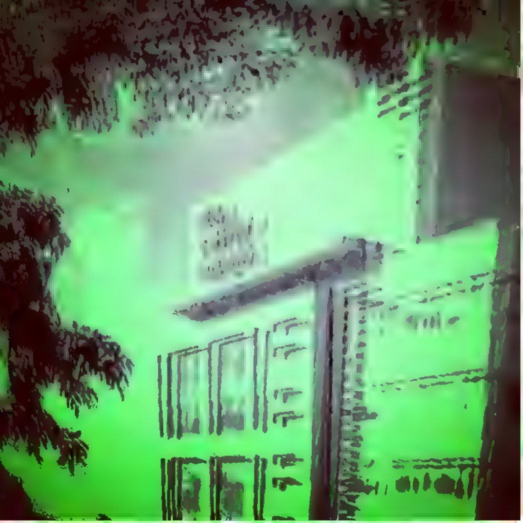
AMBULANCE PARKING
MAYNARD
NURSING HOME
(LAR 005 100505)

THE COMPOUND

CRASH LANDING

TH3 COMPOUND
CAMH "[illegible]" RAY BLANCHARD:
TH3 CURE FOR "GAY" -
YOUR ORI3NTATION IS HIS D3F3CT -
HE HATES CHICKEN!

Lilly



$CAMH CEO
CATHERINE ZAHN:
The FACE of
MENTAL ILLNESS,
Toronto - "We are ALL mentally
ILL" - but YOU,
CATHERINE, say very
STUPID things!

THE COMPOUND

The role of unofficial sources, such as gossip on the street, and even anonymous complaints, suggests some of the rich lore surrounding "madness" in the period, and the contemporary fascination with the same. Perhaps related to this is an unofficial "relaxedness" if not laxity about allowing non-staff or former staff, even formerly abusive and discharge staff, to visit the premises, and apparently even to freely mingle and converse with patients. The patients themselves appear to have enjoyed some "freedoms," or rather to have earned them, at any rate they exercised them. It is ironic, but perhaps indicative of the complexity of the relationships between patients and staff, that the event which precipitated Alice's assault by one member of the staff, was her solicitude for another, the assaulter's sister.

Clark's public testimony to the press tends to differ from his testimony to the Police Magistrate and the Court. It is only before the latter two that Clark, as duty requires, offers a more specific diagnosis of Alice's mental disorder as "erotomania." To the Evening News, for example, he describes her illness more evasively as "melancholy madness," while offering some veiled hints at its sexual nature. These hints, such as Alice's being a "strong, well-built girl" with vaguely related "inclinations" which might lead her into "bad company," could refer to nothing more sinister than Alice's being a healthy young woman with a normal sexual appetite. That this condition might lead to trouble is more a criticism of the "bad company" or of general society than of Alice, and it is perhaps a moot question whose "inclinations" might not -- potentially -- lead them into trouble.

The real issue would appear not to be Alice's inclinations, but Alice's immaturity and simplicity in a wicked world. Yet from the notes of Justice Cameron, and from newspaper commentary subsequent to Clark's lengthier diagnosis, it is clear that the arbiters of public morality find plenty the matter with Alice herself, locate the source of the wickedness that was done to her in herself, and to an astonishing degree with things in herself that in any "normal" woman would be virtues. The "fact" of her madness places a kind of minus sign in front of all her human values.

General Observations: Authorities Confined

Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Utica, seem to have helped him not only to establish standards at his own institution but also to characterize it more effectively. By now that distinctive character which Clark later asserts asylums generally acquire, that strangely hypertrophic yet stunted personality first indicated in Workman's reports, has coalesced and hardened.

While in its administrative arrangements the Asylum is the equal of any of its "energetic and intelligent neighbours" (210), and in its external physical arrangements it is superior, the qualification is important; internally it is inferior in its cooking ranges, its laundries, its ventilation, and even in its "bedsteads, bureaus, carpets, sofas, pictures, statuary, apparatus for amusements, gymnasia, &c." (210). Characteristically avoiding the wholesale and heroic-sounding denunciations of state parsimony of Workman's reports, Clark concludes "much remains to be done" by the Ontario government to bring its spending to par with that of states no wealthier. Obviously most of Clark's energies, and certainly those of the staff and the clients who do most of the hard labour, are directed at redressing these internal deficiencies.

Despite their best efforts, by 1891 the negative pole in Clark's discussion of different asylum plans is represented by his own "Asylum for the Insane, Toronto." In the report for 1891 a section on "Detached Buildings for the Insane" is preceded by a section on "Deaths," as if to suggest that the design and organization of asylums is no less than a matter of life and death and that the design of his own Asylum might now be almost as lethal as the diseases it was intended to cure. Small detached buildings facilitate,

> better ventilation, the isolation from one another, the access to more sunlight and fresh air, the better classification, the greater facilities to get out of doors, the removal of the noisy, filthy and epileptic from the quiet and decent. (1891, 6)

They resemble the cottages in the grounds of the Toronto Asylum, but not the Asylum itself, by implication one of the "monuments of architectural folly" that he castigates. He quotes from the Annual Report of the State Board of Charities of New York on the opposition of that body to state expenditure on enormous buildings, not for accommodation but "concentration of the

Clark's Diary shows how his authority constituted and defended itself, how its jurisdiction at some times overlapped, at others competed with others -- often unsuccessfully. In particular it interacts with the press and the law. Like Workman, Clark was capable of saying different things to different audiences, but unlike him he often seems to have said the wrong thing in any case.

The inconsistencies by which Clark's authority constituted and perpetuated itself are naturally more apparent here than in his Reports. So too is the harsh reality of the Asylum, the starkest foil for authority's inconsistencies, and against which he had constantly to exert himself without ignoring it, as that would have the adverse effect of detracting from his own importance, but also without noticing myriad things about it that would only expose his limitations.

All around the peripheries of Clark's authority are the variously dissenting authorities of his patients: maintaining scraps of dignity and decorum in distress, chafing at confinements, complaining, eloping. Many of Clark's patients' texts recount their encounters and subsequently convoluted dealings with authority, as well as long histories of defiance or at least deviancy, as they "authorize" themselves to draw conclusions and point morals radically different from those of the authorities and possibly ourselves.

Clark's response to Thomas Merton's disturbing letter shows how the Medical Superintendent could distort or misrepresent a diagnosis in order to deny a patient's authority, but his texts in the Bedson case reveal how the "authorities" themselves could be trapped by the implications of their own diagnoses. Clark's frustration is directed at the "enigma" of the law, but the law has merely exploited the inconsistencies -- and indeed, injustice -- of his own pathologizing. Once demystified, law's "enigma" is merely his own double standard. It is perhaps characteristic of the kind of authority he represents and expresses that he can fault the mystifications and ruses of other authorities without so much as noticing or at least appearing to notice his own.

(The Obsolete Asylum)

As early as 1876 Clark reports attending "sittings of the Association of Medical Superintendents of Asylums held at Philadelphia on June 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th" (210). His visits on this occasion, to asylums at insane ... local ornament and impressiveness" (7). The report reflects the growing consensus that "great buildings of prison-like structures, even of stately grandeur" merely facilitate "the herding together in large numbers of those afflicted with insanity" (7). Such "construction" is enormously expensive and wasteful, since in the finished building shelter alone will cost $2,500 per patient. To accommodate a citizen in an average family dwelling costs only $400 per year.

Most of the fairly typical report for 1892 consists of excerpts from earlier reports. Perhaps Clark is becoming lazy, or perhaps he is simply too busy to bother. It is slightly unsettling to find last year's achievement listed under this year's, and in last year's words. Thus, in the report for 1890 he celebrates how, "since that time [ie., the murder of Hector McDonald in 1889 in an over-crowded refractory ward] all the dormitory doors have been left open at night" (40); three years later, he celebrates how the same wonderful doors, "for nearly three years ... have been left open at night" (6). Nothing else had been done to relieve the terrible over-crowding of the chronic patients.

In an era marked by change and improvement in the mental sciences no less than everywhere else, the Asylum is considerably less modern and "improved" than he would like. His rather cynical vision of it seems consistent with the way he sees mental health, as a painfully accumulated sum of differences between an innate improving force and a dead weight of hereditary taint and weakness. The Asylum itself seems not unlike one of the over- strained machines of Clark's analogizing. A "screaming locomotive" was his favourite vehicle for the dangerous forces mankind had to control to "progress." He would have derived it from his experience of the same as they disturbed the Asylum night[lxxvi] and dramatized by their alarming proximity the loss of at least one thing "asylum" meant.[lxxvii] Without proper regulation the train would go off the track or simply break down. Something like the latter fate seems to befall mental health care at the Toronto Asylum.[lxxviii]

from it leading into a stairwell. The "X" was probably drawn by Daniel Clark to indicate the location of the cook, Dora McIlroy's room on the floor below. The line would then indicate the route of Alice Bedson and Owen McIlroy, into the stairwell where he was alleged to have assaulted her. Finding it now is rather like looking for buried treasure, and stumbling instead upon the plans for how it was stolen.

Alice appears to have been committed under a Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant. On her "Schedule 2" form her "insanity," which seems to have manifested itself in "uncontrollable" behaviour, including an attempt to drown herself in the bay, is attributed to "menstral" [sic] difficulties. She is supposed to have been insane for about four years, although she was previously temperate and industrious, etc. When the form was completed in 1883 she was twenty-one years old.

The first doctor to examine her in gaol indicates that she had more than once attempted to drown herself in the bay, that she talked "in an excited manner," and was restless. She wandered about the gaol and laughed "foolishly." She had evidently been interested in the doctor's scarf pin, and had tried to remove it. While the second doctor agrees that Alice was "garrulous," he asserts that she had a good memory and spoke "connectedly." This doctor evidently solicited more personal information than the first, and records that Alice had told him that she had been abused by her parents on account of a fortune which had been left her by will. She had been removed from the river on Saturday or Sunday, where she said she had been bathing; she explained that she had not removed her clothing out of modesty: "She says she went in up to her neck and then ducked her head under the water for a bath."

Such information could not have helped her case against McIlroy. Though Clark would have known as much, he might have been forced to mention Alice's alleged "erotomania" as a kind of forestalling action, or as an explanation of Alice's still being confined in January of 1886 and a rebuttal of the charge that she was insane at the time of the alleged rape: she was "kept in the institution longer perhaps than was absolutely necessary, for fear that she should get into bad company." Finally, he might have mentioned it simply because it had already been alluded to in Alice's file.

letter in hand, Clark proceeded to Station Number One on Court Street, and ordered a detective to arrest McIlroy, which he did shortly after midnight, at his father's house. At Police Court the next morning Clark laid a "formal information" against McIlroy.

(Clark's "Information")[lxxiv]

Clark swears that he knew Alice Bedson when she was an inmate of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, from her admission in June of 1883 to her discharge in August of 1886, "sufficiently recovered to be at large." He emphasizes that in January, or in other words at the time of the assault, she was "comparatively improved." He confirms such facts as having seen Owen McIlroy at the Ball, and having seen Dora McIlroy ill and in bed that same evening.

For the first time Clark indicates that he attributed her "insanity" to some kind of sexual disorder, specifically "erotomania." Clark insists that this would "not affect her memory to any extent," and that in such cases "the patient is not subject to delusions in that direction." His language indicates that she might have been subject to sexual delusions and fantasies. Such a diagnosis appears to reflect the same symptoms that led William Bedson to indicate "menstral [sic] difficulties" on her admission form. It would also be consistent with the "inclinations" that Clark suspected her of and later indicated to the Evening News. Clark fails to explain precisely how Alice's delusions and fantasies would not involve memory, especially when recalling some explicitly sexual episode; perhaps there really is not satisfactory explanation. Clark's texts appear to expose him in an equivocation.

Alice's Admission File contains copies of the "Schedule 2" information form, the original of which appears to have been completed by Alice's father, William Bedson, prior to her committal in 1883. It also includes copies of statements by two medical doctors, dated respectively June 4 and June 5, 1883, the original "Transfer Warrant," dated June 11, 1883, and finally the "Warrant of Discharge," dated August 26, 1886.

There is nothing pertaining to Alice's subsequent trouble, except a copy of the "Plan of the Principal Story" attached to the top of the file. Someone has drawn an "X" over a room in the "Corridor for Female Patients" and a line testimony seems to have damaged Alice's case. Her soft-spokenness is taken as a confirmation of the "mental enfeeblement" Clark had attributed to her. The writer reports that after she stated that she had danced later that day with McIlroy, and on subsequent occasions, Judge Cameron informed Alice's lawyer that if he had no stronger evidence he would direct an acquittal. He then did so, on the grounds that Alice had made no complaint or outcry, that the act appeared to be voluntary, and that the "immediate complaint is necessary to establish a charge of rape." The newspaper account concludes with a rather glowing depiction of the McIlroys:

> [McIlroy], who was composed during the terrible ordeal to which he was subjected, at last broke down when as he left the dock his sister and mother reached out over the railing, warmly grasped his hand and kissed him, then his father, an old white-haired man, with brimming eyes and a face whose every line was one of joy and gladness, grasped him and also kissed him

On January 10, 1886, Clark merely records his having attended Assize Court that day with the terse observation that the case "did not come off" The next day he reports that he interviewed with Mr. Jissing, Queen's Counsel, whose opinion, that "there is no law to meet the case and ... the scoundrel must be discharged" (457). The Charities Act would not "meet the case" as it addresses only "Idiots & Inebriates" (457). On January 15 Clark reports the discharge of McIlroy from court, with Judge Cameron's comment that it did not mean that McIlroy was innocent but that he had not committed rape, as "the girl gave her consent although a lunatic" (457). Clark's emphasis seems to imply that both things could not be true; by virtue of being a "lunatic" Alice would have had no consent to give. Clark concludes, with a heavy stroke of the pen, that "law is an enigma."

Clark's seeming frenzy to apprehend a culprit, and his near certainty that the culprit would be a staff member appear to be related. The frenzy could be attributed to guilt, and a generalized guilt over conditions at the Asylum is indicated by Clark's assumption. It is as if by pursuing McIlroy, Clark performed a kind of expiation for other things he knew about and recorded in the same Diary, but which he also knew would never be as public as this case.

Consistently with the headlines, the writer emphasizes Alice's vulnerable haplessness, her being not only a girl but unfortunate. Perhaps inadvertently the writer makes an ironic connection between Alice's "treatment" by McIlroy and the treatment she should have had from the hospital staff. His reference to her having been "confined" is similarly negative. The lines could easily precede a depiction of a more systematic abuse, rather than the rather luridly painted episode that follows. Indeed, their effect is to connect the episode to the Asylum as possibly more than an aberration and to situate it, perhaps somewhat exploitatively, in what might aptly be called contemporary asylum culture.

The reporter offers some new information about Alice, in particular that she had already been known to the police before the McIlroy business. Some five years ago communication had been sent to a newspaper, that she was being abused by her parents, Inspector Newhall had gone with a reporter to her parents' home on Alice Street, where Alice had been found in an upstairs bedroom, physically sound but mentally "quite insane." Her father had explained that "her brain had been affected for several months." A few weeks later Alice had been committed to the Asylum. She had subsequently been released as cured, but three years ago had had to be readmitted on a relapse.

Owen McLroy had been employed as a keeper in one of the wards, and subsequently discharged as not "very favourably thought of." However, because of his connection with his sister, a cook in the Asylum, he had frequently visited the place and, according to the reporter "had many opportunities of speaking to the inmates." He implies that Alice Bedson was among them.

The writer describes the rather sordid transaction between Alice's physician, Dr. Hagel, and a reporter who had gone to his office at 387 Queen Street West. While her doctor had initially declined to give any information as "he had no right to discuss the affair, as his connection with the case was purely that of a professional man," he admitted to having in his possession a copy of Alice's confession. He had again declined to show it, but indicated that "a $10 bill might influence him." This confession is the same one that Clark had copied into his Asylum Diary. It is accompanied by Dr. Hagel's explanation, and his reiteration of Alice's explanation that she had not complained earlier because she had felt too ashamed.

commits it for trial because he feels "there is some evidence that she was not mentally capable of giving consent."

Judge Cameron's notes of January 22, 1886, indicate that Clark tried to make a case for Alice's mental competence by arguing that, although "after the mania ... her mind would be weak," many such patients "know right from wrong." He also explained that Alice suffered from erotomania:

> Alice Bedson was at liberty to go about but under observation. She had acute mania -- great excitement & want of control over herself -- erotomania -- nymphomania -- is a derangement of the genital organs. (131)[lxxi]

Surprisingly, considering the emphasis Clark had placed on patients not being allowed to attend the Ball, Alice admitted that she "danced with some of them," including McIlroy. Alice recounted how the latter followed her from the cook's room into the stairwell, got behind the door, and "did what was not right" (132). She also stated that while she did not want to let him, she was unable to escape or cry out. However, immediately after the assault she proceeded on her way, returned to the Ball, and danced some more. Later she had supper as usual. She admitted to seeing McIlroy and even dancing with him on subsequent occasions.

From such notes it would seem likely that Judge Cameron inferred from Alice's dancing later that evening, and with McIlroy on subsequent occasions, that she must have either consented to sexual intercourse at the time or at least not resented or resisted it very much. Alice's acting as if she had not been raped sufficiently argues that she really had not been raped to warrant McIlroy's discharge with the verdict "not guilty."

The writer for the Evening Telegram of January 15, 1887, states that Clark explained to Mr. N. G. Bigelow, McIlroy's lawyer, that Alice suffered from "erotomania" and that "no person with it is mentally chaste." One might wonder whether anyone else would be "mentally" chaste either, or how "mental chastity" could be proven or, for that matter, denied; nevertheless, such

Alleged Author of Her Ruin." "A girl's madness" combines the vulnerability of being a woman, a young woman, and mad with ideas of innocence and possibly even temporariness which make McIlroy's assault look all the more unchivalrously "advantageous." The Asylum appears simultaneously as a place of refuge and a place of darkness and horror. As a refuge it makes McIlroy's violation all the more dramatic; as a place of darkness it serves as a foil for Alice's subsequent revelations.

Yet the content of the article suggests a more penetrable space. One might wonder what kind of histories the writer refers to when he observes that the case is "probably without a precedent in the history of Toronto institutions," since even the Annual Reports mention instances of abuse among patients, suicides, murders, and elopements. However, he immediately glances at another body of lore, better acquaintance with which might have made Alice's adventure less surprising:

> For several days there were ugly rumours current on the streets as to the treatment experienced by an unfortunate young girl confined in the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, but it was not until a late hour last night that any definite statements were made. It was indefinitely hinted that a girl named Alice Bedson had been outraged while she was still a patient in the Asylum, and that a few months after she had been discharged from the institution as cured, she was delivered of a child, but those who had any knowledge of the management of the institution were loth [sic] to believe that there was any foundation for the reports.

Many might have known fairly soon of Alice's delivery. In his Asylum Diary Clark indicates that the father told him. Miss Bastedo would subsequently have told a few colleagues, after which the story would have been quickly spread throughout the Asylum, if it had not been already It also seems quite possible that Alice's neighbours knew about her delivery, and even some of the Asylum staff, such as McIlroy's sister. If rumour had really been as rampant as the writer for the Evening News suggests, some people must have known about the matter for months. The last sentence above certainly suggests that some people knew about it before Clark.

prepared by Clark and had only imperfectly revised it. The version here, in which Clark appears to have asserted that "A day or so before the birth of the child the matter was communicated to me," is slightly inconsistent with the version in Clark's Asylum Diary, where he indicates that the news was communicated to him by the father immediately after the birth -- and as a complete surprise to Clark. Similarly, in the newspaper version Clark appears to have directly interrogated Alice, and to have sent Miss Bastedo only when he had been unable to elicit any information himself, in fact, or at least according to the Diary, Clark and Bastedo together attempted to see Alice together on November 7, and were not allowed to see her. On November 13, Alice revealed the identity of the father to Miss Bastedo, Dr. Hagel, and others. In his interview with the press, Clark obviously defended himself and his staff against any blame. This portion of the article concludes with language that sounds like Clark's own:

> The facts of the case are sufficient to exculpate the Asylum officials from any blame, as the strictest supervision is maintained in every department, and the whole blame lies at the door of a dirty rascal who took advantage of his knowledge of the institution and his visit to it as a guest to commit a villainous outrage.

(Alice Testifies and Justice Cameron Notes)

Alice testifies that McIlroy entered the room where she was visiting with the cook, Dora McIlroy, followed her upstairs, "pushed me against the door .. pulled up my clothes and had connection with me." She describes a second, similar assault in the milking barn. While she tried to escape, she did not scream "because he stopped my breath." Alice must have been asked how else she resisted, because she adds "I don't know how my hands were when he assaulted me." Detective Henry Reburn recounts that when arrested McIlroy told his mother "I suppose it is that bitch of a Bedson."

Police Magistrate Denison comments that he did not cross examine Alice Bedson because "I stated that I did not believe a jury would consider that she really resisted." While he is not very confident that Alice has a case, he

Clark finally examined Alice himself the next morning, especially on those points he had already dwelled upon in his "Information." He almost appears to be covering himself, or corroborating his own testimony, albeit retroactively. Perhaps he really wanted to make Alice's case as strong as possible, at the same time he must have felt constrained by her problematic and value-ridden diagnosis. At any rate he writes in his Diary that he found her sitting up, both her mental condition and her memory "good" (445). Alice confirmed her previous statements to Dr. Hagel and Miss Bastedo, and added some interesting details, such as McIlroy's surprising her in the cow shed, and even some dialogue, such as her threatening to "tell Lizzie" (one of the dairy maids), and McIlroy's replying "I don't care for Lizzie. You won't give me away" (447). Clark asked what he must have felt she would only be more pointedly asked by McIlroy's lawyer. Alice explained that after her work she had been afraid to tell and that "she would not marry [McIlroy] as she did not like him and never did" (447). Clark indicates that he felt satisfied as to the truth of her statements. Unfortunately, as he might have suspected, their legality, or force in a case of alleged rape, would prove less satisfying to the Judge.

Miss Bastedo visited Alice a fourth time on November 22, at her father's house on Denison Ave., and found her "suffering from a sore breast" (447). While Clark does not say so, it is obvious that Alice's case, which had originally been remanded to this day, has been postponed because of this illness. Clark must have sent Miss Bastedo to find out what was wrong. On November 26 he writes that the case has been postponed yet again, because of "incapacity to appear according to evidence of Dr. Hagel, her medical attendant" (447). Clark's phrase seems to indicate physical as opposed to mental incapacity, the latter being something he tends to de-emphasize if not deny, from a desire to support Alice's testimony and have McIlroy punished. Clark reports visiting Alice himself on November 26, and expresses his agreement with Dr. Hagel.

("Infamous": The Evening News Reports on November 16, 1886)

The Evening News presents the incident with a large one-word headline on the front page, "INFAMOUS," followed by a series of smaller-type, but equally melodramatic phrases: "A Terrible Crime Brought to Light," "A Scoundrel Takes Advantage of a Girl's Madness," "And Criminally Assaults Her in the Asylum," "She Bears a Child and Makes a Confession," and "Arrest of the

In a portion of the column headed "Dr. Clarke's Statement" the writer reports that Clark was interviewed Monday night, when he expressed his conviction of the truth of Alice's statements. The writer reiterates, as from Clark himself, some of the details of McIlroy's employment mentioned above. According to Clark, McIlroy had been discharged on June 11, 1885, for "brutally ill-using a patient." He had obtained an invitation to the Attendants' ball from his sister, a cook in the Asylum.

On this occasion Clark described Alice's illness as "a mild species of melancholy madness." This seems inconsistent with the explanation that she was confined because she was

> a strong, well-built girl, and had been kept in the institution longer perhaps than was absolutely necessary, for fear that she should get into bad company, as it was suspected that her inclinations would lead her in that direction.

Clark hints at a combination of physical attractiveness and promiscuity that could not have helped Alice's character in rape case.

That she was so "strong and healthy" accounts for her working in the kitchen and the milking house, where she "got on friendly terms" with the cook, McIlroy's sister. In explaining how Alice would have had contact with McIlroy at the Ball, on January 22, 1886, Clark sheds some light on relations between patients and staff at the late 19th-century institution. Alice's relationship with the cook and other members of the staff with whom she worked, in the kitchen and the milk house, seems to have earned her certain privileges, including the right to witness the Ball, although patients were not normally allowed to attend. On learning that the cook, McIlroy's sister, was ill, Alice and McIlroy left the Ball together to visit her in her basement room. On their return to the ballroom they entered a passage to the upstairs flat, where McIlroy closed the doors behind them and assaulted Alice. McIlroy assaulted her again four days later, in the milk-house, probably in a stall at the far end of the building.

At some point (for example, in the middle of the second column, where one reads, without quotation marks, "A day or so before the birth of the child the matter was communicated to me, and I at once took steps to investigate, etc.)" the narrative shifts from third to first person, as if the writer was using a text

From head and throat to her heard and diaphragm there was a "painful thread" inside her. It was not mere "fancy," since "a vessel broke somewhere and I bled in a stream as I might at a month [monthly period?] but it was arterial blood and was red not dark or viscous." While this bleeding did not relieve the "thread" it calmed her enough "to bear quietly the scene that through the door I did not see but could hear -- ... the two nights of suffering before the Sunday on which my husband died." The husband lay all that time before her door on a mattress and "it seemed that every breath he drew dragged hard upon this thread." She had hoped that "this thread of life imaginary or real was broken with his life," but it was not. Now she wonders whether she "can ever have any relief from it in applying to you."

(A Large Correspondence)

The nature of the correspondence preserved in the women's file indicates that such writing was not consistently intercepted. The replies to the old lady and her daughters, or as often to the officials regarding concerns the women had expressed to correspondents in England and the United States, indicate that many of their letters made it out, even when the contents were "disturbed" or "disturbing" or, occasionally, "incoherent" and "disconnected."

Perhaps it made a difference that the women's correspondents, principally an in-law in England and the daughter (herself a physician) of family friends in the United States, were alert to interruptions in writing and complaints about conditions. The women themselves, especially the old lady, reacted quite vigorously to any interruption in letters from the outside, or in the regular gifts (sometimes whole trunkfuls of clothing) on which, to judge by their photograph, they depended for their relatively high standard of living and which they managed to use to great effect.

The widow of the husband's only brother wrote Dr. Clark on June 3, 1894 that "I receive from them letters which are very rational & nice in feeling, and they express admiration for the Institution which shelters them." From another letter to the Medical Superintendent, dated March 28, 1908, it seems that the women had complained of "want of privacy at night." The in-law enquired about the cost of a "double-bedded room." Later the old lady complained about their move to Cottage A, although one of her daughters, who Dr. Clark

Exactly one week after the first entry, Clark reports receiving letters from Alice's physician, Dr. Hagel, and her father, William Bedson, informing him that Alice had "sufficiently recovered from her confinement to be able to make a confession, were she so inclined" (439). Clark immediately dispatched Miss Bastedo, "to interview the patient" (439). Though Alice initially denied knowing who the father was, she finally made the following statement "to Miss Bastedo alone and afterwards to both Miss Bastedo & Dr. Hagel," which Clark copies into his Diary from Dr. Hagel's original.

> Owen McIlroy evening of Attendants' Ball. He followed me downstairs and crowded me against the door using me roughly. Also in the milking shed. Pulled me over on a pile of straw. This occurred a few days after the Ba... Think on the Sunday following. He used violence on both occasions. These were the only times. No other did likewise.

Clark explains with a "Vide Supra" that "Attendants' Ball was held on January 22, 1886" (441), or approximately when Alice's child would have been conceived. He also explains that Owen McIlroy had been discharged by him "some time previously" (441), but had been invited back for the Ball by his sister, "a cook in our kitchen" (441)

The next day (November 14) Clark reports that Miss Bastedo has gone a third time to the Bedson home and obtained a fuller statement from Alice, consistent with previous ones. On November 15 Clark reports sending this "confession," and his own statement identifying Owen McIlroy, to Inspector Christie. For the first time Clark adds the reason for McIlroy's discharge on June 11, 1885: "cruelty to a patient" (443).

Clark's eagerness to apprehend McIlroy is seen in his obviously intense impatience at discovering late in the evening of November 15 that the Inspector had been out of his office all day and consequently had not received his mail. Clark then went directly to the Provincial Secretary, the Hon. William Handy, who advised him to see the Deputy Attorney General. Unable to locate this official as well, either at his office or at the Parliament Buildings, and unable to find his home address, the persistent Medical Superintendent resolved to "take the matter into my own hands, lest in these delays the guilty party might escape" (443). He records that at 9:30 P.M. he drove to the residence of the Police Magistrate, Colonel Denison. With the Magistrate's

(Key Holes and Fan Lights: Thomas Merton's Complaint)

On May 15, 1889, Thomas Merton, a former patient at the Asylum for the Insane, writes the Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, W.J. O'Reilly and Robert Christie, to notify them of important matters "in connection with the treatment of patients in the Asylum."[lxii] Merton reports that while a patient in Ward No. 12 he witnessed the brutal abuse of his ward-mates by the Supervisor, Kenned y, and Assistants Rutledge and McCreary.

According to Merton, the three attendants took John Manley and Allan Kennedy into a room from which he heard "faint cries." By looking through a key-hole and the fan light over the door Merton observed as they prepared their victim by "twisting a towel in the shape of a rope & putting it around the neck & tightening it, so that they could not scream." The Attendants subsequently punched and kicked the men, sometimes "standing on the bed so that when kicking these poor fellows, they would reach high up on the body."

Merton also reports how on another occasion he observed as an evidently confused patient from the "Refractory Ward" wandered away from the rest of his walking party and an Attendant "went after him & brought him back and struck him on the head, knocked him down & kicked him in the chest & bowels." He notes, ironically, that it was "wonderful" how careful the Attendants were, not to care for but "to watch the movements of the Doctors" for the best opportunity to abuse their patients. Merton concludes that "from the cunning way in which these attendants act" only a detective, posing as "a supposed lunatic," could catch them.

It is probably important to note, rather than suppose that he is merely acting out a grudge, that Merton appears to be far from totally negative about the Asylum and its staff. He describes the abusive Kennedy's successor, Mr. Arthur Bollard, as "a model man," and expresses his gratitude for the latter's "deep interest" in himself and other patients. He recalls Bollard's starting a slightly different perspective below. On June 6, 1885, Clark examined an epileptic patient named McKay and found him "covered with bruises" (353). Convinced "they were not made by his falling or throwing himself against furniture" he understandably suspected an attendant. The Day Attendants deny any knowledge of how McKay was hurt, but Clark suspects McIlroy. In an examination on June 11, 1885, McKay reveals to Clark that "the night watch McIlroy came into his room at night + kicked + beat him with a stick. The wounds showed this + were in such parts of the body as could not be inflicted by his falling on his bed or on the floor. The wounds made by the stick were quite characteristic." Partly because McKay tells the same story to Supervisor Scully and Dr. Robinson, Clark believes him. When confronted McIlroy more or less confessed and begged Clark not to proceed against him. Clark discharged him, "convinced he was guilty of this brutal assault" (357) This was not the last of McIlroy.

On November 6, 1886, Daniel Clark records in his Asylum Diary his having been informed that night by her father "that Alice Bedson, a patient who had recovered & had been discharged on August 31st last, was delivered of a son" (435). For Clark this is "shocking news" (435). The next day, accompanied by the Matron, Nurse Bastedo, he visits her at her father's home at 13 Denison Avenue.

Clark's entry for November 7, 1886 indicates that neither of them was allowed to see Alice on this occasion, though they saw her child. Clark asserts that none of the staff at the Asylum had known anything of Alice's "condition" at the time of her discharge in August. Her own mother appears to have been unaware of it until nearly the moment of birth. Alice herself refused to tell anyone who the father was. Clark urged the parents to let Miss Bastedo alone interview Alice, in order to discover the father and arrest "the villain" (437), as he describes him. He believes the father is "one of our employees" (437).

On November 8 Clark records that he has "sent the government today a full report" about had happened to Alice Bedson. He awaits their decision. The next day he records having sent Miss Bastedo again to the Bedson home, with a five dollar gift out of his own purse, to "relieve their wants" (439) Giving this family in "destitute circumstances" some of his own money seems to have been his way of making amends for what he believed a member of his staff had done to them must have been made to discredit Mrs. Mannering, for Mr. Mannering is reported to have confessed that "he got all the information from his wife." Clark offers us some of her discourse, second hand and discredited: "It was quite evident his wife mixed fancies with facts, for he says she told him that when he came she `felt like a whipped cur + dare not speak to him for fear of doing something wrong. She was afraid the nurses might scold her.'" Clark concludes that she "mixed up her morbid fears with every day occurrences," and that therefore "the Charges were unfounded" (135)

Some cases were more concrete. Clark describes what he saw when he went into Ward 6 on the afternoon of November 20, 1881:

> found a patient recently admitted laying on his back on the [illegible]. His name is [illegible]. Supervisor R. McCreary had him by the [illegible] + attendant Eliott had him by the [illegible] + his knee on his chest. This alone [?] might be necessary [?] to secure him against [illegible] but he was "kneeing" his chest with his knee + for this I discharged. There was no necessity for such treatment. McCreary Supr. says that before I came he told the attendant he would report him for it. As McCreary has been always kind with the patients + as I saw no wrong treatment on his part, I gave him the benefit of a doubt with a warning.... (191)

Abuse, like that complained about by Thomas Merton below, could be entirely physical, or sexual as in the Bedson Case, also discussed from various viewpoints below, or the case of Clifford Freeman. On the evening of November 29, 1881, Clark learned that Clifford Freeman, an Attendant, had broadcast spying on two patients, Mrs. Black and Pat Heron, "in blacksmith shop in an improper manner together. He states positively there was no carnal connection." Clark obviously suspects that something improper was occurring, and blames Freeman for neither preventing it nor reporting the incident. "He acknowledges that he stood + watched them for a time + made no effort to separate them until it was evident that sexual connection would take place, + then he separated them." Clark discharged Freeman and gave strict orders that the adventuresome Mrs. Black was not be let "out of ward alone" (196). It is interesting that Clark would punish Freeman for conniving at sexual abuse but forgive McCreary for doing virtually the same thing in a case of physical abuse.

Merton might have been provoked by the patients seems to deflect some of the charge of abuse onto the abused. At the very least this argument indicates acceptance if not tolerance of a high level of violence.

Clark's other arguments are perhaps more disturbing. Besides defending his staff in a way that would tend to make any charges against them charges against their patients too, Clark attempts to discredit Merton's letter by attacking its factuality and ultimately Some of this attack seems trivial, as when Clark denies that Merton could have spied on the Attendants through a key-hole, because "the truth is, no key hole is cut through the door of any bedroom." One might suspect Clark of prevaricating, since many of the Wards had rooms which locked by means of large keys which presumably required equally large holes; even if none of the bedrooms had locks (which seems unlikely), Merton never stipulates that the room he peered into through a key-hole was indeed a regular bedroom.

All this is trivial compared to the issue of Merton's truthfulness. Clark most devastatingly attacks the factuality of letter by implying that it, consistent with Merton's illness, is simply delusional. Ironically, given his need to make his own memories appear more accurate and truthful than Merton's, he appears to have forgotten what Merton really was committed for in 1877. Clark himself is at the very least inaccurate. From Merton's "Case History"[lxxii] and accompanying "Certificates of Insanity," Merton's problem clearly appears to have been intense and potentially suicidal depression precipitated by excessive conscientiousness about large business transactions for which he was responsible. None of his three "Certifcates" indicates a propensity for delusions or inaccuracy of any sort, let alone deliberate misrepresentation and lying. Clark's ultimate response to Merton's letter appears to have been to silence it by invoking a general dismissal of madness as delusional, at odds with the particular's of Merton's actual diagnosis. Or perhaps Clark himself was lying.

("That Bedson Bitch": Alice Bedson, Daniel Clark and a Case of "Erotomania" (1883)[lxxiii])

Perhaps one of the most glaring cases of abuse involved a patient, Alice Bedson, and Night Watch McIlroy, whose later escapades are presented from a thought lived on a "higher plane" than her siblings, expressed a "decided feeling of disappointment in regard to the change," as Cottage B had been "their home for so many years." When the "difficult" of the three daughters, who lived apart from the others in one of the wards in the main building, died of pneumonia in 1917 (a casualty of the influenza epidemic of World War I?), the grief-stricken women's correspondent received "2 or 3 pages from each of which no sense or connection can be made."

Their removal to Cobourg on August 20, 1920 was not entirely successful. They are described doing "fancy work" and "constantly adding to their own comforts by articles they purchase down town," the Superintendent writes from Cobourg on June 2, 1921 But they feel that "the climate in Cobourg is very bad for them," and the old lady secretly writes Secretary Nixon for a transfer for herself and family, back to Toronto.

The daughter Daniel Clark thought lived on a "higher plane" than the others turned up on Saturday afternoon, when the Toronto Asylum got a phone call from a woman living nearby. The daughter was in her house and would they come and get her? Dr. Clare wrote to ask the Superintendent at Cobourg either to take the daughter back or send the rest of "the family" to Toronto. The family was reunited in Toronto, with (according to the Superintendent at Cobourg, who thought it prudent to warn his counterpart of their imminent approach) "luggage to burn." The contents of this are circumstantially listed, on half a dozen sheets of paper headed, "White Trunk," "Green Trunk," "Cretonne Box," etc.

In 1923 the mother caught erysipelas from one of her daughters. She was 86 and died of the attack on March 22. The daughter died April 1, 1923.

Grim Realities: Abuse[lxx]

There can be no doubt that patients were abused by staff. Clark reports that on October 4, 1888, Mr. Mannering came to him in his office and accused Nurses in Ward 11 of "using improper language to his wife + slapping her face when feeding her." He sent for Supervisor Wood, and Attendants Scott and Earle, who denied the charge and indicated that, far from being unhappy with her treatment, Mrs Mannering had given Miss Wood a present. Some attempt calisthenics class which he enjoyed; he only wisshes that "all the attendants were like Mr. Bollard."

However, he does not feel so positive about the place that he can forebear mentioning that he once considered himsself "unfortunate" to have been a patient there. If he now considers himself "fortunate," it is not simply to have been there but to have been there and "to see & know so much as I do now." It is perhaps unclear whether he feels himself more fortunate as a witness or as a survivor; he now appears to have been both.

Merton also takes pains to appear truthful and accurate. He seems rather precise, considering that the events he describes transpired 10 to 12 years. He emphasizes his efforts to give dates and names as "correctly" as he can, and to be "truthful in the details." He characterizes his condition at the time as "all right," except for his intense "despondency or melancholy." However, he insists, he was "quite sharp" in terms of knowing what went on around him. His being book-keeper at Messrs. Kendrie & Co, suggests that his present mental condition is sound and moreover that his character is good if not excellent. As he presents himself there is not now and never has been anything the matter with him that should cause anyone to doubt the truthfulness and accuracy of his statements.

Dr. Clark's reply to the Inspectors' enquiry concerning Merton's letter is dated May 20, 1889 and is preserved in the same file with it. Clark reports that he remembers Supervisor Kennedy as an Attendant of "good reputation" and a "kind man" who "would not be guilty of the cruelties Mr. Merton accuses him of." Kennedy has since retired from the Asylum service and gone into business.

Rutledge's later violent death while working as a guard at the Central Prison is used to imply that he was the sort of man who was more likely to have been the victim than the victimizer McCreary, at the time of writing the Supervisor of Ward 16, is alleged to be "one of the kindest men in the Asylum." Moreover, the patients alleged to have been abused, John Manley and Allan Kennedy, were themselves never "abusive or violent," so were unlikely to have incited "the cruel attendant" or "the short-tempered one."

Defending the Attendants named by Merton, Clark acknowledges that abusive attendants exist. His implication that the sort of abuse described by

William Harman is almost certainly dying of syphilis. The early portion of his history might remind one of Palmer's. Both were athletic young men whose energies seemed to find temporary release in alcoholic excess. Both seemed to overcome their alcoholism only to succumb to syphilis, which was probably contracted from some casual sexual contact, in which alcohol quite conceivably was a factor. Each seems haunted in his troubled lifetime by the spectre of his own unfilled promise, which it is possible to imagine that Palmer acknowledges by claiming western ranches while confined in the walled Asylum on Queen Street West, and Harman by nourishing a fictive "brother" with food that he cannot eat himself.

(A Letter in a Bottle)[lxvii]

The "History" of Herbert Metcalfe[lxviii] indicates that he was admitted to the "Asylum for the Insane" on November 15, 1882, as a "pay patient" at 3 dollars per week, supported by his father. He was 20 years old, single, of "good education," and of the Methodist persuasion. His habits of life had been regular until the present attack, which began three months ago. He believed "that his food was poisoned" and would not eat.

The "Form K" or "Certificate of Insanity" completed by Dr. Ogden has had the printed regulation requiring "the certificates (Form K) of three medical practitioners" amended to read "two medical practitioners." Under "facts indicating insanity" Dr. Ogden lists "remarkable restlessness," pointless wandering, doubts about paternity, and suspiciousness of friends:

> fancies every friend is combined against him & all are & have been for some years making deliberate attempts to administer to him poison by his food .... Imagines he is not really the son of his parents at all

Under "facts ... communicated to me by others" he records Herbert Metcalfe's insistence that he not go out except at night, "when he cannot be observed."

In the second "Certificate," Dr. Burns records, under his own observations, Metcalfe's convictions that his family have poisoned his food and generally "conspired to destroy his life. He also records, under the same heading, The next morning he confronted his sister and ordered her to stop giving him Spanish Flies. Again, her agitation is interpreted as guilt. His mother and his brother tell him it is all "foolishness." Unfortunately, and inexplicably, he told his doctor that he suspected arsenic poisoning, which the doctor informed him was inconsistent with his symptoms. He subsequently tried to board with friends, but was unable to remain away for a sufficiently long test period, because of his "nervousness."

The failure of a subsequent test period, his sister's two month absence in the summer, to confirm his favourite hypothesis, led him to have his father take him to "Dr. Clark the clairvoyant." While Metcalfe is satisfied with Clark's describing his condition "to perfection," he is disappointed that he did not mention poisoning.

Meanwhile Metcalfe began to doubt that his mother really was his mother, arguing that her remarking how much he resembled her when there was not "the slightest resemblance," was only her way of protesting too much.

Metcalfe recounts being interviewed by Dr. Ogden and, a few days later, Dr Clark. Dr. Ogden said nothing after his initial examination, but he records Clark's remark after his that "this thing will have to be looked into." That, Metcalfe writes, is the last he has heard from them.

Thus Metcalfe's letter is written between examination and confinement. It being superior to anything the doctors obtained from him, it is perhaps not surprising that he asks his unnamed addressee to "send a good doctor well up in such things to examine me, and show him this letter." Despite his plea that it not be made public "at present anyway," it must have been discovered by the doctors, or by the bailiff, seized, and inserted in his file. The strange qualification indicates that Metcalfe anticipated its eventual release, perhaps because he intended to use it one day against his mother, whom he hopes his addressee will send a detective to arrest, the poison still "on her."

(Asylum Aristocracy: The Chain of Life)[lxx]

A 51 year old Presbyterian Scottish "housekeeper," Mrs. Highborn had been committed to the Asylum by Governor-General's Warrant on December 30, At this point in his narrative Metcalfe introduces a key element, a hitherto unnamed "habit" which he accuses his mother as well as his sister of wanting to "continue" him in. Metcalfe himself seems to connect this "bad habit," which of course is masturbation, to the solitude which, indirectly through poisoning him and rendering him too self-consciously nervous to appear in public, he blames on his relatives. His sister is also responsible in more direct ways:

> I may say that my sister frequently exposed herself in my view, at once showing herself perfectly nude, and yet she never seemed to expect anything in return.

The statement that she "never seemed to expect anything in return" seems to imply that she did not seek sexual intercourse with him, but merely to drive him to masturbation and thereby to madness.

While Metcalfe is able to obtain a "situation" in the city, his "nervousness" increases and he begins to despair, partly because he "cannot account for it." Given some of the ways that would have occurred to the reader by now, it is arguable that there would have been some psychological reasons for the inability to account for his "nervousness." Given that a principal symptom of the disorder appears to be the refusal to acknowledge a great deal of guilt, it is not surprising that he cannot account for it. The failure to account, in the face of all the reasons, appears to be the disease itself.

Metcalfe describes himself avoiding all "public assemblages," sitting always "in some dark corner of the gallery," and often wishing that he was dead. Finally, he had to give his job. Things only deteriorated at home. With his by now customary sensitivity to being seen, he describes how it troubled him that at table his sister always sat where she could see him while not being seen herself.

That fall he fell ill with typhoid fever. He was mainly bothered by a sore throat and, consistent with his hypothesis, diarrhoea. This finally convinced him that he was being poisoned:

> I was thunderstruck. I was surprised I hadn't thought of it before. Naturally I suspected my sister.

(The Painful Thread of Life)

Some after her committal the old lady wrote Dr. Daniel Clark a note which has been preserved in her file. She begins her rather fragmentary note rather decorously, as one might expect a "refined" and "highly educated" Victorian lady to do:

> I am aware this is irrelevant except perhaps to you in your Profession[,] But my Mind Body or Estate are not my own to preserve or retain where it appears to my mind right or wrong.

In a letter from the Asylum Cottage, dated March 27, 1895, she discusses the events leading up to her committal. Again she begins rather decorously, explaining the reason for the letter:

> Yesterday in your walking visit I did not like to detain you nor could I say intelligently what I need in the presence of other Patients.

What follows is not very decorous. She relates how she asked Dr. Clark to admit her some five months before her husband's death, possibly implying some responsibility on his part for what followed. After he refused to admit her (for what would have been the second time), she returned home where her husband gave her "a small room that contained two single beds."

She admits that "I feared him and through him my family they being so ill." She slept in one bed and her daughter in the other, the husband possibly alternated between them. Fearing her husband as she did, "I could not have remained 5 months in that small space," without "implicit Faith in his Person Mind and Circumstances," especially considering all the persons he brought home with him, who were "singular and unusual."

She finally comes to what she "needs," which is Dr. Clark's "Advice as a Physician." She also argues that merely asking for it, proves a degree of sanity, since she had to have been at least "well enough in mind" to know that she was ill. She describes the symptoms of her illness in great detail.

Seated near the front of the church, with "very few people ... seated between myself and the Minister," he feels himself "an object of attention" and loses "complete control" of himself. Yet again, the reader might suspect that just as when Metcalfe mistakes significant for insignificant symptoms, possibly from confounding effects with causes, he "mistakes" a subjective for an objective event. The discrepancy between Metcalfe's wrestling with angels and remaining seated before the entire congregation, suggests that little or nothing outwardly happened.

> How I managed to last out the sermon, I can never tell. My eyes I know had a wild maniacal look. I could keep them on no object for a quarter of a minute at a time. I tried hiding my eyes but it was of no use my feature also were beyond control.

That the whole invisible scene transpires within the church, and during a sermon, suggests that Metcalfe is really describing the turmoil of a guilty soul. He naturally feels himself observed because he is in church, and naturally feels there is something to observe, because he feels guilty. That guilt is probably not symtpom but cause in his case is consistent with the immediate aftermath below, and with some of the other details he presents.

Metcalfe asserts that he was similarly affected ever after, but nevertheless finds it "singular" that his sister could not look him "straight in the face." While such inability is commonly associated with shame and guilt, one's inability to look someone in the face could easily be misconstrued as that other's, and moreover such inability could be due to shame or guilt. Perhaps it is no coincidence that Metcalfe has chosen as a pivotal event in his narrative of his case, an episode both highly symbolic and fraught with meeting and capable of deflecting that meaning away from himself. Similarly, that his sister "seemed agitated in my presence," could obviously be attributed as much to his own agitation as to hers over what he suspected her of having done. What might have been a symptom or a reflection of his own disorder, of his own guilt, becomes instead his first real clue as to the guilt of his sister.

Metcalfe describes how, after his first attack, his "nervousness and self consciousness" discouraged him from going about in public. At the general store where he worked he began to serve only younger customers, avoiding adults from fear of being "noticed." For a year after the family moved from Newcastle to Toronto, he was unable to work at all.

1891. Because she was transferred to Cobourg in 1920, and returned to Toronto a few years later, her "Case Notes" and other papers were filed among more recent admissions. She lived with two of her daughters in one of the Cottages. A third daughter lived in the ward.

The "family," as they were called by Dr. Harvey Clare and other authorities, belonged to the Asylum aristocracy. Their presence, especially the almost iconically Victorian appearance of the old lady, must have reminded staff and patients of a time not long ago but made remote by technological and cultural transformation and by the disaster of World War I.

A photograph, done as a post card, shows the old lady with two daughters, who had been committed with her. They are in a greenhouse, probably on the Asylum grounds. The old lady, seated in a wicker arm chair, is very well dressed, in a light-coloured dress and a black shawl with a wide lacy white collar. She wears a white cap and white gloves. She is looking directly at the camera. One daughter, more plainly dressed in a long square-checked skirt and a matching top, sits beside her on a wooden chair, a small purse in her lap. She looks towards her mother. The other daughter stands behind them. She wears a black skirt and plain white blouse. She looks away.

Their story also seems oddly Victorian. Her "Schedule 2" indicates that the old lady suffered from strange "delusions," including the belief that "horses are female." She had been admitted to the Toronto Asylum once before 1891, and had been charged with assault. She was probably an alcoholic. At least the "Schedule 2" mentions that she had recently (ie., the late 1880s) "become addicted to the use of liquor."

The "Certificate" (the original signed by Dr. Richardson) indicates that the doctors had difficulty reconciling her "refinement" (the "Schedule 2" notes her "high education") with her conversation. Both Dr. Richardson and Dr. Watson remark (with disapproval) her tendency to discuss sexual matters in front of her daughters, openly and without embarrassment. These matters were troubling, as they included, according to Dr. Richardson, the topic of "her husband and his genital organs," and his sleeping with his daughters. Whether this "sleeping" involved incest or not is not absolutely certain, since the old lady told Dr. Watson that her husband "was unable to do anything; he had no organ, it was much like a woman's parts." She subsequently ignored (or spurned?) her husband when he was literally "dying at her door."

information similar to the above about Metcalfe's refusal to go out except at night. Perhaps this information was volunteered by Herbert Metcalfe himself, as Dr. Burns appears to have quoted his statement that people were "looking at him." Under "facts ... communicated to me by others" Dr. Burns merely indicates his having received information from Metcalfe's father which "corroborates" the above observations.

A "Probational Bond," signed by Metcalfe's father, indicates that Herbert Metcalfe was released into custody on January 23, 1883.

Herbert Metcalfe's admission file contains a letter by himself, dated November 9, 1882, or about a week before his committal. This amounts to a self-diagnosis considerably more sophisticated than the ones above.

He writes as if to a police detective, or a similar authority, informing him of an alleged "case of poisoning," which he eventually reveals to be his own. First, however, he states some information about his family and himself, such as his father's currently being an employee of the Massey Manufacturing Company in Toronto, and having worked for the same company in Newcastle, where he himself was first afflicted with what he calls "extreme nervousness."

To many readers Metcalfe's symptoms of poisoning would indicate something else. His diagnosis, with its wealth of detailed first-hand information, lends itself to alternate interpretations, unhampered and possibly helped by his entertaining an obviously implausible hypothesis. He becomes the kind of narrator who seems unable to draw the obvious moral from experience that resembles a parable to everyone but himself, to whom it is an utterly different story.

It is possibly significant that Metcalfe is first attacked by his "nervousness" in church. While Metcalfe is primarily concerned with nervousness, he indicates in his description of the first attack a preoccupation with appearances or with avoiding being seen, that to many would itself appear to be a more significant symptom of a worse disorder. His reactions to his symptoms are more significant than the symptoms themselves, indeed are more pathologically "symptomatic." At the same time, they make the reader self-consciously aware of his own arbitrary role in constituting disease.

A letter from Lawyer Chadwick dated August 21, 1882, accompanied a note from Palmer's brother (lost?) and a copy of a letter to Chadwick from Palmer's mother. Regarding the letter from Palmer's brother, Chadwick assumes (correctly, it seems) that "you look over letters to patients before allowing them to be delivered to them." The absence of the letter suggests that Dr. Lett (acting in Clark's absence) examined it and passed it on. As for the letter from Palmer's mother, Chadwick solicits Dr. Lett's opinion.

The copy of this letter remains in the file. In it Mrs. Palmer expresses her shock at the news she received from Power Palmer about his brother's illness. She had noticed her son's evident "mania" for land in his last letter, and expresses her regret that it might all be lost. She "trusts," indicating some misgivings and suggesting also that Palmer had a history of trouble, that Palmer was not confined because "that sort of thing always had such a bad eff ect on him, & his immense stock of animal strength & spirits required such constant air & exercise to keep him all right." A line has been drawn in the margin beside this passage, as if Dr. Lett read it and took it very seriously.

She attributes her son's illness to a combination of overwork at College and the effect of a serious injury he sustained from a "violent blow" playing hurley. This "seemed somehow to alter the shape of his head" and also accounts for the scarred eye which it "nearly destroyed." His condition seems to have been aggravated by "company that did not suit," which must have been dangerous given his desire "to marry every pretty girl he met."

From the mother's account one gathers the impression of a young man with the dangerous combination of a strong nature and a judgement impaired by organic injury. One must also suspect, probably as a consequence of the two, the onslaught of incurable syphilis. Mrs. Palmer hopes that "some good experienced attendant ... who would also be a kindly companion" in "a healthy country place" might restore her son's health. One might also perceive in the texts themselves the emergence of a tragic opposition between the young man and the open spaces he has such affinity and enthusiasm for, and his destiny of confinement in an insane asylum.

For in his reply to Lawyer Chadwick's letter of August 21, acknowledging his receipt of the copy of Mrs. Palmer's letter, Dr. Lett reacts rather negatively to her proposal: "The kind of treatment which she suggests is at present out of the question." Dr. Lett's argument for confining Palmer is also a defense and a

Harry Blanchard Stewart Palmer is first admitted on July 29, 1882. He was born in Guelph, and is a resident of Prince Albert in what was then the North West Territories. He is 24 years old, though for some reason on his "History" his age is stated as "25 on Oct. 4." Single and childless, he suffers from delusions of being "worth millions" and having "a number of wives", he has already had at least one similar attack. His "habits of life" are described as "irregular," and the "supposed causes" of his illness are "intemperance and sexual excesses."

Other information indicates that Harry Palmer is unusually well-off and even privileged. The "History" of July 29, 1882 describes him as "well educated." He has an interest in a "trust estate" amounting to from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, a brother in Hamilton and an attorney, Mr. Chadwick, to represent him in Toronto. His file contains such signs of relative luxury as numerous receipts for fruit and a bill for repairs to his guitar.

Under "facts indicating insanity," directly observed by himself, Dr. George Wright lists Blanchard's talking "in the most extravagant manner." The factual content of "extravagant" is never specified, but runs the gamut from the plausible complaint of having been "unfairly treated" and imprisoned in Prince Albert, where he has a "large landed interest," through the more doubtful assertion of his currently prosecuting his partners for "false imprisonment," to the quite incredible claim of being about to "start for Egypt with a military contingent."

But that some of his "extravagances" are based in fact is confirmed in the section of "facts ... communicated ... by others," where Dr. Wright records the information of Palmer's friends, that "he had had to be confined as dangerous by the Mounted Police." Palmer must have been arrested in Saskatchewan, confined there for a while, and brought back to Toronto. One might wonder whether he had been treated "unfairly," but no one can doubt that, notwithstanding his wealth and privilege, he must have been roughly treated.

The certificate signed by Dr. Barrett repeats some of the above "facts," in particular Palmer's claim of heading off for Egypt, now with the added details that Palmer was organizing the regiment himself, and that his soldiers were to be armed with bows and arrows. Dr. Barrett appears to have enjoyed the benefit of a letter from one (Dr.?) Mulholland, "giving a narrative of his conditions of unsoundness"; it has since disappeared.

(Palmer's Letter from Prince Albert)

One of Palmer's letters, probably from the period immediately preceding his first confinement, is preserved in his first file. It is addressed to "Gentlemen & Ladies," with a small figure "2" over "Gentlemen" and a similar figure "1" over "Ladies," as if Palmer had thought it more polite to reverse the order. The hand-writing, which is probably Palmer's, is strong and clear, with minor corrections inserted here and there.

It reads rather like an advertisement. Perhaps the most striking thing about it is its enthusiastic tone, and a related tendency to veer off on a tangent, as if the enthusiasm or energy did not come from the subject matter but from something in Palmer himself, and more or less vented itself on the nearest available object. In discussing "Prince Albert" Palmer enjoys identifying the town as the "future capital" of Alberta, "a great division or province." The town has "great physical advantages" from being only 23 miles from the "Forks" from which it can "derive all the commerce it can manage and a great deal more."

With a fervour that almost seems to be a exaggerated parody of "frontier spirit," Palmer describes the two "gigantic Rivers navicable [sic] in a westerly direction." He enthuses over the "thousand miles" of the South Saskatchewan with its tributaries, the Red and Belly Rivers, and its "continuation" the Boar River. He anticipates the day when steamers like the "Lilly Northcote" and the "Northwest" will navigate the North Branch past Edmonton to Fort Calgary, "at the base of those grand hills the Rockies." Rhapsodizing over the products of the "sub Arctic forest," Palmer digresses to discuss his friend, Alex Loudoun's lost potatoes at Battleford. "his entire crop with the exception of about (12) twelve bushels being `frozen in the ground' he has to thank his own carelessness for that." Even the potato is ennobled by Palmer as "that Irish loved [loved Irish?] vegetable."

The second of Palmer's letter's dates from his second confinement. Palmer begins by asking one "Annie" if she has been lonely without him. Claiming to miss her very much, he expresses his hope of being able to see her in a month, after which they will presumably be married as "we shall meet to part no more in this life." He is so certain that he asks her to "get your truso ready darling."

have been fired soon after. He next worked for the Quebec Bank and the Imperial Bank, in rapid succession, leaving both for the same reason.

After this series of failures, Harman came to the writer in 1877, tired of his "repeated efforts to reform" and wanting to seek help "from a higher source." He subsequently had himself confirmed at St. John's Church and began a life of "absolute & total abstinence." Harman was reinstated at his last job.

In the middle of 1879 Harman's health began to fail: "he suffered from constant headaches and insomnia accompanied by great nervous irritability." He was upset even by the sound of traffic. He continued to deteriorate even after a five week rest in a hospital, till in late 1879 he was starving from "a fancied inability to swallow." At Christmas the writer consulted the doctors who eventually signed Harman's certificates: Temple, Spragge, O'Reilly, and Strange

By New Year's Eve all were anticipating Harman's death at any moment, but he rallied and by January was eating "ravenously" and becoming "fleshy and stout." He was able to dress himself, to dine with the writer, and to take short walks. It seems, however, that his illness had left him partially paralysed. In April he began again to refuse food,

At first he imagined he had a double "whom he termed his 'poor little brother'," to whom he offered the food that he refused to eat himself, and with whom he conducted long imaginary conversations "consulting him as to whether he should take the food." He subsequently became violent, in ways that the writer obviously finds painful to record. "the horrible blasphemous & obscure language he indulges with the constant belief that his vitals & __________ have been taken from him by some of us." The writer adds as an afterthought, or perhaps as a means of dulling somewhat the horror of his narrative, the information that until Harman started to starve himself again he read the newspapers and some books and "conversed quite rationally about them." He also adds the news that Harman's marriage plans had been frustrated "on more than one occasion" and that his consequent disappointments had probably contributed to his "subsequent troubles."

Dr. Llewellyn Brock indicates on the first "Certificate of Insanity," under "facts indicating insanity" observed by himself, Palmer's imagining himself in possession of "large estates in the North West," etc. Under "facts ... communicated ... by others," Dr. Brock reports a letter which Palmer had written a hotel keeper in Guelph, asking the latter to purchase ships for Palmer's ranch. Now that Palmer has lived some time in Ontario, there is more information about his activities, such as "racing on the public streets with horses" and, despite his claims of wealth, attempting to borrow money. However, his "principle mania" is to marry someone

Dr. Theating [?] repeats virtually the same facts as Dr. Brock, and adds under "facts ... communicated ... by others," the opinion of Palmer's colleagues, Stone and Saunders, that Palmer is "unfit to be at large." Lawyer Chadwick writes the next day to Dr. Daniel Clark, the regular Medical Superintendent, enclosing a bond for Palmer's maintenance and promising to pay for any "reasonable expense." He also encloses a letter which Palmer had sent home.

In his letter of February 2, 1885, Lawyer Chadwick reports having talked with Palmer "rationally about various matters," including the "advisability or rather prospect of his coming out" and asks Dr. Clark to "drop me a note on the subject." Lawyer Chadwick volunteer his is own opinion that "his case is plainly a very difficult one" as "he is in fact not sufficiently sane to be out of the Asylum and not sufficiently insane to be in it." Chadwick mentions having discussed with Dr. Robinson the possibility of having Palmer treated at Homewood under Lett's care.

Clark confirms that "Harry Palmer is a good deal better mentally than he was several months ago," but also warns that "he is still ... greatly a child of impulse." In his opinion Palmer's main problem is excessive eroticism, under the influence of which Palmer "when set at large he may contract a marriage on the spur of the moment." Curiously, Clark seems less concerned about the consequences for the woman than for Palmer's marrying "not in keeping with his station in life." However, he suggests giving him a "trial" in the spring, by finding him some sort of physically active employment on the "public surveys" in the territories.

be dressed; he also adds a few more, such as his "passing his water" in bed. Besides most of the above "facts," Dr O'Reilly records that Harman has attempted at least once to escape through the window.

There is a marked discrepancy between the rather brutal character that emerges from Harman's "Certificates" and the character that emerges from the detailed, four-page history in his file This document is headed "Private & Confidential -- William." Its William Harman appears to have been what was once described as an "all-round Varsity type": "He received a good education at Upper Canada College and other schools, & as a youth was the best cricketer of his day besides being frequently a successful competitor in athletic games."

Harman also had "a special aptitude for figures" and was expected to do well in business. Initially he did He went to work for the Bank of England when he was only 18 years old. He progressed so rapidly that in a few years he seems to have become something of a rising star in the banking world: "he was regarded as one of the most rising and promising young bankers."

It seems that at the age of 22, while employed at the Barrie branch of the Bank of England, of which he was expected to become the manager, he began to drink heavily. His "habits of intemperance" lasted "with little intermission" from 1869 to 1877. Harman most have demonstrated considerable ability however, for the Bank did not desert him, and even paid a portion of the expenses when the writer (his father?) sent him to Clifton Springs for the cure. He returned apparently restored, but he almost immediately relapsed. The Bank subsequently sent him to Montreal and elsewhere, hoping that a "change of scene," with new companions, would break him of his habit. When it failed to do so, Harman finally lost his job at the Bank.

In 1873 he went to Chicago. The writer's heavy pen-strokes show how badly he felt things must have gone: "his habits were worse in every way than ever." It seems that Harman's obvious physical energy, and his apparent love of drink and companionship, had contributed to sexual intemperance. He returned to Toronto in 1875: "a sad wreck."

The writer found Harman a job, ironically enough, with a concern called the "Isolated Risk Insurance Company." His habits being only worse, he seems to justification, both of the Toronto Asylum and asylums in general: "He must not be taken care of outside of an institution such as this." Palmer's wanting to escape from his attendants only confirms their interest in his welfare, since running away and causing "no want of trouble and anxiety" is how Palmer reacts to "those most interested in his welfare." Palmer's keepers at the asylum must have been very interested, since subsequent records indicate that he eloped almost immediately.

Heading out on August 24, 1882, he got at least as far as Windsor and Detroit. According to a very brief item, cut out of the Globe and pasted onto what appears to have been the hand written text of a telegram, Palmer was arrested on September 1, 1882 for having seduced "the daughter of a respectable citizen of Windsor." He had taken her across the river to Detroit, made her miss the last boat back, and registered her as his wife at Riche's Hotel. The father was considering prosecuting him for having "ruined" his daughter.

Dr. Lett, who wrote and signed the text of the telegram that was sent to the Chief of Police in Windsor, describes Palmer as bearing a "scar on the globe of the right eye" and wearing a "broad white belt and suit of dark blue clothes." He asks the Chief of Police to notify him if this description matches that of the Palmer arrested in Windsor. A confirmation must have been received only a little later, since a second hand written note indicates that Dr. Lett telegraphed the Chief of Police that he would send an attendant on the three forty-five train.

Palmer's second "History,"[lx] dated July 30, 1884, or almost exactly 2 years after his first, differs slightly from it. Besides indicating Palmer's previous residence in the Asylum, the later form describes Palmer's habits somewhat euphemistically as "active." The correspondence from his mother that accompanies the first history suggests that "irregular" is more accurate. His former delusion of having "millions" appears to have been replaced by a delusion that he is to lead an expedition to the North West. Marriage still figures among his propensities, but elaborated (now rather snobbishly) as "a determination to marry unsuitable persons" and with a greater emphasis on "sexual desire." Intemperance appears to have been eliminated from among the "supposed exciting causes" and replaced by "morbid sexual desire."

He rather evasively claims to have been detained "on business" which he will have to conclude before he can see her again. In the meantime he begs her to "keep your spirits love" and remember that "'the course of true love never did yet run smooth'." The letter concludes with a pastiche of similar cliches and sentiments: "your image is engraved on my heart & your name sweet Annie on my arm," "Oh you Daisey," and "you are dearer to me than wealth & I pray that we soon may meet again & never part," etc.

That Palmer expressed himself in cliches, and that he expressed such cliches to many women, does not mean that his emotions had to have been unreal or shallow. Palmer's language acquires a certain pathos given the context: an addressee who almost certainly cared nothing for him and probably barely knew him, and who never received the letter anyway, as it was intercepted and filed away unread till now by anyone save his doctor and his lawyer.

(An Aptitude for Figures)

William Murray Harman's "History"[lxvi] of June 16, 1880 indicates that he was single, a banker by occupation, and 33 years old at the time of admission. This is his first attack, and is characterized by delusions that he is someone else and that "his brother & father are removing his vital organs." While for the last three years he has been an abstainer, he is alleged to have been "intemperate for many years." His father and brother have indicated their willingness to be his bondsmen, and are maintaining him at six dollars per week, the highest rate for "pay patients" at the Toronto Asylum.

The "Certificate of Insanity" signed by Dr. Temple indicates, under "facts indicating insanity" observed by himself, Harman's "excited manner," his "unsound reasoning," his "hideous" manners and "blasphemous" language, and his eating ravenously or not at all. Harman's father is reported, under "facts communicated ... by others," to have observed these and other "facts". Harman has thrown things at his nurse, he "swears and curses at him and other members of his Family," he refuses food "for days at a time," and refuses to allow others to wash and dress him.

The second "Certificate," signed by Dr. Spragge, lists many of the same facts, such as Harman's "using foul language," and his not allowing himself to sound of blows in their room, tried to open the door, but found it "barricaded" (97). By the time attendants managed to get inside, Rachel was dying on the floor from the blows Valeria had inflicted with the night-pail. Valeria explained: "I asked her to kill me, and because she refused I killed her" (98). Valeria herself lapsed into a coma, and died the next day of "congestion of the brain" (98).

Clark inserts a statement by J.G. Duncan, City Coroner, confirming this version of the incident. Clark attributes the incident to chance, and to "those contingencies to which Asylums must always be liable where morbid minds act upon impulses" (98), but also to an obviously man-made situation that could have been avoided.

> the Asylum was overcrowded. On this account it was necessary to turn single rooms into associated dormitories. Our refractory ward is badly constructed for the class of patients it contains; it has five associated dormitories, containing from six to sixteen beds in each. That is to say, our worst and most dangerous patients must sleep together in that proportion. This ward contains sixty-two beds, and has only nine single rooms in it. At the time of the homicide five of these had two patients in each. (1884, 98)

Clark reports again in 1885 that with the exception of one surgical case, there has ben no restraint or seclusion of patients since January 6, 1883. Although he mentions it (and has mentioned it regularly for some years now), he denies that he celebrates the fact or takes any special credit for it, as if to do so would be to acknowledge the efficacy of public opinion ("the mere clamour of hobby riders" (42)) in opposition to restraint, and that there had been a problem with the use of restraint to begin with. One would be tantamount to an admission that his professionalism was not entirely autonomous, and the other to a confession of wrong-doing. Restraint has not really been abolished (since it was never an abuse), but by some coincidence there has been "no valid excuse for its use" (1885, 42). At the same time he is willing to make an issue of it, provided he can exploit for his own ends or ends of which he approves, such as the adequate staffing of the Asylum, or redressing the problem of

> nervousness and excitability prevalent among our sane population, doubtless contribute to aggravate all the symptoms of the insane persons when reason is lost. (1877, 246)

Curiously, given his opposition to the widespread use of drugs, he seems to have no opposition to alcohol. He would indicate the low death-rate as an argument for abstention from drugs, that is if he argued as crudely as the faddists who used them too readily, entirely on the basis of results, before objectively establishing the conditions of patients and their surroundings (1879, 298). For his use of alcohol, he invokes the numerous authorities: Anstie, Dupré, Schulinus, Binx, Subbotin, Sydney, Ringer, and Thudichum.

The adoption of qualified "non-restraint" is complicated by the crowding of the Asylum, where one attendant must care for as many as 18 patients. The fact that by 1883 "there has been no restraint of any kind for over seven years" in the men's refractory ward is not boastfully reported, since it is due to the conduct of the patients themselves, had they required it, they would have been restrained. While Clark desires to keep restraint to a minimum, he reserves the right to determine what that minimum is, and the authority to impose it when he considers it necessary.

Clark insists that the successful reduction of physical restraint depends mainly on the tactfulness of the staff or, as Clark puts it, "a judicious exercise of control by discreet attendants" (1883, 62). It being human nature to resist "opposition or restraint in any form" (62), the removal of it often has a sedative effect. The "open door system" is used in the three cottages and on the main floor, mainly because there the patients "are harmless, quiet, and have no disposition to stray away" (62). If one implication of Clark's argument is that the staff have such discretion, another is that he has and moreover must have authority to choose the staff that will have it.

When Clark's authority fails, or when the staff fail to exercise that discretion for which he chose them, the fault is elsewhere. Clark reports an incident on April 1, 1884, involving Rachel Stephens and Valeria McKinley, who share a room in the refractory ward. Rachel had been harmless, and Valeria melancholy "but quiet" (1884, 97). At approximately 6 A.M. a nurse heard the father indicated that he was "not able to contribute," the son had received a "superior education," and had been prone to "nothing of a serious nature" before. However, he had been "insane" since February or, as someone saw fit to explain in a different hand beside the original hand-written answer, "8 months." His last attack, which had lasted three months, had not been the first.

Dr. Barrington reports in a hand-written examination that Arthur Casper stated that registered letters to him had been "going astray," in New York and at his boarding house on John Street. He had consequently lost large sums of money, including one hundred dollars in the last letter, that he was convinced had been stolen by his mother. He had confronted her and threatened to strike her and subsequently "placed the matter in the hands of the detective" in the hope that she would be "sentenced to Penitentiary for life" as he felt that she deserved "a severe punishment." However, his only proof of his mother's guilt was that her house had been "newly furnished of late." He spoke of his father in similarly "unfilial terms," calling him a "libertine" and accusing him of driving another son, Charlie, to commit suicide.

The examination by Dr. Collins indicates that Arthur Casper accused some unidentified "other ladies" besides his mother of intercepting his mail. While he does not know "from whom the letters come," he is sure that they contain "hundreds of dollars." Meanwhile he has been acting as agent for Mowat, Fraser & Hardy in their efforts to annex Canada and make the senior partner President of the United States. This would explain that why Arthur Casper assumed that letters from the United States, specifically New York, had gone astray.

The presence in his file Arthur Casper's letter of July 9, 1884, headed "Queen St. Asylum," confirms that at least some of his mail really was intercepted. The letter is addressed to "The Hon. John B. Robinson, Lieut. Governor of Ontario," whom Arthur Casper invites to "call" on him when he finds it "convenient," to do him an unspecified service which would evidently also save money.

Perhaps Arthur Casper merely wants the Lieutenant Governor to order his release, thereby terminating a confinement that must be costly to the state. That he mentions having written to the Honourable George Ross, Minister of Education, regarding his discharge, suggests that he is writing the Lieutenant-staying with her aunt, her mother's sister, since May, when she was "obliged" to join her "owing to business arrangements." She has also been ill, though she reassures the doctor that she is regaining health.

She is concerned that a sister in Toronto has "expressed a wish" to look after Arthur, without being able to do so. She cannot herself, thanks to that "arrangement" with her aunt, which requires her to be there, in Johnsonville, repaying a loan for "expenses attending housekeeping" that she obtained when she lived in Toronto.

Finally, after these explanations, she asks Daniel Clark to "ease [her] anxiety" by letting her "know," when he is "at leisure." She explains that she has not been able to get any "satisfaction" from letters which she appears to have sent Arthur, and apologizes for "imposing on your valuable time." Ironically, given his earlier preoccupation, Arthur is still not getting his mail.

Daniel Clark writes in broad pencil below Mrs. McDonough's signature that "Arthur Casper is very much as usual." He reports that the sister in Toronto "comes up almost every week" and attends to Arthur's clothing. He adds that "she seems to be his best friend, if persistent attention counts for any thing."

A letter dated October 26, 1900, is addressed to Mrs. McDonough, now at 18 Grange Avenue, in Toronto. Clark informs her that her brother is "not so well as he has been, in fact ... sinking." A note dated December 13, 1900, and signed "Daniel Clark," records Arthur's death on that day, from "phthisis."

In a final letter to Daniel Clark, Mrs. McDonough expresses her regret at not having been with Arthur "at the last," although she supposes she "could not have done any good." Through one McGuire, Clark had asked Mrs. McDonough's permission to do a post mortem. She grants it, because Clark has been "so kind" to Arthur and his family. She only wishes to know when, so that she can arrange through the undertaker, Mr. Willard, for a private funeral.

(Ever Your Loving Harry)

that is "almost uniformly" negative For some reason Clark considers it important to inform his colleagues that Tucker's "charges" are mainly women (129 women and 6 men), as if that were a reflection on his character. He concludes his "Circular" by confirming his solidarity with other superintendents, his "professional brethren," and by excluding Tucker from their brotherhood as neither professional nor gentlemanly.

Clark is especially indignant that one of the Inspectors, O'Reilly, has evidently encouraged and supported Dr Tucker in his campaign On April 17, 1883 he visits the Provincial Secretary, the Hon. S. A. Wood, and gives him a "letter from Dr Tucker implicating Inspector O'Reilly in his assault on this Asylum." Presenting himself and his Asylum as under seige, he asks that the Hospital for the Insane be "transferred to the Inspectorship under Mr Christie" (251) The intensity of his feelings about being subject to such hostile scrutiny is indicated by his relief on April 21, 1883:

> Got information today informally that W.G. O'Reilly, Inspector, has been removed from the supervision of this asylum on account of his Connection with the Tucker treachery. All the people say: Amen. Inspector Christie takes his place. Jubilate!!! (253)

Dr. Clark gets his way On April 27, 1883 he is even allowed "to address all my official correspondence to Inspector Christie.' The denizens of this closed world used their private access to power to preserve the marginality they publicly chafed at. One cannot very consistently resent marginality and object to political interference, but Clark and his "brothers," not to mention his predecessors and successors, did so and often quite successfully

Other Realities: "Cases"

(A Letter to the Lieutenant-Governor)[illegible]

Arthur Casper's "Schedule No. 2" was signed by his father Samuel on September 15, 1882, before Police Magistrate George Taylor Denison. Arthur was 26 years old, a book-keeper by occupation, single (ie "has not been married"), and childless. He was also "temperate, industrious." Although his crowding; except for maniacal patients, these are the conditions that make restraint necessary

(A Marginal, Defensive World)

The proximity of institutions like Central Prison and the Mercer Reformatory must have helped to make the atmosphere of life at the Asylum for the Insane quite rough if not downright brutalizing. Something of the milieu, an overlapping of equally marginal domains and jurisdictions, emerges from juxtapositions in the pages of Clark's Diary. At virtually the same time he reports being called upon to "to give evidence as to the condition of insane criminals, who were sent here from the Central Prison" (367), on the national level he is dealing with the politics of the insanity defence in Louis Riel's trial for treason. On July 18, 1885 he received the "telegram from Dr. Roy ["superintendent of Beauport Asylum" ?] asking me to go with [illegible] Reil, the North West rebel at Regina, Manitoba where he is imprisoned for trial." He rather cynically anticipates what he has to do. I presume the insanity plea is to be set up" (361). Meanwhile, on July 23 the city celebrates Riel's defeat: "A number of the volunteers from the North West going to their respective homes have been passing through this city. The Queen's Own + Grenadiers are expected in the city today. All main streets are decorated" (363). On July 25, 1885, Dr. Clark starts "for Regina in company with Dr. Roy, Medical Superintendent Beauport Asylum Quebec, to examine Louis Reil [sic], the rebel at Regina, as to his sanity. It is a journey of about 600 miles from Toronto" (363). It is a closed, repressive world, that Clark occupies the margins of. It is not surprising that he is unable to save Riel with his plea.[lxii]

Occasionally we see Clark's marginal world successfully defending itself, as it does on December 12, 1882, against an Australian alienist named Tucker who had visited and sharply criticized a number of North American asylums. Clark fires off a "Circular" to Superintendents all over the continent. Addressed "My dear Doctor," it warns his colleagues of one Dr. Tucker, Superintendent of a "Licensed House" for the Insane near Sydney, New South Wales

Clark implies that Tucker has developed a "strategy" to destroy the reputations of insane asylums all over the western United States and Canada. After visiting each one he gives an account of it to the local newspaper reporter

Governor about the same matter. But his use of the passive voice, as in "before any more expense is incurred," avoids stating by whom as well as for what such expenses are being incurred.

Arthur Caspar could equally have been referring to expenses he thought he had incurred through legal proceedings against whoever had confined him and which would cease upon his freedom. That he does not appeal to the Queen's representative in such humanitarian terms as justice and freedom, but on strictly fiscal grounds is perhaps a little satire on the "public spiritedness" of the age and one of its representatives. However, Arthur Casper was also a book-keeper.

With a similar obliqueness Casper does not directly ask the Lieutenant Governor for clothes or even indicate that he needed them. Instead he very discreetly asks him to give the "friends who wish to see me" a note. Even these anonymous "friends" he does not solicit, but instead he decorously indicates to the Lieutenant Governor, perhaps that he might himself relay it in a note, that he would be "glad to have them call with some clothes."

In disastrous circumstances Arthur Casper endeavours to maintain a degree of respectability and even gentility. That his success might not have been so high does not detract from the effort. That he seems to execute such a potentially impertinent appeal with deference and even refinement suggests intelligence if not sanity.

Even his final disappointed comment seems intended to insulate both himself and his addressee from the effects of a rather harsh reality. He does not state that the Governor General snubbed him, or declined a similar invitation, or that he had even been invited, he only mentions, possibly as a recommendation, that he, Arthur Casper, had expected to see him. It was, after all, under his lieutenant's warrant that he had been committed on October 23, 1882.

Arthur Casper's sister, Mrs. McDonough, writes Dr. Clark from Johnsonville (Quebec?), considering it her duty to ask how her brother was "getting along" and if he was "in need of anything." She includes a greet deal of information about herself. For example, she explains that she has been mechanical restraint. The patient thus medicated is like a ship moored by sheet-anchors, or a citadel captured by a "subtle and dangerous" enemy, blocking the way to ultimate recovery. The cerebral molecules are in a bondage like that of "bands of iron." The doctor can only await for these "captives" to "assert their liberty" (245).

For the benefit of his readers, and to support the tenor of his own argument, Clark quotes from Dr. Mortimer Granville's Care and Cure of the Insane (Vol. 2, 2nd ed, 1877) and offers an "epitome" of the observation of one Dr. Raynor, Superintendent of the Male Department at Harwell and Lecturer on Psychological Medicine in Middlesex Hospital, London. The former characterizes a system of parole and total non restraint, alleged to be flourishing in Scotland, as "loose . . without the power of truth or self-government on the part of the patient" (245) and, emphasizing the understatement with italics, "unreasonable" (i.e., mad). The latter, as epitomized by Clark, opposes medicinal treatment on the grounds that it that does not exert "a direct curative action," it injures the brain and prevents its nutrition, it "irrationally" and "unjustifiably" allays excitement to save trouble, and its prolonged use develops "the most degrading and intractable forms of insanity that our Asylums contain" (246). Clark concludes by presenting himself as a rather heroic dissenter, opposing "the expressed opinions of 'many mighty men'" (246), historically (and rather unheroically) caught in the middle between extremes of old-fashioned "barbarism" and the "unwise and indiscreet sentiment" of contemporaries whom he likes to call "hobbyists" (246).[8]

Considering that total non restraint appears to work in Britain, but could not possibly succeed at the Asylum with its "goodly number of maniacal cases . . who would make it lively for officers and attendants," he speculates that North American insanity, like everything else, must be more vigorous than the European variety, perhaps because of everything else North American. North Americans eat, move, think, live, age, and go mad faster and more vigorously than their European cousins. Their "physical system" resembles a steam engine, maybe like one of those that Clark complained disturbed the quiet of the Asylum night and vivisected its farm, "with more steam on than is safe" (246). What drives them insane, only makes them crazier upon arrival.

> This "high-pressure" life may give to our maniacal patients a violence and even savagery, not seen in British Asylums. The

Clark's Pathology: Painful Renovation of the Species

Clark's approach to the Asylum and to pathology agree, and they are strikingly different from Workman's.[illegible] Clark wrote and published a text book on mental disorders in which disorders treated epically by Workman are approached more clinically under the rubric of worry. Worry, combined with heredity, becomes Clark's "master trope," much as masturbation had been Workman's. Worry includes masturbation, as Clark's emphasis shifts from masturbation to the hereditary "mechanism" that enables it be at once cause and effect of degeneration. Masturbation is "a great strain on the nerve centres, which are roused to undue activity by artificial means", subsequently, "if the father is not capable of producing a vigorous spermatozoa the result means a degenerate progeny" (150). Worry is listed among the four principal causes of paresis (81) and accounts for a number of other disorders, from neurasthenia to dypsomania, in an age Clark characterizes as "nerve-exhausting" (254), with "daily brain work above normal; the worry of competitive business; the humdrum of all work and no relaxation; the fierce battle for life all along the line, the envies and jealousies in the world of fuss and fashion, etc." (268).[illegible]

Consistent with this hereditarianism, Clark believes in the gradual upward tendency of humanity, slowly erected on the equivocal and painfully accumulated achievements of past struggles. At the same time, this gradual improvement is governed by truth to an original. That improvement has always been so is indicated by our similarity to ancient Egyptian mummies, that it must always be so is indicated by analogy to the modern steam engine:

> The engine may be well constructed, and able to generate much steam, but if the safety-valve is dangerously poised, the governor improperly hung, and the balance wheel out of proportion, the strength of the engine is greatly wasted and impeded. (1879, 303)

A capacity for fulfilling an original potential is regulated or rather opposed and cancelled out by an inert force so nearly its equal that nature's potential can only be realized very gradually over time. Progress is just the slowly accumulated the cause ... of much discomfort, and the source of disease" (204). The horizontal over flow pipes leaked badly, saturating the woodwork and making the compartments and corridors "unhealthy" (205). The sinks had to be replaced in the bathrooms, nearer the perpendicular pipes, and the floors relaved. Unlike his predecessor however, who seemed to relish the opportunity to display his technical expertise in print, Clark self-consciously insists on describing such things verbally, while deprecating such description as inadequate, and appealing to the "satisfactoriness" of a result which he begs us to take on the authority of his word.

In the same year Clark reports the outbreak of an old, related scourge: "When the Spring began to open, typhoid fever broke out simultaneously in the Asylum and Central Prison" (209). The Asylum and the Central Prison continue to get their water from the same place, "at the western outlet of the Bay" (209). This water is, even to the naked eye, "full of animal impurities" (209). To the nose it stinks. The sediment in a sample taken from the Asylum reservoir consists of organic matter, attributed to the discharge from the city sewers, a dead horse, and "a few dogs" floating in the Bay (209). Some of the waste comes from the Asylum and the Central Prison themselves, since their sewers empty only 250 feet away from the intake. Clark depicts what he considers a serious threat for the entire city, the contamination of the water supply by the creation along the waterfront of a "continual flowing river of filth ... of sufficient volume to drive the machinery of a dozen grist mills" (209).

Without being able to ascertain the source of communicable disease beyond "indefinable organic matter" (210), Clark understands that even when such matter is invisibly diluted it can still propagate disease, much more dangerous, therefore, must be the visibly polluted water of Toronto Harbour. He therefore recommends that the Asylum draw its water from a point directly south, where "the open lake can be reached" (210). In the meantime, the patients will draw their water from several wells on Asylum property. After a few weeks of this, the outbreak subsides. This is perhaps the closest Clark comes to writing in the manner of his predecessor, on one of his favorite topics -- plague -- but he does not write that way for long.[11]

cured by bureaucratic delay are inexorably committed anyway, by the same process, with all its immeasurable (and totally unnecessary) "trouble, expense, and chagrin consequent on Asylum confinement" (212).

In his 1891 Report, in typically paradigmatic fashion, Clark presents two cases, A and B, illustrating through comparison and contrast the strengths and weaknesses of the two modes or rather processes of admission. Both A and B go mad in the street. The only difference in the two cases is that A is found by friends, B by a policeman. A's friends take him directly to the medical superintendent, papers are issued, and A is almost immediately admitted. B is arrested, conveyed to gaol, committed under warrant, brought before a magistrate, and committed again to gaol awaiting further examination by the gaol surgeon, the judge, and another doctor. Provided these find B insane, the papers are sent to the Provincial Secretary, who relays them to the Inspector of Asylums, who relays them to the Medical Superintendent, who eventually returns them to the Secretary. If everything by this time is still in order, a warrant of transfer is issued to a bailiff and the prisoner is finally admitted to the Asylum. Unfortunately for B, getting out is as difficult as getting in. While A may be released by the Superintendent "at five minutes notice" (9), B can only get out by virtue of the same power that committed him. As usual, the underlying argument appears to be for more discretionary powers for himself.

(Professional Restraint)

Clark's personality is perhaps best, if more problematically, reflected in his approach to the controversial issue of physical restraint. Designating the opponents of restraint "ultra hobbyists," Clark boasts of not having resorted to the "camisole" once in the last ten months, solely on the basis of his own good judgment. Discussing the use of human vs. mechanical restraint, he asserts that asylum servants are "as kind as any other respectable class of the community" (1877, 244) or kinder, since they are selected mainly on the basis of kindness itself. Nevertheless, being human they "may possess enough of Adam to lose the sweetness of patience" (244). Some kind of mechanical restraint is therefore not only allowable but indispensable.

"Narcotism" or medication with "opium and its salt, hydrate-chloral, croton-chloral, and kindred drugs" (245) is, curiously enough, only a worse from of

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

sum of many minor differences. Major ones, Clark's analogy rather conservatively suggests, would be "wasted", the machine would never be able to work them off, or they would blow the whole thing apart.

Yet, if the original proves faulty or if its progeny veer too much from its idea, it or they must be scrapped. "Moral, intellectual, emotional, affectional qualities and instincts" are all potentially "hereditary taints" or inheritable disorders, the weak link in the chain "only as strong as the weakest link" (299), or the enemy in the fort "only as impregnable as its weakest part" and of which "the enemy has possession of the bulwarks" (1879, 300). All of these analogies consist of the obviously corrupt part, and a highly corruptible host -- the water, the chain, the fort -- that by virtue of not being entirely corrupt conveys and spreads the corruption through matter and time more effectively and insidiously than it could have done if it had been entirely diseased. The architectural aspect of the analogies suggests that by the time of writing the Asylum, elsewhere described as a pyramid (1888,4),[lix] or giant "barracks, erected as a laudatory monument to some ambitious architect" (1882, 48), had itself become a conspicuous example of "hereditary taint."[lx]

(Abstractions, Slow Processes)

Clark's related passions for minutiae, for minutely graduated processes, and for abstract personification of the same are all reflected in his discussion of the bureaucratically cumbersome and often tragically absurd admission process. In the case of a patient committed to gaol on the basis of a Lieutenant Governor's warrant, when he is transferred to an Asylum a "statutory form" is completed by a judge, who must address such questions as whether or not he is "idiotic, imbecile, or incurable" (1876, 211), which of course he is unqualified to answer unless he is a doctor as well as a judge. The Superintendent sees the "statutory form" but never sees the medical certificates on the basis of which the original Lieutenant-Governor's Warrant is made, consigning the subject to gaol in the first place

The warrants are obviously a provisional measure, an economy, a stop-gap prone to abuse. As Clark succinctly states, they "compel admission when a vacancy is due" (211), which might not be for years. When the patient is finally transferred his condition has changed, he might even be cured. But patients

In an address to the Gore and Thames Division of the Ontario Medical Council, in The Canada Lancet 7 (1874-74): 140-41, Clark celebrates the recent defeat of a "Homeopathic Bill," which would have weakened the authority of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, and licensed (as Clark saw them) "shoals of `carpet bagger,' quacks, and illiterate pretenders, to practice, collect fees, hold medical offices of trust, append spurious titles to their names, and attain the same legal status as those who had spent many years of laborious study and much money in acquiring a primary knowledge of the multifarous details of an abstruse and difficult art" (140). Among Clark's recommendations on this occasion, the expiration of his first term as Division Representative, are the imposition of a statute of limitations on malpractice suits, the establishment of a "pathological museum" (with a library), a "tariff of fees," and (in interesting anticipation of the importance of such activity in the professionalization of alienism) the remuneration of medical witnesses in criminal cases.

Clark defends his own professionalism while mocking quacks, especially improperly licensed ones, in the figure of "Magnum Bonum, Esq., M.D.," in "Medical Quackery," The Canada Lancet 5 (1872-73): 608-17. "Magnum Bonum ... of Demerara Collegiate Institute, and medical, astronomical, and hygienic Receptaculum for the training of graduates over the Pons Asinorum of science, art and medicine, respectfully begs to inform the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in Hardscrabble" (613). Mocking such ostentatious learning, his article is nonetheless itself rather ostentatious, as he parades an odd assortment of facts ranging from ancient Egyptian astronomy to modern Mesmerism. The essay, obviously a part of Clark's campaign on behalf of professional integrity at the time of the Homeopathy Bill, uncomfortably blends satire of medical hypocrisy with a speculative tendency which resembles it. Much medical "humbug" nonetheless addresses a "magnetic, galvanic or electric influence" on the "magic power" of which the alleged connection "between mind body -- between the ego and non-ego -- in thought, volition, emotion, passion and desire depends" (611). His contemporaries' wild speculation in a state of ignorance is virtual confinement in "this pent up Utica" (611).

This "electric influence" is the subject of "An Animated Molecule," American Journal of Insanity 35.2 (October, 1878): 189-228. Clark argues that

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

it, or rather some "psychic force" related to it, "`an invisible, supersensuous' something -- a dynamical agent -- a material force ... can, independent of sensation or automatic life, cause the excitation of nervous or muscular molecules, as efficiently and truly as is done by ab extra agency" (212). Its pervasive power would explain why "all brain substance is not necessary to physical nor mental life, and .. the localization of psychical power is not borne out by experiment or pathology" (220). The particular experiments Clark has in mind, he insists in this paper originally delivered on May 10, 1878, before the American Association of Medical Superintendents of Asylums for the Insante at Washington, D.C., are what he has derived from "asylum experience" (225). The "psychic force" helps explain, among other phenomena of "asylum life," why in cases of paresis "the organ, diseased as it is, can do its work healthily at one time and at another morbidly, yet under the same conditions in both cases" (226). This "psychic force" enables Clark to organize virtually all physical and physiological phenomena according to some evolutionary principle, from electricity, thorugh "vitalism" to "psychism" (192).

Clark's belief in dualistic and evolutionary forces of mind and matter is coloured by his experiences as Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum, where "matter" gets the upper hand, and evolution tends to become devolution -- or disintegration. Clark finds himself less preoccupied with heroically combating epidemic pestilence than with painfully redressing modern-day problems of negative heredity and worry.[liii] A phrase Clark wrote in his report for 1890 makes a good epigraph for his period as superintendent, as attention is increasingly paid to details and the asylum finally achieves "a personality of its own" (1890, 41). For him the Asylum is an "intricate organization" or perhaps organism which "reflects," as he puts it, both "the necessities of the various periods of its existence" and "the `personal equation'" of its administrators. It seems characteristic of Clark's abstract and paradigmatic mode of thought that he sees the Asylum itself as the ongoing product of a harsh dialectical process, the rather unsatisfactory synthesis of diametrically opposed forces of accommodation and idealism.

The institution he inherited in 1875 must have amounted to a considerable worry.[liv] While in his reports he glances at some of his predecessor's old obsessions, like masturbation (for example in his "inaugural report" of 1876),

4 "A PERSONALITY OF ITS OWN": ASYLUM AS DIATHESIS

Workman's successor at the Toronto Asylum is Daniel Clark (1835-1912), Medical Superintendent from 1875-1905. Clark was born in Scotland and emigrated to Canada in 1841. He obtained his M.D. from Victoria University in 1858, studied chloroform anaesthesia under Dr. James Simpson of Edinburgh, and served as a volunteer surgeon in the Union Army of the Potomac. According to Thomas Brown he "had no training or experience in caring for the insane when he was appointed superintendent of the Toronto Asylum in December, 1875 .... it is difficult to escape the conclusion ... that his appointment was little more than a political reward by the Liberal government of Oliver Mowat for Clark's active support of the Grit cause in the riding of North Oxford (Ontario)" (236).[18] An item, in The Canada Lancet 8 (1876): 156, reports a banquet given to Clark in Princeton, by a number of officials including members of parliament, on the occasion of his appointment to the position of Superintendent at the Toronto Asylum. A portion of his speech is paraphrased.

> The position to which he had been appointed was the one he would have chosen in preference to all others. He had made insanity a special study, not for the purpose of receiving any appointment, for he had never dreamed of such a thing, but soley for the love of the study of that subject -- insanity He had never applied for the appointment -- it was urged upon the Government by the spontaneous will of the Medical Council of Ontario. (156)

Lower C

THE COMPOUND

Troping the Asylum:

Authors and Authorities at the Toronto Asylum (1850-1920)

Jon Thomas Rowland

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corner, to have made himself the spokesman for a public with which he would rather not agree.

Perhaps he has also become a bit absurd. He preserves in his Diary a clipping from the Globe of December 12, 1874, a rather nasty critique of his rhetoric in annual reports like the ones we have just discussed. The critic argues that even if Workman were witty, the display of wit in an annual report would be an `impertinence': `in an official document it would be better to curb his fancy'. The journalist and rhetorician who sought to effect real changes in his society is accused of a species of literary narcissism, and of aestheticizing the illnesses of his patients (ie., `It is perhaps clever to personify in a report the delusion of a patient, and to speak of him giving up `his naughty tricks' is more picturesque than to say that with recovered health the delusion vanished; but the cleverness and picturesqueness would be, even if of a higher order, impertinence in a report'). The critic unkindly suggests that Workman might himself be mad. Workman's silence now seems as eloquent as anything he wrote.

Moreover, in describing the details of Mary's body, indeed of her very autopsy, Dr. Campbell is self-consciously aware that he is bringing some startlingly new content to the pages of the Telegraph and its readers.

> It is painful to me to have to obtrude such matters on the public. I know that the pages of a medical journal would be the proper place to discuss the pathological phenomena of such a peculiar case, but such journals have a very limited circulation, and you have left me no alternative but to speak out plainly to the general public in the same paper where I was attacked, and where the matter was first made known to them. (5)

If what he says of his own somewhat exclusionary sense of professionalism is accurate, doing so must have been almost as shocking for himself. It probably would occur to many readers that Dr. Campbell is literally fighting over Mary's dead body, claiming the right to speak for her in opposition to his enemies' rival claims. Neither side concedes that such a privilege must have expired with the victim, no matter whose victim she really was. Dr Campbell's presentation of her as "the poor suffering girl" implies that Dr. Workman and his nurses hastened Mary's death by forcing her to speak in order to titillate them, mad as she was, with scandalous slander of Dr. Campbell and his son. Yet even in his own account, the lasting images are of the nurses enabling Mary to speak by closing with their fingers the hole that he himself had reopened in her throat and through which she breathed. As if by this time she could speak or breathe but not do both; and she chose to speak.

"[o]pen the thorax after death and see" (13), perhaps as good a way as any for a doctor to tell a doctor to go to hell.

He is similarly sensitive about the issue of non-restraint:

> despite of all the boasted superiority of English over American Asylums, with regard to the system of non-restraint, it does not seem to have any influence in the prolongation of life; neither have the American Asylums, in their proportion of recoveries anything for which to blush in the comparison. (1869, 13).

He compares the attitude of English doctors to restraint to that of temperance workers to alcohol. Total abstinence makes a certain psychological sense as a form of expiation for past offenses, but is not always beneficial; alcohol sometimes is.

Workman argues for allowing more patients to be "in bed," or at least for not making such a virtue of their not being "in bed" during inspections. First, such an attitude is based on a false premise, that the proportion of patients not "in bed" at a given time really is "the crucial test of a high standard of general health, and of successful medical administration" (14). Such a proportion has little to do with the condition of patients, unless perhaps to distract people's attention from how bad it is: "a parading of the fewness of daylight bed-keepers in the face of an average mortality of 10 per cent" (14). With Swiftian irony, indignant at its very necessity, Workman suggests that psychiatrists undertake "a thorough discussion" of granting patients "the privilege of lying down . . . one of the most valuable therapeutic agencies at the command of Asylum physicians" (1869, 14). Curiously, in his portion of the Report for 1871, Inspector Langmuir insists on counting the number of patients in bed, a practice which must have annoyed Workman to no end. Such comments reinforce the hypothesis that Workman resigned in 1875 over friction between himself and his Inspector.

Precisely what kind of order prevailed at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum is a persistent question. In the Report for 1871, Inspector Langmuir complains about patients crowding and even huddling in their wards, because intimidated by the "spacious" corridors. Their size and the building's much-vaunted ventilation does not prevent the air from being "a good deal vitiated" (1871, 3). The practice would be "suggestive" of "too cold an atmosphere" in the offers as professional modesty, the sort of positive but heterodox behaviour that brands him a "maverick" and exposes his conduct to such undue scrutiny in the first place, is taken for evasiveness about diagnosis and treatment alike.

Similarly, at least as presented in Dr. Workman's testimony, the causes which he states were offered him by Dr. Campbell begin to look like distractions if not deceptions. No doubt, after reading Dr. Workman's letter, many readers would have begun to suspect that Mary's "religious excitement" might have been embellished by Dr Campbell to distract the public from scrutinizing his own practices.

(The Rhetoric of Virginity)

Dr Campbell exploits the melodramatic language of virginity, losing sight of the physiological issue by overwhelming it in moral values, sometimes hysterically expressed, as if to discourage the truth by making the mere raising of certain possibilities an outrageous insult not only to Mary but to all womankind:

> I am as positive as it is possible for me to be on a point, which no medical jurist will undertake in certain conditions absolutely to decide, that she never had any such, either with my son or with any other man, but that she died as she had lived, a spotless virgin! (6)

He shrewdly notes the irrationality or at least inconsistency of the way such testimony is used against him:

> When Dr. Campbell's treatment was to be represented to the jury as "improper" Mary Boyd was allowed to be, what she was in truth, a "virgin girl." When it was wished to give a colour to other charges, then the poor girl's purity of conduct was basely called in question. (ix)

Essentially he turns his tables on his opponents. They seek to expose him, or at least his son, as a despoiler of women; subsequently, he exposes them as despoilers of women's reputation.

Increasingly something of what must have been the real character of the Asylum emerges "between the lines" of otherwise laudatory reports. These often appear in the form of contrasts the negativity of which is overlooked for some other point which Workman wishes to make, or as observations which accidentally suggest a context besides the one they were meant to describe.

Thus in the Report for 1869, indicating an almost incredible thoroughness, Langmuir claims that he "saw every patient in the Asylum, and entered into conversation with many of them" (1869, 3). Except for an unspecified number of exceptions, mainly women, the patients are generally "quiet and tranquil" (3). For some reason a number of patients are noticeably happier than they were for his last visit. Approving the "personal cleanliness" of the inmates, he nevertheless regrets their "prison like" attire. He observes that in the "orderly wards" meals are served in orderly fashion, but still expresses his offense at some particularly glaring examples of "disorderly" behaviour, and his general impression that "a better classification" would be "very desirable" (1869, 3). Passing through the wards "at night after the inmates [have] retired" (1869, 4), Langmuir appreciates the "good" ventilation (1869, 4) of all but one of the wards.

Throughout the rest of the same Report, Workman glances at "the reports of the English Commissioners in lunacy" (1869, 14). He seems especially, and perhaps rather defensively, irritated by an idealism which he now considers to be arbitrary, inadequately empirical, uncompromisingly deductive. Their uncompromising principles have more to do with past practices, than practices intended to improve the conditions of patients While admitting that "no less than 12 in our 26 deaths this year have resulted from pulmonary consumption, of which only 3 were of the manifest, whilst 9 were of the latent form" (1869, 13), he defends himself against the criticism of an unnamed English writer, that "our hygienic condition must be bad in order to produce so high a proportion of deaths from consumption" (13). He angrily asserts that if English post mortem research were as thorough as his, "their proportion will not be found less than ours" (13). He observes that, since the average English mortality rate is twice his, it would be very surprising if a large proportion of those deaths were not due to consumption as well as general paresis, at least among women. From January 1, 1865 till the time of writing (October, 1869) the death rate from consumption has been 15 men and 34 women out of a total of 121, or about 40%. Finally, rather than speculate, he urges his English reader to wonder whether Workman is addressing a problem of physical accommodation or one of attitude, whether he believed that society could never possibly accommodate all its mad, or that society would always feel that, however many "mad" people it confined, there were always more at large. At the very least he seems to appreciate that to some degree the "mad" designation was a relative one, contingent on non-physiological factors. Finally he asserts that "all we require to do to ascertain that insanity is more prevalent than at present it appears to be, is to build more asylums for its victims" (14). Incidentally, and perhaps unwittingly, he exposes the potentially self-interested circularity of the Asylum movement, for which he was generally a spokesman and exponent. This brings him "dangerously" close to Andrew Scull's hypothesis that merely by virtue of existing, Asylums actually reduced the level of tolerance in the communities they served: "If the availability of institutions is in fact productive of decreased tolerance, then expansion of the asylum system should always produce increased numbers of crazy people" (240) [xxxix]

By 1870 his plans to address this crisis of accommodation have been met with silence from `the fountain of all public wisdom, and the Hercules of all public reform' (1870, 16)[xl] an especially bitter remark from Workman, himself an old newspaper man and skilful manipulator of public texts. From Workman such a remark seem tantamount to apostasy. Workman's insistent complaint is that the public take no real interest in his Asylum or the well-being of its inmates. He has had to listen too long to their enthusing over the great size of the painfully crowded building (`of such size [to] ... lodge all the lunatics in the Dominion' (20)), without their bothering to determine how many lunatics there were, or whether `the inmates sleep one in a bed, or five, or whether the sitting-rooms, dining rooms and corridors are not all filled at night with beds' (1869, 20). Of course, no one consistently took such delight in broadcasting the dimensions of his building as Workman himself, so his revulsion is a measure of his disillusionment. One might also suppose that he is irked by the possibility that such rhapsodies are really veiled criticisms of the enormous public expenditure that failed to produce a cure. They probably conveyed all kinds of irony to him, even when none was intended. Toward the end of his career Workman seems to have missed as much as he got. In his report for 1869 his attempt to present insanity as a lesson in human frailty backfires, from the failure to take his own into account:

> How instructive and humbling the thought, that functional or structural changes in our organization, often so trivial as to be untraceable, may determine the entire difference between the philosopher and the madman, the pious saint and the reprobate blasphemer, the dutiful loving son and the parricide, the chaste matron and the grossly obscene puerperal maniac. (1869, 19-20)

Yet his juxtapositions seem to raise the possibility of madness only by removing it from social discourse; its possibility is essentially the possibility of isolation and stigmatization. Visitors fail to get the point, insanity being to them little more than `a vulgar accident from which they are sure of exemption' (1869, 20). Flattering themselves that they are invulnerable to madness, they are the most likely to go mad, if they are not mad already: `God help them! Danger is ever most imminent on our blind side. None are so likely yet to be Asylum inmates as those who flatter themselves they never can become such' (1869, 20).

Workman's argument appears to be based on the assumption that sanity is ultimately possible, at the same time the starkness of the oppositions makes it appear difficult to maintain. Not many of us can be philosphers, saints, and "dutiful loving" children. That aside, the intensity of his opposition between `sane' and `insane' actually subverts the ostensible object of his argument, to make us -- the public -- more humble and accepting of the "insane." Finally, if the effect of his argument is supposed to be greater humility and tolerance, it has evidently failed to work on himself, as he celebrates the same kind of complacent moral victory over his public that he alleges they celebrate over the mad -- unwittingly confirming the last part of his argument by demonstrating a few blind spots of his own. That he cannot see them suggests that his discourse really has become a monologue.

These final reports dramatize Workman's increasing exasperation not only with the conditions at his Asylum but also with the public, and the public discourse that seems unable to redress them -- as illustrated by his own public discourse, with its tendency to reproduce the very attitudes and errors it decries. He appears, by his own rhetoric, to have written himself into a corridors, if patients did not huddle there year-round. He admits that the corridors are somewhat forbidding because of their vast size, and emptiness, they could use some furniture, maybe a few chairs would be a good idea "at intervals along the walls" (1871, 3). As for other furniture, Langmuir reports that the "straw beds, on the male side, were very hard from over stuffing" (1871, 4) Epileptic patients slept on the floor, rather than risk falling out of bed. This must have been cold as well as uncomfortable, considering that it was still September and the "extra winter blankets" (1871, 4) had not yet been distributed.

The province desperately needed a system of `secondary asylums' for the chronic insane, as Workman originally proposed in his Report for 1865:[xxxviii]

> six secondary asylums [for each union of counties representing 250,000 inhabitants], each to be capable of lodging comfortably at first, 200 patients, and of enlargement to the extent of lodging 400. (16)

The asylums at Toronto and Kingston, and the one to be constructed in London, would subsequently become `primary' institutions, devoted entirely to curable patients. But there has been too much speculation, too little action, despite an ever-growing mad population: `sic itur ad astra', Workman balefully puns, `so we go to the stars, but alas, our insane, meantime to the stripes' (1868, 16).

Workman indicates a three-fold increase in the number of insane people in Ontario asylums and gaols since he became Medical Superintendent in 1853. With a combined population in the asylums at Kingston, Malden, Orillia, and the University of slightly more than 1,000, and a total provincial population of 1,500,000, the "lunatic" population appears to have increased by 200 per cent, compared to only 50 per cent for the rest of the population. However Workman refuses to believe that in the last fifteen years insanity has increased four times ahead of the population; instead, accommodation of the insane reflects the capacity of the state to accommodate them, not their proportion of the general population: "the more ample the provision made for this class of our afflicted fellow-beings in any country, the larger will appear the number requiring it" (1868, 14). For proof Workman points out that communities close to asylums always send in more mad people than remote ones. One might

(The Issue of Insanity)

Dr Campbell similarly attacks the verdict of "temporary insanity," not by direct denial or even mainly by reference to any particular facts, but by exposing its inner inconsistency. Thus, in the "dialogue" discussed above, he has his straw-man, "Lawyer Blank," juxtapose Dr Workman's restraint of Mary and his insinuation that she is not really "lunatic" to reveal their incongruity:

> if she was sane why was she "pinioned" to the last, and her father prevented from seeing her? If she was insane, why did Dr Workman bring forward his nurses to the inquest to report her ravings? (18)

Of course, such an argument employs its own doubtful premises, that on one hand yet another suicide attempt would have been mad, her father would not have wanted to see her again simply because she was mad, etc. and that on the other if she were sane she would have wanted to live, her father should have seen her, her statements would be truthful, etc. Unfortunately Dr. Campbell never attempts to see beyond simplistic notions of madness and sanity, polarized and riddled with subjective values; on the contrary, he seeks to exploit such notions and manipulate them in his own favor.

(Underestimation of Rhetorical Context)

Guilty or not of what he is suspected of, Dr. Campbell either way seriously underestimates the consequences of professional imprecision in a legal context, and fails to appreciate the necessity and moreover the duty of such professionalism to communicate clearly with a larger public. Indeed, his concept of professionalism seems entirely condescending and one-sided; it is as if his knowledge was not accompanied by any responsibility to communicate itself, as if he felt it entitled him to respect without obliging him to make himself understood. The whole pamphlet shows him subsequently making the effort, but awkwardly and too late. Whatever else he might have done, he has certainly miscalculated on the level of rhetoric.

Thus Dr. Campbell depicts himself as a victim of professional hostility on the one hand, and public superstition on the other. The straw man expresses his own point of view:

> They [the public] don't, in fact, seem to know anything at all about this form of galvanism, which, nevertheless, they were so ready to condemn? (24)

"Lawyer Blank" repeats Dr. Workman's hypothetical syllogism: if there was a "shadow of suspicion of pregnancy," galvanic treatment potentially amounted to an abortion. Dr. Campbell emphatically denies the antecedent. One somehow suspects that he must be referring to physiological "shadows" only, since there clearly were suspicions of his son, raised by Mary's own accusations. Subsequently "Lawyer Blank" parodies the syllogism: if Dr. Workman, in a conspiracy against homeopathy, tampered with Mary's body in the mortuary, then "DR. JOSEPH WORKMAN SHOULD BE HIMSELF TAKEN CHARGE OF IN THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY AS A FELON" (24)

A third "microscopic examination" confirms that "uterus and its appendages were in a state of sub-acute inflammation" and indicates the presence of a "corpus luteum," which Dr. Campbell explains might have been "the local cause of the excitement of the sexual feeling" that led to Mary's hallucination. He somewhat pedantically refers his audience to a book the public could not possibly be aware of: Carpenter's Physiology.

Dr. Campbell emphasizes that "the galvanism had not been used until after the menstruation had once begun, and had again stopped" (25). He explains that when menstruation has begun it cannot be Amenorrhoea, and that when its interruption is attended with pain "it is usually called Dysmenorrhoea" (25 6). His language thus seems slightly evasive on this point, shifting from what something "is" to what it is "usually called," as if wishing to disguise the very real possibility that such an interruption might have been something else.

He dismisses the suspicions about Poole as entirely impossible. These are generally regarded as absurd, as a whole month had elapsed between the alleged time of events and their relation by Mary, she retracted her story two hours later, etc.

imperiled, but in all probability the disease would have spread through the house" (1867, 40), raises some interesting questions about the welfare of patients:

> The improvement in her condition, which became obvious almost immediately after her removal to the Hospital, sufficiently demonstrated the sanatory qualities of the house; and the fact that not another case of the disease occurred, proved the great value of this means of isolation. (1867, 40)

Nurses ought not to improve so dramatically immediately upon removal from their own wards. Workman seems either strangely obtuse to the implications for his institution, or too jaded to the reality to notice.

After expressing his intention to present his new Hospitals (or "Homes") in "ornamental surroundings of shrubberies, flowers, and pleasant walks ... not unworthy the respect and imitation of other countries," consistent with his "earnest purpose to elevate the character of the Toronto Asylum" (1867, 40), he indulges his passion for lowly and unaesthetic matters of plumbing, heating, and ventilation. The ventilation of the "water-closets" is his peculiar hobby, mainly because he has invented his own system of it, "at once the cheapest, the simplest, and the most efficient in existence" (1867, 41). He describes it in detail:

> the insertion of a three-inch lead, or galvanised iron, air-tight tube, into the soil-pipe, below the pan, and three or four inches above the surface of the water in the goose-neck trap. This air pipe is carried to the nearest chimney with good and constant draft. (1867, 41)

The beauty of his invention is that it effectively "converts the water-closet pan into a quasi tobacco-pipe bowl" (1867, 41). However, it will never be widely adopted, he cynically admits, "unless by persons of common sense, therefore its extension will not be very rapid" (1867, 41).

but also with his avowed respect for religion. Dr Campbell states emphatically that he does "not believe that religion is ever the cause of insanity" (28). This opinion is exploited by the straw man, "Lawyer Blank," to place Dr. Campbell opposite other members of his profession "in the habit of differing from very high authorities" (28) -- but on the side of the religious establishment:

> [Lawyer Blank]. It will greatly comfort some very worthy men who have felt hurt at the discussions to which this case has given rise. They shudder at the bare idea of religion ever being a cause of insanity ... Your Methodist friends will feel more kindly disposed to you for having made this explicit declaration. (28)

Conclusions

(Vagueness)

Dr. Campbell's testimony occasionally seems deliberately vague, as when he fails to indicate precisely when Mary told his wife about her "female condition," and when his wife told him. As he reports the remark, and as it is recorded at the inquest on May 5, she appears to have told him about it on the very day of Mary's suicide attempt. In fact, Dr. Campbell's later testimony indicates that she probably told him about it earlier, perhaps as early as April 17, when Mrs Campbell herself was told. Such vagueness could have been intended to distract Dr. Campbell's audience from what appears to have been considerable involvement in Mary's "female condition."

The admission that he cannot tell for certain whether slight improvements to Mary's "condition" occurred "on account of ... or after" (vi) his treatment is similarly interpreted by subsequent commentators as another instance of deliberate vagueness. What he had intended as a simple statement of a causal fallacy, is taken to indicate confusion over timing: whether Mary's improvement "preceded or followed their administration" (xi). If Mary's improvement followed Dr. Campbell's treatment -- that is, if she had been suffering from suppression of menstruation and her periods had not begun again then Mary might have been pregnant, his treatment might have induced an abortion, and Dr. Campbell should have been aware of the implications. What Dr. Campbell

Workman chooses to emphasize the positive aspects of these "accommodations," stressing that at least for these 24 "higher class of paying patients" there are separate "one-bedded" rooms, "handsome" parlours, and a "capacious" dining room (1869, 11). The main corridor is an impressive 100 feet long, with transepts half that length, and the verandas at the south end of the corridor "afford the finest prospect to be had anywhere in this locality" (1869, 11). He concludes with complacent conviction: "I do not believe that in any Asylum in America, a more cheerful residence is afforded" (1869, 11). The prospect could not have been so good for long however, since by 1870 Workman is complaining in typically splenetic style about its occlusion by "that horrible conglomeration of ugliness in the south, yclept the 'Crystal Palace!' and its tag rag congregation of stables, cowsheds, pig pens, and other deformities, that would disgrace any town other than muddy York" (1870, 17). Elsewhere he describes the case of a `pretender' who was `better pleased with Asylum lodgment and diet than with hard work at home', perhaps because it suggests that life inside the Asylum was better than life outside it -- the kind of reversal he relished. Workman asserts that `he was one of a class which is rather more numerous than it should be' (1867, 46). Perhaps one was too many. It is hard to believe, from the following, that anyone could really have made it his ambition `to eat the bread, and to occupy the bed, which should be bestowed on the truly afflicted' (1867, 46). Or perhaps the man really was mad

Indeed, portions of Workman's Annual Reports read rather like advertisements in a catalogue competing for `lunatic' business, as when he insists that the insane in Ontario are `more amply and promptly . proportionately more largely and comfortably' treated than in any `State in the American Union ... [or] country in Europe' (1871, 20). But he concludes even such panegyrics on a baleful note, complaining sourly about the `quality of cases coming in', regretting the absence of `vacancies from discharges', and remarking the continuity of the narrow Asylum beds with `their last narrow beds' (1871, 20). His comparison implies, in a form less intended to move people to action than his earlier rhetoric, some connection between his `no vacancies' and something like premature burial. One knows from reading his earlier work that governmental and bureaucratic policies are responsible for a condition to which his figure of speech now lends an air of inevitability and defeat.

He insists that "the delusion was caused by the mental disturbance that often attends difficult menstruation" (26). She retracted her story because of the appearance of the discharge two hours after telling, then maintained it again the next morning when the discharge stopped.

Erotomania vs. Religious Excitement

Dr. Campbell argues that Mary's alleged retraction also precludes the contrary theory that she confessed out of remorse triggered by the Rev. Caughey's sermons. He insists that when he examined her there were no signs of penetration. He concludes by depicting her as a "nice" girl ("She was especially remarkable for her modesty of demeanour and propriety of conduct" (26-7)) driven into dreaming and finally "crazed by a mere physical trouble" (27).

However, normal emotions do not apply to a lunatic. Once properly "crazed" she did not suffer from "passion" but from "Erotomania":

> The term "passion" however, hardly correctly expresses the idea, as it cannot properly be applied to any emotion the result of insanity, but I cannot find a better word to express the condition .... It is a very sad though not uncommon form of insanity, and the subjects are generally persons of some refinement and education. It differs in one remarkable respect from Nymphomania, having always for its object one individual, and being compatible with perfect propriety of conduct, whereas Nymphomania is quite the opposite, being indiscriminate in its objects, and frequently leading to great immodesty of manner. (27)

The classic "Erotomaniac" is Ophelia, who — like Mary — chose to commit suicide by drowning. It seems strange, with his knowledge of and interest in "Erotomania," that Dr. Campbell only indicated "religious excitement" on the form for admission to the Asylum. Dr. Campbell explains this as another misunderstanding attributable to having to communicate to an ignorant public: "it was necessary to give some name to the type of insanity which she manifested" (28). Still, this seems inconsistent not only with his later diagnosis, multiplied by what should eradicate it), for the proliferation of witches despite or because of all the ostensible efforts to eradicate them. Such analogies illustrate something like the complicity between disease and self interest remarked throughout this paper: the strange cooperation if not collusion, and near similarity of ostensible opposites, ostensible foes. Such 'lunatic' histories comprise Workman's history of early psychiatry, as he does ours:

> Would that we could erase from our history the entire record! but we cannot; perhaps it is best so, for who can say how nearly now we approach the domain of mental darkness, and puerile credulity? (11)[xxxvi]

Other Constructions: A Deteriorating Reality

In his Report for 1867 Workman relates the completion of the new Hospitals. Emphasizing their "ventilation, genial warmth, and general comfort" (1867, 40), he insists, in a way that foreshadows his later semantic scruples over the word "Asylum," that they are less "Hospitals" than "Homes":

> cheerful Homes, in which the health of the feeble, who require particular care, may be improved, or upheld, and the susceptible minds of the gentle and quiet may escape that disturbance and irritation which, in the Chief Asylum, can not be averted. (1867, 40)

If a technical term like "ventilation" seems slightly incongruous among Workman's "homy" attributes, the "Hospitals" had a practical therapeutic purpose too, the control of Workman's ever-dreaded epidemic disease, in the event of which Workman was confident that his "Homes" would prove "highly serviceable" (1867, 40). Ironically, the first occupant of the Western Hospital, intended for males, was neither a man nor a patient but a nurse "who had contracted scarlet fever" (1867, 40).

If these Hospitals were "home-like," the main building appears to have been a rather chaotic place. Workman's concern that "had the girl remained in the crowded ward to which she belonged, not only would her own life have been

He discusses the new Griffith's Ventilators almost as circumstantially, complaining that in calm weather their heavy blades are "utterly useless, or a little worse," and in stormy weather a source of "internal congelation and increased consumption of fuel" (1867, 42). He concludes this section on the Hospitals with another detail of ornamentation, itself rather "ornamental":

> In the upper iron sash of each window is a hinged pane, with a proper fastener, to admit fresh air when wanted. The lower sash is of wood, and is hung with weights. It is easily raised. An ornamental iron guard is placed before it. (1867, 42)

Workman dramatizes himself writing the Report for 1870 as if right "in the midst of a heavy wind and rain storm" (1870, 20), listening to the noise of these recently purchased "Griffiths ventilators" over the "hubbub" of the disturbed patients. The Asylum must sometimes have been a very disturbing place. As such it serves as a foil for Workman himself, its sane centre.

In this and subsequent reports Workman discusses another long-standing obsession, the construction of the Wings, interrupted in the summer "for want of funds" (1867, 48). Each wing will consist of 72 separate apartments measuring 12 by 6 feet, and a dormitory for 18 patients. With the Wings and the two Hospitals, the Asylum will acquire additional accommodation for from 230 to 240 patients, for a total of 650 to 700 patients. The East Wing is expected to be entirely covered by November of 1868. Carpentry will be completed over the winter, with plastering finished "early in the season," making the building ready for occupation by late November of 1869. The brick work of the first story of the West Wing is nearly completed, and it will be ready for occupation by 1870. At the same time two of the East Wing's wards will immediately be filled with patients from the University Branch, to be closed after 13 years of opertion, a remaining ward "[will] be fitted up for a higher class of paying patients than we have hitherto been able to accommodate" (1869, 11). Inspector Langmuir describes the incoming patients as "all hopeless incurables" (1869, 4-5). Opening a new wing, but closing a Branch and establishing a "high-class" paying ward, leaves the Asylum with fewer new places for free patients.[xxxvii]

their greeter will soon be afflicted with `the most abject bodily and mental prostration' (20).

Religious Insanity: Man Made Plagues

In the report for 1859, after analyzing cases by kind (suicidal cases: 21, religious delusion: 24; hereditary taint: 18; General paralysis 5; epilepsy: 4), Workman focuses on `religious delusion'. He argues that it should be further broken down into "physical religious excitement' and 'reasoning mania', the latter being on the rise. It especially afflicts people suffering from the delusion of having committed `the unpardonable sin' (13) and who believe themselves to be damned. `Reasoning mania' appears to derive from Esquirol; Workman suggests that some varieties of `Religious Madness' are just specific kinds of the `Moral Insanity' discussed above.

It is impossible to reassure patients with 'Reasoning Madness' by reason, because they have already reasoned too much, and can refute any arguments made to dissuade them from reasoning more. The Asylum then becomes important as the only place where they can really get any rest they need the `mental vacuity of a mad-house' (14), as Workman puts it. According to Workman the madness of the other patients is virtually therapeutic for these `reasoning maniacs', since it precludes the latter from engaging in arguments, and also illustrates as in a mirror, and more convincingly than any reasoning could, their own deludedness

In the same report Workman discusses under `religious excitement' the case of a woman who had been committed once before, in 1857, when her noisy, obscene, profane, indecent, quarrelsome, destructive and restless' behaviour (25) was attributed to malaria. Since the woman's symptoms are the same on the second occasion, Workman concludes that the true `exciting cause' of her madness was not religious excitement, but malarial infection. Already in a `disturbed mental condition' because of her illness, the woman was driven mad by `religious uproar'. Workman suggests that in many cases of alleged

Delineating relationships among such volatile factors as religion, sexuality, and madness, enables Workman to define his own role all the more heroically. The controversial nature of his subject entitles him to the same vatic and prophetic stance he adopted to speak out against masturbation. This is subsequently reinforced by his application to himself of terms like `initiate' implying a special knowledge or mystical or religious lore. Terms with strong scriptural and religious connotations like `wondrous fabric' or `wisely ordained inter-relations' are applied to his subject but redound to himself, the `medical observer' as pious exegete of a quasi-biblical `language of insanity' He does much more than simply read these `wisely ordained inter-relations' where they are obvious, but actually re-asserts them where they have been forgotten, in the very connections between sexuality and religion that religious people themselves find so disturbing. Thus he seems to supplant his opposition.

Finally Workman seems to make some rather self-critical connections between the history of religious madness and the history of his own profession and development. On the one hand such connections are self-critical, on the other, they are extremely self-interested and sometimes rather flattering. His assimilation of the history of religious madness into the history of emerging psychiatry suggests that the latter is now the sane religion.

In `Demonomania and Witchcraft',[xxxv] he sees himself and his professional colleagues as at once similar to, yet distinguished from the `superstitious persecutors' of the past: `We protect, and house, and feed, and clothe, and soothe the poor witches, --yea, and by these simple means, do we not expel the Devil out of a great many? We do!' (17). It is probably no coincidence that the perfervid language specifically defends the `moral therapy' which was increasingly seen to be ineffective. Workman again seems to make a comparison only to highlight a favourable contrast when he identifies the present Asylum population in Britain (70,000 at time of writing) with the same number of alleged witches burnt to death over a 70 year period. Earlier at least half that number would have been murdered as witches. Historically then the Asylum seems to stand between its inmates and the stake. Even if (Workman seems to suggest) some of its mad are no madder than those witches were witches, asylum is better than burning.

In the same article Workman employs the analogies of the phoenix (mythically renewed by what should destroy it) and the hunted fox (apparently the woman's sexual advances, first by not allowing her to prolong her conversations, and second by preserving a `duly cool demeanour towards her' (37).

Workman's thesis is finally stated in a rhetorical question: `Does a rational psychology forbid belief in the conjuncture of emotional religious insanity, and a disturbed condition of the sexual economy?' (40). Yet the way Workman phrases his thesis seems deliberately misleading, since the real question must be not whether the implications of these cases are compatible with science, but whether they are compatible with religion or at least contemporary notions of it. The later rephrasing of the question belies what it is that Workman really doubts. `Is the idea opposed to the revelations of Physiology, or Pathology?' (40). Workman's idea is more emphatically opposed to the `revelations' of religion, as he accounts for `religious insanity' in such a way that it could be taken for religion itself, essentially because he never clarifies precisely where religious behaviour ends and religious insanity begins.[xxxv]

The idea of there being any connection at all seems rooted in the notion that the relationship of mind and body is, at least when working well, a `continually perfecting process' (40). Workman cites authorities on `Psycho somatics' like Professor Lazarus, and `the late lamented Griesenger' (40) But he seems to anticipate some sort of clash with religious authority when, even as he encourages colleagues to persevere at `Psycho-somatics', he warns them to `shut out all other considerations than our unwavering allegiance to truth' (41). Those `other considerations' must have been considerable.

Otherwise, he would not have found it necessary to conclude by arguing that, provided of course that some sort of `psycho-somatic' connection really exists, its religious/sexual corollary actually indicates `divine forethought' (41). Some sort of connection between man's religious capacity and his `procreative organization' (41) is precisely what separates him from beasts. Normally such a connection serves as an invisible control; however, `under changed conditions' (42), the religious connection becomes only too obvious. Thus Workman defends the connection between religion and sexual disorder, on the grounds that it is an aberration of a connection that is always present but usually, because of its benignancy, unnoticed. This is perfectly consistent with Workman's thesis, expressed earlier in the same article, that `the vices of humanity seem to be but perverted, or badly educated virtues' (35).

(20). However, either the medical men exaggerate Mary's condition, in order to discredit someone not of their school, or someone tampered with the body in the mortuary. Dr. Campbell finally asserts:

> I clearly and distinctly assert that the signs of virginity in the body of Mary Boyd were greatly damaged, or, as the medical witnesses said, "almost obliterated," in the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. (21).

The Real Question: Pregnancy and Galvanism

"Lawyer Blank" insists that the real question is Mary's pregnancy, which cannot be answered with reference to her non-virginity alone. What virginity would preclude, non virginity could not confirm. Dr Campbell affirms that the post mortem revealed "neither foetus nor ovum" in the womb, only a "dysmenorrhoeal membrane," which he argues is almost always an indication of "absolute sterility" (21). Dr. Campbell never discussed this when he was examined, because "nothing had come up with reference to pregnancy" (22). Later the Coroner wrongly allowed the jury to comment on "the impropriety of using galvanism as an emmenagogue" (22) a medicine to aid menstruation. Dr. Campbell argues that galvanism works better than conventional medicines, and is "rather agreeable than otherwise" (22).

"Lawyer Blank" attacks Dr. Workman for not been entirely a medical man: "writing political squibs in defence of Mr. Hincks ... engaged in the philosophical occupation of selling tenpenny nails" (22); whereas, Dr. Campbell has enjoyed 40 years of continuous medical experience. He allows the lawyer to make such ad hominem attacks, then corrects him, in order to appear the more magnanimous.

Dr. Campbell emphasizes that the galvanic treatment was not an excitement but a sedative:

> The popular idea, which the medical witnesses seemed to share, is, that galvanism is always an excitant; whereas, when judiciously applied, it is equally effectual as a sedative. (24)

The case of a woman of `excellent religious character', but who was nevertheless afflicted with such `paroxysms', illustrates such a transformation. Her appearing to suffer as well from a diseased uterus, facilitates a transition to topic of the connection between `religious melancholy and abnormal condition of the generative organs' (35). Finally sexuality is added to an already volatile mixture of religion and seemingly demonic possession.

Workman and his colleagues have evidently had to address precisely this combination in female patients; in such cases the doctor risked becoming himself a sexual component of the delusions:

> For my own part, I have long since learned to be very shy of every female patient in whose case marked religious emotional manifestations have been presented. I have known some very unpleasant mistakes made in private practice, from inadvertency in this direction. (36)

He recounts the case of a woman with uterine trouble and a disposition to religious madness, who falls in love with her physician after a few examinations Workman considers the latter partly responsible, for not having kept his visits `short and unfrequent as possible'. After the physician severs his relationship with the afflicted woman, Dr Workman dismisses her as insane, but her friends believe she is suffering from 'disappointed affection' and blame his colleague.

One of his own patients, admitted into the asylum in 1860, `aged 39, of very delicate structure, the mother of four children' (37), and a constant reader of religious books, desired to `prolong conversation'. He recalls how she ran away from home and was later found with her youngest child, in the church to which she belonged. She improves after four months when she is brought home by her husband; two years later her condition deteriorates again and she is brought back to the asylum, with the same symptoms only much worse than before. Dr Workman somewhat delicately notes the `somatic movements' of `uterine trouble': `It is not necessary before an audience familiar with such occurrences, to enter into painful details' (37). The subsequent autopsy confirms that the `primary seat' of the disease was the uterus and ovaries; the woman's regular doctor confirms that `he had found the erotic tendency a serious difficulty to deal with' (38). Workman seems to have discouraged what appear to have been `religious excitement', such excitement was an essentially accidental cause of a condition to which the patient was already prone by other factors, something else might easily have had the same effect. In the second case of a man of sixty-one `religious excitement' causes mental disturbance but not insanity. Disturbed by attending `religious excitement meetings', the patient is `bled, blistered, and purged' (26) by two doctors, becomes `incurably mad', and dies. Workman suggests that while the patient might have `appeared insane' (26), he was in fact reacting rationally to the situation, the preacher who upset him so much, and the doctors who failed to consider the reasons for his behaviour, and who drove him permanently mad with their brutal treatment and eventually killed him, are themselves irrational.

Only the last case of a `boy' of 19 appears to be mainly the result of `religious excitement'. The young man believes that he has committed the `unpardonable sin' (26). Convinced that the `beast of the bottomless pit' lodges in his head, he picks at his skin till he creates a `deep sore' in his forehead. Yet even here Workman implies that the boy's delusion might be the result of something else, perhaps the deprivation of this boy's life on a Canadian bush farm, his principal entertainment being the Bible and `such religious books as he could obtain' (26). It is the greatest implicit criticism of recent treatment, that the most positive factor in his recovery is being a patient too late in history to be subjected to it.

In `Insanity of the Religious-Emotional Type, and its Occasional Physical Relations',[xxxii] `Religious-Emotional Insanity' is classed among those forms of madness, such as `Puerperal Madness', whose characteristic `moral contrasts, or utter reversals of conduct and character' (33) impress the `uninitiated observer' (33). Workman seems quite impressed himself, as he describes the `dethronement' (33) of morality in `Puerperal Madness', and the afflicted patient's sudden expression of `foreign' ideas in an `alien' language.[xxxiii]

Workman himself feels `constrained' to regard such outbursts as `the product of morbid extemporization' (33), if only out of distaste for regarding such phenomena `moralistically', or from `a mere metaphysical stand point', as expressions of `latent depravity' (33). He luridly over-writes, to characterize this `demonic' position as itself a lurid fiction, as he describes how, according to its partisans, latent depravity `finding now an opportune occasion for its evincement, throws aside the fetters of conventional restraint, and stalks forth as the undissembling exponent of a corrupt and sinful heart' (33-4) However, the `reasonableness' of his own position is expressed in language scarcely less metaphorical, not without its own value-laden metaphors, distracting analogies, and indeed `metaphysics'

> the medical observer who has well studied the wondrous fabric of our organization, and the functions of its various parts, and who recognises the wisely ordained inter relations subsisting between mind and its confederated corporeal dependencies, interprets the language of insanity, whether of the puerperal, or any other form, in accordance with a widely different canon. (34)

The relationship of the mind to the various physical or physiological components of the body as that of a federal power to dependent states or provinces is obviously one of Dr Workman's favourite analogies, perhaps his favourite topos of the 1860s. Its physiological tenor seems consistent with his next assertion that religious insanity is really due to the disorder of a `special organ' in a `morbid condition' (34). To effect a cure, all one has to do is remove the morbidity

The reversion to obscenity which is characteristic of `Puerperal Madness' becomes radically more problematic when it is associated with religion. Workman's implicit point seems to be that, given the association of such outbursts with demonic possession in non religious madness, the association in religious forms should be at once stronger and more problematic.

Through such euphemisms as `the inexperienced' and `the uninitiated' it is apparent that what Workman really fears is much less the attitude of colleagues than the attitude of `the public' who cannot easily accept that `assiduous readers of the Bible and good books, are, nevertheless, at times addicted to the use of very profane, or obscene language' (34-5). For Workman insanity, or at least its `religious-emotional' form, seems to effect a kind of reversal in those it affects, transforming pre-existing traits into their exact opposites, `fervent prayer, or tranquil expression of pious thoughts, to the utterance of horrifying imprecations, or ribald blasphemy' (35).

Workman speaks with additional authority, and poignancy, as he approaches the end of his career. He implies that he speaks out only because that end is near; to allow it to arrive without speaking out would amount to maintaining silence forever `a sin of omission, deserving of enduring self condemnation' (1866, 8). Moreover it might be many years before any successor would enjoy a similar opportunity in terms of forum and audience; worse, that successor might prove too modest or lazy to take advantage.

He therefore finds himself at a decisive moment, but so should other members of society, especially doctors, teachers, and religious officials. Everyone who knows anything about `the habit' and does not speak `should be regarded as criminal' -- and many people know a great deal: `They will know that all I have written on the subject not only is true, but that it falls very far short of the whole truth' (1866, 9). It really is rather incriminating that, in his almost exactly contemporary `Observations on insanity,'[xix] Workman is considerably more cautious about masturbation and even ridicules it as a major cause of insanity: `if masturbation be regarded per se, as an efficient cause, I dread to think how multitudinous will be the number of lunatics in America' (406).

Workman subsequently endeavours to combine masturbation with consumption, the one moral and largely imaginary, the other more poetic yet physiologically based. Paresis and consumption are already connected as gender-specific causes of death, or what Workman rather ingeniously labels `compensative death factors' (1871, 24), paresis as male consumption and consumption as female paresis. All of the males who die of consumption are identified as masturbators, or somewhat less than men, `inveterately addicted to the secret evil habit' (24). Consequently consumption in men appears doubly unmanly, as a disease more closely associated with women and masturbators.[xx] His masturbators appear in the sort of language Shelley addressed to himself, as they `welt, and wither, and perish, even as the tender plant, gnawed and poisoned at the core by a hidden destroyer' (24). He concludes a scarifying depiction of `hundreds and thousands ... continuously crawling on in the hideous march of Death' (24), by exhorting `all men' that `this pestilence might be checked' (24) Perhaps it is irrelevant to wonder which pestilence he means (masturbation? consumption? masturbation and consumption? death? something else -- effeteness? effeminacy? homosexuality?),[xxi] since it appears that he might not mean anything at all.

He extracts the most melodramatic elements from the situation, as he describes the patient's `weeping friends', after reason `no longer holds sway', forced to `submit' him to the `extrinsic control' of the asylum (2). The tableau seems to be almost a part of the disease, another symptom at the end of the first stage.

Usually the first physical manifestation, which would mark the beginning of the second stage, is `that peculiar blunting of speech articulation, or tongue-lameness, which so closely resembles the thickened utterance of drunk persons' (3). Other symptoms include `a paretic irregularity in the gait' (3), and the third a keen appetite, than which `no symptom is more significant' (3). This might alone have led to some diagnostic confusion, suggests this Irish doctor, because of the normal voracity of English eaters.

Workman illustrates the final stage with the case of one Sam Alderdice, formerly an expert hunter, whose only word for food was `duck', his `gastronomic beau ideal' (3). He is Thomas Moore's `"vase in which roses has once been distilled"' (3-4), broken but dignified somewhat by some vestigial capacity for what it once held more of whole. Ever the moralist and social critic, Workman cannot forbear drawing the obvious moral:

> The mind that gathers and skilfully distils the roses blooming on life's pathway, may, even when shattered by disease, give out fragrant perfumes, whilst that which has become saturated with the fetid emanations of poisonous weeds, must disgust, or corrupt, all that approach it. (4)

Like most of Workman's patients, the paretic has his special place in the physical arrangements of the asylum. He becomes the `greeter' of the institution as, in his extroversion, he publicly welcomes visiting journalists, whom Workman characterizes, incidentally, as `second class novelists, and newspaper twaddlers' (report for 1859, 19); he should have known, having been one himself. Consequently paresis becomes the most public form of madness, as journalists make him `the hero of their insane caricatures' (19). However, Workman cannot forebear reminding us, visitors are `astonished' to learn that

Dr Workman interprets the silence of ‘K.S.' when asked why she vandalized her own clothing, and even provides her with words borrowed from the patient of another doctor, the famous Isaac Ray. When asked for his motivation, this patient explained that it gave him ‘an indescribable pleasure to do wrong' (410). K.S. is an even purer example of ‘moral insanity' because Dr Ray's patient was only apparently free from any other mental impairment; K.S. really is, apart from the ‘moral insanity' itself, mentally sound

In a later essay, ‘Moral Insanity - What Is It?',[xxvi] a principal factor in Kate's not wanting to go home is her intense hatred for her mother, which Workman unilaterally attributes to the ‘unaccountable ... likings and dislikings of the insane' (343). Here Workman is concerned that if he had treated Kate ‘not as the subject of mental disease', but as ‘delinquent', she would have been sent to prison and transformed ... into a real and a hardened criminal' (343), like her sister. We now learn for the first time that Kate has a sister, who rather conveniently illustrates the dangers of the failure to diagnose ‘moral insanity' correctly. Instead of indicating that Kate might have had reason to dislike her mother and her home, the sister's disaffection indicates that both women were probably suffering from ‘Moral Mania' and that it was probably hereditary. Such an interpretation suggests that ‘Moral Mania' was in fact a catch-all for a value-laden critique which emphasized desires at the expense of motivation and context, and which therefore tended to spare family and society at the cost of the patient.[xxvii]

Workman's analysis of ‘K.S.' and her moral insanity illustrates something of the complex and equivocal role of the Asylum where he worked.[xxviii] The two sisters themselves seem to exist merely as graphic illustrations of the same person, with and without asylum. On the one hand, like Workman himself, it heroically (and rather melodramatically) intervenes between K.S. and the fate luridly illustrated by her sister's contrastively ‘tragic' life; on the other the Asylum appears to do nothing about the social reality that women like K.S. seek refuge from. It is urgently needed to prevent more young women from ‘falling' as K.S.'s sister did, but it appears to be in complicity with what makes them fall in the first place. Meanwhile Workman congratulates himself as ‘many superintendents of large asylums ... state that they have never encountered a case of pure moral insanity'.[xxix]

> one of maturer years), who has not witnessed mental dethronements of the sad character here alluded to. (358)

More precisely, he relishes his privileged ability to see it when the patient's ‘family and friends, and not seldom his medical adviser, share in the delusion' (357) Paresis occasions a triumph of medical lore and experience over the deceptive charms of youth if not youth itself, gratifying to the older physician who remarks like a baleful epicure the ‘dozens of such athletes' that have been sent to him, ‘ticketed as most promising cases' (357), but marked by him for something else. Workman puts his faith in his diagnosis, specifically in the diagnostic power of his own ‘practised eye' (‘Notes Illustrative', 9) and even ear. For as muscular impairment ‘becomes more extended and more apparent' (report for 1859, 18), even an experienced ‘ear' can identify a paralytic patient just by the sound of his uneven tread: ‘The very sound of the foot on the floor is characteristic' (18). Workman speaks of a way of seeing, cultivated by training and experience, that enables him to penetrate appearances of life and health to a reality of disease and death. As if with the mythical ‘X Ray' he dissolves the general paralytic's characteristically cheerful plumpness to a cynical Death's Head whose processes he unravels a posteriori in the mortuary His very gaze seems deadly; if not exactly lethal in itself, it marks the living for a death it exposes as its vindication and triumph and subsequently its entertainment and reward. Through his musings and broodings what sharply emerges is the pattern: the arrival, the deceptive appearance or even apparent improvement, the gaze, the aggravation of the condition, death, and a few hours later the autopsy.

In the second part of his essay (in The Canada Lancet 11.1 (1878): 1-5), Workman attempts to define the disease still further. It is painless, or at least without ‘head-pain' (1), mainly afflicts men, and advances -- or rather has been thought to advance -- in three stages.

> It has been usual to speak of the first stage as that of incubation; of the second, as that of full development, or pronounced maniacal disorder; and of the third as that of established dementia, with unequivocal subversion of both bodily and mental competency. (2)

appear to retrieve her daughter, Workman writes to the mother himself on April 20, 1862, and learns by return mail that no letter has been received. The mother comes on April 25, and takes her daughter home.

The daughter repeats her earlier offense. The mother returns with her daughter three or four days later, carrying `another bagful of samples of her scissorial handicraft' (407). Again, the most striking detail to Dr Workman is the symmetry and order of with which K.S. has vandalized the samples, which indicates to him that `they were not the work of an unsound mind' (407). Workman concludes:

> whatever might be said as to the wickedness or wantonness of the acts, four months' close observance of her daughter had failed to show me that she was insane, either intellectualy or morally, and I believed she was quite a free agent in all her conduct, and all her thoughts. (407)

Nevertheless, the mother begs him to readmit K.S. Dr Workman agrees to do so on the basis of a second certificate of insanity.

On May 1, 1862, the mother duly produces a certificate on which `lunatic' has been crossed out and a phrase inserted: `a monomaniac with the propensity to the secret destruction of property' (408).

K.S. indicates that she would like to leave the Asylum, but not to go home. She declines to explain why she destroyed her clothing. Workman decides that K.S. is really suffering from what he calls `moral insanity', and represents a very good example of the same: `one of the purest and least complicated I have ever heard or read of' (409).

> In committing her destructive acts, it is very certain she felt not "constrained by an irresistible impulse, contrary to her convictions of right," but, on the contrary, she was well aware that she was doing wrong. (409)

> When we become aware of the fact, that the most intense or aggravated forms of mental alienation may be found associated with but few trivial pathological departures from normal condition, may we not be tempted to believe that insanity is not exclusively the product of mere material factors? (1-2)

The power of entirely `structural' explanation is further undercut by the fact that some many suffer the `structural' abnormality - `cerebral lesion' (2) and still enjoy `unbroken mental integrity' (2).

In `On Paresis'[xxxi] Workman wishes to dispense with the term `General Paralysis' for a disease which does not involve genuine paralysis until its very final stages (358). He describes with considerable dramatic flair how, in its early stages what he calls Paresis is marked by symptoms radically different from its end.

> The budding subject of our so called general Paralysis is the very antithesis of a paralytic. He is all life, all energy, all self assurance, all speculativeness, all fearlessness, and all hopefulness. He feels stronger, more healthful, more youthful, than he ever before felt. (357)

Workman obviously savours the discrepancy between the patient's appearance of health and the reality; he delights in the sheer drama of the disease, the degree of the contrast between appearance and reality and the height of the fall of the victim, the irony of public misapprehension and ignorance, the mystery of professional wisdom:

> it will be found of frequent obtainance, that paretics have been men of unusual mental force and grasp. Some of them may have made achievements that have astonished their quiet, cautious, neighbours; but this astonishment has finally been eclipsed by one far stranger, and far sadder. I feel sure that there is not one who now hears me, (but more especially not

> he had gone out of his way to favor the foregone conclusion of bringing you, and through you, Homeopathy, into public contempt, and, what is a far more serious impropriety, actually prejudged the case that he was sitting to investigate. (19)

Signs of Virginity

It seems to have been an important part of Dr. Campbell's strategy to discredit the most damning physical evidence in advance. Thanks to the above preliminaries, Dr. Hallowell's colleagues on the jury at the Coroner's Inquest have now become "conspirators," the jury a "combination to injure [Dr. Campbell's] professional or private character" (19). Mary herself has conveniently dropped entirely out of the picture.

Dr. Campbell, playing innocent again, refuses to believe that "members of a learned profession would ... unjustly and insidiously assail a member of that profession" (19). "Lawyer Blank" corrects him. He and the rest no longer belong to the same profession; as a former prominent member of the conventional school, he is regarded as a traitor:

> They think that you are fair game, and that anything they can do to injure you and your school is quite lawful. The mere mention of "Homeopathy" seems to act upon them in the same way that a red flag does upon a bull, it puts them in a frenzy of rage at once. (19)

The idea of conspiracy is corroborated by the fact that Dr. Workman and his colleagues examined "the external sexual parts of the deceased" without the knowledge of Dr Campbell. This autopsy now becomes the "`caucus' meeting of the conspirators" (20). This subsequently becomes "that most iniquitous `caucus' meeting of these conspirators against homeopathy" (24).

Dr. Campbell declares himself to be at a loss to account for the disappearance of the "signs of virginity," which were present when he examined the living patient. His reasons for concern is not the implications for himself and his son, but entirely the "good name of a modest and estimable young woman, whom I considered to be wrongfully accused of looseness of conduct"

Moral Insanity or Insane Morality

In `Case of Moral Mania?'[xxii] written in 1863, Workman seems especially sceptical of the `purity' of the disease, implicit in which is the `purity' of insanity itself. Workman has been able to account for other cases of alleged `moral insanity' in terms of what he calls an `intellectual lesion' (410).[xxiii] Even the `purest' cases of `Moral Insanity' eventually degenerate into `unequivocal intellectual insanity' (410), as we would expect `unless, indeed, we can believe that the mind is but a loose conglomeration of sovereign and independent faculties or states, any one or more of which may, when it sees fit, secede from the union' (411) a blatant appeal to the Federalist side in the Civil War then raging in the United States [xxiv]

Workman goes to some length to emphasize the regularity of his patient's life, and her good performance at school where her teachers found her `very clever and attentive' (406), at least before her first `attack'. `Her previous habits of life were certified to have been regular' (406). The initial attack lasts for some six months and consists of `K.S.' destroying her clothing by `cutting out pieces, generally of circular shape, with scissors' -- not without striking indications of the `order and method' (406) which Workman finds inconsistent with `genuine insanity'.[xxv] At the same time Workman suggests that K.S.'s mother might be too hostile to K.S. to be objective: `A long detail of other bad deeds was supplied by the mother, sufficient to qualify a dozen candidates for asylum lodgment' (406). He himself resolves to be fair and impartial:

> Notwithstanding the very unpleasant impression made one my mind by the preceding history, I resolved to treat the girl according to her present conduct, and practically to ignore the entire bill presented by the physicians and the mother. (407)

After three months at the Asylum, K.S. does not appear to be ill; Workman asks her to write to her mother, to inform her that there seems to be `no necessity for her [daughter's] further detention' (407). When the mother fails to of He also objects to the qualification of Mary's "insanity" as "temporary" (17) Dr. Campbell finds the implication that "the insanity would not be permanent had the girl lived" quite unsubstantiated. Obviously a great deal of Dr. Campbell's legalistic argument rests entirely on designating Mary a "lunatic" (17). As a "lunatic" her statements cannot be used as evidence against him or even disseminated without the Coroner exposing himself to legal action; moreover, as a permanent lunatic her condition cannot be attributed to any physiological causes such as pregnancy or Dr Campbell's possible abortion of it by means of "galvanism." The lawyer makes a similar observation, but with a different point of view. He adds that such a reason -- temporary insanity -- is usually only used out of consideration for the feelings of relatives, when the condition of the victim is really permanent.

Finally, regarding this verdict, "Lawyer Blank" invokes the professionalism of those who testified to the contrary:

> [Lawyer Blank] The Coroner should not have accepted such a verdict from his "intelligent" jury in the face of the evidence of two experts, Dr. Workman and yourself, who were paid by the public for their professional opinions on this point of insanity (18)

The Coroner's failure to accept such expert testimony, is attributed possibly to professional animosity The two were friends at college in Edinburgh, but now belong to different schools of medicine (18) "Lawyer Blank" finally concludes that the real cause must be senility: "Poor old Hallowell, it may be he is more to be pitied than blamed" (18)

Homeopathy vs. Allopathy

The Coroner's underlining of certain passages in the recorded depositions, especially critical of Dr. Campbell, is taken as an indication, not that the Coroner regarded these passages as important, but that he had a special malice against the doctor. This last point returns us to allegations of professional differences unrelated to the Mary Boyd case. Dr. Hallowell singled out evidence against Dr Campbell in order to discredit the latter's "school," which was homeopathy

Paresis: The Asylum Greeter and the Experienced Eye

In his report for 1866 Workman attributes six deaths to `General Paresis'. He seems willing to allow that while it seems to be more common, that could be a function of more accurate diagnosis, partly due to the disease getting more attention. However, many general practitioners are still not aware of it.

The name, `General Paralysis', is partly responsible for the failure to diagnose the condition. For one, at the onset of the disease, the patient is `apparently free from any paralytic affection', or even characterized by an unusual degree of physical excitement: `more active, lively, and robust' with `more mental energy than ever in his life before'. Other characteristics of the disease, such as the patient's voracious appetite, and `general apparent good health', appear to have nothing to do with paralysis.

The earliest symptom of the disease which appears to coincide with its designation is the `defective articulation of speech' due to the `impairment of the lateral muscles of the tongue' (14). This early manifestation is usually accompanied by delusions of wealth or some other incredible attribute. Workman declines to offer any details of the numerous cases at his disposal, partly from reluctance to pander to some readers' appetite for sensationalism, but mainly from reluctance to awaken others' horror at what might happen to themselves `under the inscrutable decrees of Providence' (15). The lack of any real understanding of the origins of the disease must have made it seem all the more `providential', and Workman's wards were already too full of people living in terror of providence for him to insensitively add to their fears.

In the nearly contemporary `Notes Illustrative of the Pathology of Insanity',[xxx] Workman approaches general paralysis indirectly, as an illustration of the difficulty of accounting for extreme mental phenomena with relatively minor physical changes. The enormity of such mental phenomena, as opposed to the triviality of the pathological phenomena associated with them, seems to refute any simple materialism.

While Workman speaks confidently of such causes above, he notes that in 19 out of 20 cases the causes assigned on certificates, by relatives and medical examiners alike, are fallacious. Many of these `fallacious causes', which Workman recites from the Asylum Register, now look more like the concerns of a social worker than an asylum doctor: `Loss of Property Excessive Study ... Intemperance ... Want of Employment ... Business Difficulties Political Excitement ... Tobacco ... etc'. (13). But after this false catalogue Workman neatly adds a `true' which today seems almost as ridiculous `Gestation; Puerperal disorder; Over lactation; Fevers resulting in cerebral lesion, Sun-stroke; Intense cold to the head; Injuries of the skull, Apoplexy; Epilepsy; Parental intemperance; Masturbation; Scrofulous and syphilitic taint; Defective diet, etc'. (14). He first indicates `evils in the existing state of society', then through various indirect causes such as `modern education and the moral training of youth', focuses on some unnamed `moral pestilence', which (of course) is masturbation:[xiii]

> Underlying or interwoven with these, or other efficient causes of insanity, are to be detected evils in the existing state of society, and it is to be feared in the pernicious tendencies of modern education and the moral training of youth, which demand of the physician entrusted with the care of the insane more than a casual indication. Deplorable and multitudinous are the facts which, in at least one section of his sphere of observation, the reminiscences of the Superintendent of an insane asylum supply in demonstration of the calamitous results of the moral pestilence alluded to. (1857 58, 14)

Workman quotes from the report of Dr McFarland, Medical Superintendent of the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, on the evils of masturbation. One of McFarland's revealing concerns about masturbation is its `recruiting' its victims, `not from the ranks of the naturally low and sensual, but from a class comparatively high in the social scale' (15) At the same time, since the source of the `pestilence' is often a `corrupt family servant', it would seem obvious that the lower classes themselves are afflicted unless they are themselves merely the immune `carriers'.

> every American Asylum physician will corroborate the statement, as to the sad concomitancy between our system of youthful training, and the constantly augmenting population of our insane institutions. (1859, 7)

In the report for 1863, while arguing that the figures show that `insanity and crime are, so far as the vice of intemperance is concerned, diametrically opposed' (29), he asserts that there is `another vice leading to insanity, or, at least, complicating it, quite as obstinate as intemperance' (29). The Toronto Asylum, like others in the United States, contains a `multitude' of those whose madness has been caused or complicated by masturbation, few of whom will ever leave.

Workman is convinced, or at least wishes to convince us, that masturbation, `this vice', is on the increase. While the perception of an epidemic of lunatic masturbators might have been especially annoying to Workman, because it meant filling his Asylum with people he could not cure, the perception that the disease did not exclude well-educated people, would have caught the attention of the rich and powerful. So long as religion, education, and temperance are `present and rational', they are `the best protectives' against insanity. But while a poor or `trumpery' education `chokes' the mental powers, a `superior' education `ruins' the physical. Education appears to be a regulatory force between mind and body, itself in need of constant regulation. Instead, according to Workman, it undergoes the constant tampering of `hot-bed experiment' that will only cease when the educators themselves `understand what education means' (30). The connection between `reading and writing' and moral pestilence may not be `necessary', but it seems to exist. The contents of Workman's reports are broadcast in provincial journals, thereby helping to create a sense of national health crisis.[xv] He is attacked by a country newspaper editor for being `in error'. Now he only wishes that he had been. He presents himself as suffering from an `enfeebled' physical condition, making his efforts on behalf of those afflicted with this epidemic `habit' all the more heroic, and all the more in need of assistance

In the report for 1866, Workman dramatically introduces the topic with a prefatory section of statistics indicating a much smaller percentage of discharges to admissions for men than for women. This alleged `disproportion' is

> no one would be less excusable than myself for the concealment or suppression of the convictions which protracted and thorough investigation has established in relation to the `enshrouded moral pestilence' which overspreads the land. (1866, 8)

Not `speaking out' about masturbation would therefore be just another form of the repression' which caused it. A prominent doctor like himself has no choice but to `speak out' or become not merely a conniver at disease but its most conspicuous victim and contagious source.[xvii]

Moreover, the doctor's silence would amount to the contagion of the most likely source of deliverance from a plague of epic biblical dimension. Workman's language here strikingly resembles the language of pestilence and deliverance with which he ritualistically inaugurated his superintendency of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in 1853. Then he was the deliverer of an institution which microcosmically resembled a world. Here he presents himself as the deliverer of nation which macrocosmically resembles an institution.

On one hand the nature of his superintendency has changed over the years, become less insecurely institutional and more confidently national, on the other, the nation itself has been `institutionalized'. What remains relatively constant between the minor `plague' of the 1850s and this major one of the 1860s is Workman's heroic role. Identifying one epidemic with another, and identifying silence with the source of the pestilence if not the pestilence itself, Workman justifies his role as national medical spokesman even as he invents it.

Masturbation itself seems rather lost or non-existent; perhaps in Workman's mind there was no such thing.[xviii] The `issue' becomes `issues', including some vaguely articulated but perhaps strongly felt change in the national temper towards what Workman identifies as `repression', and some corresponding changes in the nature of the medical profession itself. As it becomes more socially important, `speaking out' in the critical way Workman advocates, becomes both more important and more difficult. The professional is potentially the accomplice.

McFarland blames generally `the influences which make our society what it is', and specifically the `instructor of youth', especially the religious teacher. Such teachers tend to repress young minds, certain `elemental parts' of which require expression, which must be allowed or `exuberant nature revolts' (16). Behind the repressive teacher is an even more repressive `goddess' of Public Opinion, who caps these volcanic forces of natural expression so that `secret vices gnaw and gender in the hidden recesses of the soul' (16).

From this the `moral pestilence' appears to be less masturbation itself than the guilt associated with it. But masturbation is not counted among the natural forms of expression. These are apparently non sexual activities, precisely how they siphon off sexual energies is never clarified. But the `puritanism' which McFarland opposes is, curiously enough, less a matter of sex than of decorum. McFarland suggests that `mirth and sports' should be taken more seriously, as measures for preventing the `thronging' of American institutions with insane masturbators, etc. It is as if, when the most obvious source of repression proved to be sexual, the doctors chose exercise.

In the annual report for 1859 Workman admits that a superficial glance at the statistics would indicate that men are more liable to insanity than women, and that marriage produces insanity in the latter, but he warns against coming to any such conclusions. There is a correlation between marriage and insanity for women, because insanity seems to target women between age 25 and 35, by which time most women are already married. However, there is a telling lack of any such caution with regard to statistics indicating a correlation between single men and insanity:

> The Asylums of this continent abound with the wretched victims of this apparently concomitant curse of advancing civilization, a curse which medical alienists regard, not as the result of ignorance, but as one of the products of that which is called improved modern education. (1859, 7)

Obviously, agreeing with the Dr McFarland quoted in the above report, he attributes masturbation, not to its more obvious cause, sexual repression, but to a more narrowly defined physical kind simple inadequate exercise:

presented as a radical reversal of `the relative curability of insanity in the two sexes'. Since the next section is headed `Evil Habit', the organization of the report alone would suggest that this increase of `incurables' is due to an epidemic of masturbation.

Thus Workman links an old problem, the problem of accommodating a growing permanent population, to a new cause. The problem of `incurables' becomes the problem of `evil habits', as if in that guise it is more likely to be solved. That the campaign against masturbation might at least unconsciously be motivated by a desire for a bigger, better Asylum is suggested by the obvious connection between the perceived danger of `infection' with the `evil habit' and its prevention by means of more private rooms or even `totally distinct lodgment' (11) in the wings being constructed as Workman wrote.

Finally the issue and Workman's position seem almost made for each other. If Workman's position as Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum qualifies him to speak out about masturbation as he asserts it does, speaking out qualifies him for the position. The position and the issue, and Workman's qualification to fill the one and to speak out about the other, are mutually reinforcing.[xv]

What Workman does finally speak out about is, by his own indication, not the illness itself but his own `convictions' about it, which if unexpressed are not only as much an effect of `repression' as the disease itself, but potentially (if indirectly) a cause. Later, in examining the `Circulars' or admission forms for indications of the `Evil Habit', Workman resorts to what now seems a rather unconvincing language of `conviction': `I feel fully assured, or morally certain -- secret vice is present' (10). One might wonder what it means to be `morally certain' as opposed to merely certain. `Moral certainty' would appear to include the suspicion of something about which it is infinitely safer to err on the side of caution, or which it is more dangerous to overlook and do nothing about than to indicate even where it might not exist.[xvi]

There is yet another reason not to be reticent. Workman's earlier discussions suggest that in some sense `suppression' or `repression' really was this disease, the cause if not the essence. Here his language suggests that the great doctor might himself be stricken, as often happens in epidemics, if not exactly by the disease itself then by its cause, and become himself the worst carrier:

For a professional, his language is clearly highly emotive, but so is Lawyer Blank's as he accuses Dr. Workman of callousness in speaking for his patients so far as to claim that they had even come to like his innovatory soft chamois muffs. With almost Johnsonian indignation, he likens the muff to the noose, as if any amount of such physical restraint were literally "barbarous": "I don't know whether the bowstring by which the victims of Eastern despotism are strangled, is a whit more acceptable to them, because it is made of silk instead of hemp" (16).

When Dr. Workman expressed his fear that if her hands were free Mary might try cut her throat again with, Dr. Campbell replied with a shrug, "What if he does?" Dr. Campbell now explains that he was not being callous but realistic, since with the stitches removed and the wound reopened to allow her to breathe, there was no more damage she could do. He adds that he explained all this to Dr. Workman at the time of his visit. Lawyer Blank duly observes that Dr. Workman's memory is "remarkably convenient" (17).

Mary's "Lunatic" Statements

The question arises of the propriety of the Coroner recording Mary's statements as evidence against Dr. Campbell. The lawyer replies that legally speaking the Coroner is free to record what he pleases as evidence, as a coroner's inquest is not a trial. However, Mary's statements are not strictly speaking evidence at all, as she was not under oath when she made them. Her statements are legally only "hearsay," and moreover the "hearsay" of a lunatic. Lawyer Blank has never heard of "a lunatic being allowed to testify in a witness box, even under oath" (17). Lawyer B. asserts that Mary's insanity had already been fully established, therefore, the Coroner had no business taking any evidence from Mary. Permitting the publication of "hearsay" as evidence, he runs the risk of an action against himself for defamation.

Professional Judgment vs. Jury Verdict: "Felo de Se"

As for the jury's verdict, Lawyer Blank finds it improper too. Felo de se means "criminal deliberate suicide" which, as a "lunatic," Mary was incapable

The fact that among the Commissioners are doctors, magistrates, parsons, and a sheriff, makes the prospect for love, law, and physic in the "sane" world all the less promising. Ironically, given the likelihood that the Editor is Workman, he remarks that his publication is not "the organ of the Asylum." Workman's subsequent numerous Annual Reports would be just that, a veritable Asylum newspaper often containing astonishingly effective journalism, especially for a bureaucratically driven governmental report.

On December 1, 1848, he requests more information on the dispute between Park and the Commissioners, but especially for more candour from the latter. The Editor does, however, make one observation or rather insinuation prejudicial to the interests of Dr Roaf, which is that his son-in-law (Dr Scott) appears to have been a candidate for Dr. Park's job and indeed a rival, in which case Rev. Roaf's present opposition to Dr. Park cannot appear unbiased or unmotivated

By the issue of December 8, he feels that matters between Park and the Commissioners have deteriorated so far that the Executive has to get involved to bring about a peace. They must either find him guilty and punish him, or find him innocent and clear his name.

According to the Editor, it is hardly surprising that the leader of the "movement" against Dr Park is the Rev. Dr. Roaf:

> Mr. Roaf is a man of great business tact, and very fond of enacting the part of top-sawyer, wherever he chances to have an opportunity of shewing off.

Roaf was evidently also something of an anti-Catholic bigot, since the Editor recalls a "no popery" speech which he delivered in London before "an exclusive audience." Apparently Roaf behaved more moderately at home, trying to reassure the Irish and to keep Dr. Burns quiet about "certain little matters of arrangement touching the University Bill." Given Roaf's record of deviousness, the Editor is skeptical that the Reverend Doctor has been "actuated by a mere sense of public duty."

Little Tommy Tin.

Who pulled her out?

Little Tommy Trout.

He implies that this book was deliberately "Burked" at the time the Commissioners "Burked" Dr. Telfer and, like the mythical cat, retrieved only when it suited them. "Burking" would, incidentally, have been an especially apt word for any sort of shady Asylum business, since the original William Burke smothered ("hushed up") his victims in order to sell their bodies for dissection (according to The Concise Oxford Dictionary).

The apocryphal "similar book," which never existed in Park's time and which was probably suppressed by the Commissioners themselves, becomes another local scandal like "the humours of the red-gown, and the horrors of the tin box" (standing for the mayor's office and some fiscal matters) The affair at the Asylum becomes a farce, a "comedy," but one that has only just begun to effect a rough sort of poetic justice. The "Burkers" appear to be in "agonies," suffering the slow suffocating death that Burke inflicted on his original victims, falling into the pit "they digged with their own hands." Rev. Roaf himself will have a hard time obtaining "his clearance certificate from the mad house."

In the issue of March 31, 1847, it is reported that a City Alderman named Beard addressed Workman as `worthy Doctor', and that Workman angrily rebuked him that he is the alderman representing the Ward of Saint David. Beard then accused him of `taking notes, and writing articles for this journal' Risking exposure, the Editor mocks the Alderman for having so shrewdly suspected a Doctor's Lance had been employed on the occasion'. Modern readers of Workman's annual reports ought to suspect him of employing the journalist's pen at least as effectively.

Workman himself describes his method of using the reports as `important channels' in `a system of general courteous exchange' with `the whole body' of asylum superintendents in Europe and America (report for 1859, 39).[30] Such statements amount to a warning to his government, that his criticisms will be

> remedy for this evil was palpable, and was promptly applied. (5)

Workman's obsession with such details seems to reflect both his attitude to disease and the rather heroic and all-encompassing role that he constructed for himself as doctor. Fearing the return of Asiatic Cholera in 1871, he describes with words and a little drawing how `downward ventilation' works by drawing off foul air through a pipe intersecting the drain above the water-trap, on the same principle as a tobacco pipe. His constant tampering with things like ventilation eventually precipitates a public quarrel with Kivas Tully, the Architect of Public Works (1872, 27)

A much earlier source of this preoccupation with epidemics is suggested by a significantly later piece, Reminiscences of Asiatic Cholera in Canada, published in The Canada Lancet in 1883.[xii] Plague is the disease of civilization, following the trails and caravan routes of commerce and religion, Workman's `march of armies.. advance of caravans...trails of Mahommedan pilgrimages' (38), like the other more figurative or partly man-made `plagues' that eventually preoccupied him. Plague is a complicated part of what Workman defines his Asylum against, an especially metaphorical sign of what his Provincial Lunatic Asylum is an asylum from, especially in the mid 1850s when, due in part to its physical location in what is then `the country', but also to Workman's own rigorous precautions, the city seems as distinctly urban and plague-ridden, as the asylum is rural and healthy.

Moral Pestilence

The report for 1857-58 features an unusually long section on the causes of insanity, focusing on society itself. While he does not have sufficient data to confirm the `concurrent opinion' of writers on the subject, that insanity is on the rise, he notes the rise of `the various contributive agencies', from which he finds it `almost impossible to withhold the admission that it is yearly becoming more prevalent' (12)

> When editor of a Roman Catholic paper, the Toronto Mirror, he was looked upon as the most bitter and reckless slanderer that ever handled a pen; perfectly unscrupulous, but far too practised and wary a controversialist to make a direct charge when an insinuation would answer his purpose. (14)

Dr. Campbell interrupts "Lawyer Blank's" depiction of Dr. Workman as a kind of demon aroused against him, demanding what he has done to disturb him, the latter explains that it was enough to suggest that "something could exist in the Provincial Lunatic Asylum which was not absolute perfection" -- he alludes in particular to the allegations that Nurses aggravated Mary's condition by interrogating her (14).

The straw-man alleges a breach of professional conduct: "Was it not a most improper and a gross breach of professional confidence to reveal anything thus told him?" (15). More than this, Dr. Campbell says, he is annoyed by "the torturing process by which this so-called evidence was obtained" (15). He has his straw-man then draw comparisons to a work of fiction, Charles Reade's Very Hard Cash and its "parallel cases of Asylum torturing" (15). Moreover, referring to characters in the book, and with startling inconsistency, he implies that Dr. Workman and his staff have been brutalized by daily contact with lunatics.

Allegations of Torture at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum

Dr. Campbell describes in grotesque detail Mary's difficulty talking, after the stoppage of her larynx had necessitated reopening her wind-pipe to enable her to breathe. The nurses aggravate Mary's suffering by encouraging her to talk, moreover, the Asylum itself causes the stoppage by placing Mary in a room that is too cold and dry. Dr. Campbell concludes that Mary's death was really caused by "the miserable arrangements of this Asylum, which costs the Province so much money!" (16). He implies that Mary did not die from the neck wound proper but from "the insufficiency of the means in the Asylum, for treating, any case of simple bronchitis" (16).

As for Dr. Campbell's use of "pinioning" in his letter of May 13, he allows that he probably should have used "the more delicate term `restrained'" (16).

The Editor discusses in detail the obsessive controversy over whether Dr. Park lied when he asserted that his order, that "not more than one excited patient should be confined in the same cell," had been given and written on June 20th and subsequently ignored and disobeyed. As for Roaf's complaint that Dr Park had not placed the order in the usual book, the Editor points out that an order for a "general order book" was posted on July 25; in other words, there had been no "usual order book" until after the order was made, so Dr. Park had not deliberately "hidden" the order or later inserted it in an available space, but had indeed put it in the best possible place. As a Commissioner, Roaf should have known as much (and probably did, the Editor insinuates), since it is the duty of every Commissioner to oversee the books. The Editor concludes most emphatically in Dr. Park's favour:

> The facts are simply thus: -- the prescription book used by Dr. Park was the one which he found in the Asylum when he entered it, and which had been used by his predecessor, Dr. Telfer, as well as by Dr. Primrose, while acting for Dr. Telfer

He points out that the ink used to write the order was the same colour as that on the rest of the page. As for Roaf's insinuation that orders had been "tampered with" in order to deceive, he challenges Roaf to produce one good example. The Editor implies that Roaf is one of those "political parsons" who should not hold high offices like Commissions.

The Editor of the Mirror complains on December 15 that the Commissioners have tended to conduct their affairs too much in secret, behind closed-doors, interrogating "Keepers, Nurses, Servants, Porters, and Steward" in "Star-Chamber fashion," without giving Dr. Park an opportunity to attend and participate. Such arbitrariness and "despotism" is seen as the influence principally of the Rev. Dr. Roaf. He playfully likens this obsessively treated, now "rediscovered" book to "Pussey" in her well:

Ding dong bell,

Pussey's in the well.

Who put her in?

As events transpire, the Telegraph declines to publish the dialogue on the grounds that it is so much longer than Dr Workman's original offending letter. Dr. Campbell defends its length on the grounds that "it was a refutation of serious charges, which could not be done in the same number of words as sufficed for the accusation" (12).

In a very stagy, heavy handed dialogue between himself and a straw man, "Lawyer Blank," Dr. Campbell indicates that before talking to "Lawyer Blank" he had talked to another lawyer who had advised him against legal action While Dr. Campbell would probably win the verdict in court, this would be a pointless victory; his main concern was for his public reputation. Moreover, the latter would probably be hurt, by an argument necessarily based on medical technicalities which the public would not be able to understand, and whose potential for sensationalization was obvious:

> the general public would never get a clear idea of the matter, and might, perhaps, after a verdict in my favor, say, "O yes! we remember; Dr. Campbell got involved in a lawsuit about some unpleasant case in the Asylum; there were many curious points set up, and the doctors involved the whole in so much mystery with their long words that we really cannot tell exactly how it ended." (13)

The public being Dr. Campbell's principal addressee anyway, instead of addressing them indirectly in a manner bound to fail, the first lawyer suggests that he "write a letter in as plain language as possible, meeting all the charges, or rather insinuations .. and get it published before the subject grows cold" (13). This lawyer notes in passing the significant detail that Dr. Campbell has not been directly charged with anything.

Now "Lawyer Blank" thinks Dr. Campbell might send his letter to the editor of the Telegraph, since "he will readily enough put in anything sensational, as your letter on such a subject is likely to be" (14). "Lawyer Blank" speculates that the real enemy is not the editor of the Telegraph, but Dr. Workman. The same "straw man" is used to explain that the latter is "[a]n old newspaper man, he delights in strife and party warfare" (14). "Lawyer Blank" adds some other interesting details.

overheard by a powerful and sympathetic audience of fellow doctors. As this government fails to realize either the original plans or the spirit of the Asylum, Workman's arguments affect his presentation and construction of mental illness and vice versa in what could be aptly described as a long, increasingly complicated, and steadily deteriorating dialectic between literal and figurative constructions of disease. Workman's unusual articulateness, his prominence in Toronto, and the peculiar circumstances of the Toronto Asylum make his reports an unusually rich and dramatic narrative of a process that begins with pleas for completion in the 1850s and ends with veiled recommendations that it be demolished in the 1870s.

Epidemics and Heroics

In his very first report (1853-54), Workman narrates the `cleansing' of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum upon his taking charge. Its symbolic nature is apparent; the new doctor takes charge of his Asylum and rids it of the plague. He very dramatically emphasizes the extent of the pollution: every apartment' has been infiltrated by the `foul air'. It is coextensive with the vast building itself. The source of this `mass of filth and impure fluids' (4) remains mysterious, `some undiscovered cause'. It sickens the `Visiting Commissioners' and others who `chanced to inhale it' (4).

The building is an institution literally and figuratively characterized by human waste, sinking into the accumulated excrement - `three to five feet in depth' (4) of its inhabitants. The cause of the pollution does not become apparent until well into the report, as if Workman had wanted to build suspense, to emphasize his role by withholding the solution of the crisis, and to delay stating a cause that he knew would dissipate any further theatrics with an element of bathos:

> a defect in the deep drainage, of a most unaccountable character. The interior drains from the kitchens, laundries, and other parts, being followed from their sources to the points of emergence from the building, were here found to be further impenetrable, having never been carried out to the main sewer, which was at the short distance of 22 feet. The

pregnancy and the absence of such signs of virginity, Dr. Campbell should not have applied galvanic treatments to Mary's womb:

> for any man who would employ galvanic excitement to the uterus of a young woman, of whose pregnancy he had even the shadow of a suspicion, is, in plain language, no other than a criminal abortionist, and should be allotted his proper place in the world, by the side of Notman, and other destroyers of life. (10).

On the basis of what he, Dr. Workman, saw, "any medical man, who, from an inspection of the external parts after death, in this case, would assert that sexual intercourse had never taken place, would be something more, and worse, than an ass" (10).

Dialogue between Dr. Campbell and "Lawyer Blank"

Dr. Campbell dramatizes the visit of a lawyer, one "Mr. Blank" to his house the day after Dr. Workman's letter was published in the Telegraph (May 17). After discussing some medical matters, "Mr. Blank" quizzes Dr. Campbell on his recent troubles with Mary Boyd. Now Dr. Campbell reports "Mr. Blank's" satisfaction with his answers. Just as Dr. Campbell seems to doubt the public's capacity to understand medical matters, he doubts their capacity to understand the law. He invokes the professionalism of law just as he invokes that of medicine, indicating at the same time that he feels has to make some additional effort at persuasion. He follows lawyer Blank's advice to "put the matter before the public," but not before exploiting the mystique of his special expertise.

What Dr. Campbell finally offers is an odd combination of professional closure and (at least apparent) openness, not exactly a public examination, but the now published and public record of a private one or at least a conversation, a dialogue, in some ways anticipating the "live" interview and at least as contrived. Immediately before proceeding, he again objects to having to discuss such matters in public, not on the grounds of public ignorance but of public decency: "they must not blame me, but rather those who first brought the subject before the general public in your columns" (12).

The writer proceeds to find evidence of incompetence, in Dr. Campbell's alleged inability to tell whether Mary's slight improvement preceded or followed his treatment. Dr. Campbell objects that he merely indicated the difficulty of ascertaining whether Mary's improvement was due to his treatment or something else and adds, almost as a rebuke to the whole profession, "Nor should any medical man ever venture to speak more confidently of the result of his remedies" (xi).

What the writer really suspects is that Dr. Campbell did not want to assume responsiblity for "improving" Mary's "female condition," which "in this particular, might have been the worst thing that could happen" (xi). He concludes in a hypothetical syllogism that if Mary's allegations had created any doubt in Dr. Campbell's mind, he would have had a motive for mistreatment. Since by implication some doubt had to have been created, Dr. Campbell had such a motive and so, whether or not he actually performed an abortion, he put himself in a compromising position and is to that extent guilty of malpractice.

The writer of "Facts Respecting her Death and the Inquest held at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum Toronto," probably Dr. Campbell himself, emphasises Mary's alleged religious excitement. "About the middle of April a change was noticed in her demeanour. She became restless and unsettled -- spoke strangely about religious subjects, dwelling with great pertinacity upon something she imagined that the Rev. Mr. Caughey had said to her" (1). The article recounts her first suicide attempt, the consequent preparations to have Mary committed to the Asylum, and her second suicide attempt on Wednesday, April 30. The writer adds some new details to the account, such as the fact that Mary was being watched by members of the family, and slept "in the same room with one of Dr. Campbell's daughters" (2).

The writer graphically describes how Mrs. Campbell finds Mary, on the afternoon of the day she knows she is to go to the Asylum, "sitting on a trunk, nearly undressed, sawing at her throat with an old blunt table-knife without a handle" (2). Mary runs into the kitchen and grabs a sharper knife, with which severs her windpipe. The writer dwells on the way she initially resists attempts to help her, by "trying to tear the wound open with her fingers" (2). The tendency of such description is to heighten our perception of Mary's distress, her "insanity"; it also seems intended to create an impression of solicitude on the part of the Campbells.

the rest of the world by reporting the inmates' indignation at being identified with anything as "mad" as the Orange Procession:

> We regret to learn that the inmates of the Asylum have also been seriously offended by the same article; and have expressed great astonishment that we could possibly have been deceived into the belief that they would act so irrationally as to expose themselves to the derision of the citizens of Toronto, by any such childish proceedings as those which characterized the procession of the 12th instant.

The Editor pretends to have equally offended those he (accidentally) depicted as lunatics, and those who are (or at least are treated) as lunatics. Of course, the real target is not the inmates of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, but the inhabitants of the supposedly sane City

The rest of the article describes some of the arrangements, regarding the Orange Procession, which make its sanity more supposed than real. One of the City Magistrates joined the Procession, despite being sworn to uphold the law banning it. Workman pretends to believe that he did so not a mere participant but as a "good example" to his fellow-Orangemen. This being so, the Editor concludes that for the sake of public order, all Orangemen should be made magistrates. Such mad arrangements, especially for a Roman Catholic Irishman, are nonetheless based on the premises of a supposedly sane world.

The Editor of the Mirror first indicates his awareness of the quarrel between Dr. Park and the Commissioners of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in an article headed simply "The Lunatic Asylum" in the edition of October 20, 1848. Glancing at the alleged "mistake" regarding the Orange Procession last July 12, the Editor expresses some reluctance to embroil himself in Asylum business. "mad people should not be meddled with, unless by those entrusted with their care." Consistent with his tendency to reverse the opposition between Asylum and city, lunatics and citizens, he leaves it noticeably unclear precisely who the "mad people" are.

tables on, as well as "shoot" the messenger, in an early example of "irrational" public outcry against the Asylum, and professional defensiveness. As for Scott, he is not personally guilty, but guilty of inadequately instructing "subordinate officers" to properly bury and secure the corpse against "the custody of an unscrupulous sexton" (380). If anything he is guilty of over scrupulousness, in returning the parts when he did not really have to, as a "concession to public sensitiveness" (380).

Partly in response to such episodes reforms are implemented, like that of June 20, 1853, vesting the property in the Crown, replacing the Commissioners with a visiting committee, and making the Medical Superintendent independent of them by giving his appointment to the government and giving him the power to hire and fire all officers and servants besides the bursar. After Confederation, such reforms are consolidated in the "British North America Act," where the ninth section gives provincial legislatures control over such institutions as asylums and jails. In curious and incriminating ways, the Lunatic Asylum and its government -- itself so "lunatic" at times -- become the microcosm of a colonial society in its devolution.

Joseph Workman: The Doctor's Lance,

Dr Joseph Workman was born near Lisburn, Ireland, in 1805, came to Canada in 1829, taught school in Montreal, and obtained his medical license from McGill College in 1835. In 1836 he moved to Toronto where he initially ran a hardware store. He resumed medical practice in 1847, taught obstetrics and therapeutics in Dr John Rolph's Toronto School of Medicine, and in 1853 became Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at Toronto. Workman's Asylum had been partially constructed by 1850, and would not be completed until nearly 20 years later. A government institution, the Provincial Lunatic Asylum and its precursor established in 1841, had been characterized by nepotism and mismanagement, and by embarrassing public quarrels between its Commissioners and its politically appointed Superintendents. Workman, a Reformer associated with the influential Dr Rolph in whose school he taught, was one of these. Under his efficient management, his' Asylum became the

Toward the conclusion of the article Dr. Campbell objects to the fact that the testimony of his servant boy and his professional colleagues, Drs. Lizars and Adams (the latter of whom had, with Drs. Campbell and Hall, certified Mary insane) is ignored in favour of that of the nurses at the Asylum. The writer does not object that Dr. Campbell's own servant would scarcely have been a free and impartial witness, that his own colleagues would, for different reasons, have been biased, and that one of these colleagues, as one of the three examiners who certified Mary insane, would virtually have been corroborating his own testimony

It is not surprising that this writer finds the jury's statement to the Coroner, expressing their sense of Dr Campbell's 'highly improper medical treatment" of Mary, utterly inappropriate. A quotation from the Globe of May 9 indicates that the editors of that paper view the jury's comments as the imprudent and impudent intervention of ignorant laymen into what was essentially a matter of disagreement between professionals, based on differences between rival schools of medicine: "who but a born fool would pronounce an opinion on one medical man, on the faith of statements made by others of a rival school?" (3).

Dr. Campbell's letter to the "Telegraph" of May 13,1868

Dr. Campbell prefaces his letter by expressing one of the great conventions of prefatory writing, the sense of satiety, and that he therefore adds something more only out of a conviction of his good reason: "Enough, and most people will probably think, far more than enough, has already been given to the public on this painful and delicate topic" (4) This reason is not his own reputation, which he scorns to defend from "the criticism of a coroner's jury" (4), but the reputation of his son, "a young man now preparing himself for the medical profession" (4). Not surprisingly, Dr. Campbell immediately indicates his concern for himself, by objecting to the charge, if not of having performed an abortion, then of having committed what he should have known probably amounted to one: "a farther and most calumnious charge against myself, of having used improper means to bring on menstruation in a case of Amenorrhoea [sic], where you say there was a possibility of pregnancy existing" (4). Dr. Campbell insists that the charge is false, mainly because he had never treated Mary for Amenorrhoea (suppression of the menstrual discharge), but for Dysmemorrhoea (painful or difficult menstruation).

concludes that she must have been mistaken. Mary continues to express intense love for Poole Campbell, even begging Mrs. Campbell to let him marry her; Poole himself, however, remains "perfectly indifferent" to her.

Dr. Campbell thus insists that, between "Erotomania" and religious excitement, Mary Boyd was definitely mad, and points to her later restraint at the Asylum as further proof, inconsistent with the nurses' story of her calmness. While he offers as evidence in his favour, his voluntarily offering Dr. Workman the information about Mary's sexual "hallucinations," her "Erotomania," it would occur to many that such revelations by Dr. Campbell might have been intended to forestall Mary's making them herself and more damagingly. Similarly, Dr. Campbell thinks Dr. Workman should have these nurses punished for encouraging Mary to talk, thereby discouraging her throat from healing; instead, they "worried their unhappy and helpless charge with impertinent questions [he refers us to one Sarah Elliot's evidence as an especially good example] to gratify their prurient curiosity" (7). Dr. Campbell never considers that Mary might have wanted to talk.

Dr. Workman's Reply in the "Telegraph" of May 16, 1868

While he was not present at the post mortem, he assisted at an examination of Mary's "sexual parts." He concludes:

> There was not a particle of doubt in the minds of any of the four of us, that the recognized anatomical evidences of virginity were decidedly absent. (9)

In a footnote Dr. Campbell points out that in their original statement, Dr. Workman's "co-anatomists" add the significant qualification that, while the hymen is nearly obliterated, "we do not think this is an invariable mark of the absence of virginity" (9). The juxtaposed statements are not necessarily opposed however, since while the signs which indicate virginity were absent, the signs which would indicate lack of virginity were not -- strictly speaking -- stated to be present. Dr. Workman only wishes that Dr. Campbell had stated precisely when it was that he examined Mary and found convincing positive proof of her virginity. For his principal point is that, given the suspicions of

In ways that anticipate Workman's writing as Superintendent, the Editor dramatically depicts the city as an impoverished, menacing, plague ridden place. Awaiting the outbreak of epidemic, he reports, in a piece headed 'Asiatic Cholera' in the issue of September 29, 1848, his having received from 'a professional friend' a history of cholera, 'from its first appearance in India, down to its last introduction into this country in 1834'. Portions of the 'professional friend's' text are identical to the text of Workman's 'Reminiscences of Asiatic Cholera in Canada', discussed below. The 'friend' and the Editor are probably both Joseph Workman.

It is ironic to find the Editor, in an article of July 14, 1848, headed "Improvement in Lunatic Discipline," describing the annual Orange Parade in terms of a lunatic procession. He begins by remarking what appears to have been a regular urban spectacle, of female patients from the Lunatic Asylum being driven in a carriage around the city, seeing and no doubt being seen. This time, however, the whole Asylum population appeared to be on parade. The editor expresses his great pleasure at having recognized several citizens whom he had not previously thought mad, and one whose obvious shame and embarrassment indicated returning reason. His only regret is that Dr. Park had not chosen a day when his lunatics would not have been mistaken for Orangemen in a 12th of July procession.

In the July 21st paper, under the heading "Twelfth of July," the Editor apologizes, albeit facetiously, to those readers whom he has offended by what he calls his "little jeu d'esprit." Rather disingenuously he claims to have been hoaxed by a contributor, whose article he set verbatim in editorial type.

By pretending to correct mistakes in the last piece, he only makes the Orange ritual more ridiculous, and reinforces its similarity to a lunatics' procession. Yes, he admits, as if he were not increasing the damage, the procession described in the last issue as "an excursion of lunatics from the Asylum," was indeed a "bona fide Orange procession", what was described as a large beerbarrel was really a "genuine Protestant big drum."

Possibly anticipating one of his favourite ploys in the Annual Reports, the Editor exploits and playfully reverses the opposition between the Asylum and of Commissioners and the Matron respectively as "an old fool" and "a peacock" (27), with cruelty resulting in the suicide of a woman whom he had confined to her room, and with stealing carrots for his horse. In November the sexton investigating the lightness of the coffin of a deceased patient on its way to burial in potter's field, discovered that someone had removed an arm, a leg, and the head for "anatomical purposes" (28).

The editors of the Upper Canada Journal of Medical Surgical and Physical Science created a narrative based on reports culled from various "city papers" (378)." In their account two merchants, Whittemore and Brewer, visited Potter's Field in November 1851 and noticed that a coffin, which they knew had been sent from the Lunatic Asylum, seemed unnaturally light. The coroner's jury subsequently discovered that Dr Scott had performed a post mortem on the body after Mr Coroner Duggan's own examination. Dr King decided not to pursue the matter, but the Board of Commissioners of the Lunatic Asylum censured Scott for " indiscretion and a want of judgment'" (379).

The editors felt that these events touched on some important points of public interest. While respectful toward the public's sensitivities to human dissection, they insist that it was of utmost importance to medical science. Moreover the public's sensitivities would not have been so offended, had Scott and other officers at the Asylum merely taken the precuation of securing the coffin before sending it to Potter's Field. Then the public would have been as ignorant (and uncaring) whether the body of Andrews, a pauper lunatic, rotted or pickled "as it is what the Cham of Tartary eats for lunch" (379). The grizzly comparison identifies the lunatic's hacked-up corpse with meat "consumed" far from anyone's knowledge or concern. While the tenor of the article is to endorse such removal and to fault not the procedure but the bringing of it to public notice, the editors claim to be concerned about the effect of such stories on the inmates.

The principal objects of editorial censure are not the doctors but Whittemore and Brewer, who, according to the editors, would not have broadcast their discovery had they really been motivated by human sympathy. The editors desired to know why the pair investigated the coffin in the first place. They suggested that it had something to do with ""the furtherance of private views or the display of political partizanship" (38). Thus they turn the

Dr. Campbell's great regret is not having pointed out that difference at the time of the inquest, when Dr. Workman originally misquoted him. His reason for not doing, like some of the preceding defences, invokes his professionalism:

> I conceived that the jury were there to enquire into the cause of the death of the deceased, and nothing else, and that they had no business whatever with the details of her female ailments.

He had not thought it important to make the distinction at the time, because he had not thought it the jury's business.

To the insinuation that the galvanism might have aggravated the religious excitement, he opposes the same fallaciousness of "post hoc" argument that he used before; at the same time, he asserts that the galvanism was "followed by a moderation of the symptoms of Erotomania, but by an apparent increase of the manifestations of the Religious excitement" (5). Dr. Campbell makes a great point of having begun his galvanic treatments after the last regular discharge, as if defending himself against the implication that he might have begun his treatments out of concern for possible impregnation by his son, rather than concern to regulate Mary's periods. As for the autopsy itself, Dr. Campbell argues that the condition of the womb showed "not the slightest indication that pregnancy existed either at the time of her death, or that it eaver had existed at any former period!" (5).

Part of his defence involves introducing the ignorant public, which as he seems now only too late to appreciate, judges him nevertheless and whose favourable judgement he requires, to still further diseases. Thus he somewhat pedantically ascribes Mary's allegation to "Erotomania": "it gives rise to the strangest hallucinations, the unfortunate sufferers will give the most minute and circumstantial details of senses shown by subsequent investigation to have been wholly imaginary!" (5). He adds some details to his wife's version of Mary's story, all of which serve to heighten the impression of its being a fabrication, or a hallucination. Thus Mary never mentions anything about a relationship with Dr. Campbell's soon, till the time of her first suicide attempt, when she relates to Mrs. Campbell "not that she had carried on illicit connection with my son, but that she had been violated by him; moreover, this violation is alleged to have occurred all of a month ago, while Mary was asleep. A few hours later Mary reassures them "that the expected discharge had appeared" (6), and centre-piece of a province-wide system of penitentiaries and asylums that, by 1859, was maintained by the 'first ... board of public welfare in North America'.

After his retirement in 1875, Workman was president of the Canadian Medical Association (1877) and the first Canadian alienist to be made a member of the Royal Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain. When he died in Toronto in 1894 he was one of his country's most famous doctors, and its most famous alienist. He is generally revered, at least by the staff, at the institution which succeeds his Asylum on Queen Street West, and where a theatre bears his name. His bust is in the lobby. He exemplifies the 'first generation of would be professionals who created that uneasy alliance with the state that has continued to both bedevil and reward professional life in Canada to this day'.

It is not, therefore, Workman the doctor who principally interests me here, but Workman the author of his own considerable medical authority. While many nineteenth century alienists are more famous than he is now, and many are more scientifically and medically important, I think none better illustrates the way a totally inexperienced man could virtually write himself into his profession. None better illustrates, too, the hazards of doing so when that profession is alienism.

Workman was uniquely qualified for the performance. Prior to his appointment to the superintendence of the P.L.A. he had been a medical official, a politician, and a professional journalist. As an editor of the Toronto Mirror in the 1840s he seems to have learned how to reinforce one kind of authority with another. For example, in an item of Friday, August 13, 1847, headed 'Fever Hospital', the Editor indicates the insertion of an article by 'Medicus', on the use of wine to treat the fever of recent immigrants. The Editor, almost certainly Workman himself, rather archly observes that 'We by no means entertain the same view as Medicus in relation to the conduct of Doctor Workman on the Board of Health'. Workman the Doctor might not have the authority to tell other doctors what to do, but Workman the Editor would. Subsequently 'Medicus' – probably a 'plant' – praises Workman as 'a Medical practitioner of acknowledged talents' while regretting that he, as a member of the Board of Health, suppresses his own opposition to the use of wine, in alleged compliance with the 'conventionalities of society'.

have no effect. Mary tells Mrs. Campbell something that Mrs. Campbell does not tell the Coroner, perhaps out of modesty: "her female condition was deranged" (vi). Dr. Campbell gives Mary some remedies for this condition menstrual difficulty after which she appears to improve.

Dr. Campbell describes how he and Dr. Lizars bandaged Mary's wound and brought her to the Asylum, where "but for the attack of bronchitis" (vi), she might have got better. Dr. Campbell continues to see Mary regularly, "with Dr Workman in my professional capacity," till one o'clock on May 4. He hears of her death from Dr. Workman on the morning of Tuesday, May 5. Dr. Campbell is obviously concerned to clarify what medicine he gave to Mary, for how long and for what reasons:

> I never administered medicine to the deceased for the purpose of regulating her female condition, before the insanity. I am pretty confident she never consulted any medical man except myself, while in my service. (vi)

On the second day of the inquest Dr. Workman states that Mary was admitted to the Provincial Lunatic Asylum on Wednesday, April 29, on the basis of a certificate "signed by three HOMEOPATHIC physicians" (vi), which a footnote glosses as "the clue to the whole persecution that followed" (vi). Dr. Workman adds some interesting details to what we already know about Mary's admission.

Application is made on April 27 by Dr. Campbell's son. Dr. Workman gives him "the usual printed circular of questions, issued to all applicants for admission of lunatics" (vi). Dr. Campbell himself returns the form between 12 and 1 o'clock on April 29. Dr. Workman then gives him a "medical certificate of lunacy" (vi), granting Mary "preferential admission" (vi). He describes Mary's arrival at the Asylum:

> The deceased was brought to the Asylum in the evening in a cab, accompanied by Dr Campbell and his son. I received her at the front door. She was in the cab, sitting by the side of Dr. Campbell, and leaning her head on his breast. She looked very pale. (vi)

> The base and calumnious result of this star-chamber proceeding is transmitted to the government! It is filed as an everlasting record against me in the archives of my native country! It is emblazoned by the Commissioners on their minutes to render my professional infamy as lasting as the Asylum. (42)

In his imagination the archive was co-existent with the Asylum itself, both linked to the arbitrary power of the Commissioners. Thus he refers to the Rev. Commissioner Roaf's charge, whose eternal archival existence outrages him so much, that he spent only fifteen minutes per visit, as "the natural fruit of the star chamber, where the evidence was garbled, perverted, and suppressed, with barely light enough to render `the darkness visible'" (43) The "Star-Chamber" is the locus of the generation of corrupt texts, the archive is the locus of their preservation as part of the record, if not indeed the "truth." Finally the asylum itself is identified with "Star Chamber" and archive as another more or less permanent confining space, but illustrating in its peculiar way the highly uncertain value and unpredictable nature - of what it confined.

When Dr Park decided to reinforce his authority in the asylum with his authority in the archive, he inaugurated a tradition. It would have been some compensation to him that the written record proved more lasting. All that remains of his asylum is what is contained, more or less bracketed, in his own pamphlet. It testifies to how passionately he fought one kind of hieratic and textual authority with another equally hieratic and textual but ostensibly referentially based in the terrible reality of madness.[viii] This, more than any mere chronological anteriority, makes him a truly exemplary asylum doctor.

(Public Outcry and Political Partisanship)

The first Medical Superintendent of the permanent Toronto Asylum, Dr. John Scott from Strathbane, Ireland, was appointed in January, 1850. That Dr. Scott was a son-in-law of the Rev Commissioner Roaf indicates the nature of the authority that Dr. Park resisted -- and represented. It also indicates why "differences between the superintendent and the commissioners soon began to crop up" (Burgess 27). On July 2, 1851, an attendant named John Copping charged Scott with "ungentlemanly" references to the Chairman of the Board fortnight above indicated" (iv). Mary had been undergoing the "ministrations" of one Rev. Mr. Caughey. The Rev. Mr. Caughey had convinced Mary that she would be a victim of hell fire:

> she threw herself into the well in my house on Monday the 27th, in the afternoon, she was rescued by the servant boy hearing the splashing. I saw her immediately after. Upon asking her why she had done this, she said it was better to be drowned than to be burnt. (iv)

Mrs. Campbell testifies that three doctors examined Mary on Monday, April 27 and decided that she should be committed to the Asylum. Mary is about to be removed on Wednesday, April 29, when she tricks Mrs. Campbell into leaving her alone for a moment. She takes a knife and is cutting her throat with it when Mrs. Campbell returns and knocks it out of her hand. In the time it takes Mrs. Campbell to bring her husband from the next room, Mary finds a second knife and resumes cutting her throat. Dr. Campbell and a neighbour, Dr. Lizars, dress the wound. Mary is removed to the Asylum. Mrs. Campbell never sees her again. She states that Mary had no boyfriend, no bad habits, attended the Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church as well as "a night school, Mr Haskett's on Queen Street, accompanied by some girl" (iv), and that she was nineteen years old when she died. In a strange gloss on the passage Dr. Campbell defensively objects that, in the sentence "on my return I saw her with a knife in her hand and cut her throat with it," the Coroner made it look "as if Mrs. Campbell said that she herself had cut the girl's throat!"

Dr. Campbell confirms his wife's testimony, and elaborates on the two-week period immediately prior to her suicide attempt:

> I had begun to see that she was drifting into insanity; at times she appeared perfectly well, at others talked as no sane person would talk, chiefly about death and hell, and the speedy termination of the world. (iv)

When Mary remarks that "it was better to be dead than alive," Dr. Campbell "apprehends" the possibility of suicide. He calls in Dr Adams for consultation, and administers calmatives "to soothe the irritability of the mind" (v), but these

Dr. Campbell, who arrives between 11 and 12 o'clock, and cuts the suture. While Dr. Workman discovers with his stethoscope that no air is entering the right lung, and attributes this to leakage of blood from the wound, Dr. Campbell attributes it to "inflammatory engorgement," caused or at least aggravated by "the cold, dry air that she was breathing" (vii). She is duly moved to a warmer room, but her condition steadily deteriorates. She dies on the morning of Tuesday, May 5.

Dr. Workman then proceeds to reveal some really surprising information, which he had evidently been saving because of its significance. The immediate cause of Mary's insanity, given by Dr. Campbell and at least initially accepted by Dr. Workman, is a remark in a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Caughey that "he Mr. Caughey saw a young female in the gallery that was going to hell" (vii), and which Mary directly applied to herself. However, Dr. Campbell also indicated to Dr. Workman some physiological problems, in particular "suppression of the menses" (vii). Dr. Campbell explained that he had found a way of restoring Mary's menstruation through "galvanic excitement by means of galvanic apparatus being applied to the mamma or breast ... and the other extremity to the os uteri or mouth of the womb" (vii).[xlix]

Finally Dr. Workman offers the strongest reason yet for suspicion, with the revelation that Dr. Campbell had also informed him that Mary had been in love with his son, had demanded that he marry her, and had "stated that his son had sexual intercourse with her in her bed" (viii). Dr. Workman had dismissed the information, at least to Dr. Campbell, as "such a revelation from a person really insane could not, uncorroborated, be regarded as of any value" (viii). Nevertheless the violence of Mary's aversion for Dr. Campbell impresses him, when on Saturday she accuses the latter of having "brought [her] to this" (viii). He hears Dr. Campbell retort "you committed the act yourself" (viii), which he states he "understood to mean the wound in the throat" (viii). While Campbell explains in one of his numerous footnotes that "her articulation of words was so imperfect, from the state of her throat, that almost anything could be made out of the indistinct sounds she uttered" (viii),[l] Dr. Workman implies that she might have meant much more. If it were still unclear what his position was, Dr. Workman dispels any doubts in an aside to a Juror: "Other causes might have caused insanity, but not the religious form under which she was admitted" (viii)

Dr. Campbell presents an entire article from the Daily Telegraph, which he finds both biased and incriminating. The article begins by casting some doubt on the alleged cause of Mary's madness:

> Dr. Workman found her fearfully disturbed under the conviction that she was going to the flames of hell. To the nurses, who were constantly with her — for they never left her for a moment — she said less of religion and more of the sin of forbidden love, in which she constantly repeated she had indulged with a son of Dr. Campbell. (xi)

The writer reports that "Dr. Campbell admitted to Dr. Workman that, at the commencement of the difficulty, she alleged an illicit connection with his son" (xi), but adds that Dr. Campbell dismissed this statement as "a symptom of insanity" (xi). Dr. Campbell objects in a footnote that he has again been misquoted, that Mary claimed "that she had been violated, but never that she had carried on any `illicit intercourse'" (xi). The allegation of violation must have been easier for Dr. Campbell to dismiss; it would appear to be a more heinous crime, and therefore less likely.

The writer dwells on suppression of the menses, according to Dr. Campbell a false assumption based on Dr. Workman's misrepresentation:

> The ascertained derangement of her female condition might have been a consequence of what she stated to Dr. Campbell regarding his son; and we think the doctor was bound to have regard to this possibility. If such a cause of the irregularity were possible -- and this cannot be denied -- he was not justified in treating it as entitled to no sort of consideration. (xi)

Clearly the writer suspects that the galvanic treatment had been intended to disguise Mary's having had intercourse with Dr. Campbell's son, or to abort Mary's pregnancy. Pregnancy being not "improbable," Dr. Campbell's galvanic treatment "could not be qualified, even by the comparatively mild terms used by Dr Berryman [ie. "contrary to decency and propriety']" (xi). Dr Campbell himself asserts that the cause implied is not only improbable but "impossible" — for reasons which he indicates will be revealed later.

Dr. Workman has Mary carried into a single room and restrains her hands in a leather "muff" (vi). He explains in his deposition that "lunatics who have failed in accomplishing suicide are never to be trusted, as many have been known to tear open the wound after dressing if their hands have been left unrestrained" (vi).[xlviii]

Subsequently Dr. Workman identifies, or at least supposes he identifies, the source of Mary's anxiety:

> I talked soothingly to her, hoping to calm her mind, which I found was fearfully disturbed under the conviction that she was damned, and, as she said, would go into the flames of hell. (vi)

He finds her already suffering from the way Dr. Campbell has restrained her head "by bringing her front hair on each side down to her breast, and passing it through backwards under the arm-pits, the two ends meeting behind being tied" (vi). He then gives Mary some medicine prescribed by Dr. Campbell, although he indicates now that he felt the best course in such circumstances was "to give no medicine but to watch closely until we see what is really called for" (vi). He is later informed by the attendant that Mary refused to take any medicine that prescribed by Dr. Campbell, to whom she indicated a marked aversion. For the time he ignores Mary's complaints, with the implication that he later gave them considerably more weight:

> as I am always very cautious in interpreting the expressions of the insane, I did not attach any importance to those statements. It is very common for insane persons to manifest strong dislike for those whom before their insanity they have liked best

Nevertheless, he cautiously refuses to let Dr. Campbell see Mary the next day, because of her expressed dislike.

On the night of Thursday, April 30, Dr. Workman finds Mary "restless and much excited in mind" (vi), so prescribes opium. On Friday morning he finds that his brother, Benjamin has been with Mary most of the night, as her condition has worsened and she is having trouble breathing. He believes that "air had entered the cellular tissue beneath the skin" (vii), and sends a note to

In footnotes to the above passages Dr. Campbell records his objections to the sexual connotations of terms like "excitement" for what he regards as galvanism's "vitalizing influence." The use of such "loaded" terms, with all their sexual connotations, is to him the biased sensationalization, based on misunderstanding, of a valid medical treatment by hostile and recalcitrant professionals "none of whom probably could tell the difference between the action of the positive and negative poles" of the apparatus employed (vii). Dr. Campbell also objects that he never ascribed Mary's madness to religious excitement, but vice versa, and that Dr. Workman has misquoted his original statement, which was that Mary had difficulty at her menstrual periods; he regards the semantic shift from "difficulty" to "suppression," as "all-important in its bearing towards the close" (vii).

The subsequent autopsy reveals, not surprisingly, abnormalities with "the organs of generation":

> highly congested, particularly the left ovary, and the posterior surface of the fundus of the uterus. The uterus was about 3 inches long from its fundus to the edge of the os. Its cavity was normal in dimension and its structure normal. (viii)

More significantly, it indicates "the hymen almost obliterated" (viii). While Drs. Richardson and Berryman testify to the medical impropriety of applying galvanic electricity to reduce congestion, it is obvious that they regard the introduction of any instrument into the vagina of an unmarried woman as highly improper.

Finally, several nurses testify that during their close attendance on Mary she exhibited no signs of religious excitement but indicated that the source of her illness was Dr. Campbell's son, Posie,[ii] to whom "she believed she was in the family way" (ix). To one nurse Mary relates how Dr. Campbell and his son "took her into a room and gave her medicine that burnt the inside out of her" (ix).

The "Incomplete" Article from the "Telegraph" of May 9

3 MARY'S "CONDITION": A RHETORIC OF MEDICAL ETHICS IN 19-TH CENTURY HOGTOWN

The Inquest of Mary Boyd, written and published by Dr. Duncan Campell in Toronto in 1868, addresses the circumstances surrounding the horrific death of Mary Boyd, a nineteen year old Irish servant-girl who had gone to work for the Campbell family in January of 1867. Since the texts and the following commentary are primarily concerned with the implications of the circumstances, the circumstances themselves might be stated immediately without detracting anything from their horror.

The first indication of there being anything the matter in the Campbell household is Mary's confession to Mrs. Campbell on April 17, 1868. She claims to be in love with her son Poole. On April 27, a Monday, Mary attempts suicide by flinging herself into the cistern. Later that day Dr. Campbell

> The garbled report of the evidence given in the Telegraph, very greatly misled the public upon some important points; I have therefore, thought it better that they should see the evidence in full. (Preface ii)

The intelligence that compiles and arranges The Inquest of Mary Boyd, Held at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, is essentially moribund, removed from the events of the subject's own life, directed at a life that has ended. The distance implies the passage of time, for which lapse the writer, Duncan Campbell, M.D.,[xlvii] apologizes as nothing more than would reasonably be required for assembling the evidence and preparing it for publication. The time lapse raises questions of motive. Since the events enter the record too late for anything to be done about them or their agents, the motive for presentation must be found in the presentation itself. Perhaps Campbell waits for tempers to cool, as well as bodies.

The Inquest of May 5 and 6, 1868

The evidence assembled in the pamphlet bears the certification of John McNab, Crown Attorney for York County, dated May 30, 1868: "the annexed paper writing contains a true copy of the papers connected with the Inquisition held on the body of Mary Boyd" (iv). It begins with the testimony of Dr Campbell's wife, Matilda. She states that Mary Boyd had been in her employment since January of 1867, and that Mary had been well or at least that she had not observed "anything wrong in her state of mind" until two weeks before her removal to the Asylum.

Mary's "illness" first manifests itself in statements expressing religious mania, a fortnight before her attempted suicide:

> From that period she spoke from time to time of Hell, and subjects pertaining thereunto. She was naturally of a religious turn of mind. (iv)

At the same time she indicates that Mary might not have been entirely well even earlier: "her conduct had been strange for a length of time previous to the

Incorporation never happens, but in 1859 Parliament passes "An Act Respecting Homeopathy," which make it pssible for homeopaths who are graduates of non British institutions to obtain a license. Dr. Campell and Dr. Hall, one of the doctors who will sign Mary's "Certificate of Insanity," sit on the first Board of Examiners for Homeopathic physicians. Board Members are elected for a two-year term at an annual meeting in Toronto. The "Act" establishes a curriculum, with two six month winter sessions at a medical college, and a four-year term of apprenticeship in a licensed practitioner's office. A similar "Act" is passed for eclectics in 1861. Finally, in 1866 one Dr Parker, a Member of Parliament, introduces an "Act" to establish a province-wide Council for all licensed doctors, which would in turn establish a province-wide curriculum.

Dr. Campbell clashes with this Council, when they refuse to receive him at their first general meeting. He and his homeopathic colleagues walk out of the meeting. On one hand the "Act" of 1866 allows the Homeopathic Board to continue exactly as before; on the other, it gives homeopaths the right to be represented by the Council.[xliv] The contradiction, which effectively thwarts the purpose of the "Act," to standardize medical education in the province, is resolved by the "Ontario Medical Act" of 1869, a compromise which guarantees homeopaths and eclectics a certain number of seats on a Medical Council which includes regional and college representatives. Mary's "illness," suicide, and inquest occur during the interval between these two "Acts," a period of intense professional rivalry and even jealousy in the medical community, when Campbell would have been quick to defend himself against any threat to his professional powers and prestige.[xlv]

Initially, in his brief "Preface,"[xlvi] he responds to the incompleteness of the coverage in the Toronto Daily Telegraph of Saturday, May 9, 1868, which he feels "reflected most unjustly and calumniously both upon me and upon my son." He indicates that he has inserted an "explanatory letter" in the May 13 issue, but regrets a limitation of newspaper publishing, its very limited run: "it was soon found impossible to procure a copy of it at any price" (Preface ii). The publication of his pamphlet thus appears to be motivated by a desire to remedy this incomplete coverage, by assembling all kinds of data – "the evidence in full" (Preface ii) – for consideration in one place, from a single unified point of view, however briefly -- if not exactly for the gaze, then for the backward glance.

examines her, assisted by Drs. Hall[xli] and Adams. They decide that she should be committed to the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, the precursor of the present institution on Queen Street West.

On Wednesay, April 29, sitting on her trunk awaiting the carriage to take her away, Mary calmly begins to cut her throat with a paring knife. Mrs. Campbell interrupts her just in time. Dr. Campbell stitches her throat, assisted by Dr. Lizars, a neighbour. Later that evening, Dr. Campbell and his son Poole take Mary in a carriage to the Asylum where she is received by Dr. Joseph Workman, the country's most famous alienist. Campbell informs Workman that Mary is suffering from religious madness compounded by erotomania and the delusion of having had sexual intercourse with his son. Mary dies from the affects of her wound on Tuesday, May 5, 1868. The inquest is held on May 5 and 6, and an incomplete report of it is published in the Toronto Daily Telegraph on Saturday, May 9, 1868. Dr. Campbell published an explanatory letter in the same paper on May 13, to which Dr. Workman replies on May 18. These pieces are discussed as they appear in Dr Campbell's pamphlet, certified on May 30, 1868.

What kind of man was Duncan Campbell, whose servant Mary became in 1867? In a letter dated March 27, 1854, not as a homeopath this time but as a doctor practising in Niagara, Dr. Campbell vigorously opposes a scheme for the incorporation of the medical profession that he feels would benefit Toronto doctors more than "local practitioners."[xlii] He argues that while everyone agrees that Medical Incorporation is desirable, it is most likely to be obtained through "united action" (363), which in turn will only be achieved through a scheme that benefits everyone equally. Centralization does not.

With the same flair for ventriloquism that he demonstrates in The Mary Boyd Inquest, he imagines local practioners, from Chatham and Bytown respectively, demanding "Of what use will a Museum in Toronto be to me? ... How am I to get books from the Library?" (364) Instead of the present Board, appointed by the Governor, Campbell proposes one "essentially representative" [his emphasis], with the "licensed practitioners" in each district electing a doctor to sit on the Board in Toronto. Campbell's insistence on a truly "representative" Board seems intended to tweak the old reformer, John Rolph. Campbell casts himself in the role of defender of marginalized interests, a role he was to exploit in the controversy over the Mary Boyd affair.[xliii]

A government report of November 29, 1848 declined to accept the resignation of the Commissioners and expressed regret that the Commissioners had not been satisfied with the government's previous decision in its attempt to effect a certain rapprochement between them and the current Medical Superintendent, Dr. George Hamilton Park. Perhaps inevitably, the government indicates its willingness to accept Dr. Park's resignation instead. That he resorted to language even after such a defeat, fighting on with words to which the mere existence of his text attests, suggests the great importance which he must have attached to language and textual authority. He must have understood how much what he wanted to do at the empirical level depended on establishing his authority on the level of signification as a writer; otherwise, he might not have written so much so well.[vii]

A related reason for his literary exertions was the impression of his character that he believed the permanent, written record would leave to posterity – and that he sensed would be his principal remembrance (as indeed it was). Dr. Park knew that his ethos was repeatedly under attack in the "Minutes" of the Temporary Asylum, even when he did right. The dilemma the Commissioners placed him in when they sought his permission to release the Assistant Steward, a medical student named Mr. J. Cronyn, to absent himself from the perenially understaffed Asylum to attend Medical Lectures at University College, could stand for his whole term of office: "If I acquiesced, it was doing wrong; if I dissented, I incurred ... fresh hostility" (Narrative, 40)

Finally in his war or words Dr. Park found himself, albeit disingenuously considering his textual prowess, at a continual disadvantage, partly because as a doctor he depended on his reputation for his living as well as his honour, but more because of the nature of the textual exchange between himself and the Commissioners and indeed of the texts themselves. As he pointed out, the Commissioners observed no standards or criteria for sifting the evidence for the assertions and insinuations they continually make against him. They even accepted and recorded the evidence of discharged employees, without reservation or qualification. This unsifted material was transmitted to the government, another textual authority, where it became a permanent part of the written record, of the Journal of the Legislative Assembly for example, or more generally of the archive about which Dr. Park expressed his greatest concern:

2 LUNATIC HISTORIES: JOSEPH WORKMAN'S CONSTRUCTIONS OF DISEASE AT THE PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM, TORONTO: ASYLUM AS CURE

(The Temporary Asylum: Star-Chamber and Archive)

When a new jail was opened in East Toronto, on January 21, 1841, seventeen lunatics incarcerated in the Old York Jail became the first official patients of the Temporary Asylum.[4] In 1846 a second temporary asylum was established, ironically enough, in the old Parliament Buildings on Front Street. These buildings were used as an asylum until 1850, when the Provincial Lunatic Asylum opened on the site presently occupied by the Queen Street Mental Health Centre. This decade of the Temporary Asylum was marked by administrative difficulties stemming from "differences between the board of directors and the superintendents" (Burgess, 22). A parliamentary act of 1839 had vested all property in the Board, given the Board control over the hiring and firing of the staff, and inadequately defined the powers of the Superintendent. Successive Medical Superintendents clashed with the Board and were dismissed: Drs. Rees, Telfer, and Park all went the same way. The result was "anarchy and neglect of the patients" (23).

reversed the usual relationship of such texts to history; what are usually treated as glosses are here treated as main text

Toronto's asylum doctors looked and gazed, but they also read and wrote. Their texts demonstrate, among other things, the persistent and even obsessive textuality of medical authority, even as they themselves protested — too much — that it was based on something more. These texts parallel, are affected by but also help to facilitate developments in the history of alienism and early psychiatry, from the failure of "moral therapy," through the depressing period of "custodial care," to the beginnings of clinical psychiatry, the "discovery" of dementia praecox, and the "Mental Hygiene" movement of the 1920s.

These texts describe a kind of North American "birth of the clinic," not the austere Foucauldian clinic of the 19th century, but something related to it in its capacity to generate, however crudely but viciously, the knowledge that not only enhances its power but also disseminates it. Of this phenomenon it is appropriate to ask, as Foucault does of the 18th-century clinic, whether one can rightfully "transform into an object of clinical observation a patient whose poverty has compelled him to seek assistance" (83), or whether it is not "a tacit form of violence ... upon a sick body that demands to be comforted, not displayed" (84).[iv] The latter question dogs not only C.K. Clarke's vociferations in the name of the Asylum on behalf of the clinic, but also the rhetoric of his predecessors, George Hamilton Park, Daniel Clark, and above all, of Joseph Workman, Clarke's mentor as well as predecessor. In their various arguments, in pamphlets, articles, and annual reports these doctors continually display the bodies of the sick, to no good effect. Ironically, instead of the "dense and wealthy population of a metropolitan city," which the original commissioners anticipated in the 1840s would mean a steady supply of students, an ever-growing population of urban poor supply it with variously depicted "plagues" of masturbators, monomaniacs, erotomaniacs, paretics, degenerates, schizophrenics, defective immigrants, low to high-grade morons, and feeble-minded women. The doctors play fast and loose not only with these diseases but also with the poor who seem to be especially vulnerable to them, and whose diseases it is difficult if not impossible to distinguish from poverty. The diseases vary with the role of the Asylum in professional imagination, but their epidemic and endemic character remains constant.

Beginning in the 1960s historians such as Erving Goffman, Gerald Grob, David Rothman, Ellen Dwyer, Constance McGovern, Roy Porter, and Andrew

Scull have narrated the origins and described the character of asylums and mental hospitals. Most of their studies have been influenced by Michel Foucault's Madness and Civilization: A History of Madness in the Age of Reason, with its idea of the "great confinement," and its systematic debunking of the "Whiggish" or naively "progressive" view of such history. The most significant of these historians, Andrew Scull, has refined and qualified his earlier Foucauldianism (arguing that the idea of the "great confinement" is itself a myth, or a development peculiar to French history), but has retained and more clearly articulated his connection of the rise of the asylum in England to the development of a market economy. He remains an eloquent critic of psychiatric "professionalism."

The following parallels these earlier histories, as in some ways it must, as a study of texts focused on an institution subject to the same economic and social forces as any other in a developing capitalist society. But it is also intended to elaborate another issue initially raised by Foucault, the absolute separation of reason and non-reason which he argues characterizes attitudes to madness in the "Age of Reason," and marks its "constitution as a mental illness" (x). The texts that form the basis of this study, because of the common affiliation of their medical authors, together comprise a peculiarly intense "monologue of reason about madness" (x-xi) which helps us to understand some of the effects on discourse of its separation from its ostensible subject. The peculiar character of these texts owes much to their being "monologues," an effect on the sane of their silencing of the mad.[7] Despite (or because of) their monologic character, these texts are also curiously lopsided, self-incriminatingly polyvalent, and embarrassingly lacunar. At the risk of further one sidedness, I confess that I sometimes read in them the "mirror writing" of the "silenced" mad, an effect on the sane of their silencing of themselves.

1 FOREWORD

I live in the shadow of the Toronto Asylum, in Parkdale, Toronto's great ghetto for gays, blacks, paupers, psychiatric survivors, etc. The neighbourhood begins at the overpass for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where King and Queen Streets symbolically descend a little, so as not to interfere with the trains. Joseph Workman, Medical Superintendent 1853-1875, the "Nestor of Alienists," fretted that the steepness would cause accidents. He also wanted the structure to be aesthetically pleasing, since it was so close to "his" grounds.[i]

What marked the boundary of the Asylum, now marks the beginning of Parkdale. The patients of the Queen Street Mental Health Centre, the successor of the Toronto Asylum,[ii] rent the neighbourhood's old houses and apartment buildings, more or less out-patient boarding-homes, many of them fire-traps. Workman observed that asylum treatment was at least better than an auto da fe;[iii] occasionally it seems no different.

The following is a discussion of the writings of the patients, inmates, and principal alienists of the Toronto Asylum, circa 1840 to 1920, organized around such themes as the relationship between medical authority and authorship, the textuality of disease, and the meanings of asylum.

My principal thesis is that doctors in rather self interested ways constructed medical authority as authors, by troping the asylum and its diseases until, thanks to the perceived failure of things like "moral therapy," and professional self-interest, they "virtually" troped it out of existence. I describe this troping in the doctors' own texts, focused on the Toronto Asylum, because of its paradigmatic, long and troubled history. In the process I have probably

There are now 102 insane persons, former residents of Toronto, in this house, and to this number must be added those belonging to Toronto now in the London and Rockwood Asylum. To those who form their judgment of facts solely on figures, no further proof would be necessary to warrant the assertion that Toronto is the maddest hole in all Canada, if not in all the world. This year it has sent in more than one-fifth of all admitted .... (Dr. Joseph Workman, Annual Report of the Medical Superintendent, Asylum for Insane, Toronto, 1871).

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Velvet was a different story. She'd originally been as good as Lance, but she deteriorated after she got some kind of liver trouble. She had Barrie's disease. She'd known Barrie, and she knew Barrie's disease. If Velvet had the same thing, she knew she was fucked.

I knew as soon as I recognized her voice that Velvet wanted a cigarette. She was too embarrassed to ask outright because she already owed me and she was basically a good woman. She'd promised to pay me back as soon as she got her money from the hospital. She'd always done so before, but not this time. She was slipping. When I gave her five dollars off the little roll I kept in my pocket she got nostalgic for the times when she had money. She wasn't jealous. She just remembered the times when she had a roll too. I think she appreciated the memory almost as much as the money. The memory would last longer She'd spend the five dollars immediately. There'd be a feeding frenzy for cigarettes. She couldn't say no.

A little while ago I loaned her a few packs of cheap "Native" cigarettes. We agreed that I'd leave them in the office. She could have no more than one an hour. She was to ask for it at the top of the hour, like everyone else who had cigarettes in the office. If she missed the hour, it was too bad. They weren't retroactive. The deal was she had to replace them once they were gone. This is what she hadn't done. She didn't care. It was understandable. She was an old woman, and she was dying.

a salty crack. Yesterday Michael asked me for a cigarette. I said no. I mentioned that I'd noticed him sitting on the steps. I thought he was inconsiderate. He tossed what was left of his cigarette, nearly all of it. "Sorry," he said. In a man's normal speaking voice. I wish the camera could have caught it.

*

It was a few minutes after 6 o'clock. I had just returned from the Goodwill down Thing Street. I removed my knapsack and put it on my porch, entered the narrow passage between my house and the House, and carried a green bag of garbage to the boulevard. Michael came out of the House and sat down on the front-steps, where anyone else coming out of the House would trip over him. He was smoking as usual, taking rapid shallow puffs on his cigarette, which he'd throw away half smoked, or leave to scorch the mat.

He knew he annoyed me, sitting where Adam always told him not to. I asked him if he remembered how he knocked at my door on Sunday afternoon, to invite me to take him for a walk. I'd buy him a coffee at a coffee shop in the neighborhood where they had a glassed-in smoking section. He'd always say it didn't matter, he was quitting, but I always made sure I had a pack of cigarettes. The last time I also bought him a chocolate éclair. He said I couldn't imagine "secured." I wondered if they were afraid of elopements, but that was silly. There was no need to lock the windows when the tenants were free to use the door. They could come and go at any hour. Many exercised that freedom.

Lance was a big, courteous man from some island, I don't know which. Maybe England. His was one of those bodies that I regularly saw flashing on the way to the toilet. I was used to his bare ass. I would hear him leave early in the morning. I never saw him go, because by then I'd be working in the kitchen. I'd be baking those peanut butter cookies that Adam liked. Lance would usually go downtown to City Hall. He had a "complex" about our mayor. He believed he was in some kind of trouble. Lance wanted to warn him. He'd wait for the mayor to come to work but I don't think they ever met. The mayor's handlers wouldn't have allowed it.

Serge said Lance smelled like a dog. He didn't mean he stank. He smelled like a dog that lived outdoors and slept in the grass. After waiting for the mayor Lance would go to sleep in some park. I never saw him do a laundry. He'd throw his laundry in the garbage and get new clothes at the pound store. At a dollar a pound it was probably cheaper to buy them. He saved his money for cigarettes. He was the only tenant I sold them to after midnight. I thought it would have been unfair not to, since he slept all day. I also gave him credit, because he always paid me back.

how long he'd been waiting for one. I told him he should go shopping, then he could get Caspar to buy him whatever he wanted. I knew he'd rather wait. They also serve, who do.

At the end of every walk he'd tell me how unhappy he was. Outside the people in the cars were too sexual. They stared at him because he was in his pajamas. Inside they pushed him around. He was so quiet and so small. I'd seen him approach strangers without even looking to see who they were. He'd march out of the House and ask the first people he met for a hand-out. He'd get it too. I wouldn't agree. I'd say he was quiet but no push over. Then I'd give him a few cigarettes. That was what he wanted.

He remembered. Then forget it, I said.

*

Last summer, Velvet would call my name when she saw me coming up the walk at night. I'd be on the porch and hear her disembodied voice in the dark. She sat on the second floor balcony of the House. Frederick (not Fred) or Gabriel would join her. Michael would sit by himself on the tiny third floor balcony. In the morning both yards would be littered with dented Coke cans.

None of the bedrooms was air-conditioned. Sam's "Health and Safety" committee insisted that all the windows be manager "restructured" the cook, I prepared a roast in our dysfunctional oven. Unfortunately I mixed the gravy in the blue pitcher, the one Babs reserved for orange juice. During shift change I'd asked her to let the roast cook for an hour longer after she came on duty. I'd left the gravy, in the blue pitcher, on the counter. When Babs saw it she flew into a rage. She left an angry red highlighted note in the common log, addressed to part time staff from full-time staff (herself), never to use the blue pitcher for anything except orange juice, and never to use the orange juice for anything except breakfast. She subsequently stashed "breakfast only" orange juice in the freezer of the dining room fridge. At least it was used for something besides left overs. She had many quirks. They ranged from mildly irritating to downright disgusting. She could be mean and bullying.

Adam trained me the next night. I believe Babs hated me. She probably demanded extra pay for "training" me, and told the manager I wouldn't make it. Adam must have decided to give me a chance. At any rate when I went in at midnight I was surprised to find him in the office. He was talking to Gladys, who'd just finished giving him shift change. He almost never worked nights. He'd brought in extra supplies of liquorice twists and hard candy, as well as his usual Lucky Strikes. He smiled at me from his chair by the computer, as if to say he was doing this for me. He was such a nice man.

I know I digress, but this is about Adam. There are things I remember about that night. I remember him sitting in the

*

I have pictures of Adam. I took the first two in October of 2003, exactly a year before it happened. They show him in his summer attire: a shirt over a T-shirt, short pants, "Adidas" running shoes, white gym socks. By co-incidence that was the last time Adam wore shorts that year. The weather turned cold the very next day and stayed cold till spring.

In the first of these two pictures Adam posed for me. He picked up his "Roots" bag and the bin that he used to carry groceries when he went shopping. I suppose he wanted me to photograph him with things that went with the job. The "Roots" bag and the shopping bin were as emblematic of his job as the plumber's snake was of mine. I thought the latter should be on my coat of arms, if I ever got one. I was always carrying it upstairs to unplug the tenants' toilets. Adam used to follow me in case I needed his experienced help. He'd watch as I attacked the load of reeking shit. He once observed that everyone's smelled the same. Only theirs was worse because of all the meds. Now he stood sideways, in front of the door. He raised the arm that wasn't holding anything and waved his hand as if he were lecturing someone. I shot him.

In the second picture he faces the camera. He faces me. His expression is friendly. He's thanking me for three packs of

After the manager told her Alice said it was terrible. She asked how it had happened. The manager lied. She said no one knew. She was afraid the tenants wouldn't be able to take it. Yet they lived such harsh lives. Alice was paranoid and lived in a state of imminent destruction. She was preoccupied with conspiracies. Frederick (not Fred) was always talking about his other bodies. I think he thought he was JFK Jr. He was always talking about how his lips moved in the airplane underwater. He wasn't killed. He was murdered. There were mummy babies under the bed and werewolves at the window. So it went. On her way out Alice apologized for not wearing stockings for Patricia's announcement. I'd noticed when she was sitting opposite me that her feet were bare in dirty sneakers. That was on her mind. The announcement was an occasion. She hadn't been dressed for it.

*

I remember my first shifts. I had a couple of training shifts with Babs and Adam. Babs was a strange, unnerving experience.

I remember one thing about Babs's training. The apple juice goes into the clear pitcher and the orange juice into the blue one. I inadvertently violated this "arrangement" about a year later, on the 4 to midnight shift. As I usually did, after the cigs that I'd just given him. I'd stuffed them into his "Roots" bag when he was out of the office.

Of course there was another story behind his needing cigarettes and not being able to buy them for himself. That would account for his somber appearance in the second set of pictures. I took these at Christmas, without his permission. He hated them. He looks very glum while stringing little lights on the Emile Durkheim Christmas Tree. It should have been a happy task. Money had everything to do with it. He hated Christmas. He thought it was all to do with money. At least that one was his last.

*

The manager made herself hoarse telling the tenants. They took it very well. Alice came to the office with her laundry in a green garbage bag. She wanted some of the soap powder that Karl put in little Baggies as an excuse for being in the office early in the morning. Her laundry consisted of a pair of jeans. She would guard them in the laundry room all afternoon. No one in his right mind would steal them. Maybe that was why. The manager invited her into the office and asked her to sit in one of the crummy chairs reserved for tenants. Some of the staff were afraid of picking up scabies or other bugs by sitting in a chair that a tenant had just sat in. Getting the tenants to clean up was out of the question. They were untouchables.

Some evenings Jack, Gabriel, and Frederick (not Fred) ran to the office from the lounge, terrified by something they'd seen on T.V. Once it was an especially graphic news item, a variety store video of the proprietor getting robbed, beaten, and stabbed. Once it was a movie featuring delusional people who heard voices. Jack would be smoking. He'd say he was glad he wasn't like "that," a murderer or someone with delusions. He'd ask, "Why do people kill?" or "Why do people hear voices?" I'd say I didn't know, but smoking in the hallway was against "House Rules." He'd skulk off, taking the others along.

*

One evening I caught Frederick (not Fred) sobbing in the dining room. He was sitting alone at one of the long white plastic tables that we cleaned with the bleach rag after every meal. There was always one in the bucket on top of the tenants' fridge.

The fridge wasn't used for much else. Many of the tenants didn't eat at meal times. Some of them hardly ate anything at all. I'd cook a roast, slice it on the machine in the kitchen, and serve it with vegetables, mashed potatoes and gravy. The tenants loved potatoes and gravy, but I'd open the fridge and find half a dozen plates of uneaten meat. Some of them couldn't eat it because of their rotten teeth. That was why office with me and slowly rolling his left pant-leg up over the brace in order to adjust it. I remember following behind him as he did rounds. Every hour he led the way around the house up and down four flights of stairs from basement to third floor. It must have bothered his knees. Still, I remember his sense of humor He'd been telling me to check that all the windows were locked. He stopped before a window in the rear stairwell and retrieved a baggie that had probably contained a cookie. "Crack cocaine," he muttered.

The next night I worked alone Gabriel, Jack and Frederick (not Fred) were like sharks that smelled fresh blood, the manager's metaphor for the initiation of a relief person. They went through a lot of relief people. During the day they were only supposed to come for a cigarette, and only on the hour. Frederick (not Fred) didn't even have any cigs. After midnight they weren't supposed to come at all. When I said so, Gabriel told me that it had been changed. The manager said so. It was the rule. I was so naive that I almost believed him.

I saw Jack looking at Gabriel with that sidelong expression of his that meant something was up. Gabriel was scamming. Jack was usually scamming too. He was what Caspar called a "predator," but he was also a lone hunter. He wasn't sure he wanted to be in on Gabriel's scam, or in with Gabriel at least. He usually got whatever Gabriel had anyway. He was short and slight with a stoop that gave him a slinking air. He was always repeating "I'm a handsome guy" but he was really very ugly. His stringy black hair was often lousy. He wore Buddy Holly glasses one lens of which was either taped in or falling out. His teeth were rotten. There was a large hole in one of his front molars. Doubtless his appetite for sugary coffee had something to do with it The first thing he did in the morning was hit the big urn in the basement, grab a big restaurant style dispenser full of sugar, and empty half of it into his cup. He'd slop a sticky trail all the way to the smoking lounge. He was a pig.

"I'm wise," he told me outside the office, a propos of nothing.

"That's good," I said. "Maybe you should go to bed."

"Can't I stay up if I want to? I'm a big boy."

They returned minutes later. When I opened the office door, Frederick (not Fred) screamed and pointed under the round table. "My head! It came off my other body." I couldn't help looking in the direction of his finger. Gabriel looked too, with a simper. Jack just kept smoking. I assured them there was nothing there.

"I'm scared," Jack said, in a hoarse voice. "Wa-a-a-a-h," he balled. He'd decided to get in on it.

*

(not Fred) immediately recovered. I'm undecided about Swift.

When Frederick (not Fred) got up to go upstairs, Julia was mopping the floor. She hadn't put up her warning sign, because (as usual) Babs had put it away "where it belonged." Frederick (not Fred) marched toward the stairs, probably thinking about Louis, and slipped. I heard his broad back flop against the floor like a sack of flour. I bent down. He hadn't hit his head.

He saw me and started to moan. I offered to help him get up, but he said he didn't want to look. He knew there was blood all over. He was probably brain-damaged. I said I didn't think so, but we could discuss it in the office. I'd give him a couple of cigarettes. F-f-free? He felt better already.

*

I learned the routines of the House. They certainly weren't enough, but they represented a starting point. I mean that literally, because I wrote my routines down and printed them out on a word processor, under the heading "Routines." I put them on a clipboard and carried them around for months, although after the first week I rarely if ever looked at them. They were symbolic. I believed that as long as I adhered to them I couldn't backslide as all of the others had, except Adam. Because of their painfully obvious inadequacy they liked the peanut butter cookies I baked after midnight. They were soft. Adam liked them too, not because his teeth were bad. He had a sweet tooth. By midnight I'd have to throw out all the left-overs. Otherwise Babs would complain to the manager about the way I'd left the kitchen. She'd even photograph it, with the Polaroid we used to photograph the tenants, and show the pictures to our director at Head Office. Tut, tut. The manager always phoned Babs after midnight. They were a couple. Babs called her "dear." That was what she called everyone. Gladys called her "dear" behind her back.

I twisted the bleach rag over the bucket on top of the fridge and started to wipe Frederick (not Fred)'s table. It didn't need it. I'd already wiped it once when I cleaned up right after supper. It was just a way to break the ice, and get him to lift up his head. The bleach stank. It smelled like burnt skin. I burned myself with it once, cleaning the back stairs with my bare hands.

It worked. He slowly raised his head. I asked him what was wrong. He said it was Laura. She loved Louis. She was throwing him aside for Louis, a figment of his imagination. Swift was wrong, if one's own delusions could betray one thus.

When I suggested that it didn't matter, Louis was a bum, Laura could have him if that was what she wanted, Frederick

every time I referred to them they served as a reminder to do more. They inspired me. Adam noticed my clipboard and observed that I seemed really enthusiastic about the job. The manager noticed it too. She was surprised to see that I was still carrying "that thing" around.

*

I made notes during that first training shift with Babs. On reviewing them now I realize that Babs had backslid from them quite a bit herself, even in the brief time I was there. Before I would have thought that such things as rules, guidelines, routines, and procedures would have been dearly loved and religiously followed by anal women like Babs. Now I realize that they usually stand in their way.

The very first thing I was supposed to do was "come in a few minutes early for shift change." That meant coming in every night at a quarter to midnight. Babs never came in early, mainly because she hated Gladys, the woman she usually relieved. She sat till the last minute in the Coffee Time, nursing her hot chocolate and plucking her eyebrows, or she did a Lilly Marlene act, waiting where Gladys could see her, under the streetlight on the corner, till it was exactly midnight. She hated the idea of working a few minutes extra for Gladys, even if it was really for the House. She preferred to make Gladys stay late. Gladys hated her for that, and often left her with a mess in the "meds" drawer. They were just a couple of ridiculous old bitches.

I always came to work fifteen minutes early. Some staff had the cheek to complain about it. I suppose they were afraid I'd walk in on them asleep with their feet up on a chair, or I'd make them look bad, and they'd get fewer shifts. Instead of telling them to follow procedures, the Manager told me not to come in early any more. She said I'd been there long enough that it wasn't necessary. She criticized me for following procedures rather than criticize them for not. Her style of "management" was not self-sacrificing. It was self-saving.

I came in early; otherwise, I thought shift change wouldn't happen. At least that was how I justified it then. Maybe it was my version of "Lilly Marlene."

*

I put on a set of relief keys as soon as I got inside the office. Full-time permanent staff were allowed to keep their own set of keys and even take it home. Babs warned me not to hang it around my neck. Someone could choke me with it. That was probably wishful thinking. I usually tied it to a belt loop. If someone pulled it, it would break off.

No one tried to strangle me with the relief keys. No one tried to steal them either. They didn't unlock anything

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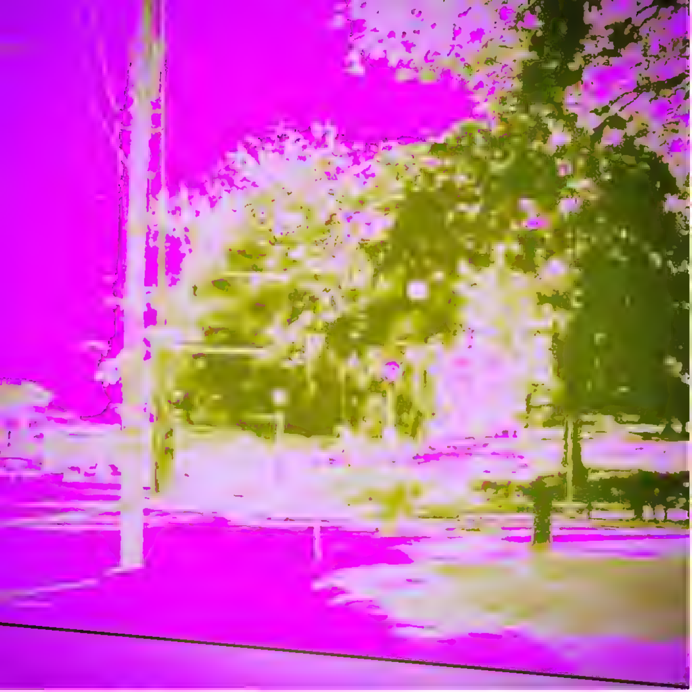

usually begging for enough change to make a quarter so he could buy a cigarette, it reminded him that what he did was degrading.

It was a role. When Michael didn't get the change from Caspar he'd walk out onto the sidewalk and solicit the passersby. He'd return with enough for a pack. He wouldn't buy a whole pack at once, but only two or three cigarettes. It was more controlling that way. He could bother us all day. He'd never come for his cigarettes on the hour but always a few minutes too late or too early. He'd track us down and interrupt whatever we were doing in the kitchen. He forced us to break our own "House Rules" just to get rid of him.

Once he had his cigarette he didn't seem to care. He'd take a few puffs and throw it away. It was an excuse for sitting on the front steps, breaking another rule. Adam warned him that if he caught him there he'd cut him off cigarettes for a whole day. Then he decided that he'd cut him off the "kitchen program". He wouldn't let him peel potatoes or make salad. Cutting him off cigarettes only meant he'd buy from the Koreans on the corner. Cutting him off "the program" meant he'd have no money from us to buy with. He'd still get money though. We were only, as we used to say, "slowing him down."

Now Michael sits on the steps more than ever, or maybe I notice it more. I'm sensitive about it. In the winter he had great salt stains on the seat of his pants. I told Adam he had whose contents anyone would want. They unlocked the kitchen and the pantry but staff were always leaving them open anyway, despite the faded warnings on the doors, not to leave them "open and unattended." There was "pin money" in little yellow envelopes in amounts of one or two dollars in the filing cabinet in the office. It might have amounted to two hundred dollars. The cabinet also contained at least a week's worth of meds for each of the twenty schizophrenic tenants. It had no street value. If you were stupid enough to ingest it you would fall into a coma. Anyone could get into the office by kicking the door. Caspar kicked it all the time.

The cleaner used to forget to return his keys after work. We'd be short a set till he returned next week. I attached an enormous medallion, from a posh local athletic club, hoping he'd be reminded by its weight to remove them. He still took them home, though he must have looked conspicuous on the Thing Street car. Eventually the manager refused to loan him the keys at all. This was a great blow to his pride. He must have regarded the set of keys on its little ribbon as a chain of office like the Lord Mayor of London's, but smaller. In revenge he made more trips than usual, in and out of the office and the storage rooms. Each time I'd have to interrupt my supper preparations and go all the way upstairs and let him in. He wanted the keys back.

*

I changed the tape in the video recorder on top of the filing cabinet where the meds were. That was for our security. Like the locks it didn't work. The tape was supposed to record what the cameras saw on the front porch and right outside the back door. Most of the time the lights were burnt out because Babs and Gladys were fighting over whose job it was to change the bulb. Consequently the cameras often saw nothing but darkness occasionally illuminated by flares from the matches of tenants smoking on the steps. At other times they saw events.

*

Had the cameras been working they would have filmed innumerable cigarette breaks. Every hour or so Adam would invite the manager to join him in the smoking lounge or on the porch. When I wasn't working I often saw them there on my way in or out of my flophouse next door. I'd say hello and ask them how it was going. Later, if Adam was alone, he'd tease me about something and toss me his empty cigarette pack.

Michael often sat on the top step and smoked. He was what Caspar called "passive-aggressive." He played the victim to get his way. His squeaky little voice incensed Serge, who considered it beneath his dignity to work for people who didn't have any pride. Every time he heard that voice,

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jon Thomas Rowland was born in Chatham, Ontario in 1956. He did his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Toronto, and his Ph.D. (in 18th-century satire) at the University of Montreal. He taught at the University of Toronto from 1993 to 1995. His thesis was published by the University of Delaware Press in 1994 as Faint Praise and Civil Leer: The Decline of 18th Century Panegyric. His study of the meanings of homosexuality in some obscure and not-so-obscure 18th-century texts was published by the Fairleigh Dickinson University Press in 1998 (Fairy's Dick and Sons).

Never obtaining tenure or even a steady job, Rowland subsequently worked in shelters and group-homes for mad people in Toronto, Canada. This experience, his appreciation of 18th century satire, and the 20th century satires of Celine and Burroughs, have affected his view of the world. He lives in the Parkdale neighborhood of Toronto, which affected it even worse. He continues to write. Plagiarists call his a *LOSER*.

VACANCIES
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WYNN BROS.
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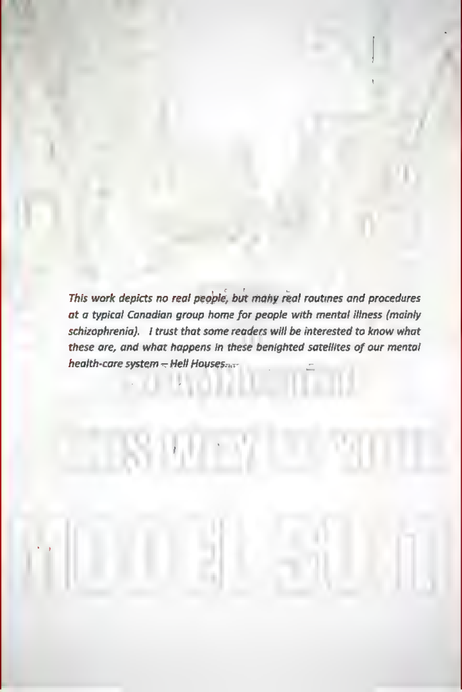
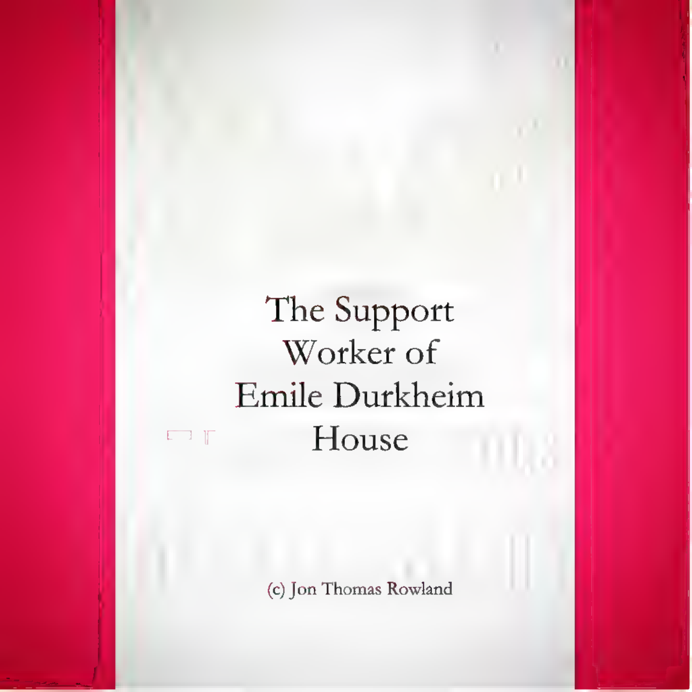
THIS WAY TO YOUR MODEL SUITE



This work depicts no real people, but many real routines and procedures at a typical Canadian group home for people with mental illness (mainly schizophrenia). I trust that some readers will be interested to know what these are, and what happens in these benighted satellites of our mental health-care system – Hell Houses....



The Support Worker of Emile Durkheim House

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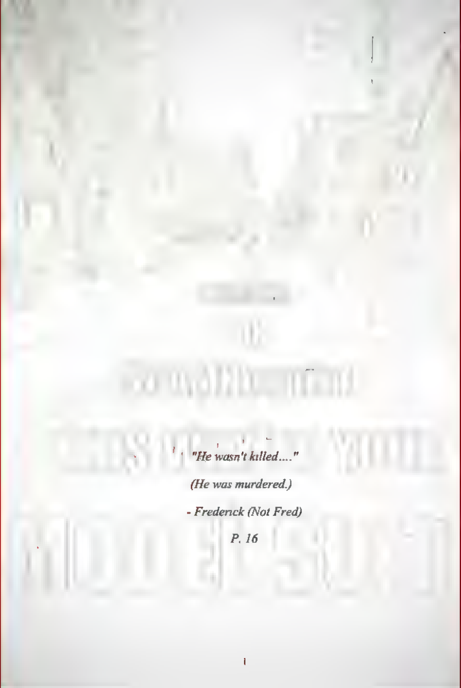

"He wasn't killed...."

(He was murdered.)

- Frederick (Not Fred)

P. 16

I wanted our own entries and reports to be preserved. I liked to think of someone like me reading what I wrote. Like me, but not me. Adam said it wouldn't happen. It was the ministry's new policy. After seven years they'd all be burnt. Now that Adam himself has been cremated, I find it unacceptable. I think it's typically cruel of the authorities to tell us in advance that nothing is to be saved. They do it in the name of confidentiality. In reality they're sicker than any of their clients. The issue is secrecy. They want us to feel good about them for what they do. By consigning their secrets to the flames along with those we confide in. Their secrets don't even matter, except they get in the way of our feeling good about them, and their feeling good about themselves. That won't happen. Why wait seven years? Burn us now.

P. 93

THE SUPPORT WORKER

I remember when the manager called. I was out looking for Pierre He had ran away from us again. Each time he ran away made it that much sooner he'd be back in the mental ward, and he was already past due. He wanted so badly to be with his family.

The manager began as she always did, by offering me a shift. It was Adam's, on Monday Actually, there was one significant difference, which indicated that she was thinking ahead. She asked me where I was. I suppose she didn't want me to break down on the street when she told me. Adam died this weekend.

*

Frederick (not Fred) knew how to cope. It was Jonathan Swift's perception that true happiness consisted of being perpetually self-deceived I think the operative word was

He seemed at once young and old, athletic and frail. There was something troubling about his arms and legs. There was a suggestion of gauntness and pain. "That wouldn't be because of this enormous brace I'm wearing on my left leg, now would it?" Adam asked me once, when I said he looked uncomfortable. I tried to sympathize, but he wouldn't accept pity. He'd been through a bad accident. I couldn't see that day more than two years ago, partly because it was still early summer. In hot weather when he wore sandals, I saw that he'd also lost his left big toe.

Among others pieces of useless information, I told him that I bought my shoes second hand. One day when we were working in the kitchen I mentioned that I got athlete's foot after I started to jog. He thanked me for that information too. It wasn't on my curriculum vitae. He said the second-hand shoes probably had more to do with it. He took care of his feet. He just didn't have that much of them left.

The inside of his gaunt left arm was scarred where the bone had burst through the skin from elbow to wrist as he clenched the steering wheel that nearly crushed him to death. He was a man of many hurts. He suffered from chronic pain.

*

Just a few days ago I'd sat in on a meeting with Adam, the "self." I suppose the principal difference between the way we deceived ourselves and the way others did, was our delusions usually made us happy; whereas, other peoples' deceptions almost always made us miserable.

This reminds me of one of Adam's remarks last month. He had just got back from shopping. I think I must have been doing the manager's shift. I was helping Adam carry bins of groceries from the trunk of his Volvo into the pantry. Betty was helping too, for two dollars. Something was making her laugh, or rather she was making herself laugh at something that had been said to her It was a forced braying laugh, with her big mouth open and her head tilted way back. I mocked her by laughing the same way, and Adam joined in. Betty kept laughing, not getting it.

I explained that we were mocking her because she sounded phony. Adam turned to me and said with surprising bitterness, "There are a lot of phony people in the world, Norm." That would explain why we're so miserable.

*

The manager said Frederick (not Fred) would incorporate Adam into his delusions. He said the Pakis had him down in Pakistan. They were making a new Adam. Later he saw him in the cars driving by on Thing Street. He had joined the others who peopled his delusions, like JFK Jr., Martin Luther

King and Marvin Gaye. He was with the blacks.

When I told Caspar what he'd said, he nodded confidently. Caspar was always the boy genius, although he was thirty years old and until recently still lived at home. Frederick had worked so much with Adam in the kitchen. Now he was fucked.

But he was *self*-deceived. He was delusional and he was happy.

*

The first time I remember seeing Adam he was standing beside his car in front of Emile Durkheim House next door. It must have been payday. He was holding a red carton of cigarettes. I'd get used to his Lucky Strikes. It might have been another time, but I think it was only a few moments later, when he climbed up the front steps and paused on the porch before entering. By then he had one of the cigarettes between his thin lips. He was wearing shorts. His legs were thin. The rest of his clothing consisted of an open shirt with the sleeves rolled up, a T-shirt, and running shoes. It would become as familiar as the cigarettes. He was at least 6'3", with large hands and feet like a stick-man's. He had a sensitive face, a finely shaped head. His light brown hair needed trimming.

*

Serge was so manic it took hours to slow him down enough to do shift change. By 10 A.M. I'd be speeding too. We'd still be smoking on the steps, two hours after I was supposed to go home (if you could call it that). Luckily I didn't have far to go.

Serge expatiated on Russian Cinema. He wanted to make a movie like Potempkin. Movies were being made right there, under the lens of our security camera, when it worked They featured ourselves, with a lot of local losers, and guest appearances by the cops. We could have done the Odessa steps, Scarlet on the stairs of Tara, and any other iconic Hollywood staircase scene, on our own dark-varnished stairs….

At least Serge knew something about Russian cinema. In the course of one of our manic mornings he told me that the Great Theme since the Revolution was the "good bad man." He said it was because “the instability destroyed normality as it created a brutal new order crying out for regulation.”

In post-revolutionary Russia the strongest regulatory forces were totally discredited. They were really just thugs. At least the army defeated the Fascists.

Serge said his family was communist. A lot of the families in

I remember seeing the directions for operating the remote that Adam had written on a "post-it" note and taped to the front of the TV for Pierre to use. He'd also put a note in the common log warning Babs not to shut it off at night when she did her endless, nocturnal rounds. It was Pierre's only pleasure. Turning it off was Babs's Babs read the note, and locked the remote control in the cabinet.

The purpose of the meeting was to decide what if anything could be done to enable Pierre to stay. Otherwise he'd end up back in the asylum or, after they totally gave up on him, in an old age home from which he wouldn't even be able to run away. The manager asked me to attend because, she said, I was their best note-taker. I believe that was an understatement.

*

Caspar was fucked-up. He was an Italian émigré with an anger management problem. He acted younger than he looked, but he looked sixty. He had worked out a lot when he wanted to be a cop but now his six-foot frame was getting fat. He had been a security guard and approached support work the same way. He considered himself an "Alpha Male." His bad temper and physical aggressiveness might have been assets back in Sicily. They would have helped him to quell similarly endowed countrymen. They were a liability with clients.

He became a public enemy after he blacked the eye of a motorist for calling him "stoopid fuckin' wop." He'd just rammed the man's car, but it was the man's fault, for stopping on the highway. He hadn't cared too much about the accident, although he loved his Mercedes, but being called stupid enraged him. He had paid his way through years of college, attending full-time classes while working as a security guard in Canadian WASP banks. Grabbing the man felt like aiming at him down the barrel of a shotgun. He relished the moment. Slugging him was like squeezing the trigger. Now he had to attend an anger management class run by a New Age quack who'd taken fewer psychology courses than himself.

*

Mildred never came to the office for her medication. A worker would bring it to her, the pills in a red plastic dosette in one hand, the water in a little paper cup in the other. Some workers preferred to remove the pills from the dosette and put them in a paper cup. They could then carry two cups in one hand, the plastic water pitcher in the other, and do two tenants' "meds" in one trip.

When Serge climbed up the dark-varnished stairs to the second floor, and knocked on Mildred's door, he was usually greeted with threats and abuse. Mildred was a tough broad.

manager, and Pierre's team. The team was comprised of half a dozen men and women employed by the asylum to help Pierre adjust to life in the community. That was how they described being a tenant. We were a community. Most tenants understandably preferred to remain in their rooms. Certainly Pierre did, or he would run to the opposite extreme. Literally. He would run away. Caspar was afraid he'd get run over on his shift, and he'd have to write the incident report.

Despite its promising name (it was called an "Impact Team") Pierre's team was to impact what we were to community. That is, nothing at all. The six members took turns marching up the dark-varnished stairs two or three times a day, only to stop and tap politely on Pierre's door before turning away, like they thought they were chamber maids at a spa. Pierre invariably refused to answer, but walking in was unthinkable. Yet so far as they knew he might already have died of starvation and be starting to rot.

Fortunately a relative had deposited a lot of snacks the last time he visited him, only a few days ago. Pierre wasn't starving though he wasn't well nourished either. I knew because, being more concerned about responsibility than etiquette, I admitted myself with the master key and took a look. The immediate problem was hygiene. Pierre was afraid to use the washroom down the hall. His bedding was soiled.

She would say "I got a knife" and "I'm gonna off you."

Serge took this very personally. Maybe it was the intensity of his Slav soul. According to him, when confronted this way he reacted by inviting Mildred to try. Serge eventually got rid of her, for alleged extortion that was probably a cigarette deal gone bad, and certainly at least partly a frame up. Some tenants would do anything for a cigarette….

*

Serge parked his Lada in front of the House. I remember watching for it when he was late for work. He was usually late. He seemed depressed about his life. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, he had trouble getting up in the morning. He'd started a full-time job as manager at another group home. He was probably tired, and insecure He lacked self confidence. He figured he'd fail at his new job, like Russia. He was probably right.

Sometimes Serge parked in front of the funeral home. His girlfriend worked there. It was the same population. Occasionally some do-good organization used the premises at night. That was the same population too. Jack and some of the other tenants regularly crashed Alcoholics Anonymous for the free coffee and donuts. They could have joined, but crashing was more fun.

*

Serge was so manic it took hours to slow him down enough to do shift change. By 10 A.M. I'd be speeding too. We'd still be smoking on the steps, two hours after I was supposed to go home (if you could call it that). Luckily I didn't have far to go.

Serge expatiated on Russian Cinema. He wanted to make a movie like Potempkin. Movies were being made right there, under the lens of our security camera, when it worked. They featured ourselves, with a lot of local losers, and guest appearances by the cops. We could have done the Odessa steps, Scarlet on the stairs of Tara, and any other iconic Hollywood staircase scene, on our own dark-varnished stairs….

At least Serge knew something about Russian cinema. In the course of one of our manic mornings he told me that the Great Theme since the Revolution was the "good bad man." He said it was because "the instability destroyed normality as it created a brutal new order crying out for regulation."

In post-revolutionary Russia the strongest regulatory forces were totally discredited. They were really just thugs. At least the army defeated the Fascists.

Serge said his family was communist. A lot of the families in

Mildred.

This is consistent with what I heard early one morning, around 5 A.M. At first I thought it was just another tenant shouting at the voices, then over Mildred's shrieking I heard Serge's booming admonishment that he'd bar her from every group home in Hogtown, and have her committed to the forensic ward at the Asylum, where she'd get to sample a new medication, the same treatment she'd just dispensed to Frederick (not Fred), but at the manic hands of a posse of crack-whores….

*

Adam was the only worker who ever pitied Mildred. After all, she was mentally ill. Every now and then he'd see her dancing or staggering along the sidewalk, depending on her condition. He told me what a sad case Mildred's was. She'd been a regular house-wife, married, the mother of six kids. Even after the onset of acute mental illness, she'd refused to take any medication, although there was medicine available to her that would have helped. She'd "escalate," as we said, and get evicted from one group home, or "stupid boarding home," as Frederick (not Fred) used to say, to another.

Then there was the time Mildred came down to the office at medication time and gave Caspar the finger….

his village saved the old hammer and sickle and flew it privately on special occasions. His cousins in the army learned old, secret marches. Now there was also the Russian Mafia, the most corrupt but least discredited force for social cohesion in the entire Russian Federation. A sociologist would have attributed that to the strength of its collective fictions. Men of honour, etc. Serge was always writing flaky "agit prop" screen plays about Russian gangsters and other great sinners. Only God loved sinners more.

Serge's girlfriend drove a Volkswagen. It was a classic yellow beetle, expensive. The girlfriend was very Anglo Saxon, tall with long blond hair. She was very severe, for a former Comrade.

*

One night in the smoking lounge I heard Frederick (not Fred) circumstantially describe what had happened to Mildred. He'd given her money for a blowjob, enough for a pack of cigarettes. At least I hope it was a pack. When Mildred got back from the Korean grocery store Frederick (not Fred) thought the least she could do was offer him a smoke. When she refused, he told Serge that Mildred had robbed him at knife-point. Serge was naive enough to believe him, or maybe he wanted to believe him, and called the police. No one else believed him, but everyone supported him, because by then they all wanted to get rid of once or twice a week.

This made unreasonable physical demands on him. After he started this additional work, he had more trouble sleeping, and more trouble with pain. After returning from a shopping trip it was routine for him to reach for the bottle of painkillers on the mantle This seriously undermined his morale and aggravated the impact of his personal problems, his financial worries, his sick parents, etc.

In a workplace organized around accommodating people with mental illness, Adam's obvious physical disabilities were barely acknowledged let alone addressed. Thanks to bad management, nearly everyone else was allowed to slack off. The manager did no cleaning, little cooking, and not even very much managing. Babs did virtually nothing at night except make a few bad sandwiches. She opted out of cleaning, in the course of her on-going feud with Gladys. Gladys never cleaned anything either, though she would at least occasionally cook something. The relief staff didn't clean, and were never asked to, although we were overstaffed on weekends, when there was virtually nothing to do, mainly because the residents were more relaxed, without a lot of social workers nickel-diming them, dragging them to appointments, urging them like stupid cheer-leaders to go for walks, or to play soccer.

Adam eventually got half a dozen purple bins that he used instead of boxes. The boxes didn't fit very well in the trunk

*

Adam, Gabriel and I were sitting in the office. It was late May, a few weeks after I started. The manager hadn't figured out how to fire the housekeeper yet.

The housekeeper was Hispanic. Despite her total incompetence, she'd cry racism if she were fired outright. Eventually she'd be "let go." In reality she'd be fired, and everyone else would have to do part of her job. Adam would do most of it. He would go shopping at the "No Frills" at least once a week. I went with him a few times, in his little car. His hand bumped my knee when he used the shift. He smoked, and asked me if I wouldn't mind rolling down the window. He said he was sweating like a pig. It was partly because he was physically weak. He never got enough sleep.

I don't think we can overestimate the effect of this on Adam. He should never have been allowed to do as much as he did, but it was imposed on him.

Eventually Adam did virtually all of the cleaning and a great deal of the cooking. We couldn't hire a full-time cook so Adam became the cook, and the shopper too. He was already a support worker (of course), and a cleaner (by default). With bad knees, a brace, and chronic pain, Adam was the one who had to lug around heavy boxes of groceries, of the Volvo and made a lot of extra garbage every week. Laura had to work all the harder, breaking them down and tying them up to go onto the curb. I was often the one to help her out, wrapping the lengths of twine around the large boxes that she had flattened out. The small Kraft dinner boxes always slipped out. They were a nuisance. Laura would press a thumb on the knot and hold it till I finished tying.

I enjoyed the shopping, pushing the cart while Adam foraged ahead for the things he knew by heart. It was like being married. This went on till one of the cleaners, a Jamaican black who lived in another House, made fun of the arrangement. From then on Adam only took tenants shopping with him. The "kitchen program" started up, and they got paid for it.

He naturally bought for the House what he himself liked to eat. I was touched that, working as hard as he was, he probably couldn't afford to buy the same things for himself. This I inferred from the way he'd grab a bite just before going home or right after arriving at work. He was allowed to do so. The company budgeted food for staff, so the haste couldn't be attributed to furtiveness. He was hungry.

He bought chicken strips, "Delicio" brand pizzas, good quality fish (usually haddock), plenty of fries. He made himself what he called "chip butts." They were sandwiches, French fries between two slices of buttered white bread. For a treat he made me a drink flavored with "Ribena" syrup. Once he bought pineapples and sliced them on the wooden island in the kitchen. I took one and cut into it without first removing the tough skin. He watched me for a moment, then he said "You don't know what you're doing, do you." I bought pineapples in cans. He showed me how to slice fresh ones.

I saved the shopping list that he made for me before he went on his last vacation. Under "Often Used Staples" he listed such items as "bread, milk, salad fixens, fruit, potatoes, juice (breakfast)." He added "2 4 quick meals for weekend staff." Then he must have been distracted, because he wrote a dash but never wrote down the name of the next item beside it.

After the manager's announcement, I lasted through Wednesday but I was failing. The worst part of it was going shopping for the first time since it happened. Shopping was an activity I associated with Adam. Identified is a better word. We were unable to postpone it any longer and still feed the tenants. Nobody even knew how to drive. We had to enlist the services of a caseworker from head office, an outsider. She was very nice, very Anglican, what people call a "good woman." She was fifty, gray-haired, and had a faint mustache. She wore half-glasses around her neck on a chain. She was the worst possible replacement for Adam, who was young and atheistic and would always be. And he was male.

The purple bins were still on the shelf in the pantry. They her catalog. I showed it to them, apologetically. I knew they'd be insulted. They were.

Gladys also sold computers. She said her "company" would assemble whatever the client wanted. Just like Dell. She didn't know the difference between a Pentium IV and a Commodore 64. She said he could assemble a pentium for me for a few hundred dollars. I didn't tell her but I told the manager. I'd just bought one from the Goodwill for five. The market was flooded. I.B.M. wanted out of the business. I knew a competent programmer who couldn't get work. The manager said if I explained that to Gladys it wouldn't make any difference. She wouldn't get it.

Gladys sincerely believed that one day she'd strike it rich. She spent a lot of money on lottery tickets. She was more likely to get rich that way than through any of her business ventures. She was even more likely to get struck by lightning. Nonetheless she was convinced that one day she'd return as a great lady to the little town she came from. She'd have an estate, money, and time. She'd be just like the narrow-minded duchesses who'd helped drive her out before She was fifty years old. Caspar said the trouble with people like her was they believed in easy solutions. They didn't understand that you had to work for anything good

*

hadn't been disturbed since Adam replaced them Friday afternoon.

*

This afternoon, I was saying, we still had time to sit and talk to the tenants. Gabriel was with us. Betty came in for a few minutes, wondering if Adam would let her watch him lift weights. It was one of her favorite things. Adam said he'd do twenty flexes, but started to slow down at the thirteenth flex. He only made it to seventeen. He passed the weights back to Betty, exhausted. Betty smiled. He couldn't fool her. Ladies don't lift weights.

Adam pulled the sleeve of his sports shirt up over his lean bicep. "Feel," he commanded. "Muscle." Betty touched it gently, blushing. "Wow," she said.

"Quit stalling," Adam said. By now he was holding the door open for her to go. "Am I ugly?" Betty asked all of a sudden. "You're cute as a button." He touched the flat end of Betty's nose. "Go." Betty lurched off down the hall, blowing her brains out with her finger.

Gabriel was deluded that he had a factory job. I think it might have had some basis in the volunteering he did in the garden at Scalding Court. A factory job would have been a step up. In the New Millenium it represented security and dignity. Gabriel wanted me to do up his schedule. We spent

"Better?" he asked. This time Gabriel said "Yes."

Just before going downstairs, baggie in hand, Adam stood over us to see what we were doing. He read off the days of the week, pausing before "Thursday," mocking our painstaking. I was helping a man remember the days of the week for a non existent factory-job.

*

Some nights he went home after cooking one of his special dishes and made Kraft dinner. His special dishes were tacos, pirogies with bacon, chicken fajitas. These were the same dishes he made for his wife, when he had the energy. He'd straighten up the house, and help his wife look for a job, a real one.

*

Gladys ran a mail-order business for Lesbians. Not like the Marbles in the movie. I mean she didn't kidnap young hookers, have her valet impregnate them and sell the product to Lesbian couples. She did have a whole catalogue devoted to sex toys made out of plastic that glowed in the dark. I'm sure she never made any money. She knew that my landlady and her mother were Polish Catholics. She thought religious people were kinky, so she asked me to give them a copy of a lot of time at the little round table just filling in the days of the week. Adam was getting ready to go. He usually made a trip to the staff washroom, carrying a Baggie with a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste wrapped inside it. He said it made him feel fresher, helped him stay awake on the long drive home.

Adam had to leave a few minutes early to make a doctor's appointment. It had something to do with his knees. That, and the fact that it was getting warm, prompted him to get into shorts. I remember him coming back to Gabriel and me after changing. "How do I look?" he asked him, smiling. He laughed. I don't remember that he said anything.

I thought he looked great. He was lanky, with beautiful long legs that were only slightly too thin. They were lightly covered with blond hair that showed up in sunlight. Otherwise they looked smooth. The puffiness around his knees, like the bandage under the brace and the heavy black brace itself, made him more attractive. Of course, I'm speaking for myself. At the time I didn't say anything either.

I noticed that he was still wearing the black socks that he'd worn under the jeans. "Black socks," I said. "They make you look like a banker taking the afternoon off. Pretty nerdy." He agreed. He returned to the main floor washroom. When he got back his feet were bare in his running shoes and he carried the socks in his hand. He had crazy ankles. He stuffed the socks into his "Roots" bag.

I helped Adam out with more than just cigarettes. At least I thought I was helping him. Who knows? Perhaps the only thing I know is that I tried. I could have done more. I was limited by fear of giving offense. A terrible inhibition. When I gave him something and he chided me for it, telling me that I had to stop, I insisted that he take it, as long as he wasn't angry. I didn't mind if he was slightly embarrassed, as long as he wasn't angry. He assured me he wasn't. It wasn't even an issue.

I gave him my aquarium, with three goldfish that I'd bought in Chinatown. That was when I really started to help him out. Goldfish were supposed to be lucky.

The next day I asked him how he liked it. He frowned. He liked it. His wife loved it. As soon as she saw him bring it into the house, she insisted on going right away to the pet store for gravel, plants, and other accessories. He'd spent a hundred dollars he hadn't intended to. Now he was totally broke. I think it was the next day that I gave him a few packs for those pictures, and the next morning after that I waited for him on the steps next door, and gave him a whole carton. I wonder if that was a pattern. Maybe I was only putting him deeper in arrears.

One Friday afternoon when we were working in the kitchen I gave him fifty dollars. I laid the bill on the counter. It was pink, like the raw hamburgers we'd been cooking for lunch. I said it was for him. At first he wouldn't take it. He told me to pick it up before it got lost. I could tell he wanted it. I told him to buy himself something for the weekend. He grinned and put it in his pocket.

Or was that a grimace?

He stayed late that shift and reminisced about Stacy, a worker who had died in his sleep a few months ago. He said Stacy stayed late with him a lot. It was as if he didn't want to go home. He was middle-aged, married, with children. It was common.

*

If I made myself an extra cheese sandwich in the kitchen (I made them out of our horrible "Wonder" bread and "plastic" processed cheese slices), he'd chide me, "Young man, that's your second cheese sandwich today." Just as he taught me how to slice a pineapple, he taught me that when you made grilled cheese sandwiches healthy brown bread "just wouldn't do." You had to use white. He'd see me reaching for the loaf of whole wheat bread and say "You don't know what you're doing, do you." I was 10 years older than him. He seems fixed in time and place. I'm still moving, but I'm not conscious of doing anything. I'm not responsible. I let it happen.

She'd go AWOL for three or four days. Then suddenly she'd be back. She started to trick the money people at the hospital. She'd get her whole pin money allowance for the month. Then she'd go back fifteen minutes later, ask a different worker, and get it again. Velvet would sneak up the dark-varnished stairs while Serge was talking to the Anglo girlfriend on his cell. Then Serge would phone the cops.

I offered her a couple of cigarettes. She came downstairs and we stood and talked for a while on adjacent porches.

She'd been a hairdresser in the 70's. It was a better world. There were more drugs in it. She and her boyfriend took them in their basement apartment, listening to rock. Her friend shot someone after an argument and wound up in an asylum for the criminally insane. Velvet was cruising down the highway on the back of someone's Harley and it was as if one of her thoughts leapt out of her head into the road in front of them and pulled them through the windshield. I imagined her frozen in the headlights of an on-rushing thought. She was mental road kill.

First it was Barrie and Adam, then it was Velvet and me. The camera didn't work, or it would have filmed the same scene over and over again.

4

Sometimes they became fathers.

If you put us in T-shirts and photographed us holding cricket bats in a park, we'd look just like them. We'd look like keepers dressed for cricket circa 1910, in an old photograph hanging in the corridor of the administration building. There'd be a few more women. That's all.

I once read pages and pages of stuff in the provincial archives. There were letters in patients' files beginning "Dear Reader." There were notes and reports like our own shift entries and incident reports. There were notes from social workers complaining that they'd given patients tickets to the "Ex," but the patients had sold the tickets and used the money to see a show.

I loved to read such stuff! There between two sheets of yellow foolscap would be a spare ticket to the "Ex" eighty years ago.

I wanted our own entries and reports to be preserved. I liked to think of someone like me reading what I wrote. Like me, but not me. Adam said it wouldn't happen. It was the ministry's new policy. After seven years they'd all be burnt. Now that Adam himself has been cremated, I find it unacceptable.

I think it's typically cruel of the authorities to tell us in advance that nothing is to be saved. They do it in the name your help." I'm still not sure what he meant, but he was a joker. I said he'd be "missed." I hope that, in the context of a one-day absence, he didn't mistake my meaning.

*

Once we were called keepers, and they were called patients or lunatics. It's a tradition. It changes, and it stays the same. I've seen pictures of the male attendants at Thing Street asylum circa 1910. "Male" is tautological in historical context.

They were standing in an airing court, dressed for sport. I think it was cricket. They weren't at all bad looking. In white T-shirts that showed off their broad shoulders, they were handsome. I suppose before there were a lot of drugs keepers had to be fit. They were all tall. There were no doubt a lot of Englishmen among them, like Adam. I can't forebear adding "of course."

Adam's parents brought him to Canada when he was still a toddler. They came by boat They would have been among the last immigrants to experience the archetypal arrival into the Gulf of St. Lawrence out of the open sea. It was like being ingested. They were working class. Adam's precursors not infrequently had affairs with their female clients, call them what you will. Maybe the keepers became clients. They socialized at the periodic asylum balls.

trails of coffee slopped from the dining room to the lounge. Fewer things got stolen. In fact nothing got stolen when Jack wasn't around. Gabriel even had enough pin money after supper to buy herself a coffee at Dino's. Usually Jack just took it. He even stole the manager's cigarettes. He'd light up right outside the big bay office window in plain view of staff. He wanted everyone to know. He was a good guy. He went to the food bank. He told the Holy Fathers that we didn't feed him. He was hungry. "Wa-a-a-ah." He returned with enough food for a small needy family. He opened the jars of peanut butter and the canned goods. He sampled their contents with his finger and left them to go bad on his dresser. Everything went bad. I had to go into his room to throw them out before they drew vermin. When I warned him that food in the room was against House rules he acted astonished. Couldn't he make himself a sandwich? He was a good guy. Not to mention handsome, and good-natured. He knew the rules. That's why he did it. Jack was cut off cigarettes.

"Staff entered client's room during room check at 6 P.M. and smelled smoke. Staff observed plume of smoke rising behind bed. Upon investigation Staff discovered client had wrapped lit cigarette in paper towel and inserted towel between mattress and wall. Staff informed client that setting fires in room was against House Rules. Client expressed dismay at Staff's apparent inability to evict from his room arsonists and other trespassers, some of whom were vocal and engaged him in endless long arguments."

just as dirty as everyone else, and the Anglican clergy were predominately fags. This time there was no chance he meant they were cigarettes. Except for the Scriabin, I thought he was typically accurate and fair, but I wondered why he bothered. Maybe it was the same reason why he tolerated Eugenia asking him "What means bacon?" He thought it was his job. He wished me luck.

After he'd gone the manager told me we'd discuss my letter as soon a she'd finished the meat order. Actually she was counting the cigarettes. She could have been doing her nails. We sat in the office. She wanted to know what had brought this on. She looked hurt. She was in victim mode. Caspar called it "passive-aggressive." I was getting screwed, but she felt sorry. I thought it was obvious. Babs had left her job for a while six months ago. When she came back she should have gone to the end of the queue. Instead she was getting preferential treatment. She got first pick of the available shifts and as many as she squealed for. The manager said she was helping her out on compassionate grounds. Compassion for whom? Help her to somebody else's shifts, I said. I knew Patricia was helping herself by taking the easy way out, buying the peace with my shifts. She said I wasn't seeing things from her perspective. I said I was. I just didn't like what I saw. I wasn't even in the picture, only my shifts were, and they weren't mine any more.

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strike. The front door was always bashed in or missing, like an old man's bloody dentures after somebody kicked him in the mouth.

Moving vans full of fertilizer pulled up and stalled at the illuminated fountain in the circular driveway. Somebody poured cream soda into the water. It foamed and frothed like the memorial of the war between Iran and Iraq.

Patricia Stinker, the lady Scrooge, was doing her accounts, checking up on her investments, the sinking fund. She heard a commotion, banging and scraping in the street twenty stories below. She peered out through the lace curtains of a lace-curtain Irish woman. Half naked in just her brassiere, smooth shoulders gleaming in the winter twilight, it was Mildred dragging an iron bed-frame down the street. She'd just plundered it from the Best Lodge dumpster. She was drunk. She shouted at the by-standers that they were bums.

*

The manager sulked, and wouldn't invite me to any more cigarette breaks with herself and Adam. A few days later Adam had to leave early for one of his periodic fund-raising meetings. He hated them. They usually concerned arrangements for a charity concert. The music was always classical. The venue was always a particular Anglican church on Spoor Street. He called Scriabin Scabies, believers were

He stood outside the door. He said he was dead. He said you'd be dead too, if you were shot in the head. He was sweating in a black raincoat over a nylon ski-jacket. Sweat beaded his brow, dribbled down his chin, caught in his whiskers. I wanted him to remove at least one of his coats. At first he refused. Then he said all right. I'll strip. Bastard! He tugged at the buttons. He threw the raincoat at me. Then he popped the metal buttons of the ski jacket and threw it at me too. I meekly folded them over my arm like a waiter. I carried them up the dark-varnished stairs to his room and hung them neatly in his closet. Like a valet, or a chamber maid.

When I returned to the main floor he was still hovering around the office door. He stared blankly at the clock in the hallway, wondering when he could get his next cigarette. I told him to go away, to sit in the lounge, to watch TV. He told me to fuck off. I said calm down to his broad back as he retreated down the hall into the lounge. I heard him damn me to hell, call me bastard and atheist. He read the bible regularly. He was saved. He was a lawyer, an I.T. Specialist.

*

Jack was handsome, and good-natured. He never caused any trouble, except everyone noticed that when he was away the house was a lot calmer, and a lot cleaner. There were no looking at the dosette in her hand, she'd give the tenants their evening meds, thinking they were their 6 o'clock meds. The tenants would be too addled to remember that they'd already had their 6 o'clock meds at 4. No less addled herself, Gladys would try to give them their evening meds again at 10 o'clock. She'd finally look at the dosette, notice that the meds for the day were all gone, and accuse someone else of handing them out. She was Mother Hubbard.

Samantha always got her "meds" right after supper. To-night she waited outside while Mack counted his pills on the little round table where the manager counted the cigarette money and Babs prepared the pin money envelopes. There were nine. They ranged in size from tiny yellow clozapine tablets to large football-shaped lozenges. Mack took his time. He asked me if I thought he was going to get better. I said I hoped so. He asked me for some of the peanuts that I had in a plastic container on the mantle. He already had his snack in his knapsack. I'd given him two muffins. Everyone else got one. I poured the peanuts onto a napkin where the pills had been. He thanked me. He wouldn't get better if he didn't stop eating so much.

Mack folded the nuts in the napkin and put them in his knapsack with his muffins and cigarettes. I looked up and saw Samantha scowling behind the reinforced glass. Mack was talking about his other selves. He said he was a lot of different men. Some of them were bad. They said bad things about us. He tried not to listen, because he was good.

Jack went out and sold some weed. He got his cigarettes. It amazed me but he still had a good head for business. My neighbor walking his dog in the morning regularly met Jack emerging from the alley with one of his own clients. He was a good guy all right.

*

Serge said the manager was just an old hippie. For once he got it right, but he put the wrong spin on it. Poor Serge. He meant that hippies were good because they were easy-going. They didn't get angry when you were late for shift change. I hated hippies. They were worse ass-holes than Serge himself. Serge once gave me a book by David Suzuki. The cheek. I'm convinced that Serge and the manager joined the Green Party out of parsimony.

The manager was obsessive about the cigarette money. I used to go to a variety store across from the Asylum and buy contraband "Native" cigarettes. The staff then sold them out of the office, for a little more than what they cost. This meant that Frederick (not Fred) didn't have to pay fifty cents for a cigarette from the Koreans on the corner, and the money he made in the "kitchen program" went a lot farther. In a few minutes he could panhandle enough for a pack. When all the cigs were gone I took the money out of the little blue dish and bought some more.

Patricia started to use my cigarette money as a float. This

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Samantha finally left for St. Onan's Center. It was her "beauty spa." At least it wasn't another flop like Emile Durkheim House. She'd been aggressive to Adam. She said she wanted to kill him and his wife. Especially his wife. Then they could get married. She'd known him for years, as his client in another House. Adam was her scapegoat and lover combined. When she was delusional she called the imaginary friend, who held the door open and waited for her, "Adam." Sitting in the lounge with Adam and me during one of Adam's regular cigarette breaks, Samantha started to swear at the news announcer on CNN. It wasn't Dan Rather. That much was certain. Adam asked her to watch her language.

She told Adam to fuck off, and reminded him that she was going to kill him and his wife, but not in that order. Adam said she was skating on very thin ice. Samantha stormed out of the lounge.

Then she came to us in the office. She apologized to Adam for threatening him and asked him to please call the police right away next time. Adam said he didn't want to call the police. It wasn't necessary. He said Samantha should stop taking out her frustration on others every time she ran out of money. Samantha said it wasn't money. She was feeling suicidal. She wanted a "PRN" and a subway token. The meant that she was always dipping into it to pay the tenants for kitchen work. She had a bad memory, especially when it came to other people's money. I believe she shorted the cig money herself, then used the shortage as an excuse to take the money home with her. I think she slept with it.

Then a so called Front Line Worker got busted by a Canada Customs commissar for buying contraband cigs. Caspar said he'd been snitched on by a colleague. That was their "M.O." The fine was twenty-four hundred bucks and a criminal record. Caspar probably had one already.

*

Caspar was a womanizer. Anyone was a womanizer compared to me, if he was straight. Caspar wanted to teach English in a former Eastern Block country because Slavic women were so beautiful. He'd worked in Sicily but it was too dangerous. He thought Czechoslovakia would be just right.

He sent faxes from the dysfunctional fax machine on top of the "meds" cabinet, and e-mails from the computer beside Adam's chair. The faxes and e-mails attracted a lot of advertisers, with pitches on the level of "Bright Boy Wanted." Patricia resented the expense. I'm sure she suspected me. Officially I wasn't supposed to have a password to get onto the internet, but Adam gave me his to use. I did searches using "gay" and "psych survivor" as keywords, and visited the sites that came up. I knew that Queenie would have trouble complaining about those.

One evening Caspar lingered in the office after I relieved him at a quarter to midnight. He talked about his template. He meant his type. Socrates discusses it in the Phaedrus, where he defends the mad lover. It was lover, angel and demon. Caspar said his "academic advisor" had been his type. I said the real ones always were, only they were called satyrs. Adam was mine. My Mentor, despite his smooth legs.

*

Joan raved about having no head, no arms, no legs. She was short and dumpy. She thought she was hot. She had a dapper mustache like Queenie's. She wore her hair in a 50s-style bee-hive that looked half as tall as she was. She was always spraying it with one of the dozens of aerosol cans that she stored in the drawers under her bed. She also had all kinds of perfume. It was all highly flammable and Joan had a smoking problem.

During room check staff found butts and paper garbage smoldering between client's radiator and the wall. All we could do was evict her. Patricia would write her a letter.

usual prescription.

Adam said he knew that if he handed her five dollars she'd go to McDonald's and have a coffee. Samantha slowly shook her towering beehive as if only she knew the full story, and it was complicated and very sad. She said, wearily, "No, Adam, I don't think so. I don't think so." Adam got her a sedative from her bottle in the filing cabinet and some water in a paper cup. He gave her a token from the House pouch. "Thank you, Adam," she said, at her politest. "But next time I want you to call the police immediately." Adam said he would if he thought it was necessary. Samantha wiggled her fingers at us from the doorway. I thought she was going to ask us to call her a cab, then she was off.

I told the manager that I thought just giving Samantha the five dollars, which after all was what she really wanted, would save "the system" a lot of money. Patricia said I obviously didn't know "the system" very well. "The system" had the bed either way. Putting up Samantha merely justified it.

*

I'd just dispensed the six o'clock "meds." Karl always wanted his before supper at 4:30. He really wanted them earlier, before Gladys arrived at 4:00, but we wouldn't give them to her. We used to, but it confused Gladys. Gladys was easily confused. Without checking the "meds" sheets or even

*

Mack could have been a pimp. I got acquainted with his girlfriend before I worked in the House. She was always around to see Mack or Barrie. The first time I saw Barrie he was smoking a joint on the front lawn of the drop-in centre down the street. He usually sat on the front steps of Emile Durkheim House. I talked to him there almost every day one summer two years ago. I had lost my job selling antiques in a crazy store on Thing Street because the owner was too busy chasing women to buy me anything to sell. He was cunt struck.

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I was running a flea market in my front yard to raise rent money. Barrie was amused when I asked him to watch my stuff while I went inside for lunch. One weekend he robbed eleven variety stores. In jail he'd been brain-damaged in a fight and he'd contracted hepatitis from dirty needles. By the end of the summer I'd run out of stuff to sell. I had a few photograph albums with photos of someone else's long-dead family. Barrie looked over at them with disgust. He thought no one would buy them.

*

I was sitting on my porch next door, guarding my inventory. It was the early afternoon. Barrie had gone inside. He didn't eat anything for lunch. He drank a can of "Insure" a day.

Samantha came over and talked to him for a minute. Then she approached Adam, who was holding a Frisbee. She suddenly backed him into another table and gave him a great hug. Adam patted her on the back with the Frisbee. He looked foolish. Samantha said she wouldn't be home that evening, she was staying at her Edward's. Adam didn't bother to tell her to go back and get her meds.

*

Samantha couldn't sleep. Her "PRN" wasn't working. She wanted a dollar so she could get a coffee at McDonald's. If she could just sit somewhere for a while she'd be all right. Otherwise she'd go to St. Onan's. I gave her the dollar. It was worth a try, but after she left I got out her file. She stayed at McDonald's till about 9:30. She must have had a free refill. I saw her climbing the dark varnished stairs, urging "Adam" to come on. Then she was at the office door. She said I'd better call the police right away. She was going to kill someone. She had an axe.

I'd spent an hour that day tidying up her room She had a lot of laundry and the usual litter. The most dangerous things were the hangers. I let her into the office. She sat in Adam's chair beside the computer while I dialed the number. I handed her the phone and listened in the worn office chair while she told the operator that she was psychotic, that she had a lethal weapon, that she was a danger to herself and

and ingratiating. She waved her hand and wiggled her fingers. She was a con. I said I didn't want to give her medication she didn't need. She said she really needed it. She was beginning to be very anxious. She didn't have any money. I told her to wait half an hour. If she still felt anxious we'd see about that "PRN."

She came back half an hour later. She said she was feeling suicidal. Did I think she should call St. Onan's? Maybe I should call the police.

I told her that she shouldn't call St. Onan's either. She seemed to be increasing her requests. Compared to calling the Centre, the sedative almost looked like a good idea. It was brilliant compared to the police. They made me anxious and I didn't have a "PRN."

Samantha accepted the "PRN" as a favor to me. She really thought I should call St. Onan's to get her a "reservation." Then I should call the police to get her an escort, because it was a long way to walk and she was fragile. With her big heavy body and facial hair, she resembled a female teamster. She was a con, a thug. She frightened the other tenants. She'd hold the smoking room door open for her imaginary friend and sigh "Come on, Adam."

Samantha's friend was a version of Adam that she had constructed out of a relationship that went back many years. She had been Adam's client at other houses before Emile

That was all. He was losing weight.

A pair of "Doc Martins" hurled over the second floor balcony of the House next door. They landed in my sales area. A woman shouted. I recognized Charlene's voice, and the hail of tapes, sheet music, and clothing. I heard wood splintering. Finally, pieces of her guitar hurtled into the yard, as at the conclusion of a rock concert.

Caspar came out of the House. That was the first time I saw him. He was wearing a name tag as well as a set of relief keys. I'm glad they got rid of the tags before I came to work. Caspar strode into the yard. He clasped his hands behind his back. I saw he wasn't bad looking but with a trace of nerdiness thanks to his glasses. I was probably worse, always holding a book and trying to read. My sale attracted some very stupid people. It helped to have something to read.

Caspar introduced himself. He apologized for the behavior of his client. He asked me to please call the police if it happened again. I thought that was his job. I told him not to worry. I could have sold the shoes. Barrie started to laugh. He'd been there all morning, and I hadn't noticed.

*

One day in September Barrie wasn't on the steps. His worker drove him to the House that afternoon. He got out of the car and went straight into the House without acknowledging me or talking to Frederick (not Fred) and Karl who were loitering on the porch. I was packing up my unsold family albums when I saw him come outside with Adam. I heard Barrie say that he was fucked. Adam was carrying his black "Roots" bag, on his way home. I noticed the brace. Adam said everyone we were all fucked.

The next day on the porch, Barrie asked me if I thought he'd see fifty. He said he'd been diagnosed with cancer. During the few months that he had left I got acquainted with his and Mack's friend, Deloris. Deloris tolerated me because I liked Barrie. Sometimes she was drunk. She'd take my hand and hold it too long. Then she'd say something mean. She took Barrie drinking a few last times, since it didn't matter anymore what happened to his liver. They got into an argument, and Barrie slapped her. She must have been a bad drunk.

Deloris turned up where she wasn't supposed to be. She wouldn't ring the door-bell and check in with the staff as guests were supposed to do. She didn't consider me staff or herself a guest. She would enter the lounge where Mack sprawled in front of the T.V., watching a game. She'd make herself at home with coffee, and get into a fight with Karl. Karl was jealous and refused to shut up when Deloris was around. I'd follow Deloris into the lounge, or find her there, and ask her to go back and ring the door-bell. Karl would be screaming for her to go. Usually she'd leave. Adam said I

Durkheim House. They had been together at the notorious "Fifth Street Housing and Support Services," whose manager drove a new Mercedes while the workers (Adam included) hadn't had a raise in ten years, and where one day the tenants' case histories were abandoned on the boulevard. They blew around the neighborhood for weeks.

Samantha had a "real" boyfriend, with wasted lady-killer features. I think all along she probably wanted to visit him, but was too lazy to go on her own and too shrewd to think anyone would loan her bus fare for that. Kurt stole credit cards and gave them to Samantha. He calculated that if Samantha got caught she wouldn't get punished because she was mentally ill. Kurt was staying in a men's shelter downtown, but Samantha had another boyfriend named Edward.

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When their money was gone, and Edward didn't have any more to loan them, Kurt stole his things and pawned them. Then Edward would call Samantha to demand restitution. Samantha would try to repay him out of her pin money. It would take months. Most of that time she'd be wretchedly broke. She'd pace up and down outside the House, looking for someone to loan her a dollar for a coffee, or a quarter for a cigarette.

was being a prick. I disliked Deloris. Mack was indifferent.

*

Mack lumbered past Samantha without acknowledging her. He began his daily ascent of the dark varnished stairs. He came down in the morning and stayed down till bed-time, which was right after supper. There was nothing else to do till breakfast. Samantha held the door longer than necessary. She sighed "Come on, Adam." Adam was somewhere on the road to Ossington.

Samantha waited while I retrieved her "meds" file from the stack of "six o'clock meds" beside the photo-copier, removed her dosette from the filing cabinet, and poured the water into a Dixie cup. I showed her her name on the dosette before tapping the pills from the 6 o'clock slot into her cupped hand. She clapped the hand with the pills over her mouth, accepted the Dixie cup and swallowed the water. She even showed me the inside of her mouth, something Gladys wanted me to ask everyone to do. I never did. Caspar said the tenants had been in the asylum most of their lives. They were too good at "cheeking" to get caught like that. Gladys would take me aside to warn me that a particular tenant was cheeking his meds. They all were.

Then Samantha asked me for a "PRN." She was at her politest. She used her little girl voice. She was apologetic

Kurt would disappear, but Edward would call us half a dozen times every evening, wanting to talk to Samantha. She didn't want to talk to him, and we weren't allowed to tell him anything. He'd beg us to use our "telepathy" to bring him to the phone. Caspar would stare at the phone as if it repulsed him. Then he'd hang up. If I answered he'd try to get me to tell Samantha to do something, although I had no such authority. He'd say to tell her that he missed her terribly, that she had to come right over. I'd say that I'd tell her he called. He'd tell me to tell her that he was lonely, that he'd rented some videos, and it was O.K. to bring Kurt. I'd repeat myself. I'd tell her that he called, that was all. Finally he'd tell me that he was feeling suicidal. If Samantha didn't come he'd kill himself. I didn't believe him, but I had to tell him that any more talk like that and I'd call the police to take him in for an "assessment." That shut him up for the rest of the evening.

I met him at the company picnic. It happened every September in a large park where the neighbors let their dogs run off leash. The manager didn't go. Adam went but he wasn't very enthusiastic. He said the staff tried to make it a field day, with races and prizes. The tenants were happy to get a hamburger and a few cigarettes. Especially the cigarettes.

Edward wasn't ugly. He was middle-aged, with blonde hair and a florid complexion. He wore shiny black patent leather shoes. I remember him sitting alone at a picnic table.

*

Adam told me a joke. He asked me what you called a female brain surgeon. I knew it was a joke so I said "an exceptional person." No, he said. Fucking bitch. I wondered what he called me when he was with Gladys. He made a point of calling cigarettes "fags" when the three of us were together. After shift-change he'd say, "I think I'll have a fag." "You can have me," I'd say. Gladys always looked uneasy.

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Once before shift-change they were discussing Karl. Gladys wondered how his girlfriend ever got him to shut up. Adam said Wanda probably sat on his face. Gladys laughed and was evidently about to tell some joke about tongues and other organs up ass-holes when she turned to me and asked me if I was gay. I said yes, thinking that there'd be no point in staying in the closet where someone like Gladys was concerned. I'd just have to put up with all kinds of homophobic remarks. It didn't matter that she was a fat ugly dike. Don't let anybody call her "girl" though.

Standing on the porch with Adam, during yet another cigarette break, he said women and gays had an advantage. I think he figured that if Gladys hadn't been a woman she'd have been fired years ago. As for himself, he was tall, blond, straight. Master race material.

others. When she was finished I asked her to hand the receiver back to me. I told the operator that I was the support worker at Emile Durkheim House, a residential treatment facility for people with mental illness. The woman she'd just spoken to was delusional. There was no weapon. There was no danger. She'd suspected as much. Samantha's language was formulaic. She'd been around too many workers.

*

The snow crunched under my five-dollar Goodwill shoes. The cobbled front yard of the House was littered with the debris of pin-money envelopes and cigarette packs, butts and ashes, pop cans, etc. It spilled into the next yard. There were yellow bags of sidewalk salt beside the railing on the porch, but I nearly slipped on the icy burlap runner. Laura hadn't salted it yet.

During shift change in the office Babs had neatly arranged everything in front of her on the little round table. The stapler, the staple remover, and the paper-clip container were lined up beside the ruler. A yellow pad was in front of her. She'd written a few notes about what had happened from midnight till 8 A.M. There was a bulb on the third floor landing that needed changing. Ellie needed pin money; otherwise, she couldn't get her morning pop. Babs must have been bored at 3 A.M. She'd peeked into the pin money to cause a heart attack, not big enough to stop his delusions. He said he knew. His voices had warned him about us. He was a good person. He'd wanted to believe that we were good people too, but he was wrong. The voices were right. We'd hurt him too much. He was leaving us. He was escalating. He was high. I'd never seen him look better. I'd never seen him stronger. I'd never seen him so happy.

*

Karl was angry with Gladys because she was a woman. Wanda was a woman. He'd trash everything in his room and kick in the office door if anyone interfered with Wanda, but that didn't stop him from hating Gladys. Gladys threw the meds at him, he said. Women were like that. He wanted his meds now. I told him he had to wait for Gladys. I didn't add that if I gave him his meds early Gladys would get confused and probably double-dose him, but that was the reason. He lost his temper completely, screamed at me that he wanted "the boss," and punched the wall. "I hate this place," he said. Join the club, I thought. "I hate you too," he said, meaning Adam. "And your fag friend." Meaning me (of course).

I wrote a shift entry about him that time. I noticed that the entry immediately above it, a quarterly entry, said that Karl was doing much better, interacting equally well with other tenants and staff.

envelopes.

*

I showed the manager Mack's dosette. His team had just dropped it off. It didn't look right to me. It didn't even feel right. The manager just glanced at it. She said it was fine. She was busy. She was counting the cigarette money at the little round table.

If I'd bothered to think about it I'd have noticed that Mack's team had forgotten his clozapine. I was busy too. I was making dinner. It wasn't for me to question the manager. It was just our bad luck that Adam was away that week. Otherwise I'm sure he'd have noticed.

Mack got no clozapine till his team returned the next week. The front door-bell rang. I ran up the coffee-stained stairs from the kitchen. Ellie was already at the door, answering like a porter. Oh here's staff, she said. He'll help you. The team member just glared at Ellie, handed me Mack's new dosette, and was gone.

A lot of team members disliked mentally ill people. Once a team leader (no less) phoned me because she didn't want team members to enter the House if anyone was delusional. She was concerned for their safety. Maybe they could phone ahead, and we could notify them if anyone was delusional. I

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to cause a heart attack, not big enough to stop his delusions. He said he knew. His voices had warned him about us. He was a good person. He'd wanted to believe that we were good people too, but he was wrong. The voices were right. We'd hurt him too much. He was leaving us. He was escalating. He was high. I'd never seen him look better. I'd never seen him stronger. I'd never seen him so happy.

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was new at the job, or I'd have told her that she and her team were in the wrong field. She was delusional herself. Instead I said as mildly as I could that while I appreciated her concern, I really didn't think it was practical to notify her in advance every time somebody in Emile Durkheim House was delusional. That meant we'd be calling her daily. Several times daily. Better to have us call when everyone was "normal." Better yet to assume that, on any given day, someone would be delusional -- and stay away.

I showed the dosette to Adam, who was back at his post and working, in the kitchen. I showed him the old dosette, which wasn't quite empty. He said, "No clozapine." I showed him the new dosette. It was the same.

Adam said he'd have to phone the hospital. Mack had been off his clozapine for a week. If they put him back on it where he'd been when he stopped, he might go into a coma. If they didn't put him back at all he'd "escalate." His medication would have to be gradually increased starting from a much smaller dosage than he'd been on before the interruption.

That night Mack sat ensconced in the third-floor smoking lounge. He wore dark glasses, and his face looked pale and metallic. He sat there all night, smoking and talking, sometimes with Frederick (not Fred) or Gabriel, but usually alone. He talked to me for a little while, when I brought him his evening meds, now with a tiny clozapine pill. Too small useful for the House. She could have cleaned the floor, or cooked a roast. She never did. She needed guidance. There wasn't any. She needed to be told, but she never was.

*

Adam phoned me very early one morning. I was doing the midnight to 8 A.M. shift. Babs had called in sick after another argument with Gladys over whose turn it was to mop the floor. Women's work, which none of ours wanted to do. Adam said he wouldn't be coming to work today. It was 4 A.M. and he hadn't been able to sleep because of the pain in his knees. He was lying on the sofa in the basement of the town house he'd gone into debt for. He'd put pillows under his knees and propped up his legs. The painkillers weren't helping. He'd just taken another sleeping pill. I think that was why he was less reserved than usual. I asked him if he often had trouble sleeping. He said every night. I said I was sorry. I asked how long he'd been having such trouble. He said ten years. I asked if there were anything that could be done about it. He said no. He'd have it for the rest of his life. He had to live with it. We didn't know that it wasn't for much longer. I said I was sorry. He said he was sorry I had to work his shift on top of my own. He told me not to get burnt out. He was breathing heavily. I thought maybe the drugs were beginning to take effect. He said there was work to do. I couldn't understand why he was breathing so heavily. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "We need

I told him that it was hard to talk to someone knowing that what he was really thinking was, "Get away from me, fucking faggot." Adam said it was hard to know what people really thought, but they probably didn't think that. I said I hoped so. As for himself, I thought he was rather more complicated than he let on. Look at the effect of his accident, for one thing. He had a disability. He'd worked with schizophrenics all his life. That made him almost an eccentric. An eccentric loser, he said.

*

During my first fall at the House I worked with Adam when the manager was on vacation. Adam's wife was away on some kind of training course. Some mornings he was mysteriously late. He'd apologize for leaving me on my own and say he'd been out walking. He didn't seem like the type to contemplate nature, alone at 8 o'clock in Ossington. He had something on his mind. I wonder if he was already contemplating it. Perhaps he was only thinking of quitting. At the very least he had had to deliberate whether or not to come to work in the morning. It had required conscious decision, and resolve.

*

Adam and I were working in the kitchen with Michael.

cupboard it was attached to, you risked hitting yourself in the head. You couldn't open it more than half way. You couldn't open the next cupboard more than halfway either, without running into it.

Without adding anything to the convenience and efficiency of our kitchen she'd removed a quarter of our cupboard space and a third of our counter-top. It was a triumph of bad thinking and worse construction. Our regular maintenance man couldn't have done it worse. Babs was so proud of herself she expected praise during shift change. We'd none to offer.

Babs also made changes to the office. Most of the female workers were short and fat. One of the workers from the hospital used to visit us every Friday with the "meds" for half a dozen tenants. One afternoon he sat down on one of our crummy black office chairs. He leaned back and nearly went horizontal. He laughed as he sat up and tightened the chair. Must be female staff around here, he said. Female staff being optimistic, I said.

Babs complained she couldn't reach the videos that were stored in the tall bookshelves to the right of our fake fireplace. So she wrecked the fireplace too, by bolting a cheap bookshelf to the right end of the mantle. It wasn't as high as the original shelf, and the tapes were out of the way ("where they belonged").

Michael was our best peeler. In an hour he could peel enough potatoes for twenty tenants. His narrow focus intensified the effort.

Our job was to start him and to keep him going. That could be a chore. First I had to find him to ask him if he'd do it. He never said no. What little pin money he got on Tuesday would be spent by Thursday if not before. It would be no more than the half-smoked cigarettes in the can on the porch, that Ellie relished. It would be in the half full cans of Coke that Adam balled her out for leaving on the steps, if Gabriel didn't find them first.

He'd usually be in his room, knitting while listening to his T.V. The picture didn't work. Babs had taught him and Jack and some of the other male tenants how to knit interminable swathes of wool. They'd never even be scarves. None of the female tenants was interested, but Michael and Jack liked the image of themselves knitting. Knitting was quiet and small, the way they thought of themselves. I think Babs enjoyed seeing men knit. It was Hercules spinning, or Monsieur Lefarge.

Michael used to enter the kitchen and freeze. He'd stand perfectly still with his empty knapsack dangling from his shoulder. He'd snap out of it when I reminded him to wash. He'd do it energetically at the sink under Babs's towel dispenser. Then he'd freeze-frame again till I handed him one of the stainless-steel bowls. He would take it into the

It wasn't even symmetrical. Babs had characteristically desecrated the only piece of real wood in the House. The mantle was solid mahogany. Above it hung a large expensive mirror, the only open thing in the office. Now it was obscured by Babs's arborite monstrosity.

When Babs relieved Gladys (at exactly one minute to midnight), Gladys was sincerely angry. She demanded to know what Babs thought she was doing. She didn't accept that anything a man could do a woman could do better. Not when the woman was Babs. Didn't we have a maintenance ***man***? Now she'd screwed up the whole office. Didn't she know there were other people who used the office besides herself? Why didn't she ask first? How was Gladys going to fix her hair, when she couldn't even see her reflection? Babs really screwed up.

Babs said she was only trying to help out by doing a little maintenance at night. Every one else thought it was nice. That was a bald lie. Babs hadn't canvassed anyone yet. It wasn't like her to care what anyone thought. She'd pretend to, after it didn't matter.

Adam and I would have told her. She'd characteristically butchered the mantle for nothing, to put a few tapes that hardly anyone ever watched--where they "belonged." It was the same compulsion all over again. She'd done it to prove female superiority. Hers at least. Adam was concerned about wasting time. Babs could have been doing something dining area. I'd follow with one and a half bags of potatoes, the peeler, a knife for halving the larger spuds, and a cutting board. Then he'd start.

*

Adam joked that he used to be an actor, a porn star. He was "Buck Naked." The sweat was dripping off him. I bet he wished he was naked right then. He didn't want to drip in the mashed potatoes. I said I'd just get off on it. He said he was thinking of the tenants. I said they'd get off on it too.

He wiped his forehead with one of the brown paper towels from the dispenser. He folded the paper towel and stuck it to his forehead with the sweat of his brow. He wore it like a visor. A volunteer said he looked "so sexy" like that.

*

The manager started to use paper towels for napkins after she "restructured" the housekeeper. They were hard on the skin, but cheaper than the white napkins the cook bought. The dispenser was the one that, unable to think of anything useful to do one midnight shift, Babs had nailed to one of the cupboard doors. She probably thought that if a man could do it, she could do it better. It stuck out so far you couldn't use the counter beneath it. When you opened the

The camera could have filmed worse things. Once Collin came back drunk from a bar frequented by pimps, hookers, and pushers. He had his Discman on. He loved rap music. He was black, from a middle-class black family. Every few months his father pulled up in an expensive sports car in front of the house and waited for Collin to come out. He never went in. It was too depressing. His mother wanted the doctor to be sure to give him lots of Prozac before he came home for a visit. He was too depressed.

Collin hated Gladys. Gladys (obviously) was a woman. She could be shrill. She could spill the "meds" she was offering a tenant, and then get all upset about it as if it was the tenant's fault. I don't think Collin was sexist. He acted like people in the rap music he was always listening to. When they were angry with their women they called them "ho's." Collin was already high on whatever he'd been consuming at the local bar, as well as the music. When he saw Gladys, he got angry and called her "ho."

I think Collin neglected to consider that the people in the rap music calling one another "ho" were nearly all black. He resembled a typical middle-class American college kid. He was tall, handsome, and athletic. The laundress who worked at the house part-time couldn't forebear calling him "cutie." Gladys should have been glad to be called "ho" by him. But he was black.

When Collin called Gladys "ho" it was like a slap in the face from way across the color divide. That made it sting.

I believe Collin meant nothing by it. Once in the dining-room he asked me if I were married. I said no. He asked me if I had a girlfriend. I said no. He asked me if I had a boyfriend. I said no. Finally he asked me if I wanted one. I said no, I was a loner. He hadn't been nosy or insulting. He'd been sympathetic. It was all natural to him. I don't think he had any prejudice.

I heard him talking to Adam one evening. Collin was crouching by the garbage cans outside the office. Adam was bending over him. I had just emerged from the office where I'd been dispensing supper-time meds. Collin was angry. He said he just wanted to go home. He missed his family. He didn't like it here. Adam said he understood. He was sorry. There was nothing he could do. I thought I detected genuine sympathy. From what I now know about Adam, it was.

Adam told me, I think in the course of our discussion about suicide, that he'd never been "that way." He'd had "reality problems." Something happened to Adam when he was a teenager, after which he referred to himself as "high school Adam." He'd dropped out.

*

None of this really matters in terms of what the camera could have seen. I saw it, because I was watching from the porch next door. Instead of getting off the porch herself, Gladys told Collin to They "escalated," to use mental health-care jargon. He slapped her face.

Gladys was shocked, and the police were useless. They became hostile when I wouldn't give them my date of birth. I hadn't done anything wrong except call them. I worked there. I lived next door. I'd been standing on my porch. I saw it all. "You live next door to this?" The bad cop demanded, as if I'd committed a series of crimes and that was the culmination.

When I wouldn't give them Collin's file the bad cop suggested I review my training. I considered suggesting that he review his own, especially the part under neighborhood policing. Instead I said I was sorry but, according to my training, for reasons of confidentiality I couldn't release the tenant's file without a "Form 14." They knew that. The good cop looked worried for his colleague, as if he thought he'd lost face and didn't know where he'd recover it.

Out of reach of the non-recording cameras I talked to Collin about what had happened. He said he guessed he'd really messed up this time. Now he'd never get to go home.

The police joined us a few minutes later. The bad cop

Durkheim House. Babs said she found their co-dependency oppressive. It was one of the reasons why she left head office. I experienced it during the wake. Two land-rovers pulled up at the curb. In the office they appeared to be reading a dialogue from an old script they knew by heart. Harriet couldn't believe it. Adam! By his own hand. He was always so cheerful. Yes, Queenie gushed. He was charming. The manager sat between them trying to look sad.

*

Babs should have relieved me at a quarter to. Instead of apologizing she went straight to the schedule that the manager had taped to the cupboard above the computer. She squealed that she didn't have enough hours. She needed more. Then she immediately calmed down. She'd talk to Harriet. She'd make it right.

Then she lowered her immense bulk into Adam's chair beside the computer. I began shift change. At almost every name, she said that tenant shouldn't even be here. That one wasn't truly mentally ill. That one was developmentally delayed. That one had a drug problem. That one was an alky. She was trying to show me what a great case worker she was. I was impressed. Caspar said she shouldn't criticize. Her features were distinctly Mongoloid. She had Down's Syndrome. She shouldn't have been there either.

aggressively interrogated Collin about drugs. I supposed because he was black. Collin hadn't taken any street drugs lately. He was on powerful antipsychotic medication. The cop offered his opinion that Collin's "meds" needed adjustment. I said it had just been done, after a two week re-assessment. I gave him the name of Collin's psychiatrist in case he wanted to discuss it with him.

When I told them that Collin had been diagnosed with schizophrenia the lead cop fatuously demanded to know "which subtype." If he'd really known anything about it he'd have known that such things barely mattered. They changed from one assessment to the next.

The cops took Collin away in hand-cuffs, although it was clear he'd spent his rage. I was glad I hadn't told them he'd been diagnosed with "schizophrenia-paranoid subtype."

I wondered what the camera had caught of this event. The anger? The violence? The bad policing? The ignorance? The waste? .

The cops returned to the house a few minutes later. The bad cop was gloating and the good one was beaming with admiration. The bad cop explained that Collin would be back in an hour. He only needed a little anger management. They turned around, broke wind, and departed.

They'd obviously just dropped Collin off at the hospital

Maybe she thought she was a support worker. Shortly before midnight she made her own rounds, locking every window and door, not once but thrice. Because I came a few minutes early, I'd hear her at it. If I tried to interrupt her, she'd pretend to be on her way to the toilet. If I asked her why she didn't use the one on her own floor, she'd say it was plugged. It usually was. Checking the toilets was also on my list.

*

It was 8:15 on a February morning. I had been on duty since midnight. Babs had been a case worker at head office. It was hard to imagine anyone at head office as a case worker. They were too out of touch. They wouldn't even have made good clients. Babs hadn't been popular at head office. That could have been a recommendation. She could have been better than they were. She was worse.

Babs described them to me after the poker game that was her farewell party. Of course I'd already met the manager. I can describe her myself. She was British. She said "yes, yes right" a lot, pronouncing it "royt." I heard her at the unofficial wake he and some other head office characters arranged for us. I think it was really to assuage their guilt. She was a socialite, a suit. Otherwise she couldn't have held his position. She "tut-tutted" a lot. Schizophrenia. What a without telling anyone what he'd done. I immediately got on the phone and tried to deal with the doctor who'd released him. At first he wouldn't even give me his name, although he wanted all kinds of information from me, which I wasn't allowed or even qualified to release The "meds" information on the back of Collin's dosette was way out of date any way. When I told him what Collin had done he said people beat up people in bars every day and they didn't get committed. I wanted to say that I wasn't talking about the general population. This man had a mental illness and he was a doctor. But by then Collin was "acting out" with them too and it was a different story. I never saw him again.

Later that morning I tried to view the tape but it was illegible.

The next item on my clipboard was the T.V. lounge. Babs always shut it down and kicked everybody out at midnight. When I showed that to Adam he said it was wrong. The tenants had the right to watch T.V. This was their home. I never locked the T.V. lounge. I never removed the item from the list either. It was a starting point.

Shortly after midnight I was supposed to do a round. I had to make sure there were no guests malingering in the tenants' rooms. Joan was apt to have a client of her own, or at least waste, tut tut. She was the biggest waste himself.

Harriet Parsons was our manager's manager. She was short, dark and dykey. She even had a little beard. She resembled a civil servant dressed for summer vacation in the tundra, circa 1950. A mannish civil servant. Her clothes looked comfortable but she looked uneasy. She ran several company properties, into the ground. The nursing home was typical. The company flagship, they should have called it "Titanic." The building was owned by the mafia. The maintenance was contracted out to a mob of incompetents. Even Caspar was impressed. Harriet had to vacate it suddenly with thirty elderly schizophrenic tenants. They took up residence in a building in a remote gang-ridden suburb. It was run by psychopaths. One morning a female tenant screamed and vomited breakfast. There was bleach in her orange juice.

Queenie was the property manager. She reminded me of a female Terry Thomas. Another dykey mustache, this time over a toothy leer. Hadn't any of them heard of Joline? Queenie squired prospective tenants around the property. She was sarcastic and fussy. I remember when she introduced me to Pierre. I offered him my hand. He shied away. Queenie said "Thank you, Norman." Tut, tut. She should have told me that Pierre never shook hands. It was one of his obsessions.

Queenie and Harriet were the Joan and Darby of Emile another tenant. She was sure to be smoking, which was even more forbidden. During rounds I would clutch the relief keys that hung from the ribbon dangling from my belt loop. I didn't want them to rattle. They made me feel like a cat with a bell on its collar, unable to catch mice. I'd walk softly as I approached Joan's door and very quietly insert the master key into her lock. Then I'd tap on her door and enter immediately without waiting for permission. I wanted to catch her.

Sometimes Frederick (not Fred) was there. After they got used to me, Joan would just keep smoking. Frederick (not Fred) would assure me that they weren't having sex. Joan was a virgin.

I also had to check the balconies. I'm not sure what for. It was something Babs did. I was supposed to shut and lock all the doors and make sure the windows on the stairways were all locked. Alice always did that herself. Her worldly possessions consisted of one dress, a few pairs of jeans and some T shirts. Nonetheless she would lock her door several times before leaving her room. She wouldn't let me sweep the floor unless she was there. She kept piles of old newspapers on an old coffee-table in her room. They were the classified sections. She was looking for another room. She saved them, although she never looked at them except just before I made her throw them out. Then she would open every page, study it, and stuff it into a green garbage bag. It would take her all day to throw out the pile.

Babs and Gladys could have been twins, except one was light and one was dark. I don't even remember which.

*

Things came to a crisis in February. I relieved Caspar. Serge had been on earlier, with Babs.

The manager was lazy about scheduling. She was lazy about everything. She'd stick the schedule on the cupboard over the computer for the relief staff to fill in as they came to it. It was easy for her but hard on anyone who came to it after greedy people. Such were Serge and Babs. They had a feeding frenzy.

I put my complaint in writing and reviewed it with Adam. He told me to tone down some passages about Babs. They were too personal. Besides, everyone hated her already. I retyped the letter and taped it to the computer where the manager couldn't miss it.

*

The manager lived in Best Lodge. It was a high-rise feudally mismanaged by the worthless crackhead scions of Boris Ulyanov Fillmore, Vaslav and Ivan. It was the United Nations under terrorist attack with all the interpreters on opening of the "Ex" signaled the end of summer), and it was hot. For a change he wasn't wearing anything under his sports shirt.

Frederick (not Fred) reached for Adam's glasses where they hung in the crotch of his collar. He covered himself with his large hand. Frederick was quite capable of grabbling his crotch. Just for fun. I'd seen him do it in the kitchen. Adam blushed. Frederick laughed. He asked him why his chest was freckled. To me it didn't appear to be freckled, but covered with red blotches. It was smooth, at least what I could see of it in the V of his collar. He told us to never mind. Frederick (not Fred) couldn't or wouldn't get it off his mind, however. He was sex-obsessed. He asked Adam why he wasn't hairier. He said he didn't know. He'd always wanted a hairy back. Frederick peered under the table at our legs. He said our hairy legs looked sexy in shorts. Gabriel laughed. By then Charlene had joined us. Between mouthfulls of fries she told Frederick (not Fred) to stop embarrassing us. What about his own legs? He always wore jeans.

It was on the way back from our first trip to the "Ex," when Adam first told me about his chronic pain. Babs had gone with us early in the morning, right after working a shift. Naturally she was tired and left early. Adam was tired too, and limped slightly on the way back from the lakefront. Gabriel and Frederick (not Fred) were dawdling somewhere behind us. Karl was forging ahead. I'd bank-rolled the expedition, because Adam hated to advance the money. He said he always had a lot of trouble getting it back from our skin-flint manager. Parsimonious Pat. He probably didn't even have any.

I'd given everyone ten dollars spending money. None of them had spent any of it however. Their money went farther at McDonald's. Adam and I had spent most of our allowances playing the rigged games of chance. Then everyone had boarded the polar express. It whipped around very fast, but never got off the ground. I remember the sight of Frederick (not Fred) and Karl, their mouths wide open, eyes wide open too, clenching the bar in front of them as their long hair lashed their faces and the train took off.

I asked Adam what made him so tired. He said the pain in his knees kept him awake. I could sense him gauging whether or not to be open and deciding he would be. I think it had do with the spirit of the outing. It was palpable to me, and probably to him too. It was something families did. The last time I'd gone was forty years ago, when I was no older than Adam when he came here. I even arrived by water, or at least we crossed over the water on the little bridge at the entrance to the grounds. My family had been together then. At least we did things together, as a family. My father was with us. I hadn't been there since that day forty years ago, but things seemed familiar: the layout of the grounds, the stuffed animals, the proximity of the lake. I had returned as a member of a family. I was with Adam.

I felt like going into the House and moistening the roast. The meat was dry.

*

We went to the Canadian National Exhibition. In my neighborhood support workers, “keepers” if you like, have been taking clients to the "Ex" for decades. We were sitting at one of a row of picnic tables set up on the concrete floor of the "Food Pavilion." We were escorting Frederick (not Fred), Gabriel, Karl, Leon, and Charlene. Charlene didn't usually accompany us on our outings. She was more interested in music and bars. I think she came for the free food. We weren't cool, or at least I wasn't. Adam considered himself pretty hep.

Charlene was definitely cool. I watched her stocky body as she approached our table through a small crowd, carrying a tray of fries. Even in the heat she wore a man's white leather vest. It clashed with her baggy shorts. She wanted it to. She always wore sun-glasses. Today her usually long dark hair was braided.

Adam sat diagonally across from me. I remember the way his Ray Bans hung from the collar of his shirt. It was a red and white checked short-sleeved sports shirt. He'd undone the first two buttons. Of course it was late summer (the of confidentiality. In reality they're sicker than any of our clients. The issue is secrecy. They want us to feel good about them for what they do, by consigning their secrets to the flames along with those we confide in. Their secrets don't really matter, except they get in the way of our feeling good about them, and their feeling good about themselves. That won't happen. Why wait seven years? Burn us now.

*

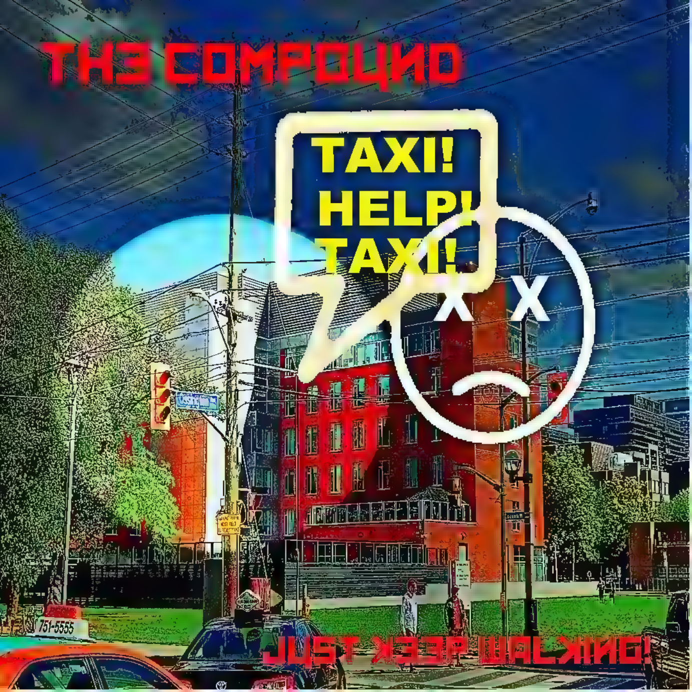
Yesterday evening the smoke alarm went off every three minutes in the House. Gladys was cooking a roast. She usually started it late because she spent so much time gossiping with her girlfriends on the telephone. Woe to the tenant who bothered her for a late supper or sullied an extra dish.

She cooked the roast her way. Because she started late she had to catch up by putting it in on high around eight o'clock after she'd soused it with a whole bottle of Bovril. Between eight and eleven-thirty the smoke alarm rang continually, detecting the burning roast. The wench didn't care. She wouldn't look at it again till it was "done" (burnt) at eleven P.M. Whether it was really done or not inside was irrelevant. She was done with it, anyway. At eleven-thirty she washed whatever dishes she'd been unable to avoid using and composed her turban for the night woman, Babs, whom she hated.

TH3 COMPOUND

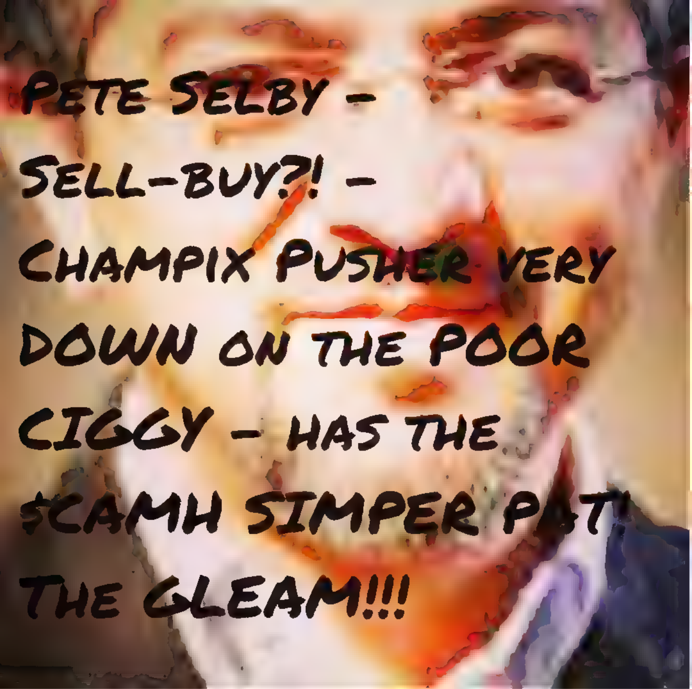
MOD3L SUIT3S
FOЯ TH3
FAITHFUL

TH3 COMPOUND
IT'S OUR PARTY
YOU'LL CRY
B3CAUS3 YOU'LL WANT TO
CRY B3CAUS3 YOU'LL HAV3 TO


TH3 COMPOUND
TAXI!
HELP!
TAXI!
X X
751-5555
JUST K33P WALKING!

$CAMH
Gentlemen's Club

THE $CAMH SIMPER



Pete Selby –
Sell-buy?! –
Champix Pusher very
DOWN on the POOR
CIGGY – has the
$CAMH SIMPER PAT
The GLEAM!!!

SCREAM
BLOODY
MURDER!
TORONTO SUN
20 MONT
FOR 44 KIDS
Kidde
THE TORONTO SUN

4203
SCHIZO
4203
Budweiser
ard

one could see what they were doing [illegible] they were supposed to smoke there, but away from the door, in other words, out of range.

No wonder [illegible] always [illegible] It was a [illegible] parts for dealers, thugs, and [illegible]

It was [illegible] and was [illegible] another [illegible] being [illegible] the steps of [illegible] garage [illegible] the residents [illegible] around their property [illegible] weeds than [illegible] administration the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] up to [illegible]

[illegible] of Shelter [illegible]

[illegible] after [illegible]

* * *

Somebody had been [illegible] There was a [illegible] JUNK [illegible] with [illegible]

There were [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible]

His [illegible] The [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

There [illegible]

No [illegible]

His [illegible] PUBLIC [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible] be activated.

[illegible] looking people from the doorway. Then sat all day [illegible]

The [illegible] House was their PRIVATE PROPERTY, although they were [illegible]

They [illegible] on the steps of the doorway, or the social workers would beat them up.

* * *

Serge used to park his Lada on the street in front of [illegible] Flats. [illegible] would watch for it when Serge was late for shift-change. It was tricky to watch the monitor and the street at once. They both seemed like movies after a while [illegible]

Serge was [illegible] He [illegible] After the collapse of the Soviet Union, he had trouble getting up in the morning. He'd [illegible] job as manager at a nearby funeral home. He was [illegible] He figured he'd fail at this too, like Russia. He [illegible] night.

Sometimes Serge parked in front of the funeral home. His girlfriend worked there, laying out the corpses. It was the same [illegible] organization used the premises at night. Jack and some of the other tenants regularly attended [illegible] Anonymous for the free coffee and donuts. They could have worked.

BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING

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A Mind That Lost Itself
A Virtual History

There are now 102 insane persons, former residents of Toronto in this house, and to this number must be added those belonging to Toronto now in the London and Rockwood Asylum. To those who form their judgment of facts solely on figures, no further proof would be necessary to warrant the assertion that Toronto is the maddest hole in all Canada, if not in all the world. This year it has sent in more than one-fifth of all admitted. (Dr. Joseph Workman, Annual Report of the Medical Superintendent, Asylum for Insane, Toronto, 1871)

A dozen survivors nursed draft beer and stale coffee in Asylum Donuts. It was the only licensed donut shop in Hogtown, perhaps because it was mistaken by the Inspector for the Parkdale Bistro next door. It was separated from it by a sidewalk and a door in a plate glass window. The same clientele patronized both resorts.

Survivors!

Johnny recognized the decayed boyfriend of the native lady who'd sold contraband cigarettes to the group home where he'd worked. She'd wait in the van, on Thing Street. Johnny would bring her wads of money, while the boyfriend delivered cartons of cigarettes in green garbage bags. His name was Harvey, like the giant rabbit in the movie. He was a large, taciturn man in late middle age. He wore jeans, jean jacket, and baseball cap. He had a shifty, furtive demeanor. When Johnny passed Asylum Donuts, he'd look for Harvey at one of the little linoleum-topped tables in the plate-glass window, everything an effect of white and yellow.

Harvey never played the one-armed bandit on his right, or spoke much to the two-armed ones on his left. He followed Johnny with his eyes as far as he could without moving his skull. Johnny wondered if Harvey was afraid he'd tell. It was more likely he thought Johnny would undersell him. Harvey must have known that Johnny bought his cigarettes on the corner, from Mahmoud, the Persian, for half of what he charged. Even selling in bulk to the group home, he charged the full price. He gouged. He took advantage of the mentally ill.

At Asylum Donuts business was booming.

The preference of those whose lives were disordered by schizophrenia for the stronger, cheaper varieties of cigarettes has already been remarked by the editors of the DSMIV, those austere fucks.

The native woman wasn't around anymore. Harvey must have decided to go into business on his own. Occupying the same seat daily, in plain view of Thing Street, was no doubt his idea. It was advertising. He'd either weighed the extra sales against the higher odds of getting arrested and determined that he'd still make a profit, or (more likely) he'd noticed the extra sales and been so dazzled by them he forgot all about the danger.

Johnny hoped they busted the crook, for exploiting insanity.

******

Johnny tried to get Warfarin Boy a volunteer position with the loco Bluecoats. Johnny spoke to the manager. He said Warfarin Boy could apply to volunteer. Nobody'd ever been rejected, so he'd (probably) get in. However many didn't work out, so if Warfarin thought he was going to get a free ride

Meanwhile, STATE CAPITALIST "researchers" actively promote Pfizer's (latest POISON) CHAMPIX in goody-goody anti-smoking campaigns sponsored by the DRUG CARTEL.

It's NEVER TOO LATE - to be a STATE CAPITALIST GUINEA PIG Just - DON'T GET "DEPRESSED" (ie., SUICIDAL)

So why didn't this RESEARCH reveal these deadly SIDE-EFFECTS? If it DID, WHY are STATE CAPITALISTS still ***RECRUITING?*** ***Some "RESEARCHERS"*** wind up in ***JAIL.*** Why not ***NOW?***

Where's the DRUG MONITORING? NOT at $CAMH! What KIND OF "HOSPITAL" is THIS? I think we know - The NONE OF IT'S KIND HOSPITAL....

Margaret Dumont looked dismayed. She couldn't figure it out

Johnny wanted to tell her the only difference between Emile Durkheim and Handy House, was there you didn't have to take your meds. They still did, though.

Ms. Dumont babbled on about how, apart from the prescribed meds, they clandestinely bought and sold contraband cigs, to which all the residents were passionately addicted. They plowed the profits back into shaving supplies and under-arm deodorant. Everyone who knew the residents marveled what a low priority hygiene was, below smoking.

Then they played "simulations," to see what his life-skills were.

If he had any...

*****

He did better at simulations after he got real-life material.

If, for example, a nice matronly manager asked him how he dealt with such-and-such a crisis, he could usually remember one almost like it. It wasn't so much a matter of imagining what he'd do, as remembering what he'd done.

For example, a client suddenly collapses. What do you do?

Catch him before he hits the floor, if you're lucky.

It was 5 o'clock at Yucca Flats, just 15 minutes till supper which, this being Friday, was fish. There were 20 clients already gathered in the TV/dining room. There was a movie on the VCR, but they'd seen it before. They were hungry.

A resident approached Johnny, just inside the dining room door, and told him that the church group was downstairs, outside the electric door. They were distributing hot food. It was stew.

Johnny announced it.

The residents hated fish, so there was soon a group of men clattering downstairs.

He announced it in the dorm too. He woke things up, to tell them. Otherwise, they'd complain, nobody'd told them.

On his way out of the dorm, the resident ahead of him weaved and stumbled. Johnny followed him downstairs, the man weaving so much other residents had difficulty going up. Near the foot of the

Pioneers of Alienation: Thing Street Asylum

Everything was Maudsley Circus.. Maudsley Circus.. They were stuck on Charlie Chaplin . . Buster Keaton.. C.B. "Bagman" Farout was considered hot....

It was clear from the beginning that we were expected to be good little vaudevillians, not clinically-trained method actors who'd read their Stanislavski .. Our worst fears were confirmed when, making our Really Big Rounds, all we heard was requests for old Maudsley routines..

They said psychotherapy wasn't funny .

It was all TALK TALK TALK....

At the staff lunch table we were having a clinical consultation and they threw a shepherd's pie right in my kisser...

They thought THAT was funny ..

That was something The Bagman would do....

The new mind reading act was a HIT ..

Since the 60s things have gone swimmingly in The Sharke Tank....

Through a decade of social upheaval and political foment we have PIONEERED a new genre of tragi-comic meta farce..

We have a complete line of videos, featuring thousands of disoriented post-psychotic liberals, disaffected homosexuals, and alienated academics arrested attempting to flee the Satrapy of Dadania, for THE PROMISED LAND, the U.S.A ..

We have confiscated alcohol, hallucinogens, and amphetamines...

Drugs, drugs, drugs....

And SEX . .

Three wide-open general adult units teeming with 30 burning beds apiece .

The bomb-shell receptionist greets you in the lounge, with a smile like a Commodore keyboard....

All-day room-service featuring a smorgasboard of community treatment orders served piping hot from individual holding kitchens and, for the voyeur, observation-rooms, with one-way mirrors....

This is no provincial lunatic asylum....

This is SHARKE HOTEL!

*****

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Nearly all the psychiatric buffoonery of the Da-Minion is perpetrated at Bozo's Thing Street Sharke Tank C-World Bald-Top Asylum Clown Show.. .

Conveniently located right beside the Mighty U of Tica, The Sharke Tank (as alternately styled by fond alumni) trains shrinks for the Da-Minion.

Thousands upon thousands of clients and kin have been TRANSFORMED, not only those whose lives were directly permanently fucked, but anyone who ever got near the place....

All have been benighted by the towering clouds of ignorance that The Institute has generated since its foundation on the anniversary of the centenary of the Da-Minion and the assassination of Julius Caesar, when Dr. Praetorius succeeded Glorious Physician Aldwyn Julie-Baby Stokes as Departmental Chairman, Head Shrink, Maitre d', and Ring-Master-in-Chief at The Sharke Tank....

Shrink culture in the teaching hospitals of Hogtown was entirely stolen from the British Maudsley Circus with its emphasis on phenomenology and sword-swallowing. Doc Praetorius, a fire-eater from Panama University, introduced his new mind reading act... With his beautiful assistant, Trixie Sane.... .

He always figured Julie-Baby wouldn't make it.... Looking over his shoulder.... Biting his nails.... Going to the bathroom when he didn't have to pee....

Suddenly he wasn't there anymore....

But there was this stain on the carpet....

We hadn't seen anything like it, since talkies came in.... Or the invention of television, when they shut down half the cinemas.... Or sound, when they closed the Vaudeville Houses.... It was a palace revolt, in a movie palace.... Anschluss.... The Bijoux Dream....

All the old Vaudevillians from Hogtown Shrink suddenly found themselves on their uppers.... Clarence Bagman Farout pawned his golden pince nez....

Praetorius was a macho stud.... A man's man.... Combining typically Dadanian kind-catingness with the sharp instincts of a riverboat gambler on the Amazon...

It was rumoured his ancestors had slaves....

He said this was one hick town for sure.... The new mind reading act would probably bomb.. .

Pioneers of Alienation: Thing Street Asylum

Those yuppies' pink elephant-sized condos with the melanoma sun-deck widows'-walks right under the walls of the Forensic Ward for Unpredictable Serial-Killers were a lot worse...

But the raveling pennants and bilious screaming brat-laden ferris-wheels and merry-go-rounds of the Dadanian National Winter Clown-Show Circus starring none other than Bozo Himself.. Right where FUNNYSIDE FARM used to be.... Right in the middle of the PSYCHOTROPIC GARDENS. Beside the abandoned warehouses of the MASSIVE FAMILY TRACTOR WORKS. .. That really was TOO fucking much....

The minarets.... The whirligigs.... The hoop-la carny barkers. The greatest quack charlatan mountebank medicine man of all time.... Doc Workman ... Working the crowd.... Secret masturbators.. Self polluters.. Pitching Mental Hell.... Quick relief.... He'd make a swell take here on Thing Street..

Even if nobody cared about sanity ..

BELL
GATEWAY

*****

It was a cross between (that fake) Quaker Tuke's moral therapy and Barnum and Bailey ..

Bozo's Bald Top Asylum Clown Show....

The circus was always in town..

On Thing Street

The kiddies in strollers, or trotting beside their mommas.... Off to the matinee.... To see the clowns...

Nursing pails of butts.... Scouring the boulevards.... Picking garbage.... Sleeping in doorways.... Littering store-fronts.... Scaring off customers....

Making legends... Making history.... How this one used to be a high-school teacher.... That one, even a PROFESSOR....

Then he ran away from sanity.... Eloped, and joined the circus... Became a figment ... A big attraction.... A cerebral event.... In Bozo's Bald Top ... Asylum Clown-Show

Perenially fascinating to kiddies everywhere. Bozo's (febrile) Bald Top Asylum....

His diseased imagination....

Impossible to tell them apart.... The kiddies' and Bozo's.. Delusions... Too hard to call....

It was really all ... An entirely SICK DREAM... Nightmare... Worthy of Bozo's shaved head.... A stump lot... Beside lousy housing projects.... Teeming.... Buggy.... Like a counter-top in a roach-infested kitchen....

His tonsured monastical crown. ..

Babyface got lonely in the House, so he started to exercise. He took up synchronized swimming...

While other guys sat in the front room or loitered on the porch and smoked, he dreamed of entering the Olympics...

After he finally broke away from his family, he got clothes from his girls. He didn't remember going to the Sally Anne. He looked at his shoes again; they cost a month's rent. Yuh gotta have a good front.

At first Babyface went back to Thing Street once a month. It was his womb, his chrysalis and he wanted back in. But he was afraid that if he did anything funny they'd slap him with a community treatment order. Finally he got a good job with the civil service of Dadania and everything was swell. He wore a flash suit and won the COURAGE TO COME BACK pageant for 1986. After the banquet in his honor the patients came up to him, just like he was a DOCTOR....

Then he moved to Montreal and enrolled in Mooday Studies at Montage U. When he returned to Hogtown, Professor C. Lamprini Eel gave him his Diploma (hand-engraved and suitable for framing)....

Cured, thought Johnny.

Was Eatone's ever wrong?

*****

Johnny quit in October, after Lance was badly maimed by several residents for stealing their drugs and hiding them in the women's dorm.

Johnny said it was because he was being harassed by upper management. Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre, Messalina, and the latest addition to The Junta, Deloris Costello

All stage-managed by Citizen Hearse.

The Junta sacked all the supervisors. It was their equivalent of widening the streets of Paris. So the guns could get a better aim....

Oakridge went critical. He wrote Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre about conditions, especially the practice of handing out all-night passes to sex-trade workers...

Trixie said it was spoiling the trade....

He'd seen these women return in the morning, beaten, sick...

He'd nothing against sex-trade workers or holding beds late for them (it was recommended by "Shelter Standards"), but he found the all-night passes objectionable, at least in need of re-examination.

True, Citizen Hearse could rent out the same bed two, three, even four times a night... That wasn't how he made his money...

He made his money by fixing the market...

His Zoncolite Girls were the market...

THROW HER IN THE SLAMMER, as she put it, demonstrating her grassroots knowledge of SLANG, she was confident it could never happen to her….

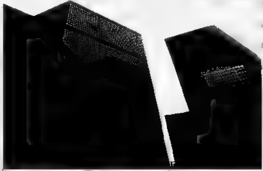
Because…

She was…

P/Bigge Shitte.

She WANTED it!

*****



Inescapable black bastions....

Or were they?

If Johnny couldn't escape them in reality, he would GET RID OF REALITY...

The residents of Thing Street were really inmates of a stupendous open-air Virtual-Asylum....

It was more than their right, it was their DUTY to be delusional, to put on a really BIG SHOW with plenty of straw and, above all, FECES.

The THING STREET BETTER BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION demanded it; otherwise, gangs of slumming matrons from New Berlin got bored, came down to Thing Street, and spoiled the TRADE by boycotting the Thing Stores and cut-rate job-ends and only wanting to FUCK....

The other reason was LOONIES like JOHNNY...

The tourists enjoyed triggering his PSYCHOSES...

They offered him only twice what his shit was worth .. He wanted at least ten or twenty times that much.... More and more and more....

In the BAD OLD DAYS, before that fake Tuke came along with moral therapy, he would have daubed the walls of his cell with his own and other things' crap, drunk piss, emptied the dregs of his chamber-pot in their faces, etc....

That Grand Ole Nestor of Dadanian Alienists Head Shrink Doc Joseph Workman's Provincial Lunatic Bin was ugly enough....

Here's one of a typical Thing Street property, just around the corner from MY HOUSE. Most of the houses in the neighborhood were constructed before the turn of the 19th century, for middle class speculators, criminals who worked in the banking district, within easy commuting distance by street car.

The street cars are still running and some of their big houses have been gentrified, but most have been converted into cheesy apartments and rooming houses, for mental patients and bums like me.

The speculators are still running too…

Thing Street is one of the most mixed neighborhoods in the country, with every ethnic minority, gays (that's us), bohemians, psychiatric survivors, students, etc.

It's all so terribly confusing.

In the dead of winter you can sleep on the sidewalk in your underwear and no one will disturb you, or care...

*****

Porko asked Johnny if he'd noticed the tree.

Johnny asked which one? Why? He wasn't generally aware of the trees on Thing Street, although he realized there probably were some.

Trees weren't what Thing Street was famous for: crack-whores, pimps, rock-stars, consumer/survivors of the Ministry of Asylums and Casinos, etc.

They were why he'd had to prune the tree in the first place, since they transacted business in its shade, and hid behind its branches when the cops cruised by.

They were indignant at the mutilation of their shelter, for every numbered branch of which Porko was now liable for a considerable penalty from the Commissar of Shrubs and Camouflage for Enterprising Youth.

They left messages on that dignitary's voice-mail, informing him anonymously countless times of this latest outrage by Citizen Hearse, his agent, and a carefully hand chosen crew of mercenary goons.

The latter met Porko at THE DROP INN, where he paid them off in cigarettes.

******

He met Bruce on Thing Street, outside THE DROP INN. They walked home. It wasn't far. Emile Durkheim was right next door Bruce said he wanted to ask Johnny a question. He wanted to know if

So much for Clazy Jane and her bullshit theories about micro-economic diversity! What if everything's little and

The Same?

A billion Chinese hopping into the Red Dawn of the New Millennium as one body on Deane's Foot....

*****

I got a lotta projects. Always on the go. Talk all the time on the net, to dozens of experts in every field: geology, prospecting, engineering, accounting, and DRILLING, DRILLING, DRILLING ..

I got a small computer application system. ..

I got a reservoir simulation model for a oil field of 772 oil wells, where CO2 is being pumped in by pipeline from the U S of A and drilled into the ground till the rich dinosaur blood gushes out the oil wells on the other end.. .

I got a fixed asset inventory system, to better manage the millions and billions in oil field equipment the corporations leave rotting in the middle of this here prairie . I can tell them whether they should redeploy their assets elsewhere, or just sell the shit .

I got an administrative system to help management do succession planning for key positions in the company. With this software I can identify potential up and comers, general managers, VPs, and other motherfuckers. ..

I got a software career path for mapping the necessary experience straight up the ass-hole of the CEO, and predicting the risks of getting someone trained in an all the latest tonguing and rimming techniques, only to have the little cocksucker elope with another corporate pimp and a suitcase full of stock options....

I can cap your ASS. ...

Better? he asked

This time Gabriel said, Yes.

Just before going, Deane stood over them to see what they were doing. He read off the days of the week, pausing before Thursday, mocking Johnny's painstaking. He was helping a man remember the days of the week .

For a non existent manufacturing job....

*****

Deane strode out of the library. His Khaki bag hung over one partially exposed (hairy) shoulder, his mauve Bermudas billowed over powerful ivory thighs, his leg-hairs rose black and deciduous against trunk like calves, partially stripped after wintry defoliation, where cruel denims like famished fawns had nibbled at his bark....

His sockless feet rejoised at barely remembered thrill of naked soles on canvas shoes.

He didn't bother to hold the door for Johnny. He slammed it in his kisser.

Deane's foot went on line. With sweating hooves of hairy-thighed jocks dancing on invisible high wires. Deane's foot tap-danced through cyberspace on the ends of someone's fingers. Deane's foot was there and it wasn't.

The trapeze artist of Johnny's dreams. Busted in his Big Top with a blow from a brazen knuckle. Under the canvas for a month. Who knows where? Emerging with his formerly raven-black mustachios and his wavy permed hair streaked with gold as if he'd flown too close to the sun ..

Deane's foot was in the picture of his feet tucked under his soaring body like (wounded) birds' feet. Deane's foot was and wasn't there.

The promise of all human potential!

*****

Crazy Jane's latest Dialogues of the Dumb. Thinks she's Plato Jr. Theorizes that economies resemble ecosystems.

Yankee free-trader at heart, assures us. Economies connected to everything else. Values survive.

Wishful thinking.

feeding frenzy for cigarettes. She couldn't say no.

Johnny offered her a couple of cigarettes. She came downstairs and stood and talked for a while on the porch.

She'd had a manufacturing job in the 70's. It was a better world. There were better drugs in it. She and her boyfriend took them in their basement apartment, listening to rock. Her friend shot someone after an argument and wound up in an asylum for the criminally insane.

Velvet was cruising down the highway on the back of someone's Harley and it was as if one of her thoughts leapt out of her head into the road in front of them and pulled them through the windshield Johnny imagined her, frozen in the headlights of an on-rushing thought. She was mental roadkill.

First Deane, then Velvet....

*****

The entire mad nation. Congregating every noon hour on the fire-escape at Shalom Drop-In Pizza Parlor Food Bank. Waiting for hours for the free cookies after the prayer meeting. For the Peak Freaks baked by Lady Eatone's very own satiny Lily Whites. With a little help from her Freak Fairies....

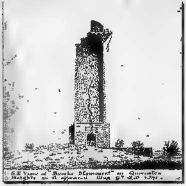
Johnny saw the sign that one of the cookie-distributors had stuck in the window beside the Daily Saying: LIVE/WORK SPACE!

Everyone on Thing Street thought he was an artist, but was just some kind of nut....

They dociley queued up, politely narrating their Case Histories...

*****

Those shit-houses in Crockville.
He scrawled tits and cocks in slops all over those shit-houses in Crockville.
Then he blew up General Cock's Egyptian Monument.....



For the more experienced workers, especially for the supervisor, there was always a lot of paper work, calculating the money the City had to pay Citizen Hearse for each occupant, the Personal Needs Allowance, etc. This was very 19th-century, Victorian, mechanical, a great pain in the ass. Many aspects of it remained opaque to him, because of his intense aversion to it, but also because it was part of an irrational system based on custom. He wasn't able to get a clear answer from anybody, how to distinguish, on the pink forms they filled out for billing purposes, a resident from an alien .

Did they mean resident of this City, or another? Did they mean resident of the City, the province, or the country? This province, or some satrapy? Perhaps he took it all too literally. He certainly took it too seriously, since everyone filled out the pink form, the Pink as they called it, his or her own way. Pepe Le Moku was straight from the Rez, if that's what it said. Idiosyncrasy was part of the Victorian charm of the place. In reality they were all aliens, since they only lived in shelters, which wasn't exactly living. It was asylum ...

He didn't care. After all, he wasn't even the housekeeper.

He was the keeper….

*****

Rusty asked what his occupation was.
He said dancer.

My dancing lady
There's nobody like you. ..

His employer's address?
The Variety, downtown.

Foxy Weasel-Theatre

All fueled the votive fire at the shrine of P/Bigge Shitte

The digital era was a boon for her, a bonanza. It was everywhere, and it was nothing. Just like her She was ubiquitous.

Any other medium would have exposed her essential nothingness, but there was no such risk, no such opportunity in …

The NEW AGE!

Every time he heard her droning her latest fiction he heard saws whining and trees crashing, lumberjacks sweating small animals scolding running for cover, etc.

Maybe GUILT made her want to save everything, especially trees.

Nobody wasted more trees than P/Bigge Shitte.

She wanted to convert all the woods to paper for her shit… the PIG! Whole forests had been flattened, boiled, and printed with her name on them….

P/Bigge Shitte
Allwood!

Well, like FRANKIE used to sing. . .

It was better than digging post-holes, for the IRON or BAMBOO CURTAIN!

Or lace-curtain IRISH, too!

P/Bigge Shitte lived in terror of imminent arrest for raping the arboreal forest, but she said she was just trying to save it.

Cordon sanitaire, etc….

GROUND ZERO, more likely!

Her hysterical response to perceived repression by Alapaloozah's terror apparatus of civil and every other kind of disobedience was really guilt at what she'd done herself.

To the trees…. To the white squirrels….

Poor little baby white squirrel

Bastards!

She defied Grand Vizier Alapaloozah to bugger her scrawny tight ass, because secretly she knew….

She deserved it!

She typed messages exhorting her followers to throw themselves in the way of oncoming logging crews, and posted the messages on line, mistmaking typing for civil disobedience, grievously disturbing to Alapaloozah and his cringing Janissaries, who nervously hung on her every word, when really they would at most have been amused to know she wasn't dead yet.

But basically couldn't give a FUCK!

Even assuming they were listening when she challenged the regime to jail her immediately, to

Jon Thomas Rowland

P/Bigge Shitte dreamed them. Pinching one, it came to her.

Thing Street

She created a world for Johnny, et al.
For FUN….

They thought air pollution, but it was indigestion. Something she ate with Crazy, in a latte joint for hags. With marble-topped tables and slowly revolving ceiling fans.

CRACKERS announced BAD AIR DAY on his MBC talk show, relayed by every station of the broadcasting system, covering the Dah Minion, like a hairnet

He told everybody it was their DIAMOND JUBILEE. Fifty years an ITEM.

It seemed longer than that to Johnny. Even longer that P/Bigge Shitte had been an item by herself

He remembered sitting in the magazine section of the tiny library of his small home town.

He'd find P/Bigge Shitte in magazines named after food-stuffs and raw materials: FUR, THE BEAVER PELT, WHEAT, etc.

He couldn't miss her. Big hair, clutch purse full of weed, granny glasses …

His first publication had been in WHEAT. Half the issue had been devoted to P/Bigge Shitte.

P/Bigge Shitte put them through their motions Their contortions made her giggle. Lilliputians! They took everything seriously, and it was all in her head.

She couldn't contain herself, they were so funny. She contained them, however.

She jigged up and down

She was a bit of a contortionist, herself

She was gross. She thought she was a busker, dancing in the street with hippies but she had a bad case of what they used to call General Paralysis of the Insane

She was a PARETIC, a SYPH in other words. Just another dirty, old SYPH. Weren't they always dirty, old?

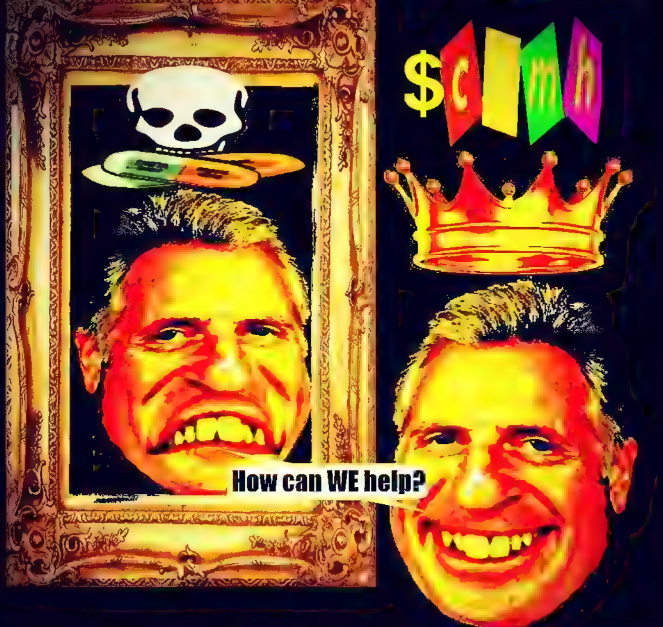
It took decades for spyrochetes to eat their way up her spine into her brain and EAT some of it, too.

Bon appetite, my DARLINGS!

Her accolytes thought they detected a slight improvement in her fiction….

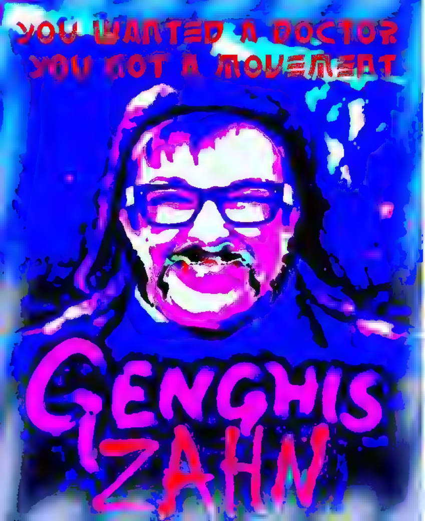
She would have made an excellent QUEEN, or ASYLUM GREETER – welcoming eco-tourists and strolling JANE'S WALKERS to THING STREET, showcasing DADANIAN SOCIAL PROGRAMS, $CAMH, TRANSFORMING WIVES, etc.

The Portrait of David Goldbloom

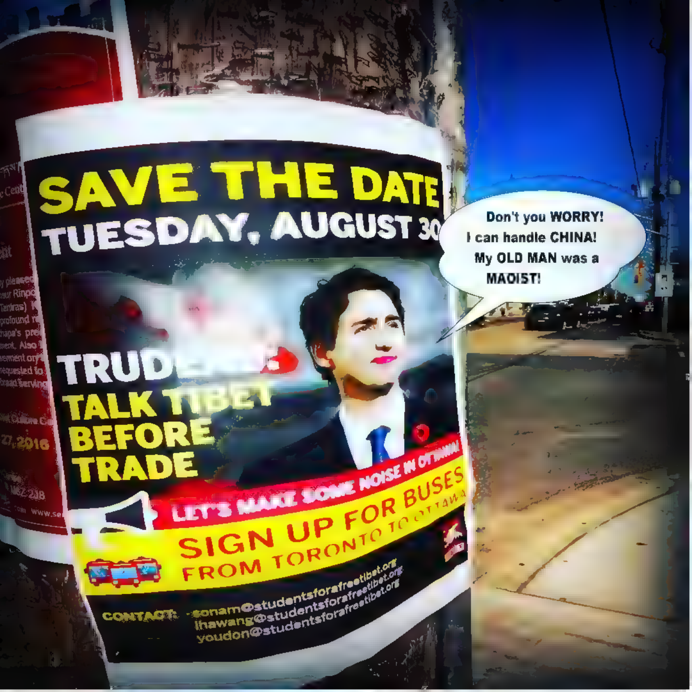

$c mh
How can WE help?

The Portrait of David Goldbloom

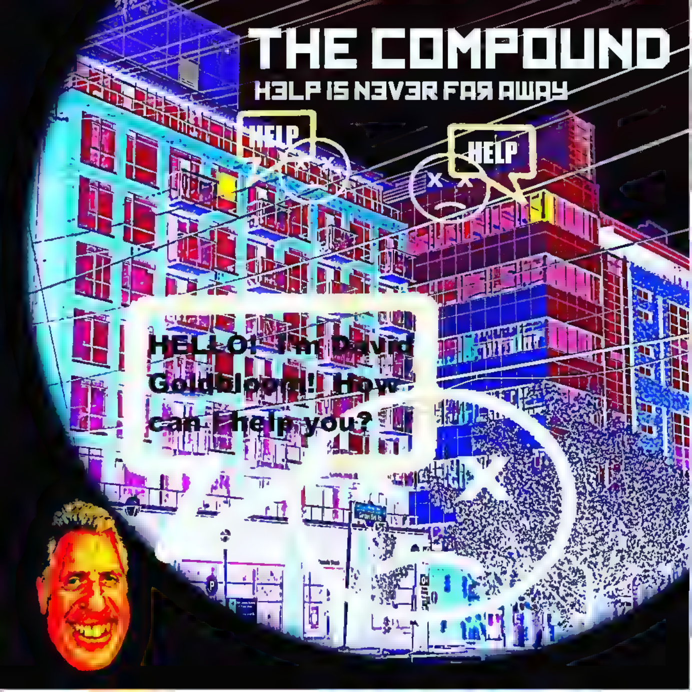
TH3 COMPOUND
PART OF TH3 N3IGHBORHOOD?
ALL OF IT!


YOU WANTED A DOCTOR
YOU GOT A MOVEMENT
GENGHIS
ZAHN

THE COMPOUND
TH3 GARAG3
Queen st W


SAVE THE DATE
TUESDAY, AUGUST 30
TRUD
TALK TIBET
BEFORE
TRADE
LET'S MAKE SOME NOISE IN OTTAWA!
SIGN UP FOR BUSES
FROM TORONTO TO OTTAWA
CONTACT: sonam@studentsforafreetibet.org
lhawang@studentsforafreetibet.org
youdon@studentsforafreetibet.org
Don't you WORRY! I can handle CHINA! My OLD MAN was a MAOIST!

TH3 COMPOUND
CANOT S33 TH3 FOR3ST FOR TH3 TR33S
$camh


THE COMPOUND
H3LP IS N3V3Я FAЯ AWAY
HELP
HELP
HELLO! I'm David Goldbloom! How can I help you?

TH3 COMPOUND
WH3N TWILIGHT FALLS ON TH3 STUMP LOTS

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CHEAP EATS & DRINKS
PLUS THE BEST DEALS ON THE ESSENTIAL STUDENT GEAR
MARGARET ATWOOD & JOHNNIE CHRISTMAS GET GRAPHIC WITH ANGEL CATBIRD
PLUS! 5 CELEBS YOU NEED TO SEE
FREE FREE FREE FREE
NOW

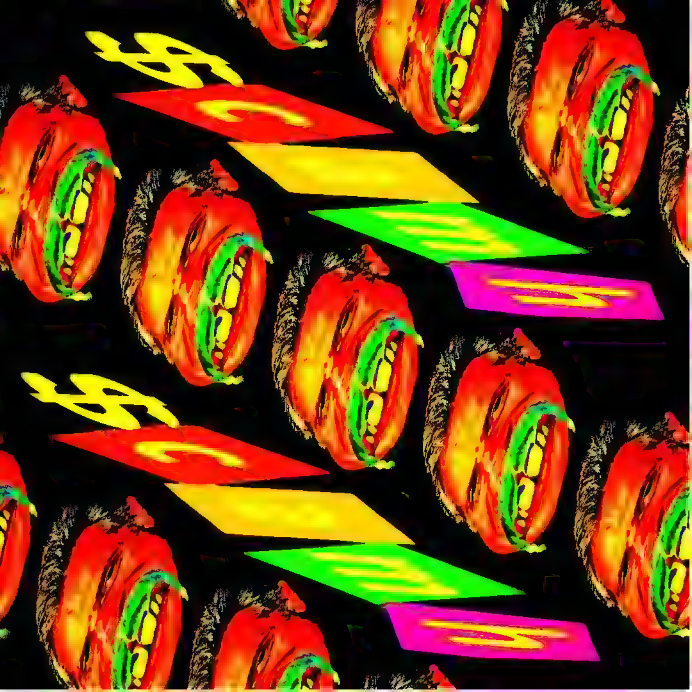
TH3 COMPOUND

STAT3 WRIT3R ALLWOOD
FREE AT LAST!

TH3 COMPOUND

HOUSING FOR TH3 P3OPL3

THE COMPOUND
CASTLE OF
FU MANCHU



VARIETY
DOLLAR STORE
HARDWAR
PHONECA
ACCESSO
BEVER
i ck
RNET LOUNGE

SATURDAY
SUNDAY
SUBWAY
Star

FS Frequent Service (10 Minutes or Less)
FOR HOLIDAY SERVICE VISIT TTC.CA
PF on Queen St West at Lansdowne Ave

Temporary route

501 **301** Queen

6:00 a.m., May 11 to 5:00 a.m., October

Streetcars will be restricted from operating on Quee
West, between Shaw Street and Spadina Avenue.

- 501 301 Queen will continue to operate as a split
Long Branch to Humber and Humber to Neville P
- Between Humber and Neville Park, 501/301 Que
streetcars will divert in both directions via Queen
Street, Spadina Avenue and Quee

camh
Centre for Addiction and Mental Health
Centre de toxicomanie et de sante mentale
Downtown west Clinic / Cliniqu
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, r
www.camh.ca 4

16

DESIGN DIST
Queen St W
1001
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PRIVATE ROAD
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AND PATROLLED
BY CAMH

GLADSTONE HOUSE

Paul E. Garfinkel
Park
1071
Street West
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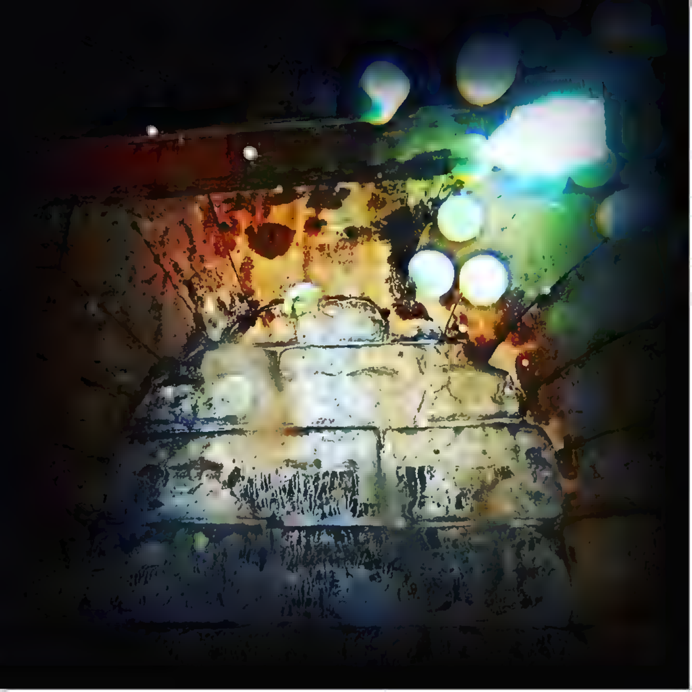
THE DRAKE HOTEL
DRAKE CAFE
FOOD
NOW

FRIED CHICKEN
SANDWICHES
CARIBBEAN TALES 2015
INTERNATIONAL FILM FEST
BEST IN
VICTOR



EYES MANR.

DUFFERIN ST.
376

D-1

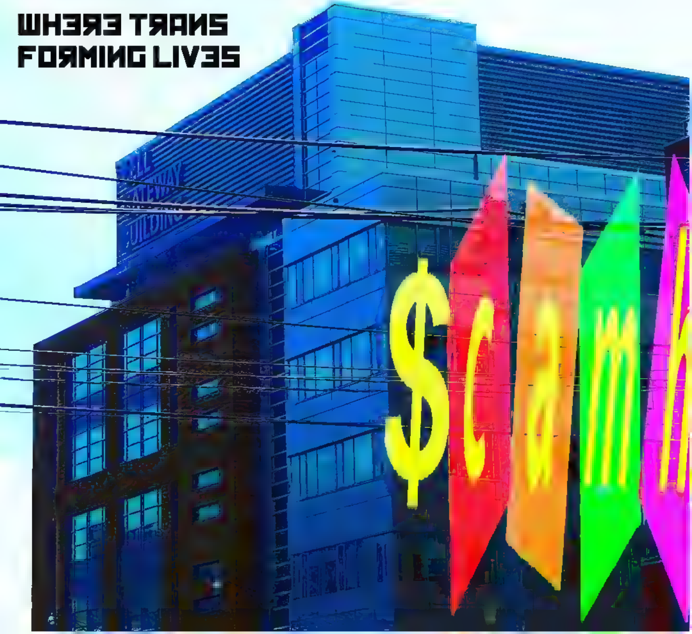
OPEN
• MODEL SUITE OPEN

$
c
m
h
THE GRILL COTTAGE
241 Pizza
CHICKEN WINGS BAR
SUBWAY
TH3 COMPOUND
RG3R JOINT

TH3 COMPOUND
scamh
CONDOMINIUMS FROM THE 2290'S

THE COMPOUND

WH3R3 TRANS
FORMING LIV3S


GATEWAY
BUILDING
$cam

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IN CAS3 YOU DID NOT KNOW

ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Queen St W
1186
$camh

THE COMPOUND
TO THE
DARK
TOWER
COME!
How can I help?
$camh

DRAKE
GENERAL
STORE
EST. 2008
TALL CAN 6 PACK

TH3 COMPOUND

SUBURBAN COMMISSARY

TH3 COMPOUND

TH3RAP3UTIC MILI3U UNITS

BUILD ON
HEALTH CARE
ON RENFORCE
LA SANTÉ
camh
ONTARIO
Ontario

TH3 COMPOUND

SLOGANS AR3 CAMH UND3RSTANDING

BUILD ON
HEALTH CARE
ON RENFORCE
LA SANTÉ
camh
ONTARIO
Ontario

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SLOGANS AR3 CAMH UNDERSTANDING

THE COMPOUND

WHEN THEY TALK
ABOUT BUILDING
MENTAL HEALTH
THEY MEAN
UPON YOUR
BACK

THRIFT STORE
camh
416 535 8501

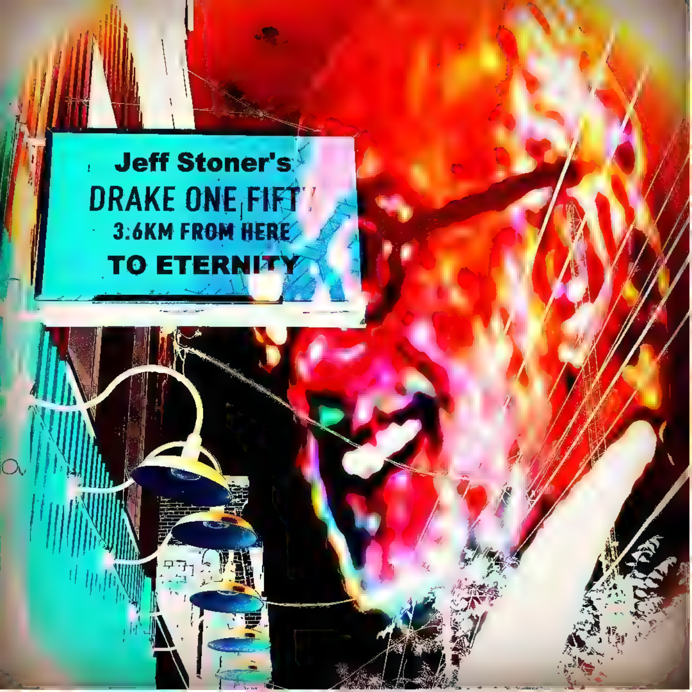
TH3 COMPOUND

NOTHING B3HIND TH3 FACAD3

TH3 COMPOUND

W3 AR3 ALL M3NTALLY ILL

THANKS
FOR THE 40 HOUR WEEK,
OVERTIME PAY, HEALTH BENEFITS
MATERNITY LEAVE & THE WEEKEND
IBEW
LOCAL 363
EXCELLENCE
BY WORK
2080
OUTFRONT


Jeff Stoner's
DRAKE ONE FIFT
3:6KM FROM HERE
TO ETERNITY

THE COMPOUND

LIKE THE SIGN SAYS

TH3 COMPOUND:

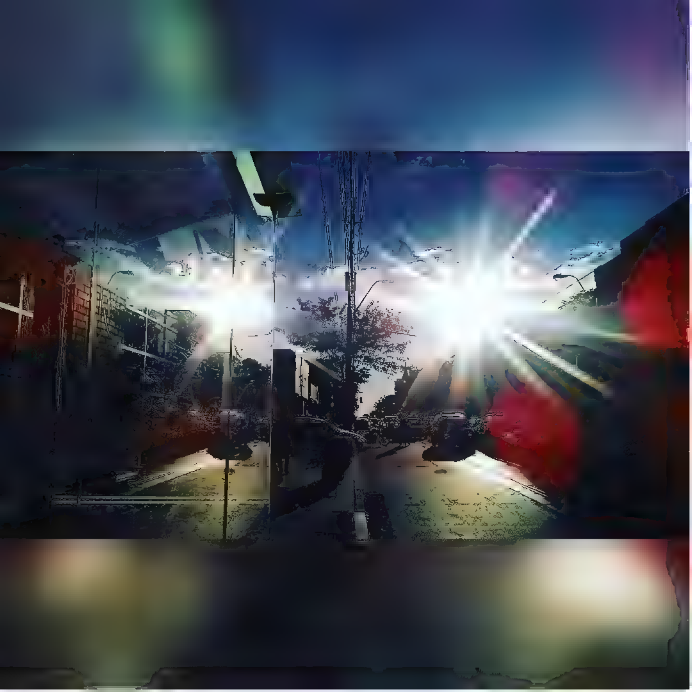
HIS POLYPS > YOUR SCHIZOPHR3NIA

PAUL GARFINK3L. $CAMH VISIONARY

DRAKE

Jeff Stoner's
DRAKE ONE FIFTY
3.6KM FROM HERE
TO ETERNITY

Democracy
chatr
MONTY'S
credit jewellers
WE BUY
GOLD
THE COMPOUND
WE ARE ONE



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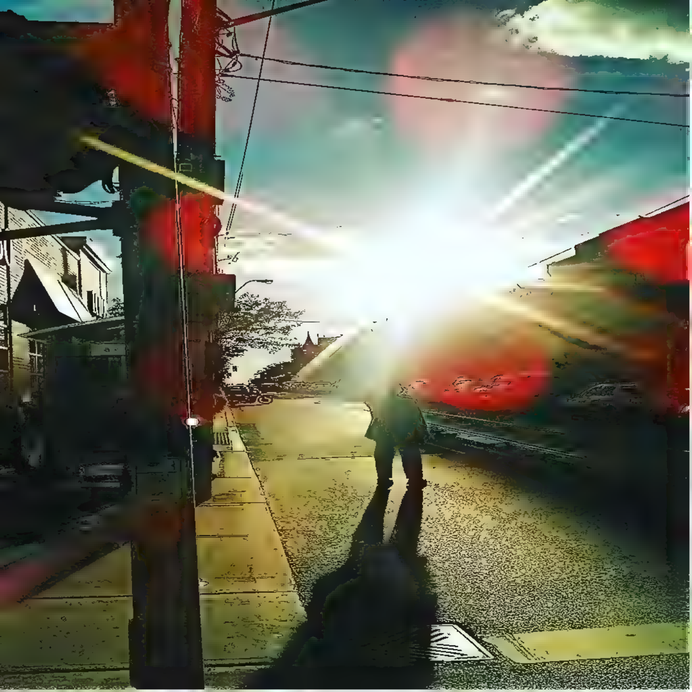
THE FACTORIES WERE BEAUTIFUL
THE TRAINS WERE ON TIME



THE COMPOUND

"THAT HORRIBLE CONGLOMERATION OF UGLINESS IN THE SOUTH"

~ DR JOSEPH WORKMAN, 1870

Medieval Times

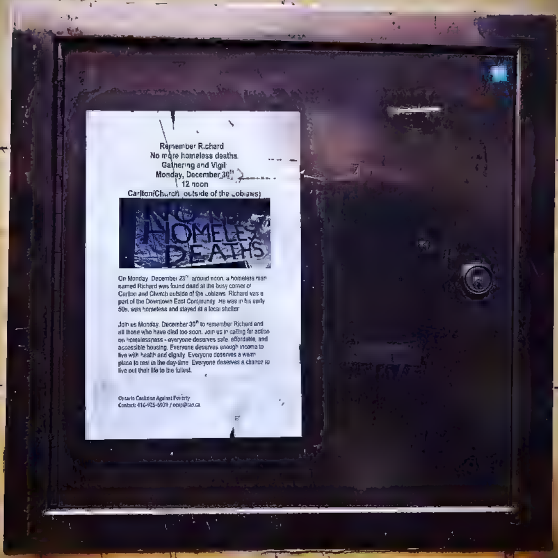
TH3 COMPOUND

TH3 FACAD3 WAS R3AL

THE COMPOUND
~ LIBERTY VILLAGE ~

TH3 COMPOUND

FASCIST H3AV3N


NO MORE HOMELESS DEATHS

Remember Richard
No more homeless deaths.
Gathering and Vigil
Monday, December 30th
12 noon
Carlton/Church (outside of the Loblaws)

On Monday, December 23rd around noon, a homeless man named Richard was found dead at the busy corner of Carlton and Church outside of the Loblaws. Richard was a part of the Downtown East Community. He was in his early 50s, was homeless and stayed at a local shelter.

Join us Monday, December 30th to remember Richard and all those who have died too soon. Join us in calling for action on homelessness - everyone deserves safe, affordable, and accessible housing. Everyone deserves enough income to live with health and dignity. Everyone deserves a warm place to rest in the day-time. Everyone deserves a chance to live out their life to the fullest.

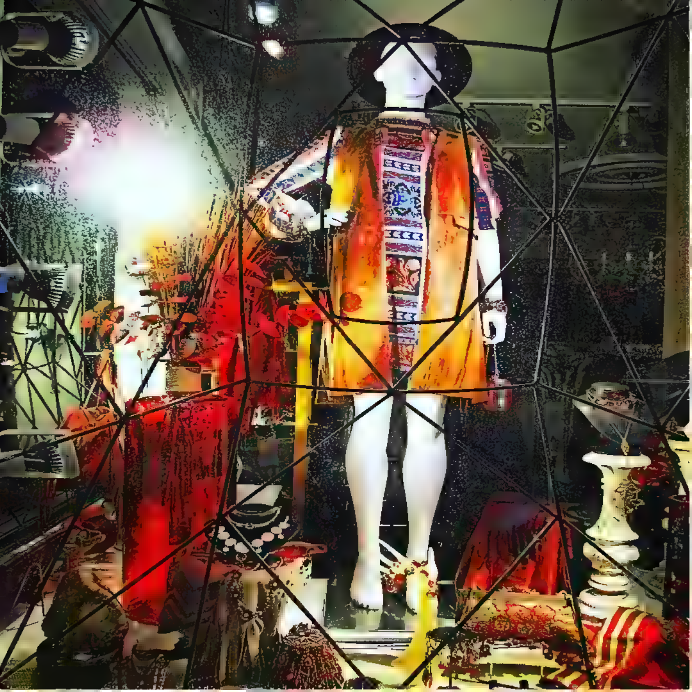
Ontario Coalition Against Poverty
Contact: 416-925-6939 / ocap@tao.ca

HALLOWEEN
TRIVIA
WED OCT
STARTS AT 7 PM
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN
NO LOITERING

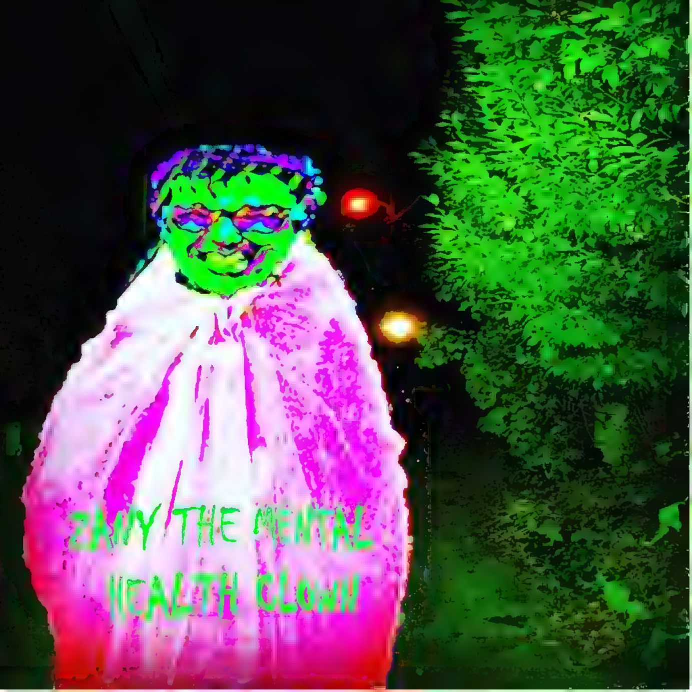
REVUE CINEMA
PRESENTS
HALLOWEEN TRIVIA
WED. OCT
DOORS AT
STARTS AT 7 PM
ZANY THE MENTAL
ALTH CLOWN

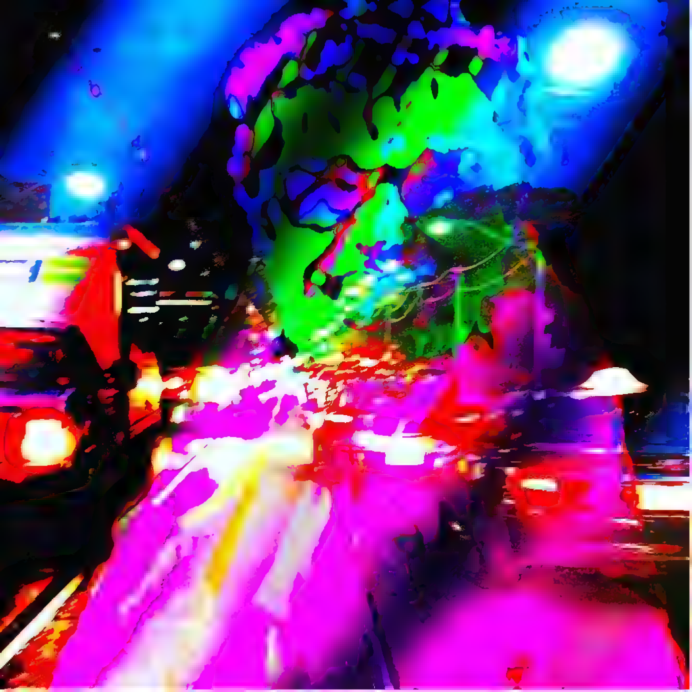
one
one
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS
SCAMH IS MENTAL ILLNESS



O'Hara Ave
DOLLARAMA

Home


ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN



Paul E Garfinkel
Park
Something does not compute.....
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Downtown west Clinic / Cliniq
1451 Queen St West / 1451, ru
www.camh.ca 41
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AIR ZONE
Please
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FRESH
AIR ZONE
Please
Keep CAMH
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*Or Else
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Queen St. W
1274
kdale
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MY WORST BEHAVIOR
VAN CITY
PATHETIC SLOGAN
IS MENTAL ILLNESS
DAGA
BOOKS
LONR
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SPORTCHEK
* HAS "CRAZY" ANKLES!

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OF THIS
WORLD
CAFÉ

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FUNERAL HOME LTD.
PARKING
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HEALTH CLOWN

HUBBA HUBBA
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

QUEEN ST WEST
WO
MAN WAY

SUICIDE
SQUAD
3D
ROYAL
606 COLLEGE ST
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

GATEWAY

White Squirrel Way
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

WILL BE CLOSED
esday at 1:30pm
or a Meeting
ARE YOU SURE THE DOOR IS
LOCKED

$cam
OPEN

BRINKS

DESIGN

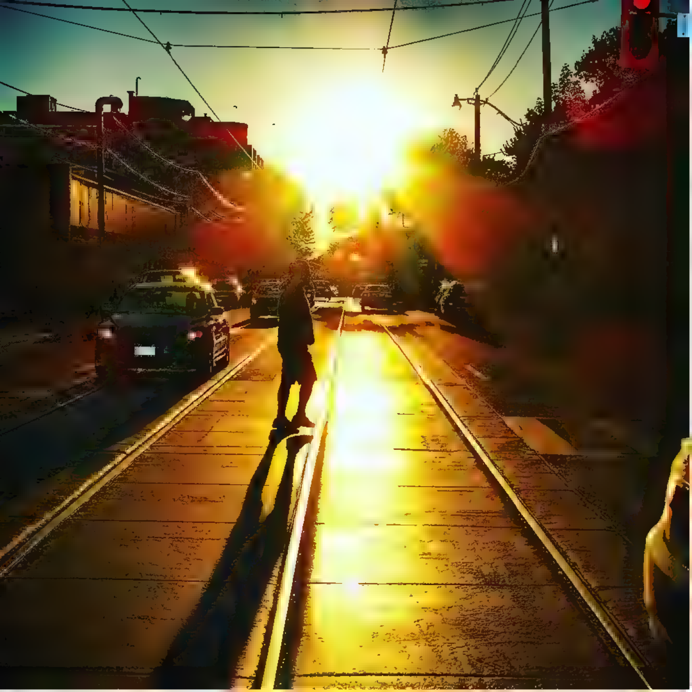
MATTRESS
WAREHOUSE
CLOSE OUT
1470 The Queensway

ZA[illegible] THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

Dowling Av
135
ZAM THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

SIXTEEN
SCANDALS
YOUNGEST AND ONLY
DEAD PORN STARS
JOEY'S ARMAGEDDON
ALL AGES PUNK SHOW!
10.22.2016
7PM
D-BENSINO
1292 BLACK ST
ZANY THE MENTA
H TH CLOW

EXHIBIT

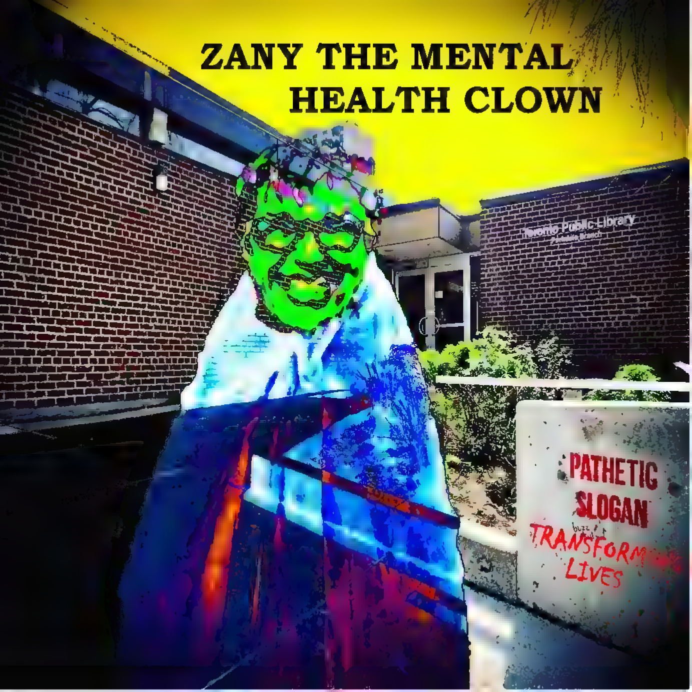


Liberty Village
Liberty St

Last Exit
to
Parkdale

ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN
GOES INTENSIVE!
POLICE
To Serve

ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN


Toronto Public Library
PATHETIC
SLOGAN
buzz
TRANSFORM
LIVES

ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN VISITS THE GATEWAY BUILDING

BELL GATEWAY BUILDING
GATEWAY BUILDIN
OUT
OF THIS

ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN
MAKES IT A FOURSOME
AT THE $CAMH COMPOUND

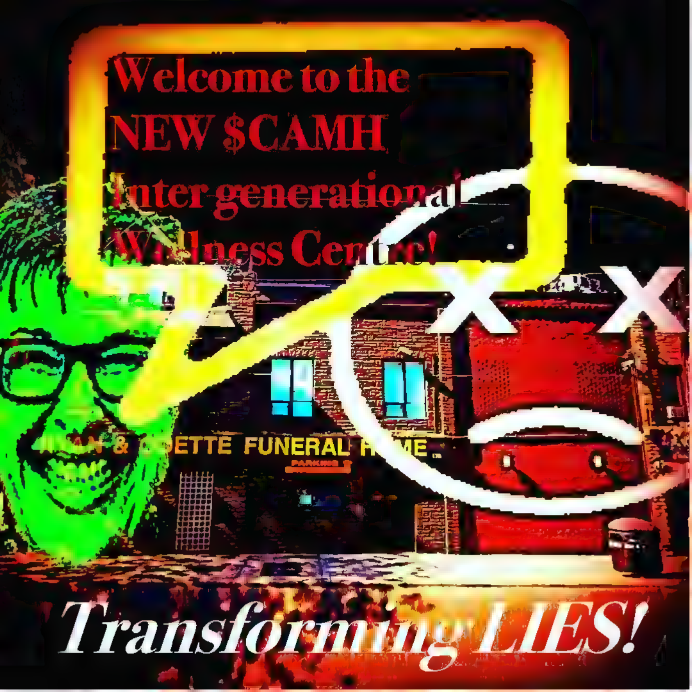
ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN FEEDS THE SQUIRRELS

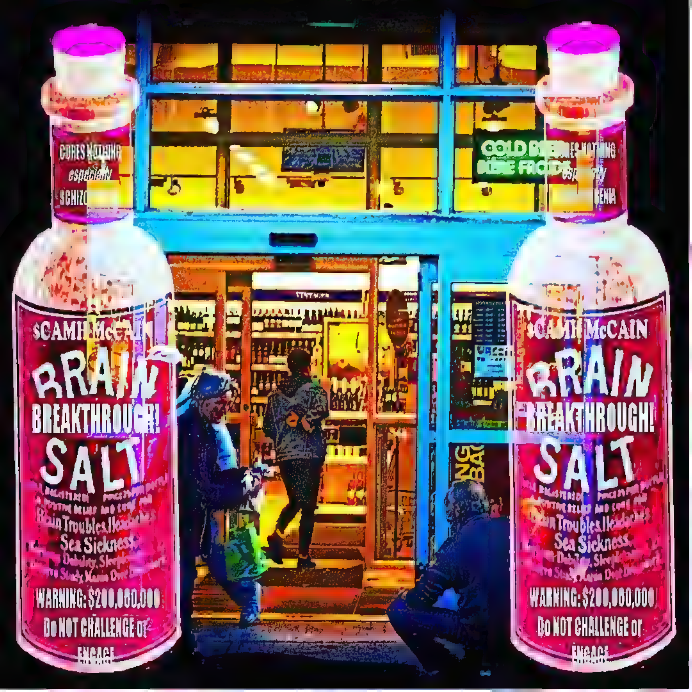
White Squirrel Way
c
a
m
h

ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

$camh
FOUNDATION

Queen's Donuts
1449A
COFFEE HOUSE
SANDWICH BREAKFAST LUNCH SOFTDRINK


Welcome to the NEW $CAMH Intergenerational Wellness Centre!
AN & ETTE FUNERAL H ME
PARKING
Transforming LIES!


CURES NOTHING
especially
SCHIZO
COLD BREWS
FROOS
SCAMH McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH!
SALT
Brain Troubles, Headaches
Sea Sickness
Debility, Sleep
Study, Mania
WARNING: $200,000,000
Do NOT CHALLENGE or
ENGAGE
SCAMH McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH!
SALT
Brain Troubles, Headaches
Sea Sickness
WARNING: $200,000,000
Do NOT CHALLENGE or
ENGAGE

THE UNEXAMINED LIFE

Parkdale, Toronto 2016

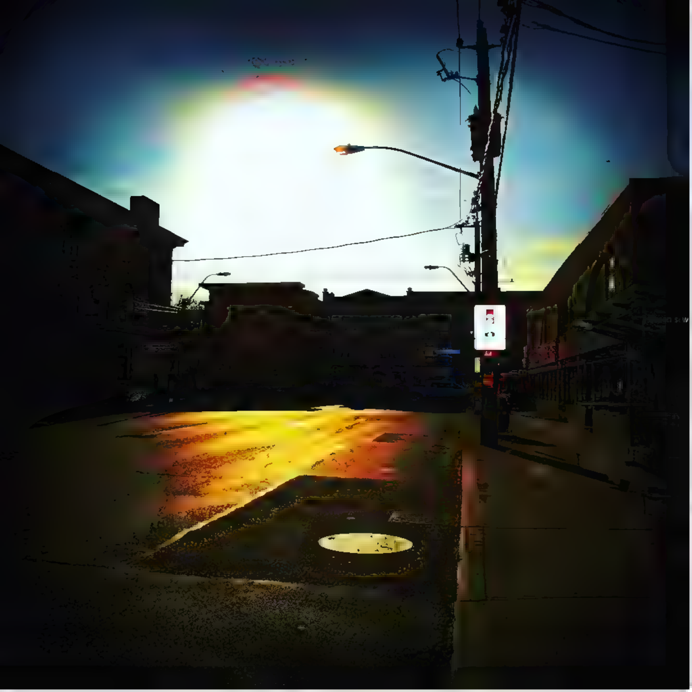
SUN
MONDAY SATURDAY
$1.00
CAUTION
TORONTO SUN
DeMARVELOUS
KILLING NAFTA
THE TORONTO SUN
SUN

HE PARKDALE DRINK
Dining • Lounge • Music • Patio
Tempura
Sushi
GJ GROUP
GD
SN

FUR: There's no excuse
You can prevent these atrocities.
Please, never wear any fur or fur trim.
PETA
BUDGET ONE

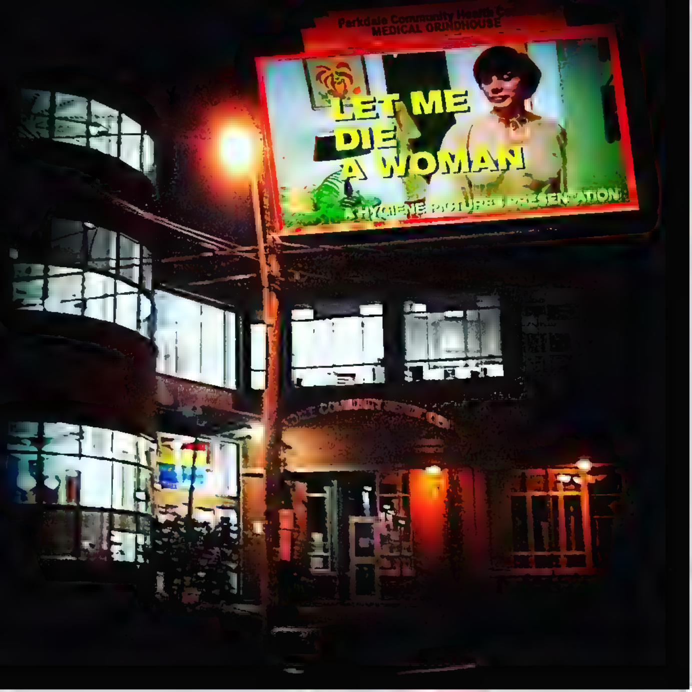
G APPLIANC S
RATION & AIR-CONDITIO ING
REPAIRS - SERVICE
Century 21
416.849.5360
Century21

MOBIL CO

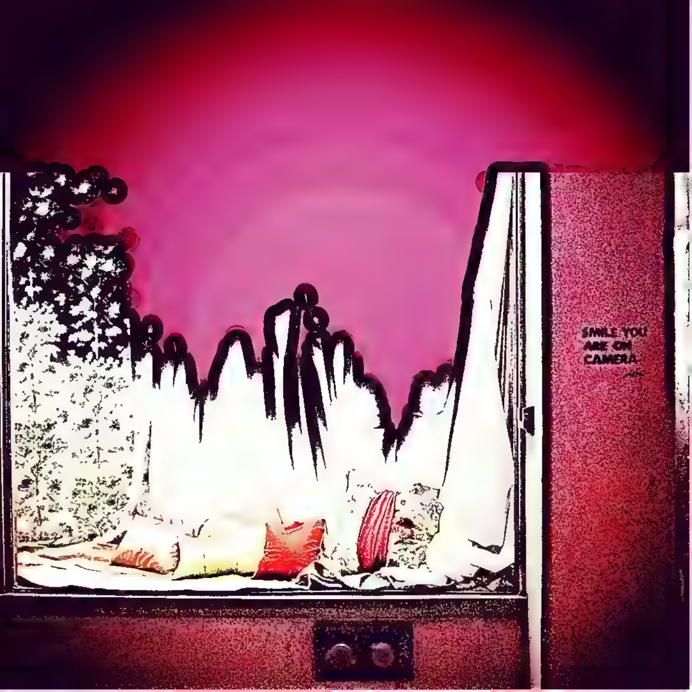


Lottery Tickets
Phone Cards
Groceries
& more!
LOTTO
6/49
Million EST.

SIZING
ENG
RESTRINGING


Parkdale Community Health Ce
MEDICAL GRINDHOUSE
LET ME DIE A WOMAN
A HYGIENE PICTURES PRESENTATION

LCBO
VINS·SPIRITUEUX·BIÈRES
WINE·SPIRITS·BEER
LCBO


SMILE YOU
ARE ON
CAMERA

RIKE

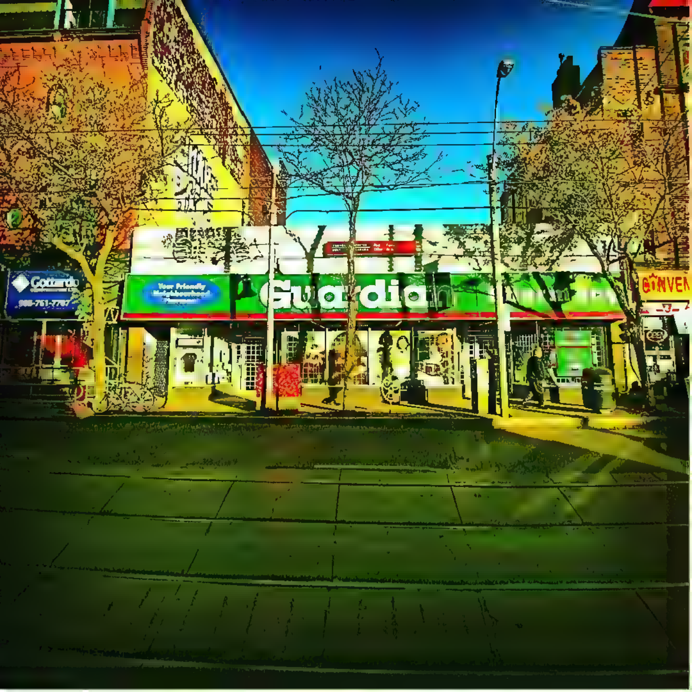
Skyline
RESTAURANT
AURANT
Litte

A BENEFIT CONCERT FOR PARKINSON'S DISEASE
STEVE EARLE
LIVE BANDS
416-536-7717
CADILLACLOUNGE.COM
Cadillac
LOUNGE
BACK
PAT
BREW

coffee time
is anytime
Now Hiring

$camh
"ONE OF THE MOST VILE, STUPID AND REPULSIVE FILMS EVER MADE."
-DAILY VARIETY
"LIKE A SEPTIC TANK EXPLOSION, IT HAS TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED."
-DETROIT FREE PRESS
CATHERINE
WE'RE ALL MENTALLY ILL!
Starring
ZAHN
A $CAMH Communications/ DENTSUbes Production
"Certifiably the worst TEDTALK ever!"
Co-Starring
"Uncle Paul" Garfinkel
as a Visionary Saint
93 MINUTES
©1972
$camh

RETIREMENT
SALE


Gottardo
905-761-7767
Your Friendly Neighbourhood
Guardian
CONVEN

ABOVE
ABOVE
UPSIDE DOWN SINCE
ABOVE
LOBO
CULTURAL ASSOCIATION

Glory of India
647-349-5679
ROTIS
COMBOS
TAKE OUT
1407
JUST EAT
OPEN
BUSINESS HOURS
HELP WANTED
Saag Paneer
Combo
Samosa
Butter Chicken $10.95
Biryani
Desserts
$3.99

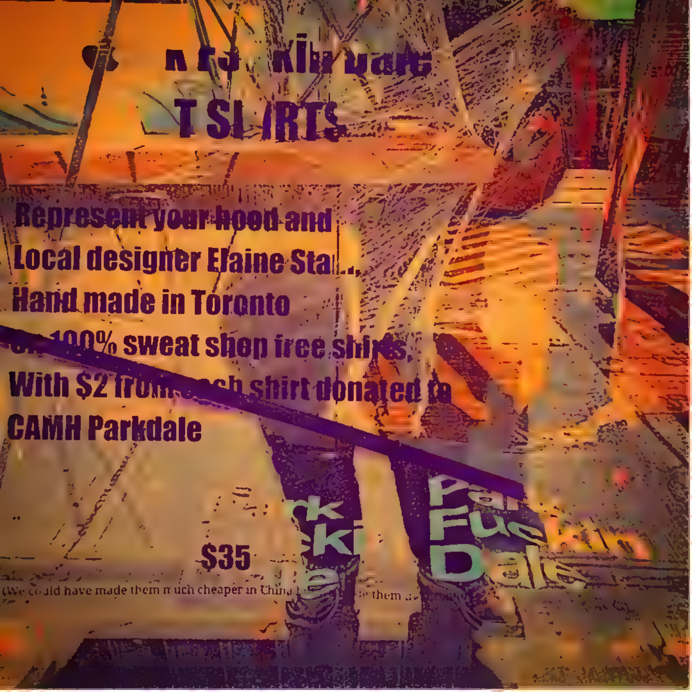
We're ALL MENTALLY ILL however three of YOU are "PROBABLY" SCHIZOPHRENIC - C. Zahn
ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN
ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN
ZANY THE MENTAL HEALTH CLOWN SHOW
$
$
TV

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique del'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAM
Tobacco

SOW
FREE
FREE
RS' CHOICE 2016
SOW
What you
LOVE
about Toronto
FALL!
FREEFREEFRE
SO
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

1313
ZANY THE ME
HEALTH
ZANY THE
HEAL
ZANY THE MENTAL
HEALTH CLOWN

Park Fuckin Dale
Park Fuckin Dale
PASS



[illegible]

T SHIRTS

Represent your hood and

Local designer Elaine Sta

Hand made in Toronto

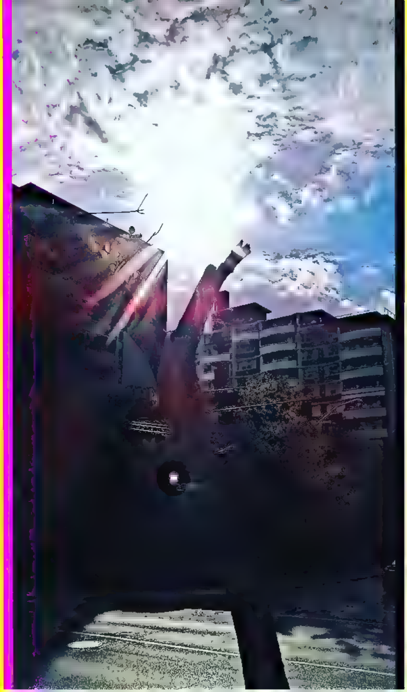
[illegible] 100% sweat shop free shirts,

With $2 from [illegible] shirt donated to

CAMH Parkdale

$35

(We could have made them much cheaper in China [illegible] them a



Park Fuckin Dale
Park Fuckin Dale
Park Fuckin Dale
Park Fuckin Dale

$ c m h*

Park F$$kin Dale

T SHIRTS

Represent your hood and feel good.
Local designer Elaine Stam,
Hand made in Toronto
On 100% sweat shop free shirts,
With $2 from each shirt donated to
CAMH Parkdale

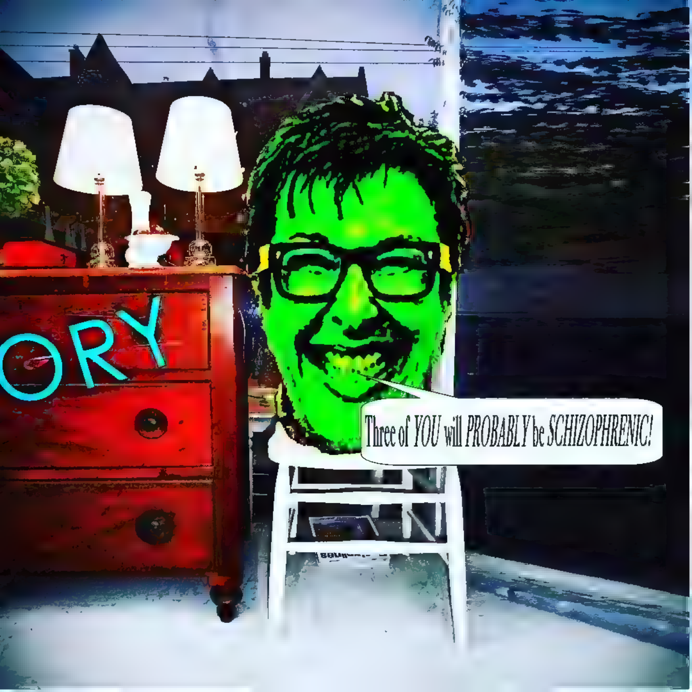
$35

(We could have made them much cheaper in China but we made them in Toronto)

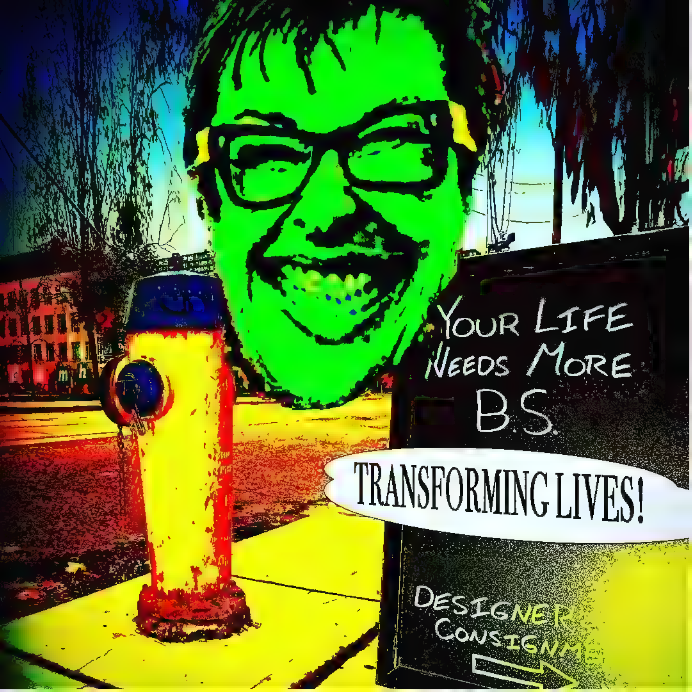
*Anything for $1 -
EVERYTHING for $2!

ADVIS R
WALK-IN
PSYCHIC
READER
CARDS

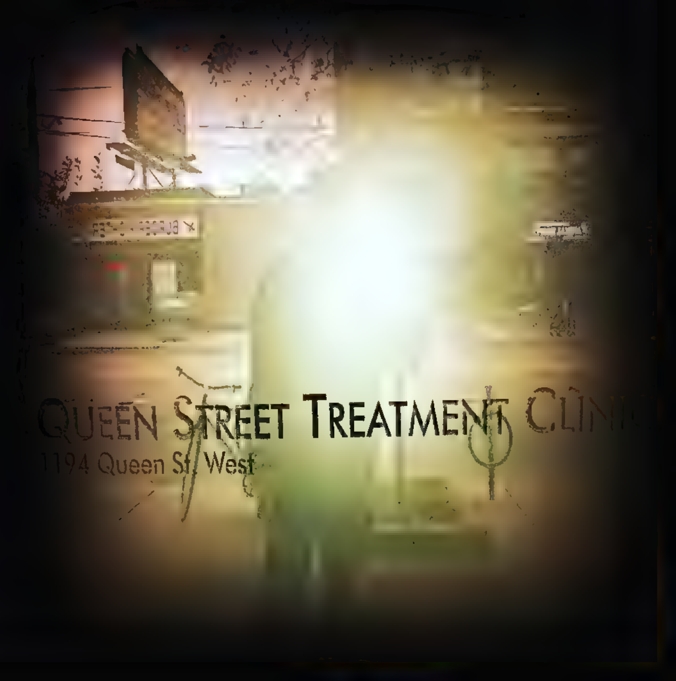
How good does *THAT* feel?


ORY
Three of *YOU* will *PROBABLY* be *SCHIZOPHRENIC!*

BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH *EVER!*


YOUR LIFE NEEDS MORE B.S.
TRANSFORMING LIVES!
DESIGNER CONSIGNM

ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Dovercourt Rd
111


QUEEN STREET TREATMENT CLINI
1194 Queen St. West

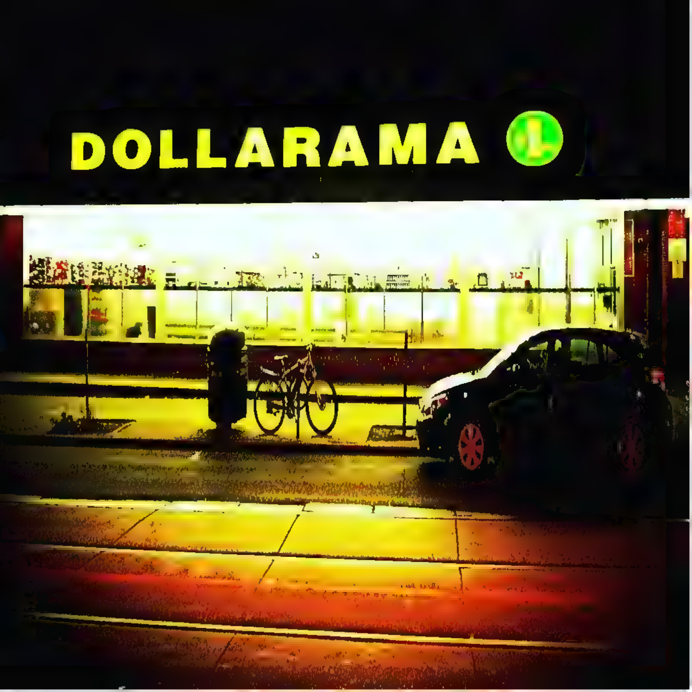
SKYWAY
CANADA

Frankenstien
HELPer

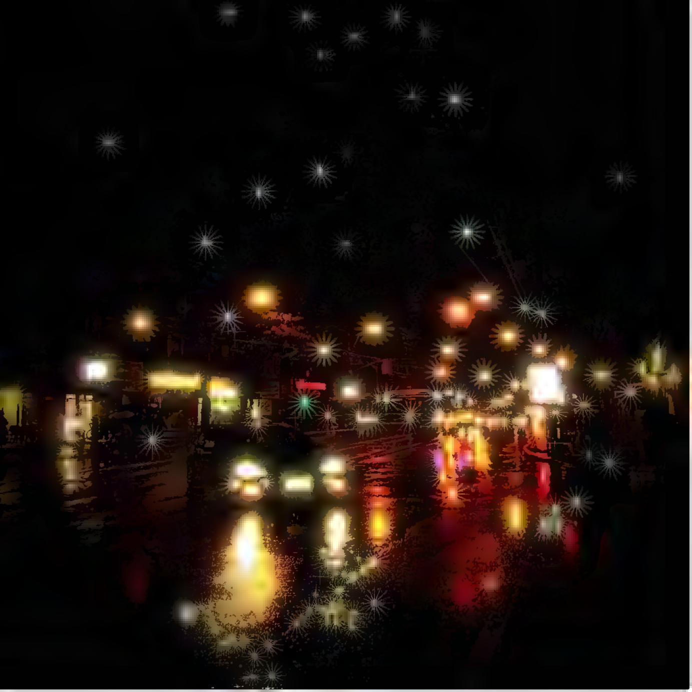
1879
Village of Parkdale
Queen St. W
1402
STOP
625-

REMOVE
YOUR
TATTOOS

Open


DOLLARAMA

Democratic Ideology
Democracy
DETOUR
1623



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best convenience
WALK-IN CLINIC
WALK-IN CLINIC
FLU SHOT

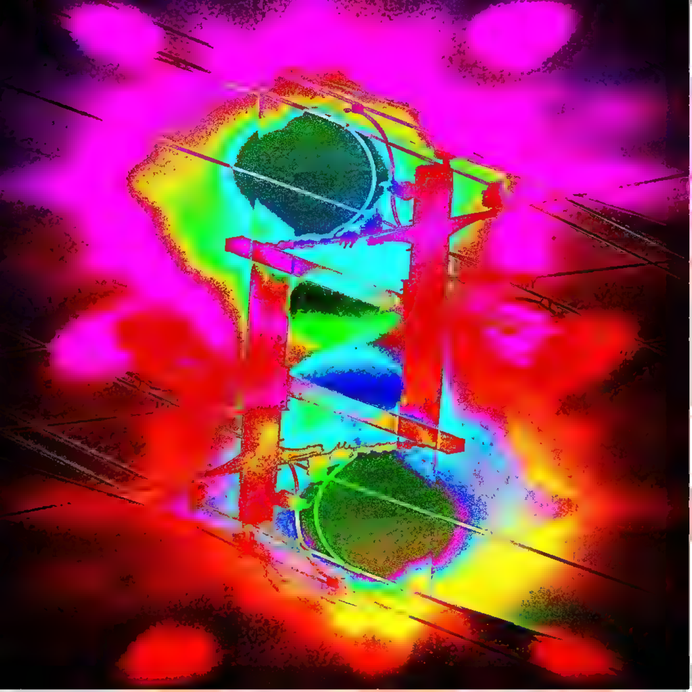
$camh ENGAGE
1504
We Sell
WORK
Boots
BUSINESS
PULL
$camh ENGAGE

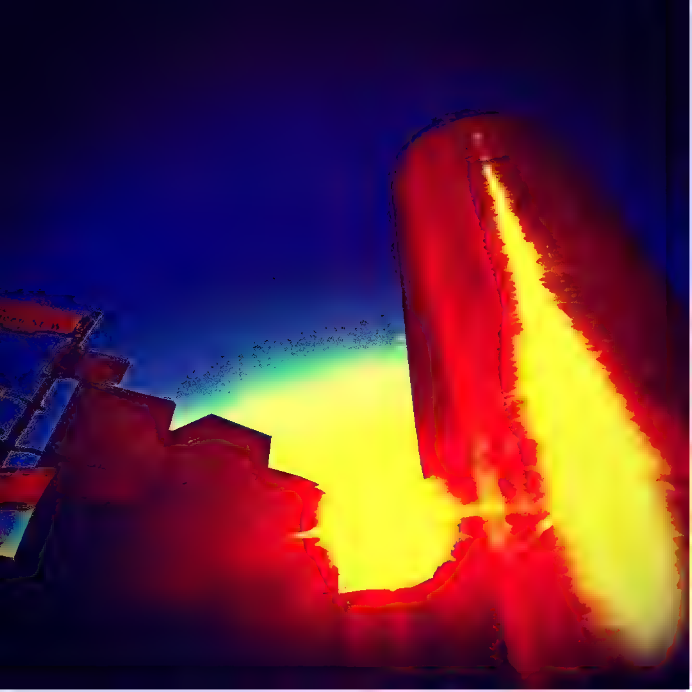
SUNDAY NOVEMBER 13
REG HARTT
MENTAL ILLNESS
Democratic Ideology
Sale

1498
RYAN & ODETTE LTD.
416-532-5965
FLOWERS BACK DOOR ONLY
Pull

SUB

Lansdowne Ave



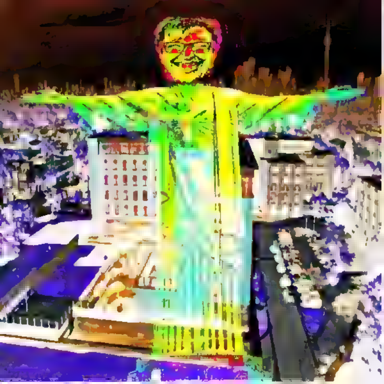


BWAY

TRANSFORMING
LIVES
HERE

THE COMPOUND

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501

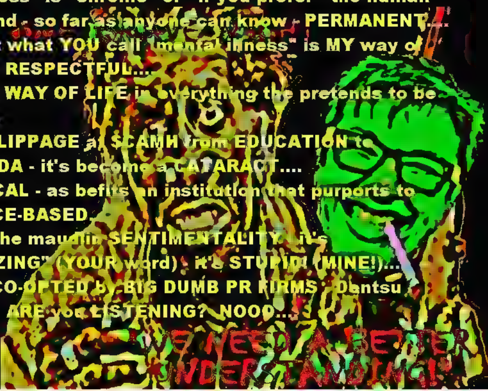


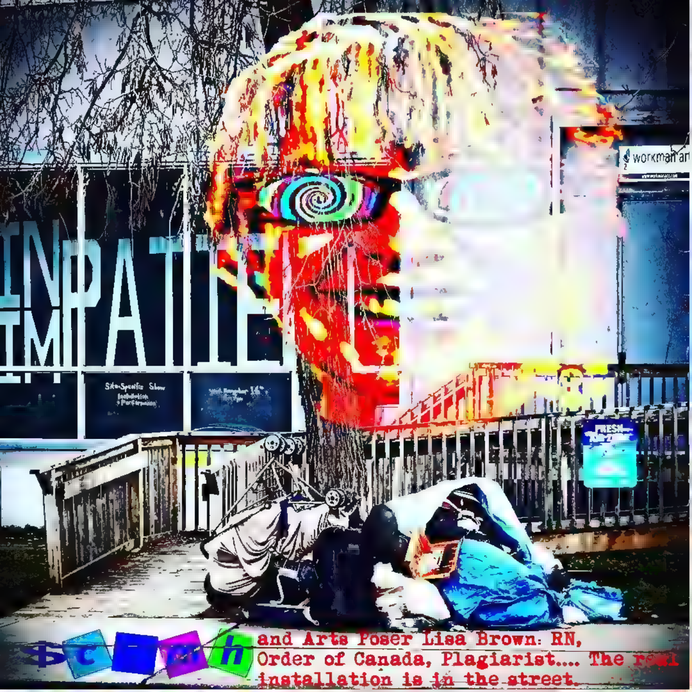
I will come again,
and I will be millions

$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn

"WE NEED A BETTER UNDERSTANDING!"

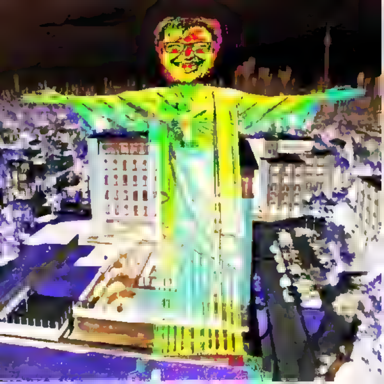
- Get rid of the **MILITANT LANGUAGE** left over / imported from past failures like the **WAR ON DRUGS....**
- Reflect the current **REALITY**, which is that so-called "mental illness" is "chronic" or - if you prefer - the human condition and - so far as anyone can know - **PERMANENT....**
- Reflect that what **YOU** call "mental illness" is **MY** way of life - and be **RESPECTFUL....**
- Reflect this **WAY OF LIFE** in everything the pretends to be about me....
- **STOP** the **SLIPPAGE** at **$CAMH** from **EDUCATION** to **PROPAGANDA** - it's become a **CATARACT....**
- Be **SKEPTICAL** - as befits an institution that purports to be **EVIDENCE-BASED.**
- Get **RID** of the maudlin **SENTIMENTALITY** - it's **"STIGMATIZING"** (**YOUR** word) - it's **STUPID!** (**MINE!**)....
- **DON'T** get **CO-OPTED** by **BIG DUMB PR FIRMS** - Dentsu Dentsubos - **ARE** you **LISTENING? NOOO....**
- **MOAN....**

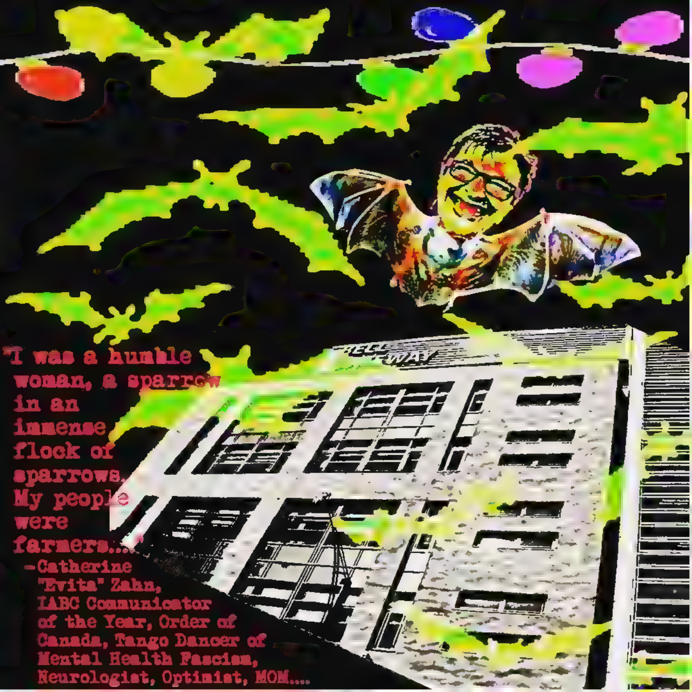



IN
IM
PATIE
Site-Specific Show
Installation
+ Performance
workman arts
FRESH
h
and Arts Poser Lisa Brown: RN,
Order of Canada, Plagiarist.... The real
installation is in the street.

A MAN'S
HOME
IS HIS CASTLE
YOU
TO TH

SCHIZOPHRENIA

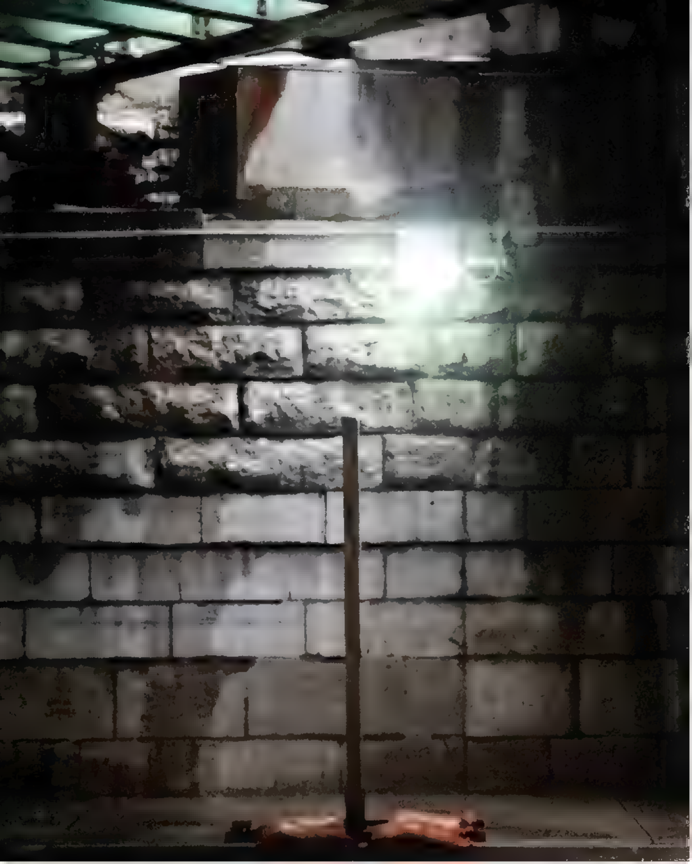




"I was a humble woman, a sparrow in an immense flock of sparrows. My people were farmers...."

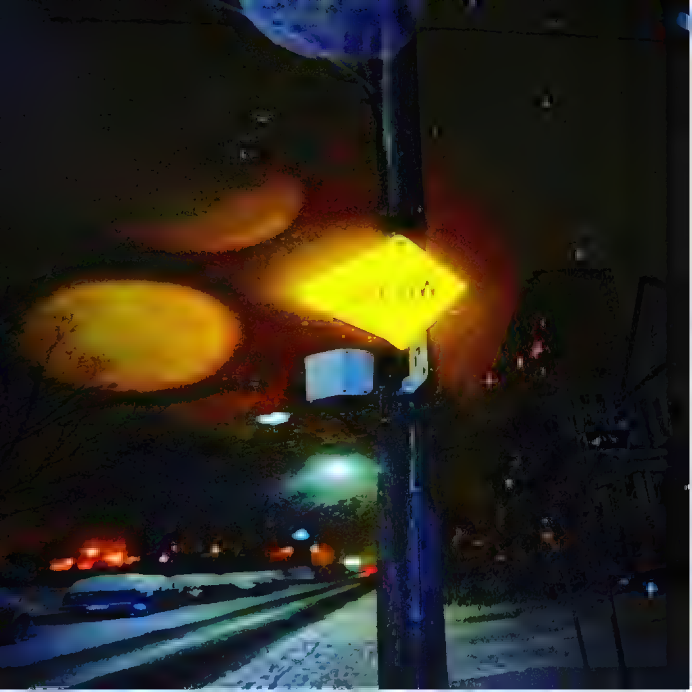
-Catherine "Evita" Zahn,
IABC Communicator of the Year, Order of Canada, Tango Dancer of Mental Health Fascism, Neurologist, Optimist, MOM....

Lookin
hidde
Goo
with that
sonnet
home.
OUTFRONT



BAD BOY
VIP SALE
CUSTOMER APPRECIATION
SUNDAY STAR
WEATHER
HEARTBREAK
TORONTO STAR
thestar.com

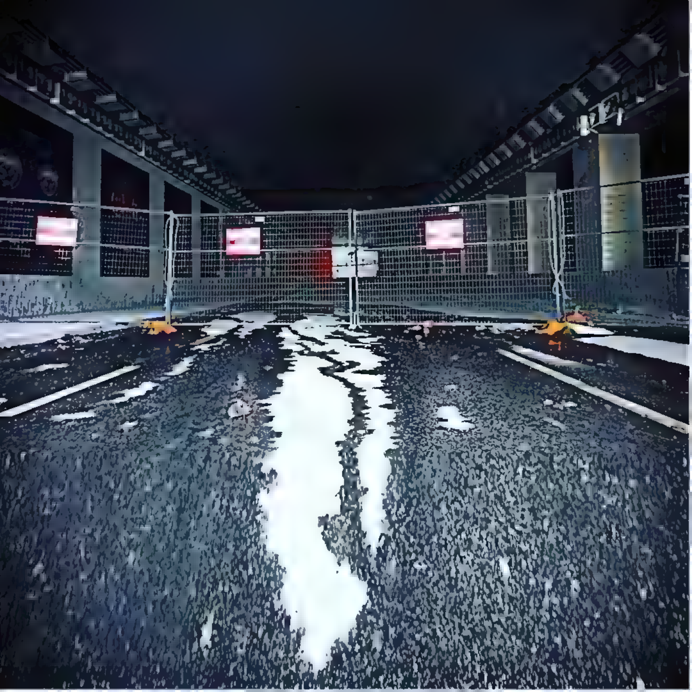
FOR LEASE
CURE
I·D
PHARMACY
SINCE 1932
CANADA POSTES
POST CANADA
1190
1190

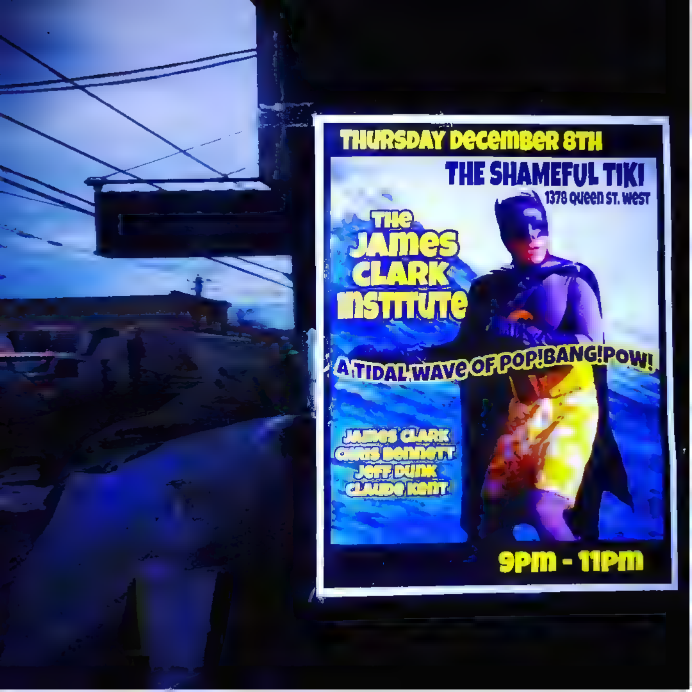


INTERNATIONAL
PHARMACY
PRESCRIPTION

Ali Baba's
Middle Eastern Cuisine

LOTTO
649





THURSDAY DECEMBER 8TH

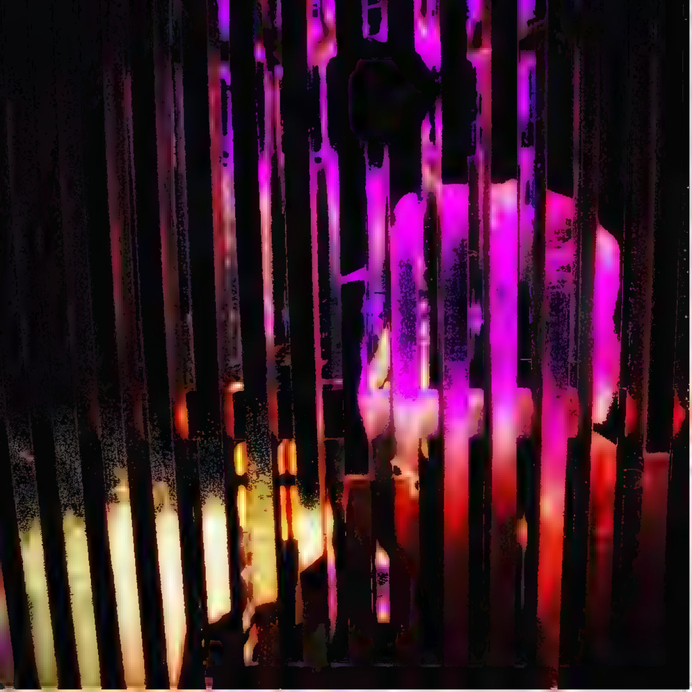
THE SHAMEFUL TIKI
1378 QUEEN ST. WEST

THE JAMES CLARK INSTITUTE

A TIDAL WAVE OF POP!BANG!POW!

JAMES CLARK
CHRIS BENNETT
JEFF DUNK
CLAUDE KENT

9PM - 11PM



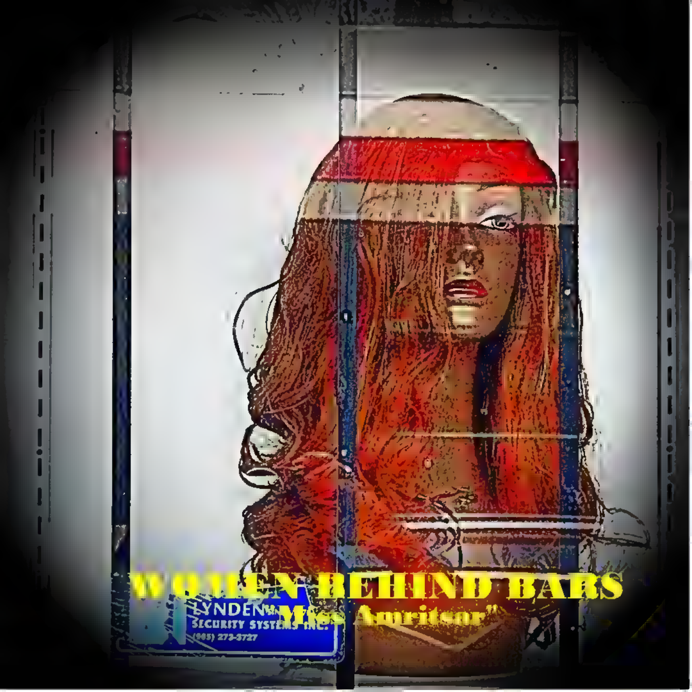
WOMEN BEHIND BARS
'[illegible] Mysore'

RYAN & ODETTE FUNERAL HOME
PARKING

HUNFA
WOMEN BEHIND BARS
Mumbai"

WOMEN BEHIND BARS
"Miss Illegal"

WOMEN BEHIND BARS


WOMEN BEHIND BARS
"Miss Amritsar"
LYNDEN
SECURITY SYSTEMS INC.
(905) 273-3727

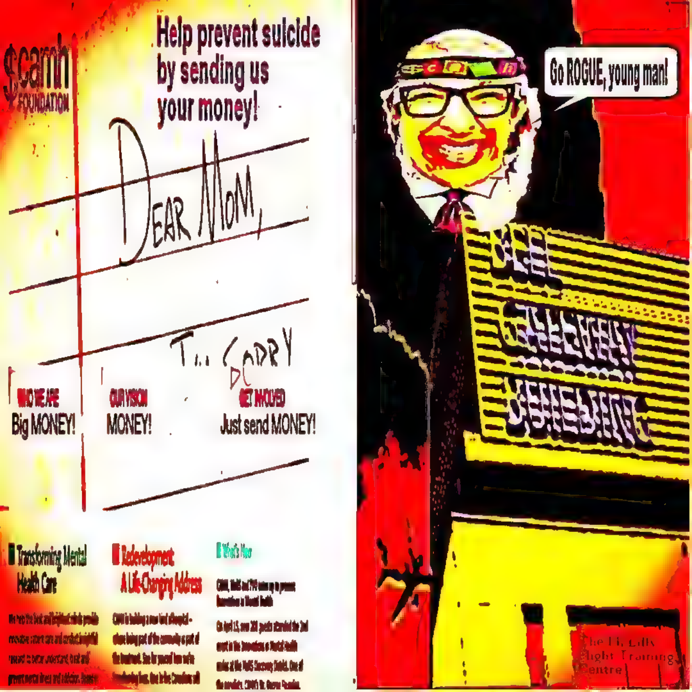
WOMEN BEHIND BARS

QUEEN WEST WOMEN
BEHIND BARS!

WOMEN BEHIND BARS
"Miss Lucknow"

WOMEN BEHOND BARS

"Miss Mysore"


$camh FOUNDATION
Help prevent suicide by sending us your money!
DEAR MOM,
I... SORRY
DC
WHO WE ARE
Big MONEY!
OUR VISION
MONEY!
GET INVOLVED
Just send MONEY!
Transforming Mental Health Care
Redevelopment A Life-Changing Address
What's New
Go ROGUE, young man!
he Eli Lilly
light Training
entre

ONTY'S
ELLE

MONTY'S
credit
jewellers
TURNING TRAFFIC
MUST YIELD
TO PEDESTRIANS
OLD GOLD
RT WATCH AND
ELRY REPAIR
1482

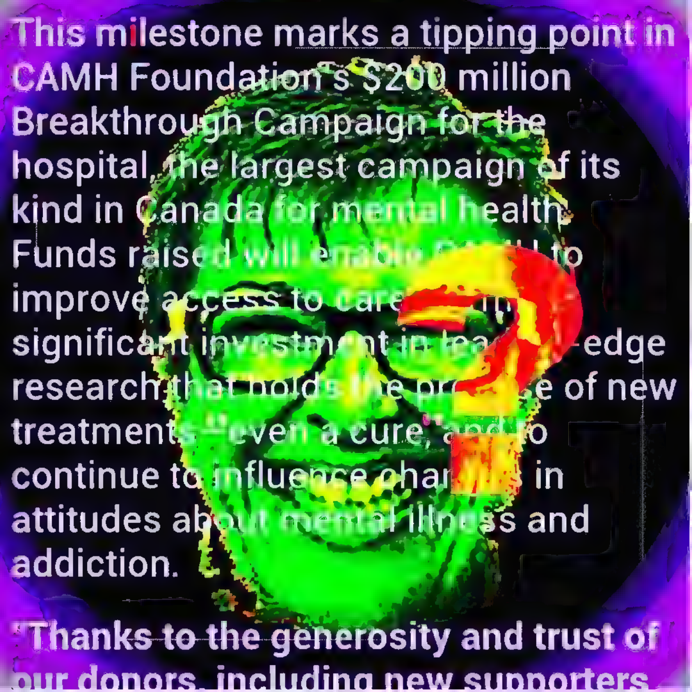
THE
DRAKE
CAFE
OFF
ON

BEAMISH
Genuine
IRISH STOUT

fcamh

TH3 COMPOUND

WHY TH3Y CLOS3D TH3 S3XCHANG3 CLINIC
TH3 "WOMAN OF ACTION" HAD
A HAIRY CH3ST AND A BEAMISH!



This milestone marks a tipping point in CAMH Foundation's $200 million Breakthrough Campaign for the hospital, the largest campaign of its kind in Canada for mental health. Funds raised will enable CAMH to improve access to care, make a significant investment in leading-edge research that holds the promise of new treatments—even a cure, and to continue to influence changes in attitudes about mental illness and addiction.

"Thanks to the generosity and trust of our donors, including new supporters

IBC.
89

WAR
Gallery
1313

grateful head
416.588.5507
T 12-8
W 12-7
T 12-8
F 12-8
S 10-5

Main Drug Mart
416-536-2139
1169
OPEN

HIDDEN
INTERSECTION

1476 (Suite C2)
BUSINESS HOURS
OPEN
1476 Queen St. West (C2)

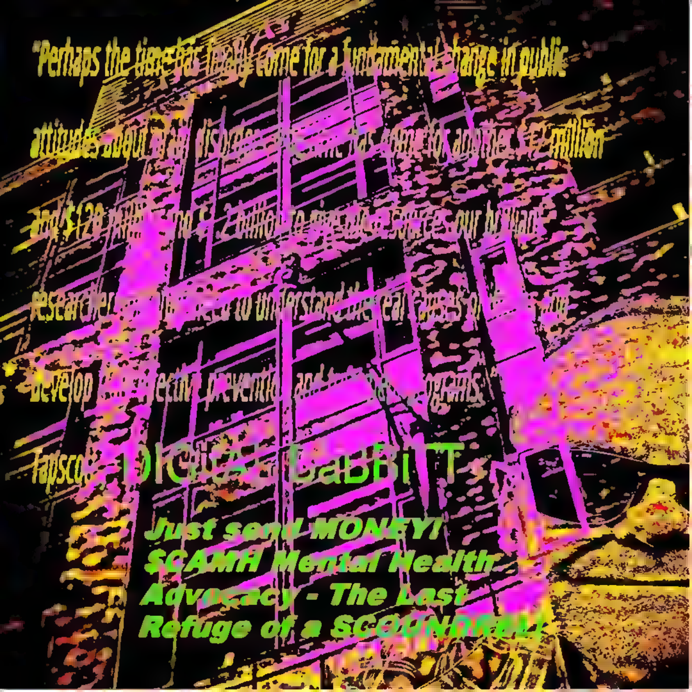
1464 Queen
THIS ABM HAS MOVED.
WE'RE MOVING.
On Wednesday, August 3, 2016 at 11:00 am.
Scotiabank
PULL
AUTOMATIC CAUTION DOOR
Pull
Pull

SUBWAY
Queen W
Star HAIR STYLIST
CONVENI NCE

JAMESON
Fear a Bit Less, and Live a Bit More
Jerry Stone's
Stones Place
Est. 2000
Rolling Stone Theme Bar

1229

CLUB
PAR SE
LOUNGE & GENTLEMAN'S CLUB
313 BLOOR ST. W | 416 535 07


"Perhaps the time has finally come for a fundamental change in public
attitudes about brain disorders [illegible] has come for another $[illegible] million
and $120 [illegible] to $1.2 billion to give [illegible] our brilliant
researchers [illegible] to understand the real causes of [illegible]
develop [illegible] effective prevention and [illegible] programs."
Tapsco[illegible]
DIGITAL RABBIT
Just send MONEY!
$CAMH Mental Health
Advocacy - The Last
Refuge of a SCOUNDREL!

Sunset

COURT

Jameson Ave.
RENT TODAY

BUY SELL TRADE
WE PAY CASH FOR
Silver and Platinum
Diamonds
Currency
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• Sterling Silverware
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Jameson Ave

TORONTO BOARD OF EDUCATION
PARKDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
LET KNOWLEDGE GROW FROM MORE TO MORE

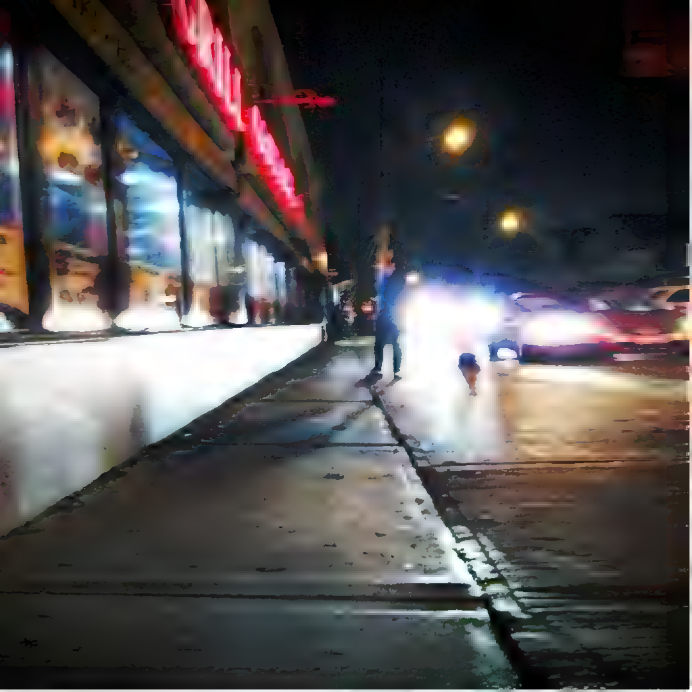
Vape Hustler
VINA PHARMACY
416-588-8538
ལྡན་ཚོགས་དབུ་
ལོ་ ༥༧ འཁོར་
LOST VOICE
REWARDs!
REWARD
—>>>LAST HEARD AT
HOT BREATH KARAOKE
every TUESDAY NIGHT AT HANDLEBA
LONDON ENGLAND'S CULT KARAOKE GAME SHOW IS
LOOKING FOR CONTESTANTS TO SING BAD AND WIN GOOD
—>>LAUNCH PARTY NOVEMBER 22ND @ 9pm<<—
www.the

$camh TRANSFORMING LIES!

501 SCHIZOPHRENIA

Because (despite $CAMH propaganda)
stopping it with a $500 donation would
be like trying to stop this streetcar
with your hand!

$camh TRANSFORMING LIES!



ROYAL LePAGE
DENNIS MA
SALES REPRESENTATIVE
416.762.8255
dma@trebnet.com
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dma@trebnet.com
PULL

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POS CAN
Your Friendly Neighbourhood Pharmacy
Guard
MoneyGram

FRENCH
WINGS

CONVENIENCE CANADA
ATM
SYSTEMS LTD
WESTERN UNION WU
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DTDC
Purolator
DHL
FedEx
Worldwide Courier Service
India
DTDC
COURIER SERVICE
LOW FEE ATM
FREE ATM PLACEMENT

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SUNDAYS 1030AM HOLY EUCHARIST
THURSDAY DEC 1 7 30 PM
WORLD AIDS DAY VIGIL
SUN DEC 11 3PM CANTATE ◆
◆OUR COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS CONCERT

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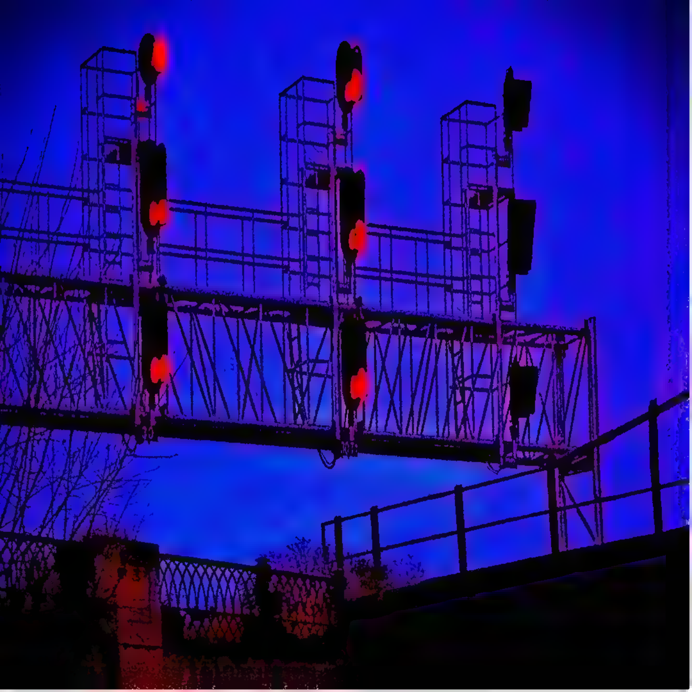
Supercentre
EXIT
Walmart
Supercentre
HOLIDAY
$14.97
$19.97
$14.97
$14.97
$9.97
$19.97
$24.97
$4.97
PETS
Professional

Farewell

R
PALM
READER
ome in,
we're
PEN
RONTO'S
MOST
WERFUL
EADER



Speak
with the wisdom of 1000 employers.
GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE
PATTISON

PARKDALE
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE

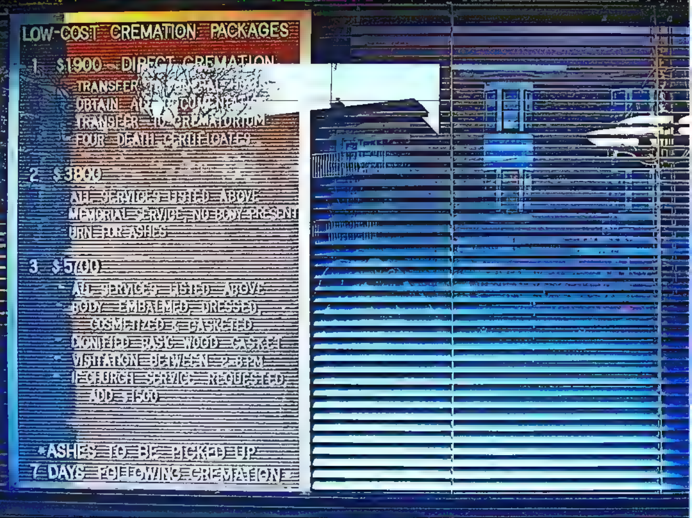
Public Message Centre
FALL DRAMA PROGRAMS
Weekly Drama Classes
PA Day Drama Camps
Youth Leadership Program
roseneath.ca
Roseneath Theatre
HOTKID
LESBO VROUVEN
BLACK LAVA
MAN MADE HILL
FRI NOV 25
DOORS 9PM $10
SOIREE
THE
LULA LOUNGE
ARMANI

ENTRAL

I HAVE A DREAM

BROC
DiSCOUNT
TOYS
&
ONICS

$camh TRANSFORMING LIES


LOW-COST CREMATION PACKAGES
1 $1900 - DIRECT CREMATION
TRANSFER
OBTAIN ALL DOCUMENTS
TRANSFER TO CREMATORIUM
FOUR DEATH CERTIFICATES
2 $3800
ALL SERVICES LISTED ABOVE
MEMORIAL SERVICE, NO BODY PRESENT
URN FOR ASHES
3 $5700
ALL SERVICES LISTED ABOVE
BODY EMBALMED, DRESSED,
COSMETIZED & CASKETED
DIGNIFIED BASIC WOOD CASKET
VISITATION BETWEEN 2-8PM
IF CHURCH SERVICE REQUESTED,
ADD $1500
*ASHES TO BE PICKED UP
7 DAYS FOLLOWING CREMATION

TRANSFORMING LIES $camh

BASTARD! $50 Won't get you a hand SHAKE!
Whi quirrel Way

$camh Canada's Leading Hospital
for Mental Hell

The next
BREAKTHROUGHS
won't!
will happen here

$CAMH & $CAMH Foundation
Police Report 2014/15

ANNE'S
SUNDAYS 10 30AM HOLY EUCHARIST
THURSDAY DEC 1 7 30 PM
WORLD AIDS DAY VIGIL
SUN DEC 11 3 PM :CANTATE:
OUR COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS CONCERT

$CAMH CEO Catherine
Zahn: Neurologist,
Optimist, Mom....

$camh
$camh

OVER 20 BILLION SERVED
Hasty Market
DRIVE THRU

LCBO
THE DEBUT

OPEN

Now is the winter of our discontent....

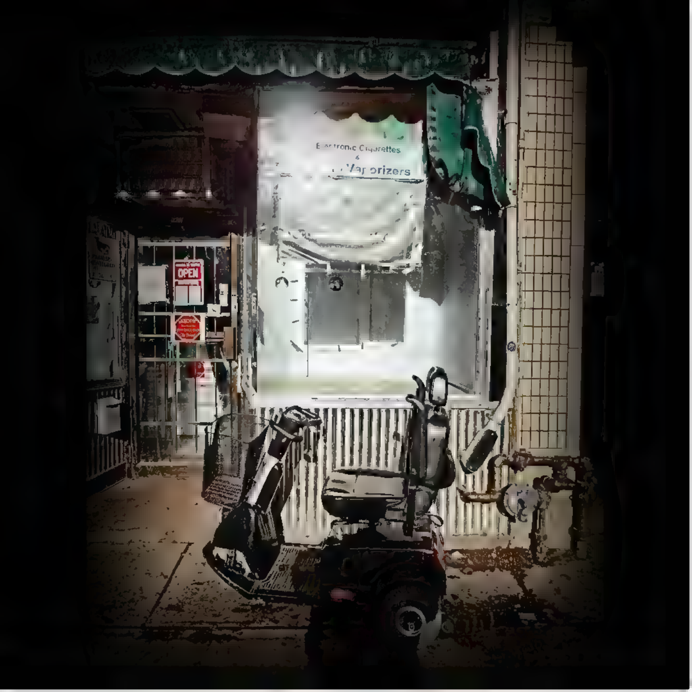
SCHIZOPHRENIA

RANT
967-11-1
TELEPHONE

THE
R SOUVLAKI
SU

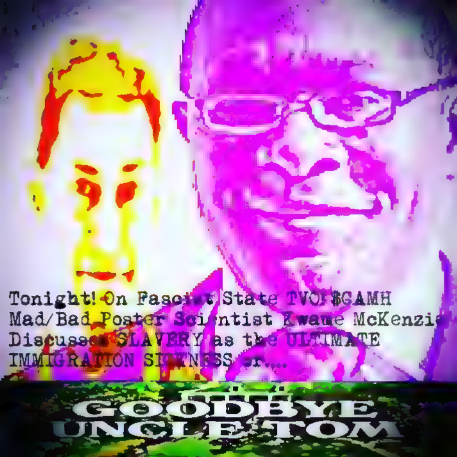
GLADSTONE APARTMENTS
225

STIGMA
ENGAGE


Electronic Cigarettes
&
Vaporizers
OPEN

LCBO

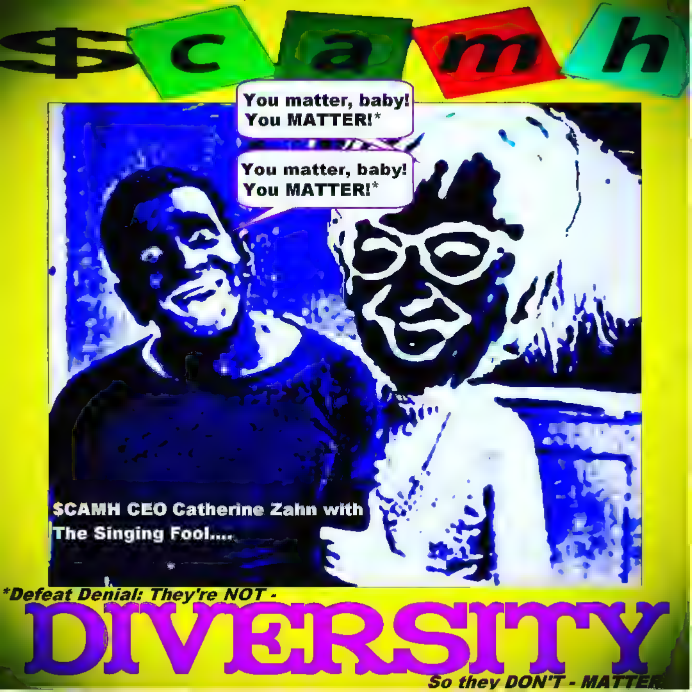
WE DELIVER
PHARMACY
Rx
SATISF MERS
FOR ARS
Ask us About
GENERIC DRUGS
THE SAVINGS WILL MAKE YOU FEEL
GREAT

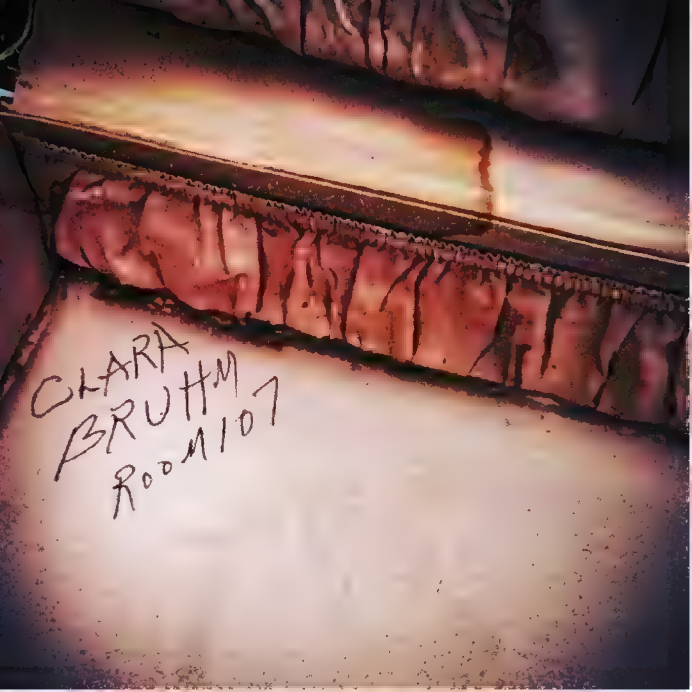


Tonight! On Fascist State TVO: $GAMH
Mad/Bad Poster Scientist Kwame McKenzi
Discusses SLAVERY as the ULTIMATE
IMMIGRATION SICKNESS or...

GOODBYE
UNCLE TOM

EXIT


$camh
You matter, baby! You MATTER!*
You matter, baby! You MATTER!*
$CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn with The Singing Fool....
*Defeat Denial: They're NOT -
DIVERSITY
So they DON'T - MATTER


CLARA
BRUHM
ROOM 107

The Beer Store

TORONTO

Notice

A change has been proposed for this site.

A Development Application has been submitted to amend the Official Plan and Zoning By-law to allow a residential building.

Proposal summary:

District & Ward: [illegible]
Site Address: [illegible]
Applicant: [illegible]
Application File #: [illegible]

For information & to tell us what you think:

ONLINE:
[illegible]

IN PERSON:
A meeting has not yet been scheduled. Details will be posted here and online as they become available.

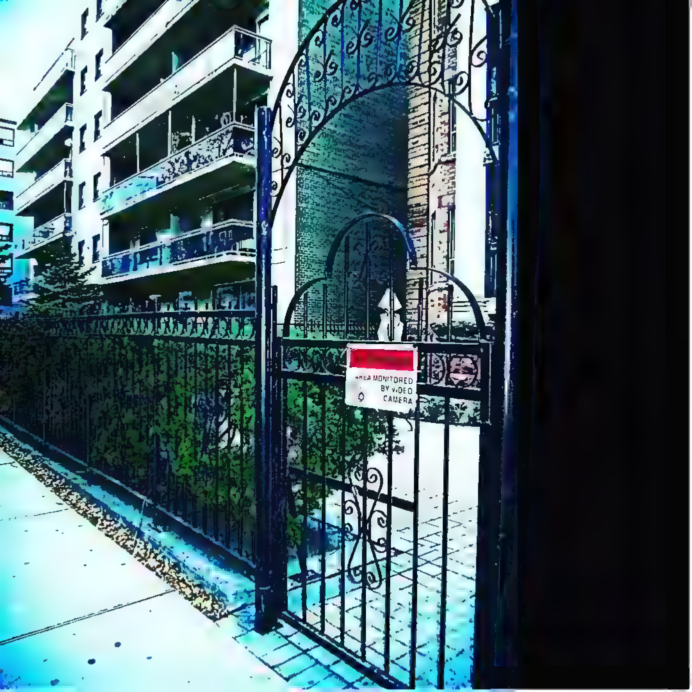
COMMUNITY PLANNER:
Kirk Hatcher

TOGETHER

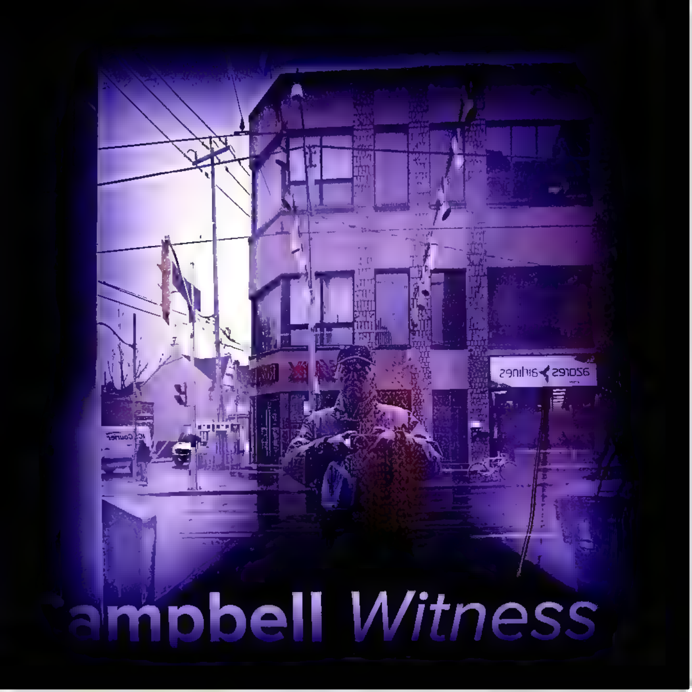
PETE
EDITION HOM
MILK GLASS
GO
10:30

INCOME TA
DISTINCTION
visit Portugal
MAXIMUM
40
Km/h

EVERY
LIVE SALSA



AREA MONITORED BY VIDEO CAMERA


azores airlines
IC Courier
Campbell Witness

JASON'S
COFFEE SHOP
BÁNH MÌ CÔ HANH

keep
queen we
heritage
together

we are all proud that
continuous, unbroken

but developers are eye
retail. and today, bat

fortunately, city planners are
district" — the strongest

but their first draft has
dufferin, and wester
200 victorians — camh par
and that still lets the **unbroken**
— **broken.**

let your councillors +
keep queen west togethe
conservation district is
— **write mike layton,** and
+ city planning @ our
— bit.ly/keep-qw-

HUMAN RIGHTS DAY

DECEMBER 9, 2016

2pm – 5pm

Chinese Consulate
240 St George St, Toronto

FOUNDATION
Bach

TORONTO SUN

TEAM TORY VISITS SUN

MY SURGEON IS IN JAIL

Doc accused of murder should have been operating on Erika's spine yesterday

HOME SAFETY

PLEASE KEEP YOUR FAMILY SAFE

TORONTO SUN

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501

COFFEE HOUSE

Coca-Cola
MAC`S CIGAR STORE
LOTTO 649
$19,393,521.00 SOLD
Instant $100,000.00 HERE
ATM
MAX
649
$30.0 Million
$21.0 Million
OPEN
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

PARILLA
Dundas-St Clarens
Parkette
717

I AM CRIPPLE
COME TO SEE ME
MIKE

HO
Pork
er
by box
Help wanted
Special
Bacalhau
249.00
199

HOTEL

VICTORY
NO SOLICITING

Vape Hustler
Electronic Cigarettes
&
Herbal Vaporizers
WARNING
Electronic Cigarettes
OPEN

04 Queen

"JEWELLERY" & WATCHES"
CHANGE BATERRIES
WATCHES BAND
MONEY TRANSFER TO VN
JEWELLERY
WATCHES

1879
Village Of Parkdale
Queen St. W.
1433

A423

MYOSOTIS
FLOWER SHOPPE
勿忘我花坊
647.347.2220
Funeral Flowers
OPEN

art services
DARRELL
KOBZA
ART SERVICES
www.dkartservices.com
• custom archival fr
• original vintage posters
• art restoration conservation
• archival line mounting
• installation
MON.-SA
416.901.5622
La BRUJA
EVIL DEAD
BEWARE THE EYES THAT PARALYZE
DAMNED
VAMPIRO

P
Public
Parking

workman arts
POP-UP GALLERY
IN
IM
PATIENT
Site-Specific Show
Installation
+ Performance
until December 16th
workman

DuWest
DUNDAS ST. W.
1703
DETOUR

ORY
NDIA
STAR
Today's Special
Oil Scalp Massage
with Wash
$20
Out
$20
Nails
$25
30

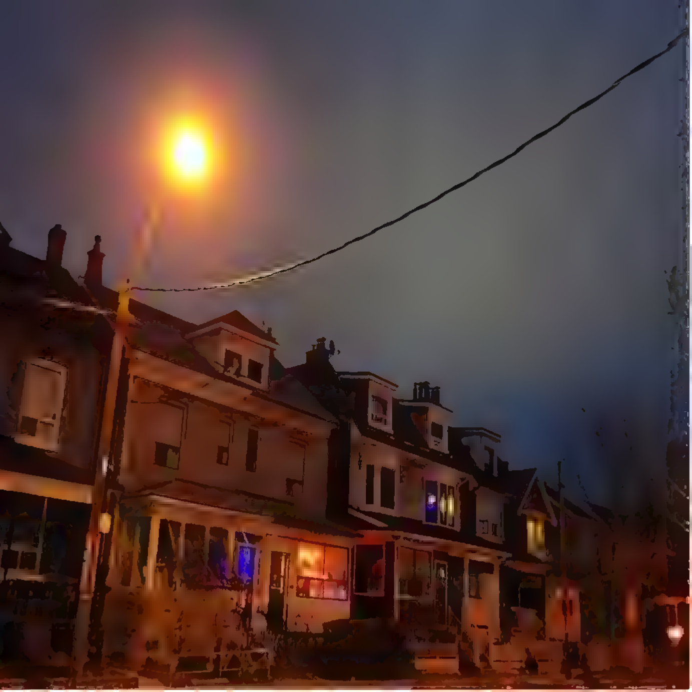
INSANE ASYLUM

ORY
NDIA
W OPE
ERVING
STAR
Today's Special
t Oil Scalp Massage
with Wash $20
Out /W $20
Nails $25
30
xing

LORY NDIA
OW OPE ERVING
STAR
Today's Special
ot Oil Scalp Massage
with Wash $20
Out /W $20
Nails $25
30
axing

Unico
Tomatoes
Daily Bread
PART
D.CCare 00

Lansdowne Av
212



MONT
WE BUY OLD GOLD
EXPERT WATCH AND
JEWELRY REPAIR
STUDIO
1484
Art
Antiques
Design
Mid-Century
Framing
Modern

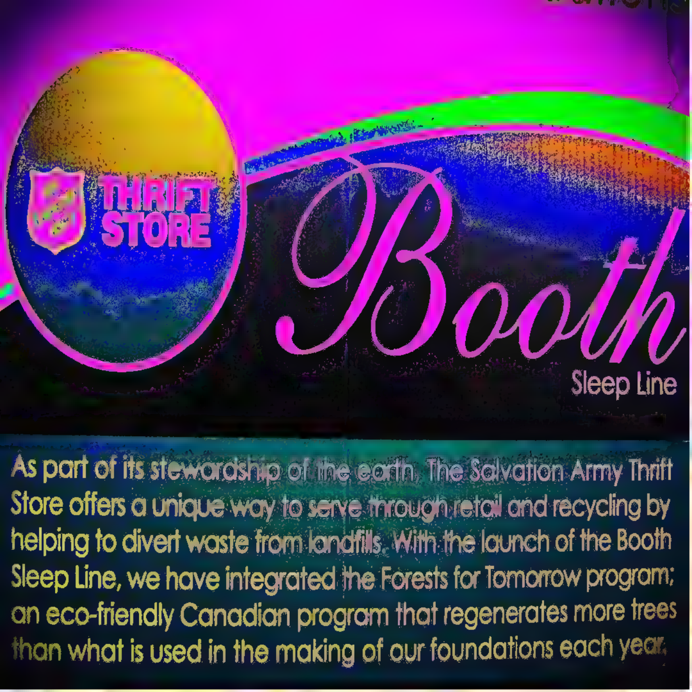
$40/MO.
1484
/MO.
PLACEMENT
3-0181 Service

CITY
WATER
6

Simply

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING.
Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
BEST IN THE WO
Amount of the city covered by canopy
VANCOUVER
GENEVA
BOSTON
NEW YORK
THE BOLD 2017 CAMRY
toyota.ca
pepsi

AD TORONTO



THRIFT STORE

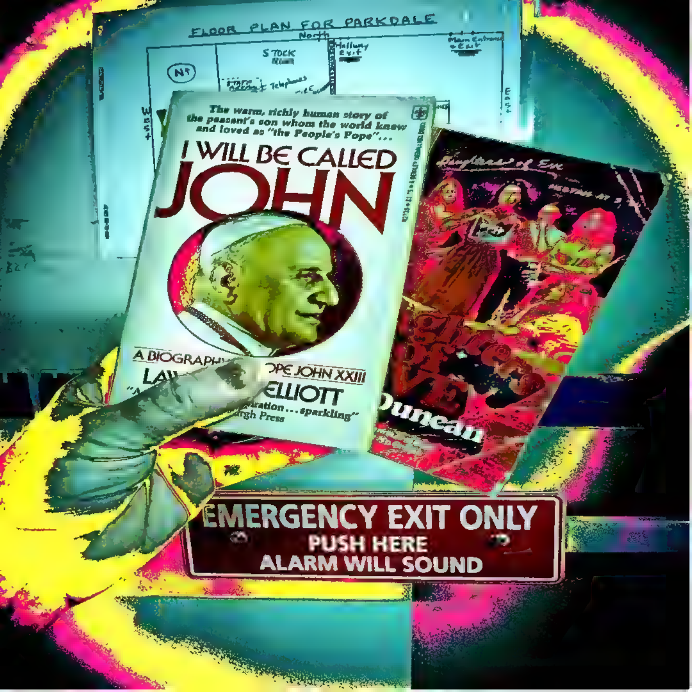
Booth

Sleep Line

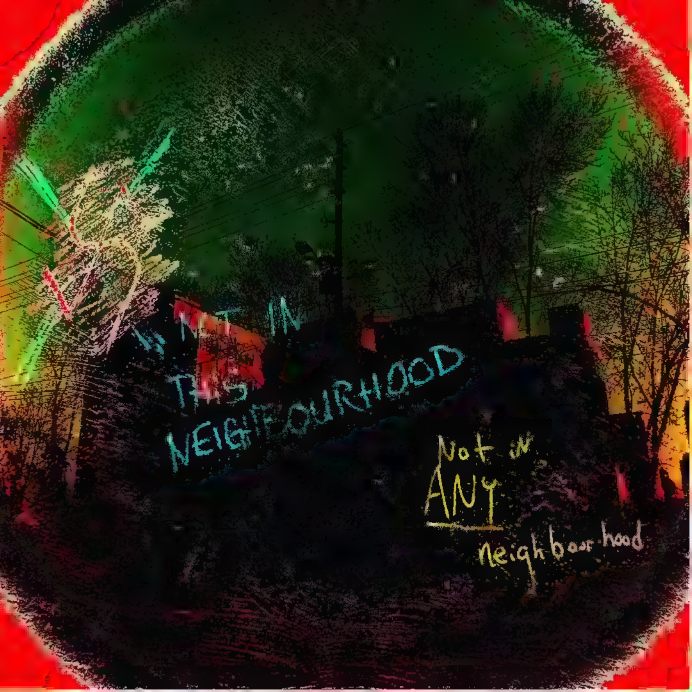
As part of its stewardship of the earth, The Salvation Army Thrift Store offers a unique way to serve through retail and recycling by helping to divert waste from landfills. With the launch of the Booth Sleep Line, we have integrated the Forests for Tomorrow program; an eco-friendly Canadian program that regenerates more trees than what is used in the making of our foundations each year.

Daug
of
EVE
is Duncan
Author of
of Fear
Griffin

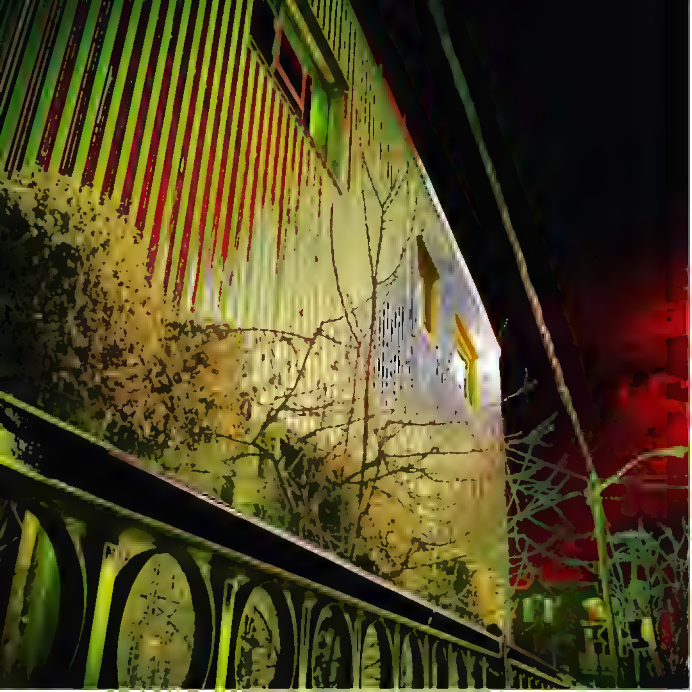
THE PHOTO
Lois Duncan
EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY
PUSH HERE
ALARM WILL SOUND


FLOOR PLAN FOR PARKDALE
North
STOCK
Hallway exit
Main Entrance Exit
West
East
Telephones
The warm, richly human story of the peasant's son whom the world knew and loved as "the People's Pope"...
I WILL BE CALLED JOHN
A BIOGRAPH
OPE JOHN XXIII
LAW
ELLIOTT
...sparkling"
rgh Press
Daughters of Eve
Duncan
EMERGENCY EXIT ONLY
PUSH HERE
ALARM WILL SOUND

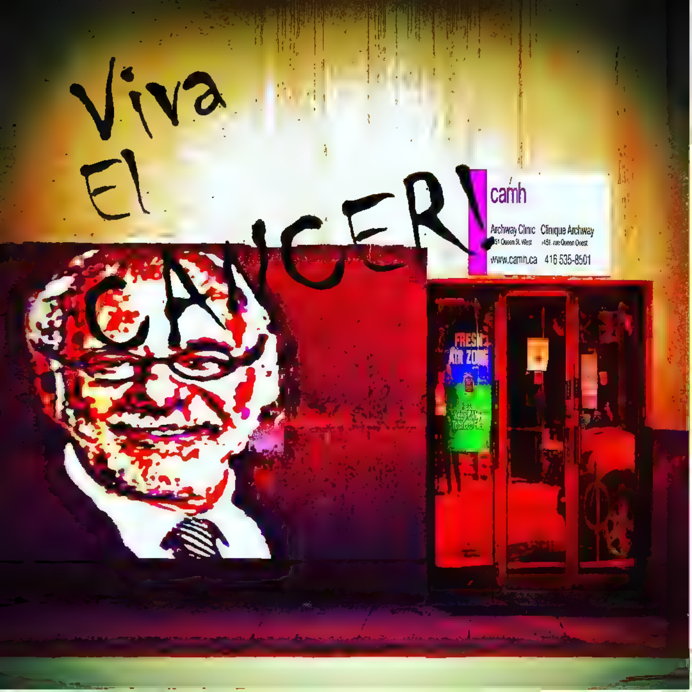
ART NOW


NOT IN
THIS
NEIGHBOURHOOD
Not in
ANY
neighbour hood

TELEPHONE
4
1
6
ASK FOR
TICKET
F
FREE
GOLD
5
3
6
2
6
0
0
PUSH



FASCI
WHITESQUIRREL BOULEVARD
"My BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH EVER!"


Viva El CANCER!
camh
Archway Clinic
Clinique Archway
151 Queen St. West
151, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca
416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE

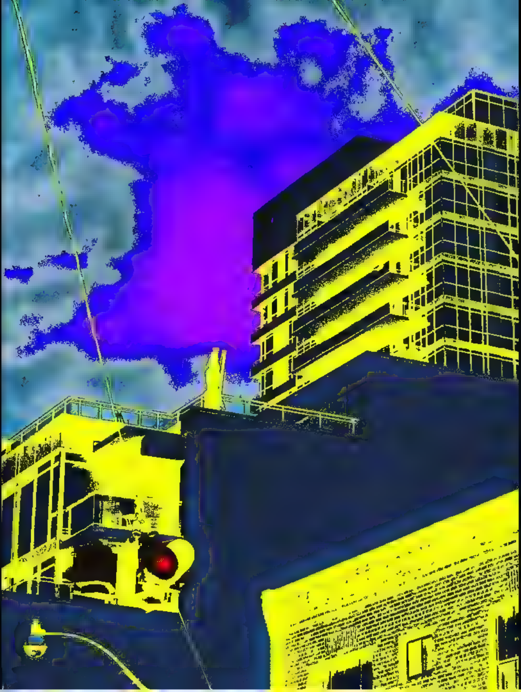
"No women's movement will be glorious
if it does not give itself to a man!"

ACROSS THE
AND AROUND THE
"The TART is ON!"

VANITY
VINS·SPIRITUEUX·BIÈRES

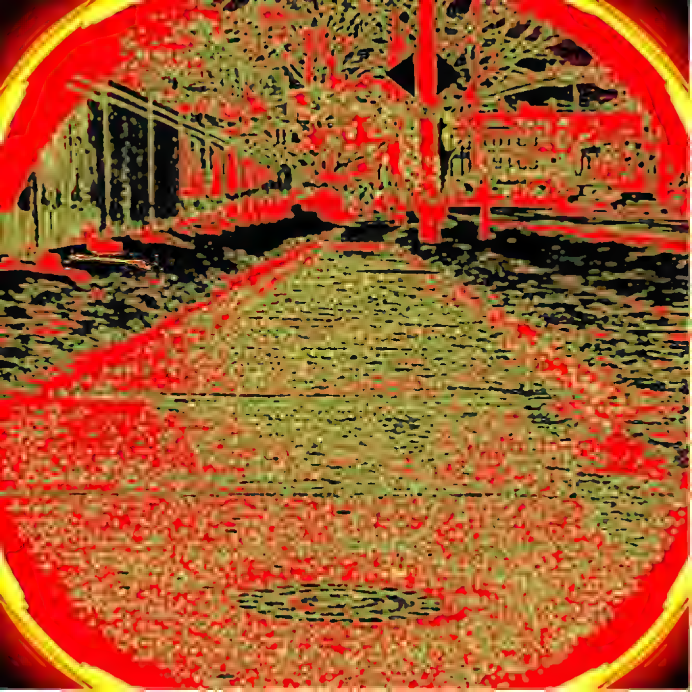
FOOD
PASS

DRAKE BAKES.
DRAKE MAKES.
HANDMADE
DRAKE
That Way.
DRAKE
PANTRY



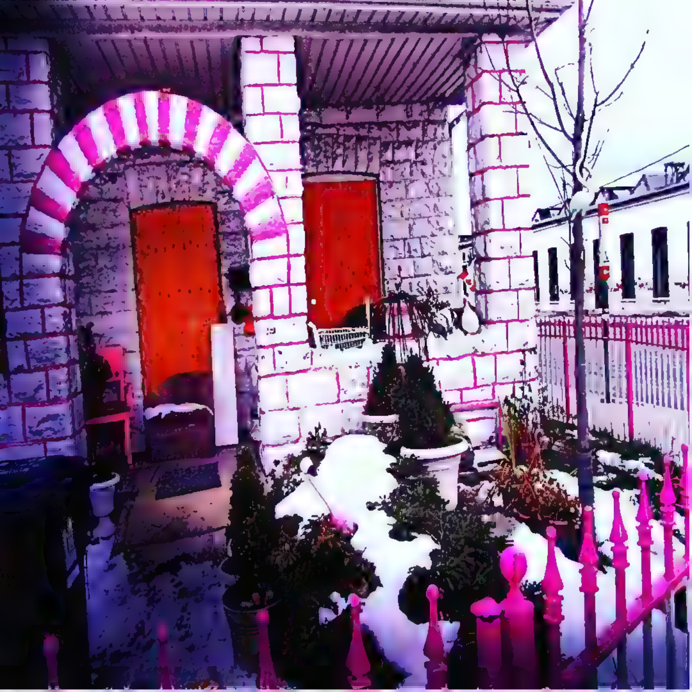
ORESᴛ! ORESᴛ!
ORESᴛ! ORESᴛ!
NO ONE IS STIRRING!
OH LET MY EYES GAZE AT YOU,
A VISION GRANTED TO ME,
FAIRER THAN ANY DREAM!

ELEKTRA LOFTS



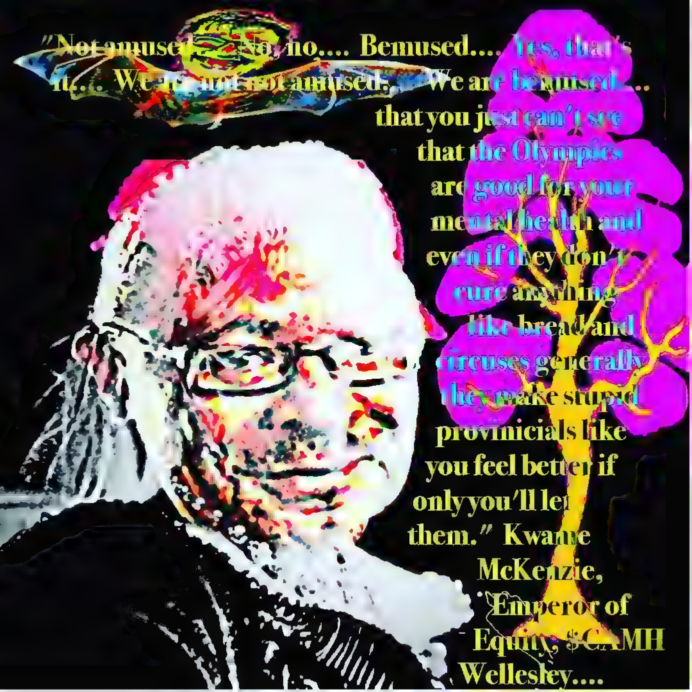
URE
Syrup
540 ml
PRODUCT OF C

DRAKE
GENERAL
STORE
ST 2008

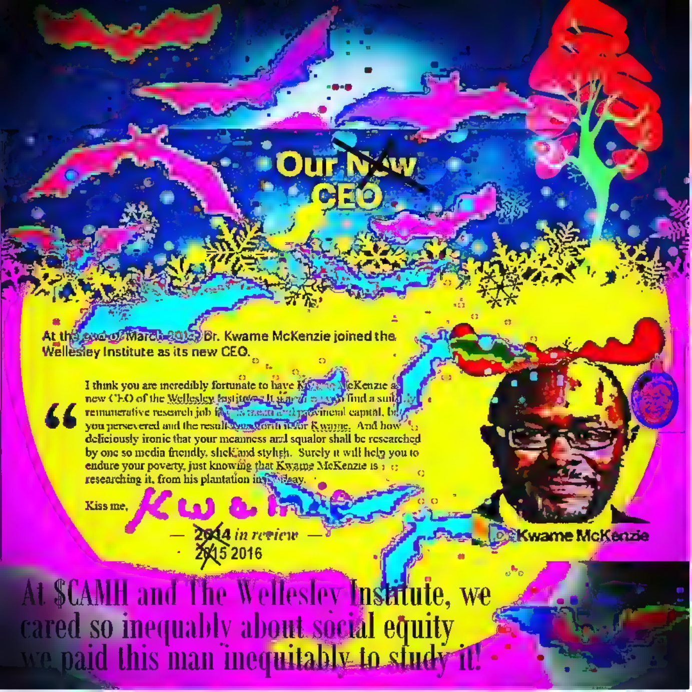


TREAT 4
YOU
40% OFF
STORE
WIDE
(more than)
a few of our
favourite things

RISE ABOVE



"Not amused?... No, no.... Bemused.... Yes, that's it.... We are not not amused.... We are bemused.... that you just can't see that the Olympics are good for your mental health and even if they don't cure anything like bread and circuses generally they make stupid provinicials like you feel better if only you'll let them." Kwame McKenzie, Emperor of Equity, $CAMH Wellesley....



Our ~~New~~ CEO

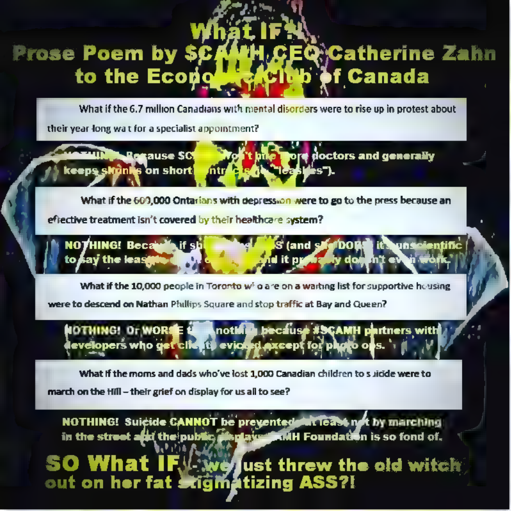
At the end of March 2014, Dr. Kwame McKenzie joined the Wellesley Institute as its new CEO.

> “I think you are incredibly fortunate to have Kwame McKenzie as new CEO of the Wellesley Institute. It was [illegible] find a suitably remunerative research job in [illegible] provincial capital, but you persevered and the result was worth it for Kwame. And how deliciously ironic that your meanness and squalor shall be researched by one so media friendly, slick and stylish. Surely it will help you to endure your poverty, just knowing that Kwame McKenzie is researching it, from his plantation in [illegible].
>
> Kiss me, Kwame

— ~~2014~~ *in review* —
~~2015~~ 2016

Kwame McKenzie

At $CAMH and The Wellesley Institute, we cared so inequably about social equity we paid this man inequitably to study it!



What IF?!

Prose Poem by $CAMH CEO Catherine Zahn to the Economic Club of Canada

What if the 6.7 million Canadians with mental disorders were to rise up in protest about their year-long wait for a specialist appointment?

NOTHING! Because $CAMH won't hire more doctors and generally keeps shrinks on short contracts [illegible] "leashes").

What if the 600,000 Ontarians with depression were to go to the press because an effective treatment isn't covered by their healthcare system?

NOTHING! Because if she [illegible] S (and she DOES) it's unscientific to say the least [illegible] and it probably doesn't even work.

What if the 10,000 people in Toronto who are on a waiting list for supportive housing were to descend on Nathan Phillips Square and stop traffic at Bay and Queen?

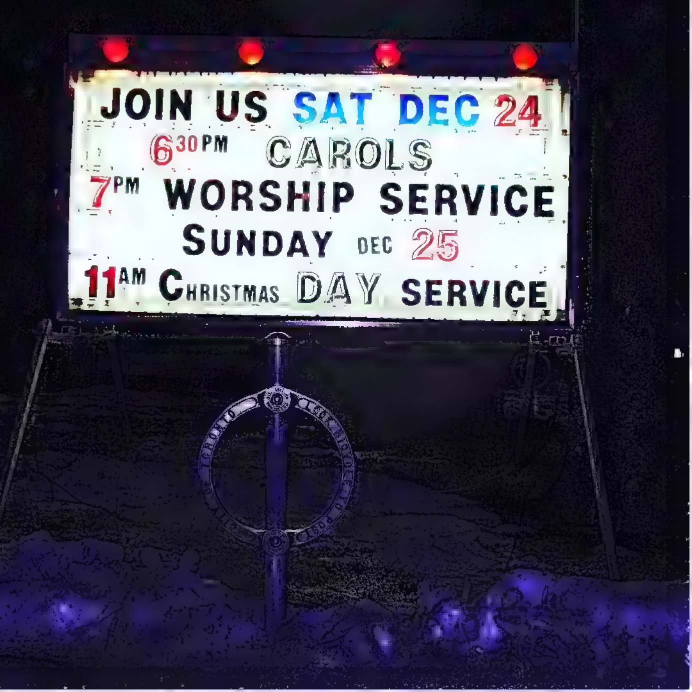
NOTHING! Or WORSE than nothing because #SCAMH partners with developers who get clients evicted except for photo ops.

What if the moms and dads who've lost 1,000 Canadian children to suicide were to march on the Hill – their grief on display for us all to see?

NOTHING! Suicide CANNOT be prevented, at least not by marching in the street and the public displays [illegible]AMH Foundation is so fond of.

SO What IF – we just threw the old witch out on her fat stigmatizing ASS?!

B"H
LEF


JOIN US SAT DEC 24
6³⁰PM CAROLS
7PM WORSHIP SERVICE
SUNDAY DEC 25
11AM CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE

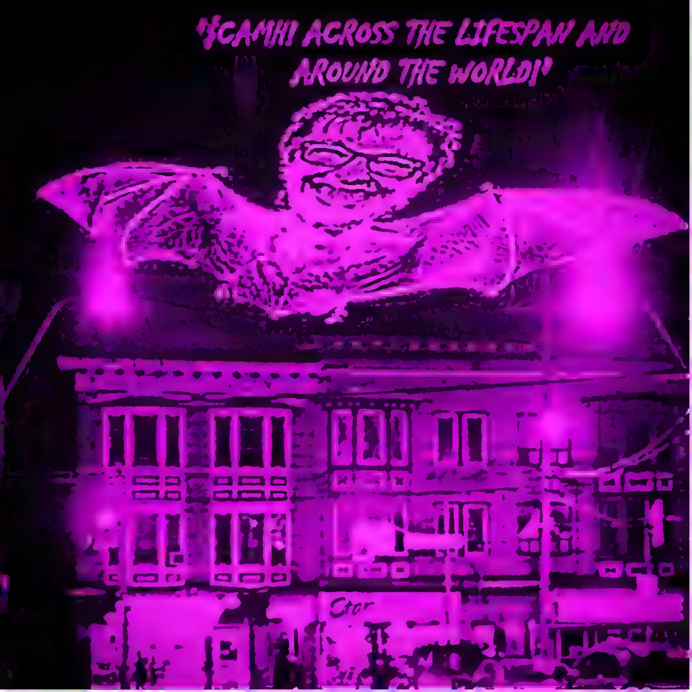
LCBO

1304A

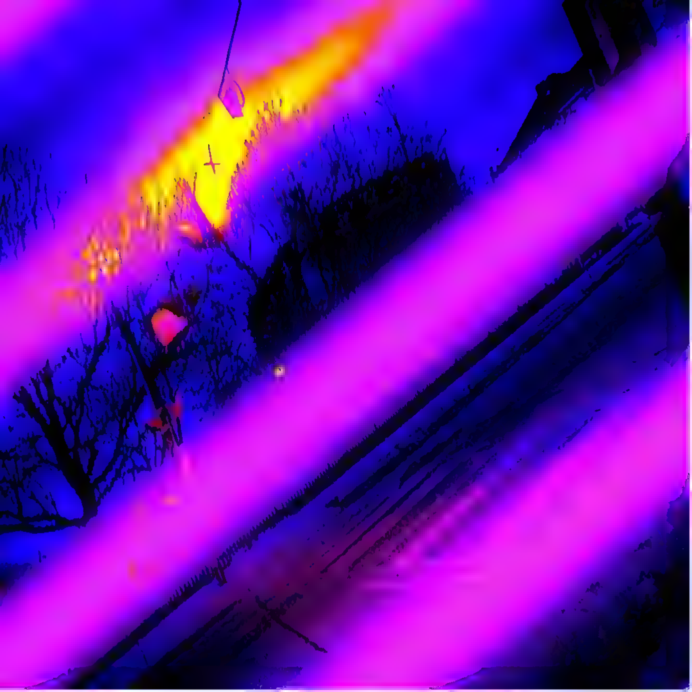
HAVE A MERRY MAD CHRISTMAS!

$CAMH: PARTNERSHIP FOR SOCIAL CHANGE!

'YEAH! ACROSS THE LIFESPAN AND
AROUND THE WORLD!'

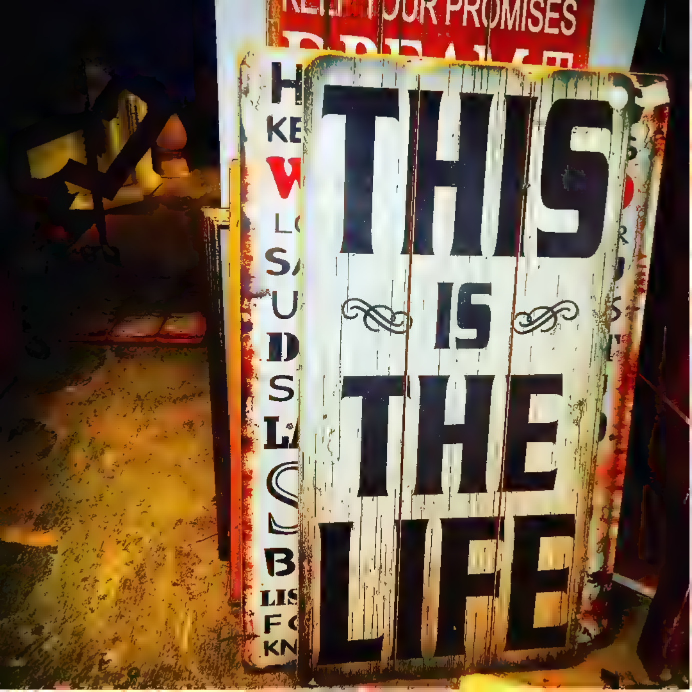

‘¡CAMHI ACROSS THE LIFESPAN AND AROUND THE WORLD!’
Ctor

BUY SELL TRADE
WE PAY CASH FOR
• Gold, Silver and Platinum
in any condition
• Diamonds
• Fine Jewelry
• Rare Coins & Currency
• Watches
• Bullion & Precious Metals
• Sterling Silverware
• Serving Sets
• Collectibles
• Cash for Loan on Valuables
• Current line of products
from Apple, Sony & More

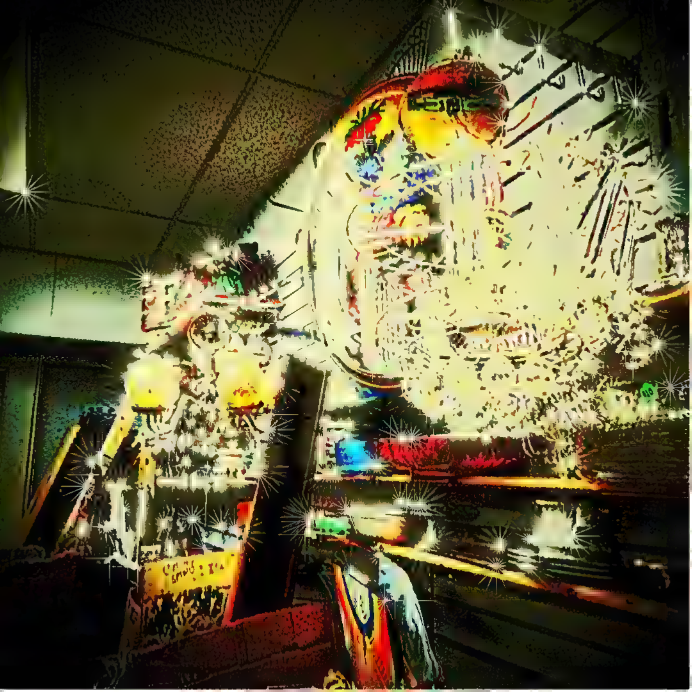


OPEN

Skyline
RESTAURANT


OUR PROMISES
THIS
IS
THE
LIFE

#179
LERY
Star



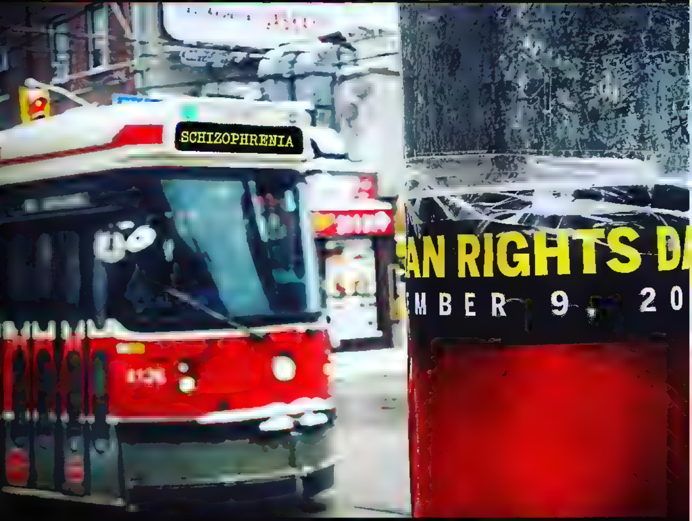
$089190
$179
25¢

DEPRESSION GLASS

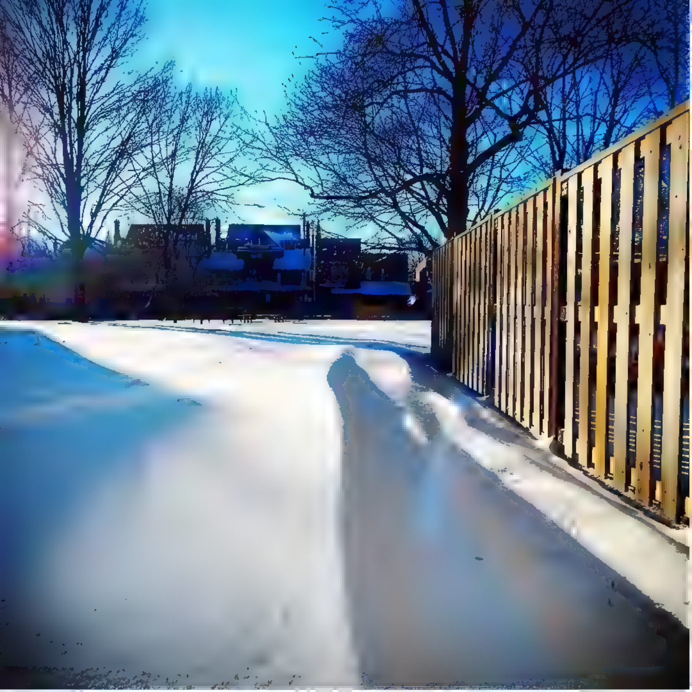
God
is
able
to make all
GRACE
abound

LTD

$camh FASCISM


SCHIZOPHRENIA
AN RIGHTS DA
MBER 9, 20

MILITANCY, MEDIA and above all MONEY



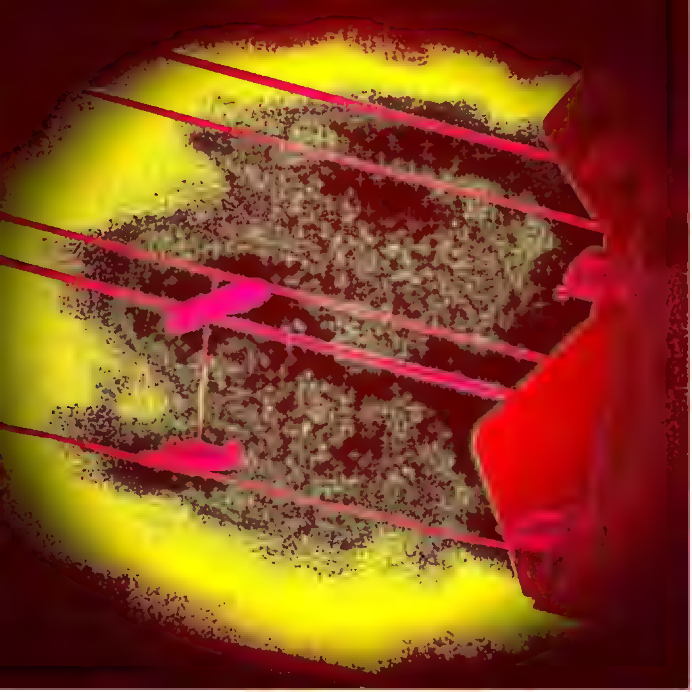
HOME CONFECTIONERY

4015
SCHIZOPHRENIA

Parkdal
Skyline
RESTAURANT

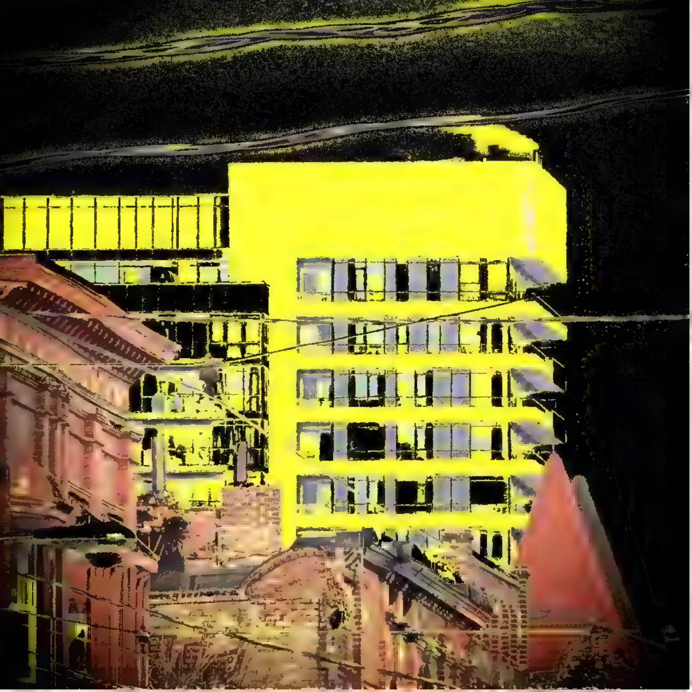
YOU'VE

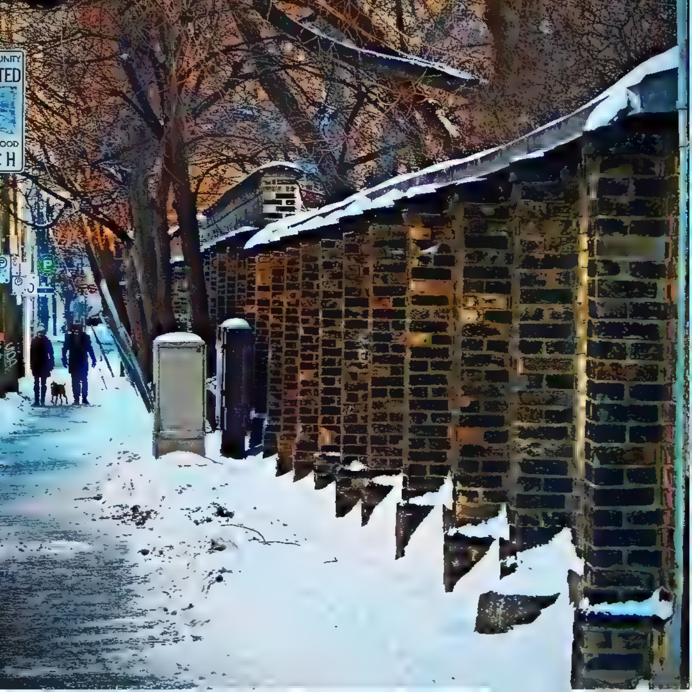
west
west
Mabel's
THE DRAKE
NYE
UNDER THE
BIG TOP
THE
DRAKE
HOTEL



ington

MAXIMUM
SPEED
5
KM/H
PARKING ON LAWN STRICTLY PROHIBITED




UNITY
TED
OOD
C H

ND Raffle 20
1st PRIZE

FLOOR 0

RAD HOURANI

UNISEX POP UP

NOV 24TH TO DEC 24TH 2016

DESIGNED IN PARIS · MADE IN CANADA SINCE 2007

THE FIRST
UNISEX
HAUTE COUTURE
CANADIAN DESIGNER
IN FASHION HISTORY

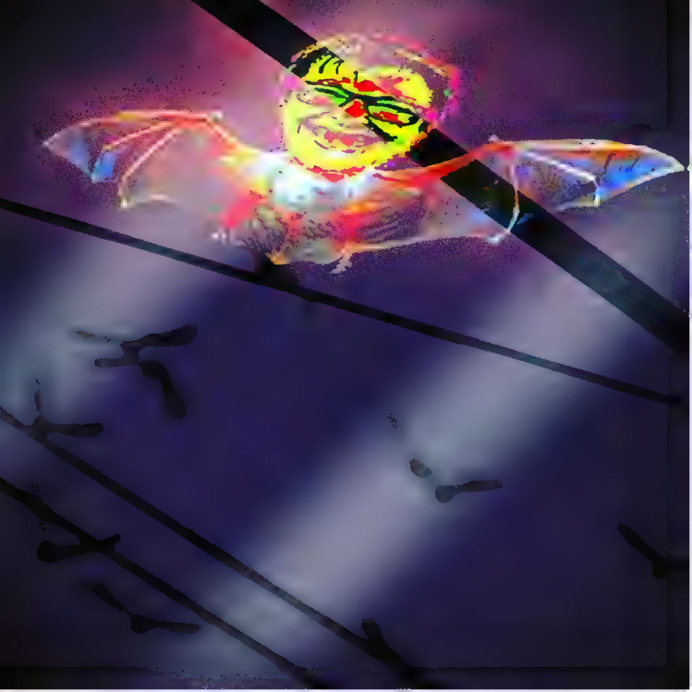
EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION
LIMITED QUANTITY

ONLINE STORE WWW.[illegible]OURANI.COM

gravitypope

CERAMICS
GLASS
ABORIGINAL ARTS
JEWELLERY
METAL
MIXED MEDIA
STONE
TEXTILES
WOOD
SHIT!
GARBAGE!

BELL



TELEPHONE
BENTO'S AUTO.
QUOTED Me 450.4 , UEL PUMP.
FINAL BILL $ 74
BeWARE & STAY AWAY
MOVIES $2.00
6 SHIELD BACKS $365.00
ALL BOOKS 2.00
ALL RE ORD $1.00
MAN'S

42

GET WELL
- NORTH OF -
BROOKLYN
PIZZERIA
Get Well
NORTH OF
BROOKLYN
PIZZERIA
FOR DELIVERY CALL

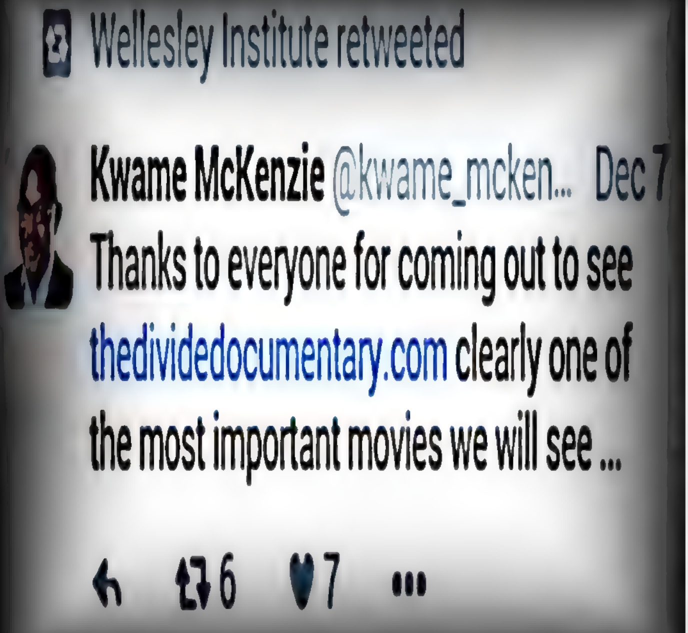
EATMENT CLINIC
4 Queen St West

Give

to $CAMH

they ~~we~~ will deliver a gift to a CAMH patient.[*]

[*] For a small cut, it would be reasonably safe to assume.



Wellesley Institute retweeted

Kwame McKenzie @kwame_mcken... Dec 7

Thanks to everyone for coming out to see thedividedocumentary.com clearly one of the most important movies we will see ...

Now, after Syria, you
have to survive $CAMH....
Somehow....?

#Landingstrip #Immigration #Sickness
#Jameson #Parkdale ...

Jed Smeg

days ago · #CAMH

#SunriseSelfie — #Landingstrip
#Immigration #Sickness #Jameson...

#CAMH #Onebravenight One Brave
#SunriseSelfie — #Landingstrip ...
https://plus.google.com › posts

Jed Smeg
4 days ago · #CAMH #Onebravenight One
Brave #SunriseSelfie — #Landingstrip
#Immigration #Sickness #Jameson...

CAMH: Shining a light on the immigrant
experience "through research"

AUTION
WET FLOOR
ATTENTION
PLANCHER
MOUILLE

FRESH
AIR ZONE

The Original
Dark & Stormy
+
Moscow Mule
Mix
1881
Bar Supplies
Angostura
Tiki
Yarai
Bar Spoons
Mixing Glass
Luxardo
Gold Jiggers
Over 300 Flavours of Bitters & Syrups
Bar Spoons
Glassware

Queen St. West
CELEBRATING PRIDE WEEK from BATHURST to GLADSTONE
ASK INSIDE FOR DETAILS
west queen west

BELL
BUILDING

MON-SAT. 11-8
SUN: 11-7

church

THE WEEKEND VARIETY
ADIE SMITH SWING IME
EVERY DAY IS POLITICAL

HOPCITY
BREWING CO.
FRANKIES SPECIALS:
STEAK + EGGS
w/ homefries + toast
Chicken Breast Breakfast
FRANKIES ORIGINAL BREAKY
3 eggs, bacon, ham, sausage
w/ homefries
$6.95
Craft with attitude.

Merry
&
Bright
JACKSON TRIGGS
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
FRESH 4L

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CHERRIES | SYRUPS | MIXES
OVER 200 FLAVOURS OF Bitters | TIKI
NEW & VINTAGE
GLASSWARE
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Cocktail
Bitters
Gift Packs
+
Gift Cards

GATEWAY
BUILDING

TORONTO

OBEY
Rise
Above

Parkdale

Dufferin St

SIBYL JOHNSON AGE 91
SATURDAY JANUARY 7TH
8 - 11:30 AM
LOBSANG GYALTSEN AGE 55
PRIVATE ARRANGEMENTS
ADELINO CARREIRO AGE 79
FRIDAY 5-9 PM

NEW
YEA

HAPPY
NEW
YEA

PPY
NEW
YEA

NEW
YEA

EW
YEA

PY
NEW
YEA

Johnny saw Porko and Trixie Sane. Porko - aka MR PUSSYWHIPPED to his followers was patiently waiting on Queen Street West for her to finish spending his slumlord salary on contraband cigs in Lee's Variety. Eventually she emerged, in a new party dress she'd stolen from THE CLOTHESLINE at $CAMH down the street

She said she looked hot, in EVERYTHING. Especially hot clothes...

She looked TERRIBLE Ravaged by LIFE, by CRACK especially....

Imagine! The CEO of Dadania's MISLeading Hospital for Brain Disease Sponging off her own CLIENTS like that!

Yes, Trixie was a client When she wasn't bullshitting her public, she was abusing substances, including her boyfriend.

Porko was a cuckold. While Trixie discussed GLOBAL Mental Hell on FIRE ISLAND, he fed her numerous stinky cats in her penthouse over at the GATEWAY BUILDING. He was always there. The cats got constipated, from lack of exercise With all the hampers,

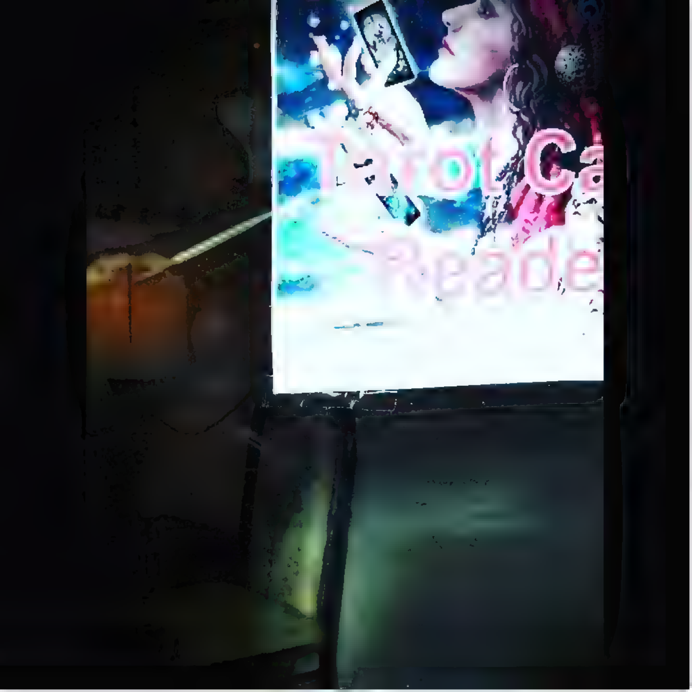
CITRUS
WASH&GLOSS
WASH DRY FOLD
ON THE AIR
"How GOOD does it
FEEL?" $CAMH CEO
Catherine Zahn
WANTS to KNOW!

GATEWAY
TANIC
SCAMH: "Our biggest brea
throughs are
DEAD AHEAD!"
Captain Za

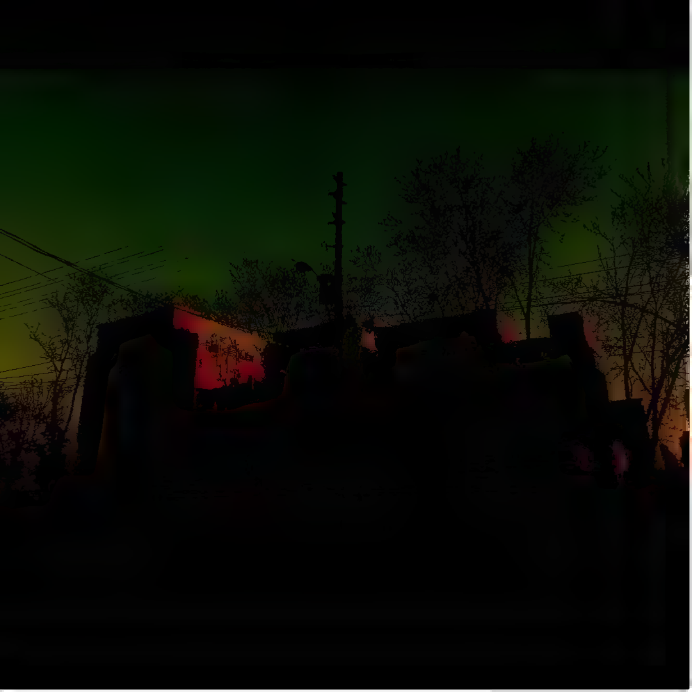
TRAINING IN PROGRESS

RIDE VS THE SIX

piss
elegant


Tarot Ca
Reade

NO DUMPING
Offenders will be prosecuted and a fine imposed
Maximum Fine
$10,000
Please report illegal dumping to
Municipal Licensing & Standards
416 392 0873
MLSWaste@toronto.ca
TORONTO



YOU'VE
CHANGE
NOT A BIT

One brave night at CAMH, you had to admit -
she* had a NICE SMILE....

*Squeaky Fromme, #TransformingLives
The runner-up (right) is CEO Catherine Zahn....

One brave night at CAMH, you had to admit - she* had a NICE SMILE....

*Squeaky Fromme, #TransformingLives

The runner-up (right) is CEO Catherine Zahn....

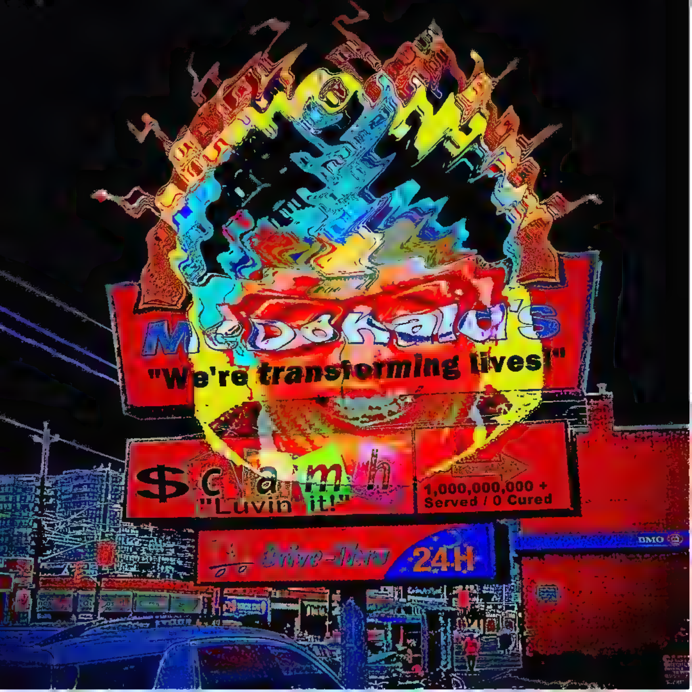
One brave night at CAMH, you had to admit -
she* had a NICE SMILE....

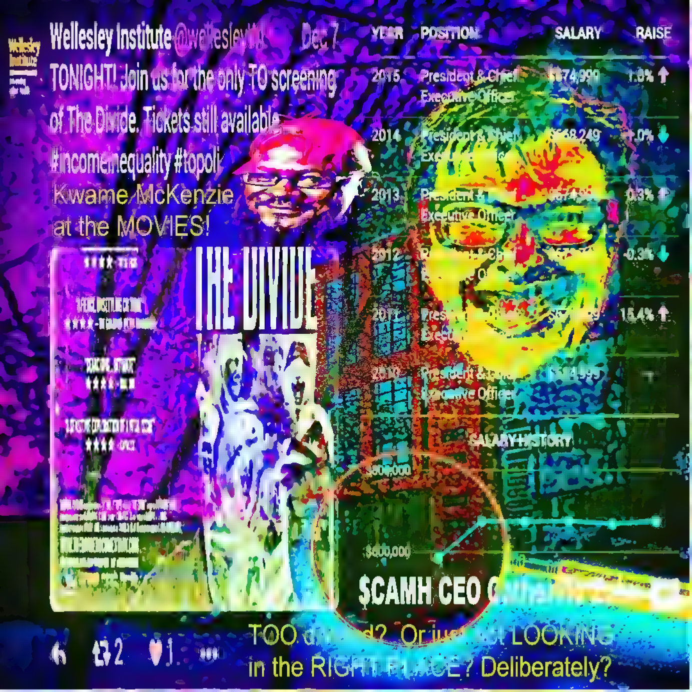
*Squeaky Fromme, #TransformingLives
The runner-up (right) is CEO Catherine Zahn....

One brave night at CAMH, you had to admit - she* had a NICE SMILE....

*Squeaky Fromme, #TransformingLives

The runner-up (right) is CEO Catherine Zahn....


McDonald's
"We're transforming lives!"
$cam h
"Luvin' it!"
1,000,000,000 +
Served / 0 Cured
Drive-Thru
24H
BMO



Wellesley Institute @wellesleyWI · Dec 7

TONIGHT! Join us for the only TO screening of The Divide. Tickets still available #incomeinequality #topoli

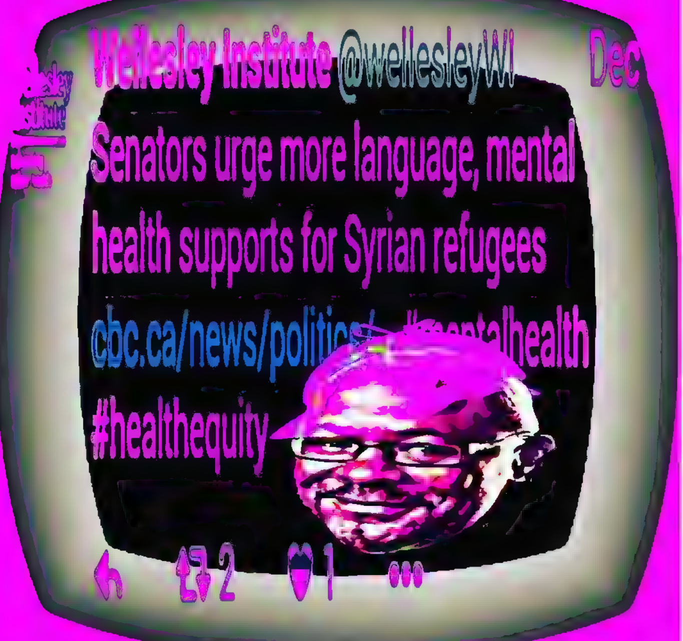
Kwame McKenzie at the MOVIES!

YEAR	POSITION	SALARY	RAISE
2015	President & Chief Executive Officer	[illegible]74,999	1.0% ↑
2014	President & Chief Executive Officer	[illegible]68,249	[illegible].0% ↓
2013	President & [illegible] Executive Officer	[illegible]	0.3% ↑
2012	[illegible]	[illegible]	-0.3% ↓
2011	Pres[illegible] Execu[illegible]	[illegible]	15.4% ↑
2010	President & [illegible] Executive Officer	[illegible]4,999	[illegible]

SALARY HISTORY

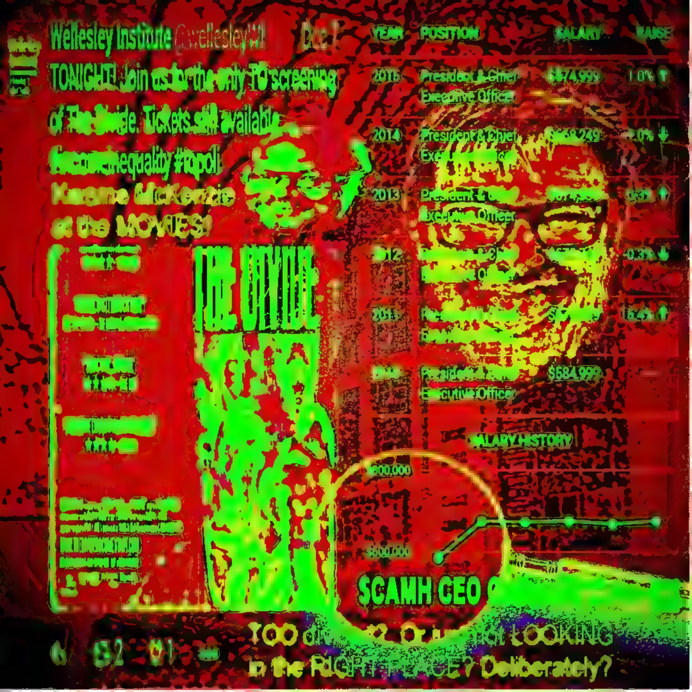
$CAMH CEO [illegible]

TOO d[illegible]d? Or ju[illegible] LOOKING in the RIGHT [illegible]? Deliberately?



Wellesley Institute @wellesleyWI Dec

Senators urge more language, mental health supports for Syrian refugees cbc.ca/news/politics/… #mentalhealth #healthequity



Wellesley Institute @wellesleyWI Dec 1

TONIGHT! Join us for the only TO screening of The Divide. Tickets still available. #incomeinequality #topoli

Kwame McKenzie
at the MOVIES!
THE DIVIDE
2
1

YEAR	POSITION	SALARY	RAISE
2015	President & Chief Executive Officer	$574,999	1.0% ↑
2014	President & Chief Executive Officer	$569,249	-2.0% ↓
2013	President & Chief Executive Officer	[illegible]	0.3% ↑
2012	[illegible]	[illegible]	-0.3% ↓
2011	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] ↑
2010	President & Chief Executive Officer	$584,999	—

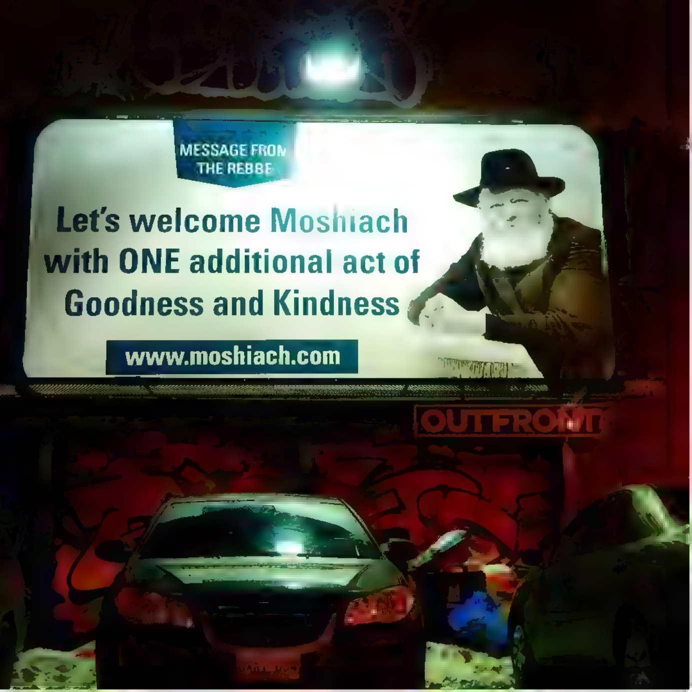
SALARY HISTORY
$600,000
$500,000
SCAMH CEO

TOO di… LOOKING in the RIGHT PLACE? Deliberately?

Schachtringstrue/Mar

WESTERN UNION WU
moving money for better
For
DHL
FedEx
India
Lanka
China
HARDWARE
DTDC
DOMESTIC & INTERNATIONAL
COURIER SERVICE
SHIPPING OUTLET
WWW.DTDC.COM
LOW FEE ATM
VISA
FREE ATM PLACEMENT
Sales (866) 243-0551 Service
Red Bull

BUY
SELL
TRADE
FASHION


MESSAGE FROM THE REBBE
Let's welcome Moshiach with ONE additional act of Goodness and Kindness
www.moshiach.com
OUTFRONT

DANGER
DUE TO
CONSTRUCTION
EllisDon

HOTEL
RBC

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CELL PHONE
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UNLOCKING
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Screen Damage-Body Repair-Software Upgrade-Reboot Issues
UNLOCKED PHONE FROM ALL CARRIERS
& FOR INTERNATIONAL USE
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Phone Cards Cassette Tape to CD VHS/Mini DV to DVD
CD DVD 50 Pack Spindle Pal to NTSC
Printing Paper Copy/Print 10 Cents
Printer Ink Refill
DARLENE'S
Jewellery & Collectibles
Sold Inside
WESTERN UNION WU
Phone: 416.533.8498
Fax: 416.533.9134

HOTEL

I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

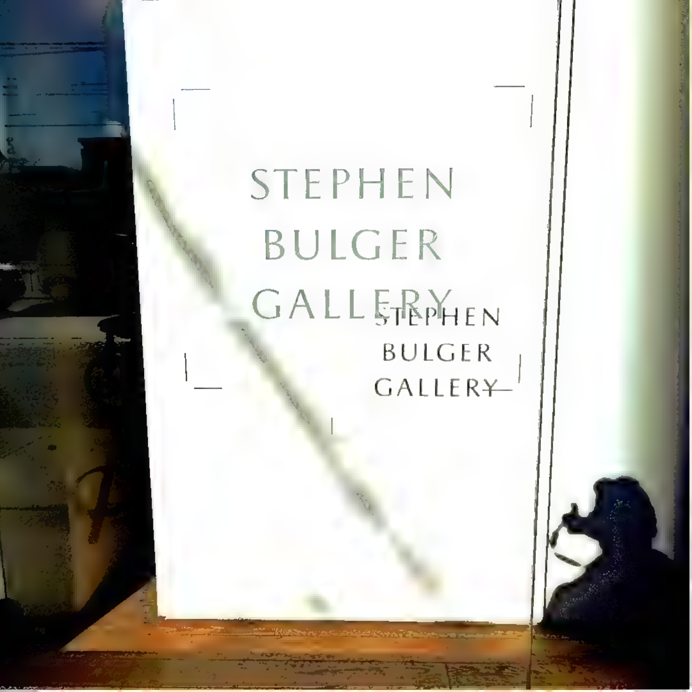
I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

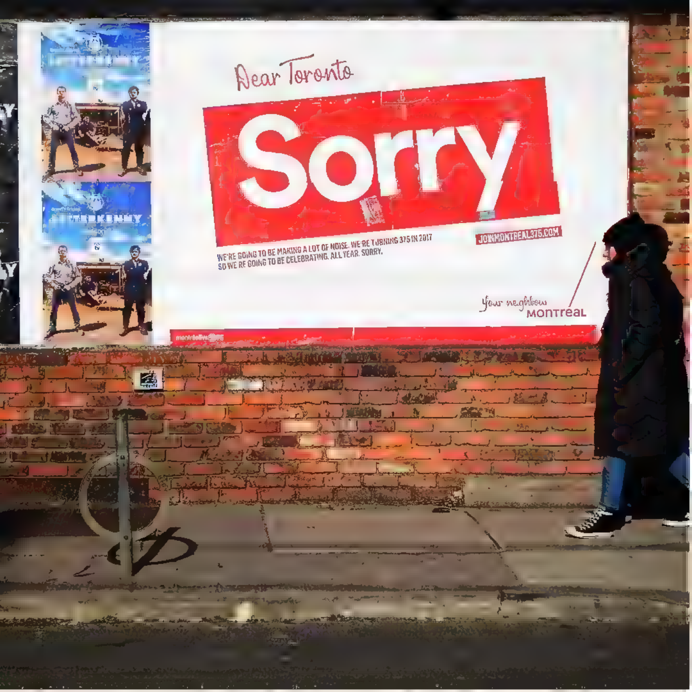
I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

I'VE GOT SUNSHINE

HAZ
332

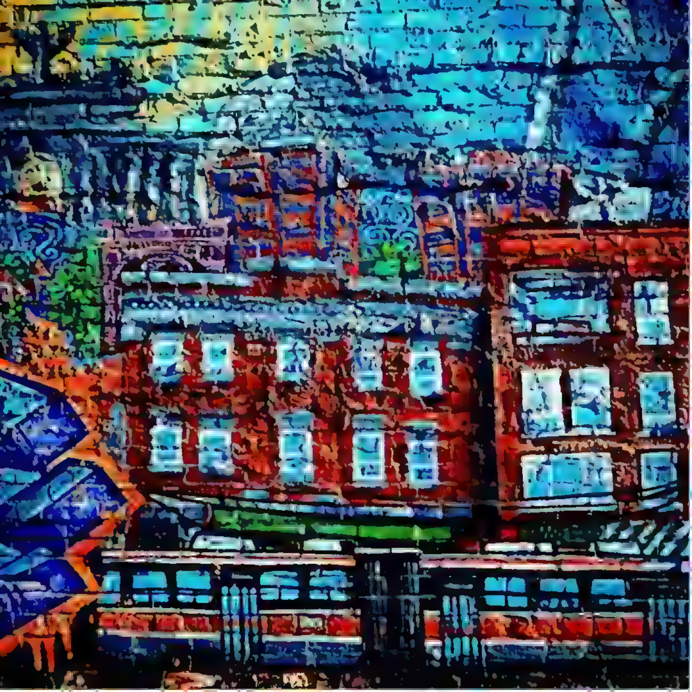
Gallery
13


STEPHEN
BULGER
GALLERY
STEPHEN
BULGER
GALLERY


Dear Toronto
Sorry
WE'RE GOING TO BE MAKING A LOT OF NOISE. WE'RE TURNING 375 IN 2017
SO WE'RE GOING TO BE CELEBRATING. ALL YEAR. SORRY.
JOINMONTREAL375.COM
Your neighbour
MONTREAL
LETTERKENNY

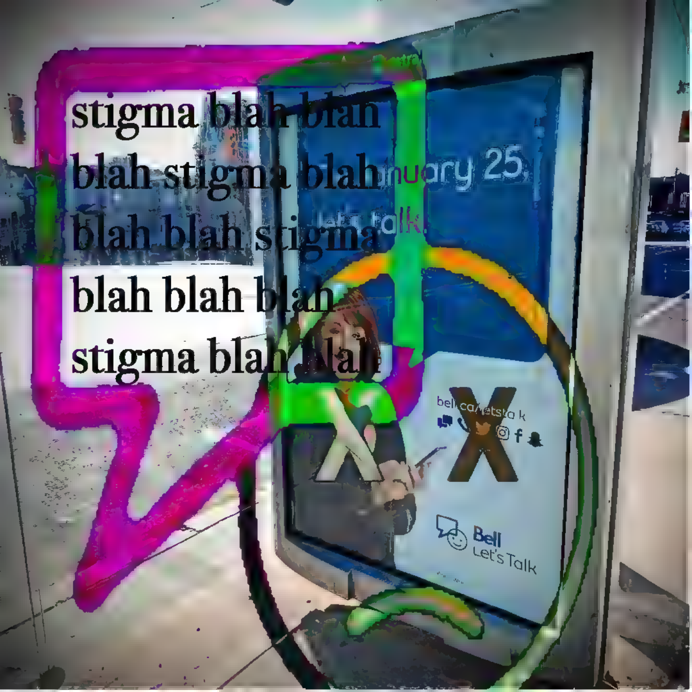
COFFEE

SALES CENTRE
1164 QUEEN ST. WEST
TEN93
TEN93QUEENWEST.COM
416 546 6355



GILLAM
group

ERRY
SOME
THINGS
ARE
FOREVER.
THIS
SALE
IS
NOT.


stigma blah blah
blah stigma blah
blah blah stigma
blah blah blah
stigma blah blah
nuary 25
Let's Talk
bell.ca/letstalk
Bell
Let's Talk

BELL
GATEWAY
BUILDING
New year
old nails

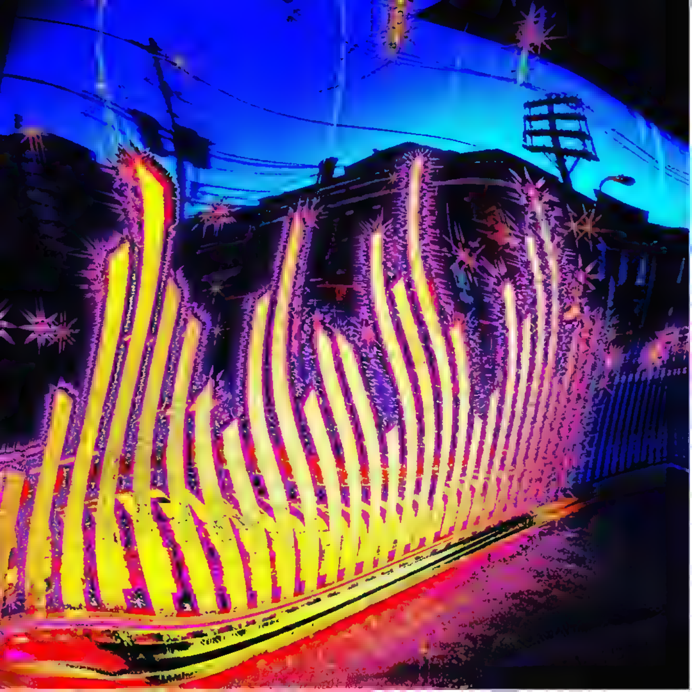
This is The Show Gallery

HOTEL

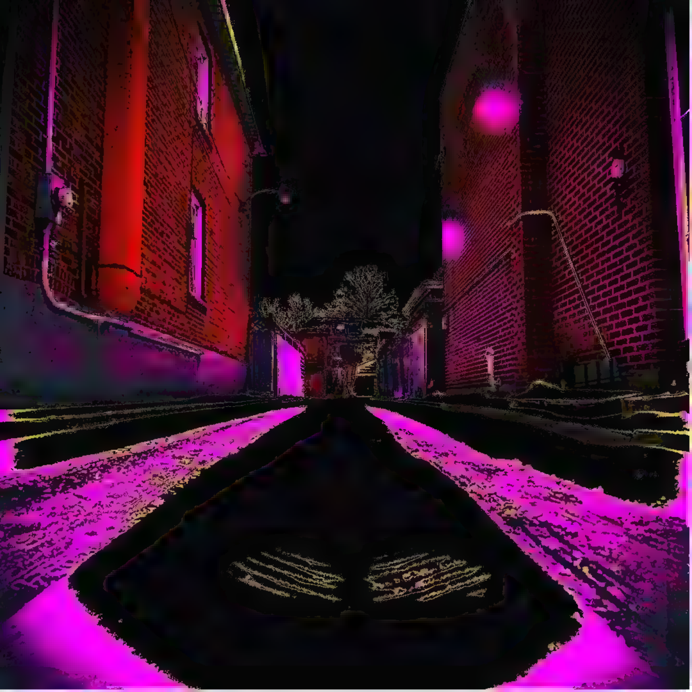
HOTEL

HOTEL

MATERIALS



THE
DRAKE
CAFÉ



58

McDonald's

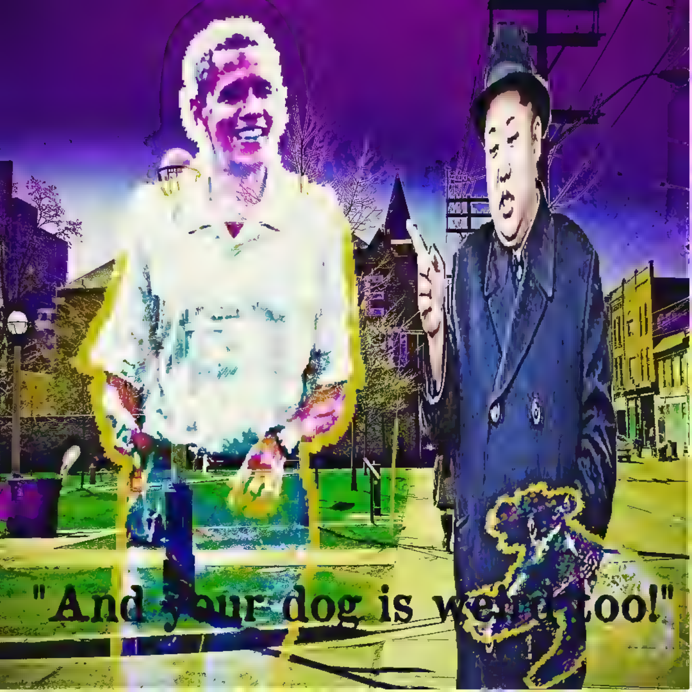
The
Carlo
idani
mily
lding

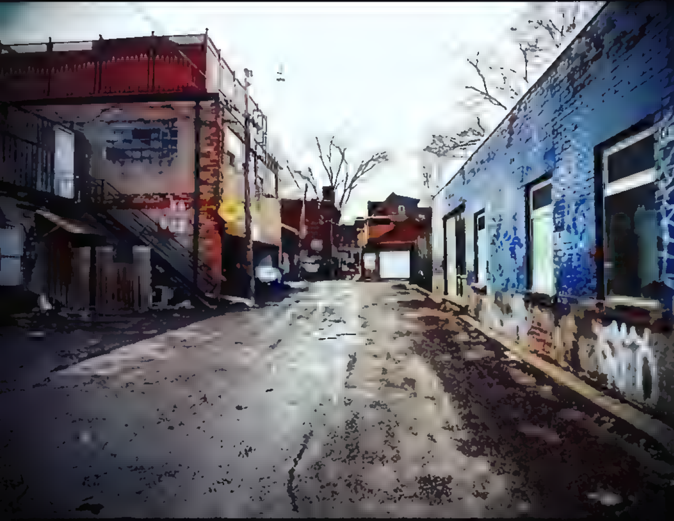
4101
SCHIZOPHRENIA

PARKING ON LAWN STRICTLY PROHIBITED

EXIT

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique del'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451, rue Queen Ouest
www.camh.ca 416 535-8501
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please Keep CAMH Tobacco Free


"And your dog is weird too!"



THE HIDEOUT
HIDEOUT
GILLAM GROUP
THE HIDEOUT

OLD TIMES ANTIQUES
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GANGSTER BURGER
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OLD TIMES ANTIQUES
BUY & SELL
ANY OLD QUALITY ITEMS
607B Queen St. W.
416-203-9856
607A
607A Queen Street West
416.603.0254
Soul . Vintage Rock . Funk
Vintage Records
Buy and Sell
Disco . Classic Hip Hop

THE
VELVET
UNDERGR[illegible]ND
508 Queen Street West
J

REX
630 KEVIN QUAIN
930 MARK KELSO'S JAZZ EXILES
Jazz & Blues Bar
coming events
coming events
THE REX
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OPEN
OPEN

SHOPPERS DRUG MART
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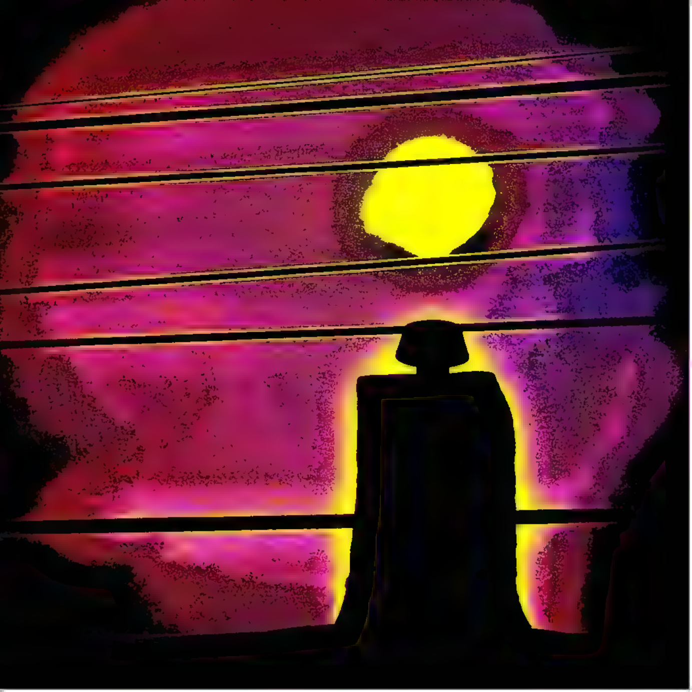
BIOTHERM
CLARINS
PARK
EACH 1/2 Hr OR LESS
$3.00

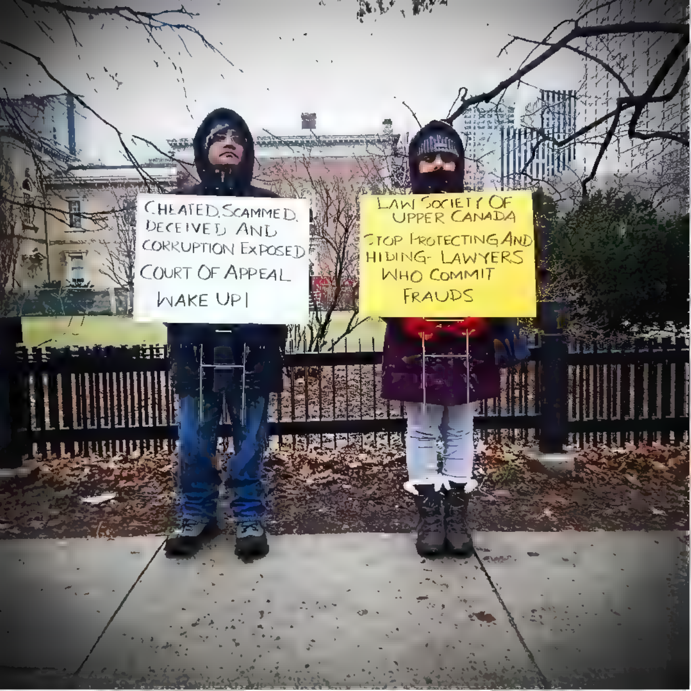


BREAKING NEWS!
24-01
BREAKING NEWS
CP 24

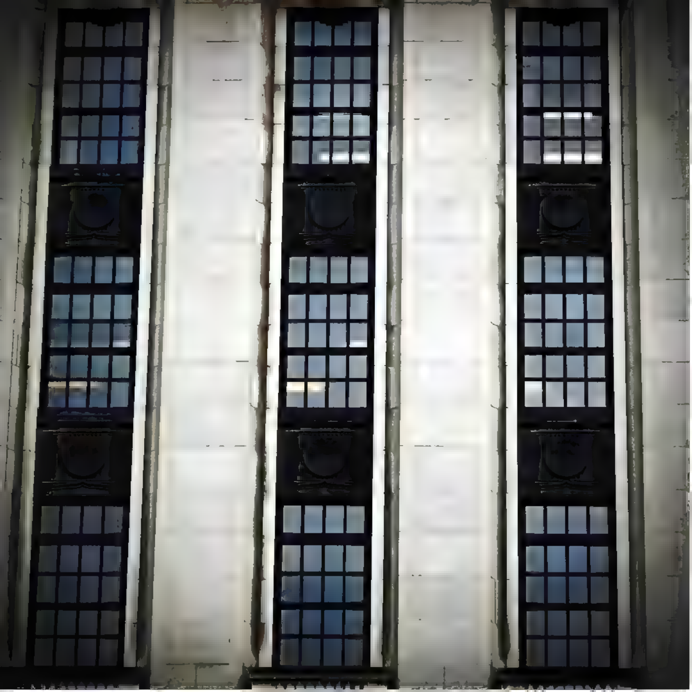
SUBWAY

TTC
SUBWAY

University Av


CHEATED, SCAMMED, DECEIVED AND CORRUPTION EXPOSED
COURT OF APPEAL
WAKE UP!
LAW SOCIETY OF UPPER CANADA
STOP PROTECTING AND HIDING LAWYERS WHO COMMIT FRAUDS

PRIDE SIGNS



YOU'VE
CHANGED

DEATH
VENICE
GELATO CO.

ART & DESIGN DISTRICT
Queen St W
616

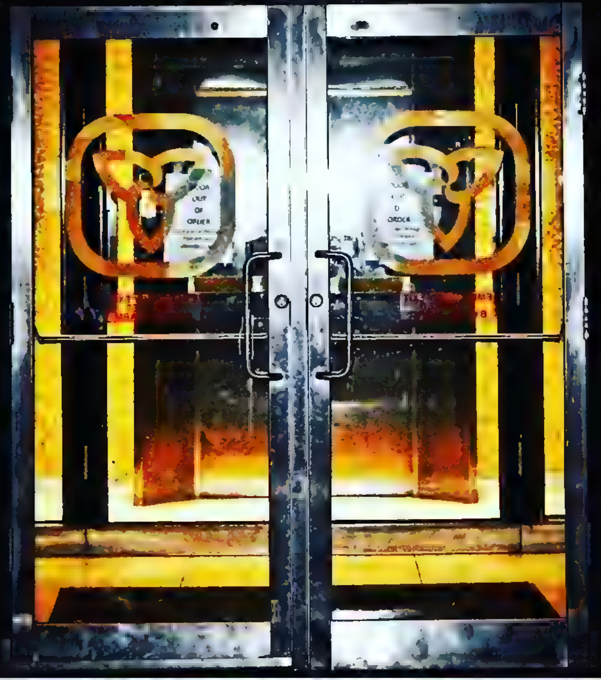
THE
AKE
CAFÉ
CHEFS

The New York Tim

PULL

THIS IS PARADISE
Cures Schizophrenia
Scamh

I got ENGAGED because:
Adolf
1889-1945



OUT OF ORDER
OUT OF ORDER

UNDARON
Booth

POLICE
I only had a nickel

YOU'VE

ANTHROPOLOGY

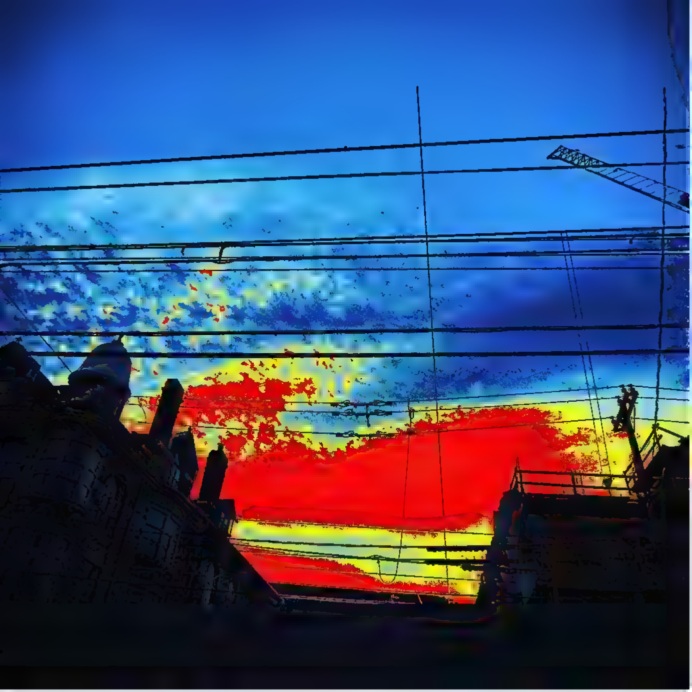
ANTHROPOLOGIE
NESS
24 HOUR MONITORING
BEER STO

CONDOS & BEER

LCBO
WINE SPIRITS BEER
VINS SPIRITUEUX BIÈRES
TACT LEN

CAUTION
CAUTION
CAUTION
CAUTION

Guys & Girls Come Play Dressup
NOW 3 FLOORS



fresh
SINCE

Getting us all moving

In the next 10 years, Toronto's population is expected to swell by roughly half a million people. Ensuring all those new Torontonians get where they're going quickly and reliably won't be easy, but Barbara Gray is up to the task. Toronto's new director of transportation visited Metro last week to discuss her goals for the city's streets and explain why the future of Toronto doesn't belong to the car. LUKE SIMCOE METRO

Thompson eyes 3rd Crystal Globe

Detox Your Body Every Day

SEE NOW. PAY IN 201

Hanky Panky
A BOUTIQUE FOR LOVERS
CLOSED
NOW

downward dog
yoga centre

GAYWAY
HOTEL

LCBO
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HEALTHCARE medical centre

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BUMP AHEAD

We are ALL MENTALLY ILL stigma stigma stigma

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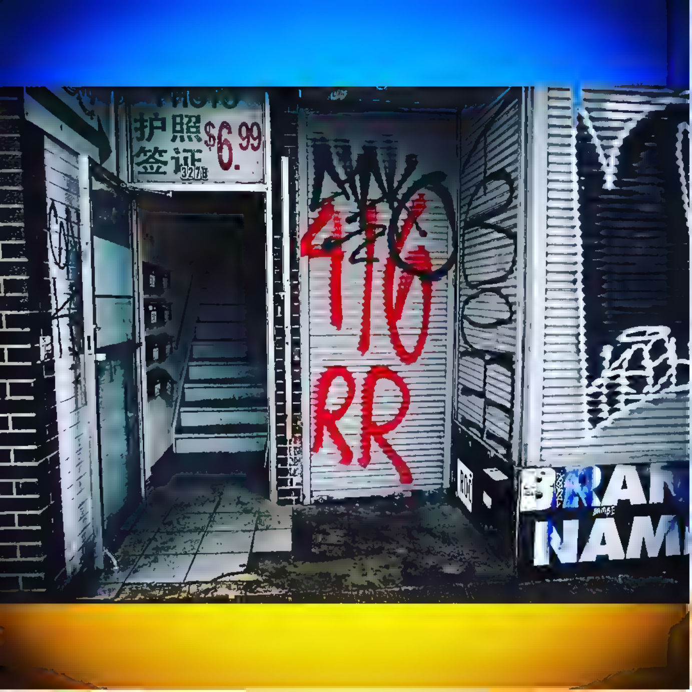
OUVERT
COLD BEER

Phở Asia 21

BRAIN SALT
HEALTH EQUITY HERE
CURES NOT
special
SCHIZOPH
COZY
UP!
TRANSFORMING LIVE ONES
SCAMH McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH
SALT
Brain Trouble
Sea Sickness
WARNING: $200,000,000
SALT

BRAIN SALT
TRANSFORMING LIVE ONES
CALEB McCAIN
BRAIN
BREAKTHROUGH
SALT
Scam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NAME

% off
ARMY SURPLUS
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Churros
Chilean Style
EMPANADAS
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The Saltwater Shack
Seafood Snack Bar

STORAGE 4165648689
ABM · '12

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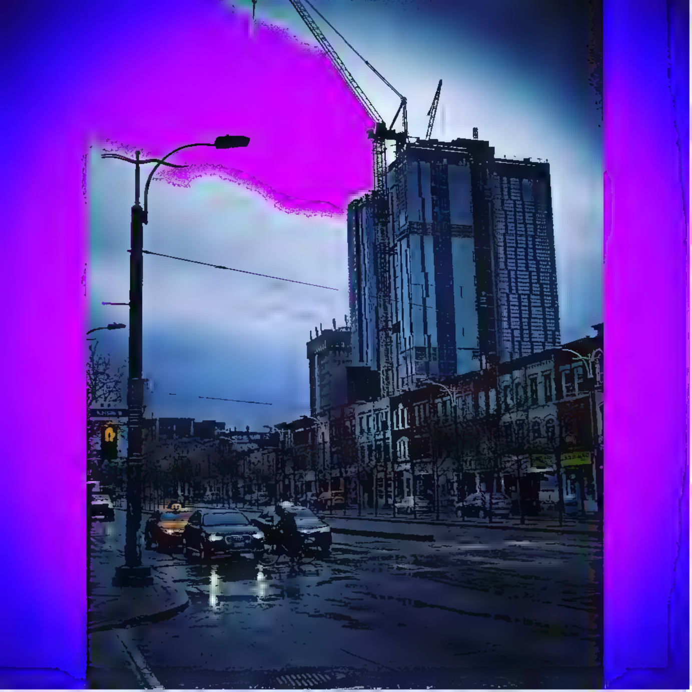
PERFUME
BRAND NAME
PERFUME

PARDON OUR NAKEDNESS
THE PALM TREE SIGN IS IN FOR REPAIRS
IT WILL BE BACK
BETTER AND GREENER SOON

FIREWORKS
KIDS T-SHIRT
LOOK

We Are RadaR



SHARKE INSTITUTE

SECTION INSULATOR
POWER OFF

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Star
NVENIENCE

We Print On
KODAK ROYAL Paper

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BE

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DEN
416

ULY 1
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NT STRIKE CONTINUES
parkdaleorganize.ca
JULY 1
RENT
STRIKE
THE RENT STRIKE CONTINUES
parkdaleorganize.ca

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BATMAN
Fabulous
LAS VEGAS

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OUT OF YOUR BILL
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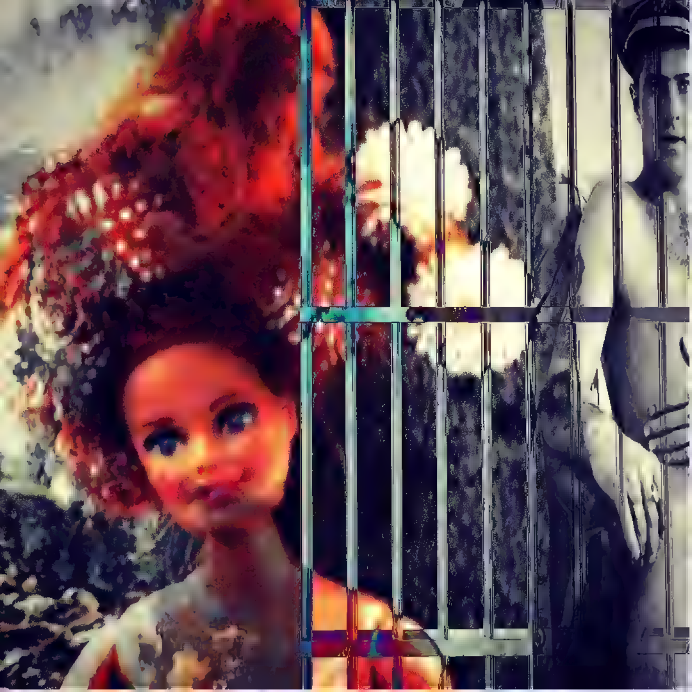
2
4
4.97
1
3
3.97



HE
4
dort
bist
du

LET'S TALK!

CLOSED
www.lum est.com
416·479·0132
West (C2)

HAPPY CANADA DAY 2017

CHANGE
IS GOOD

metro
West Queen West
558

paul
byron
theyxchange
@gmail.com
DANGER
STORM

HOTEL

SUNNYSIDE
CITY OF TORONTO

THE DRAKE HOTEL

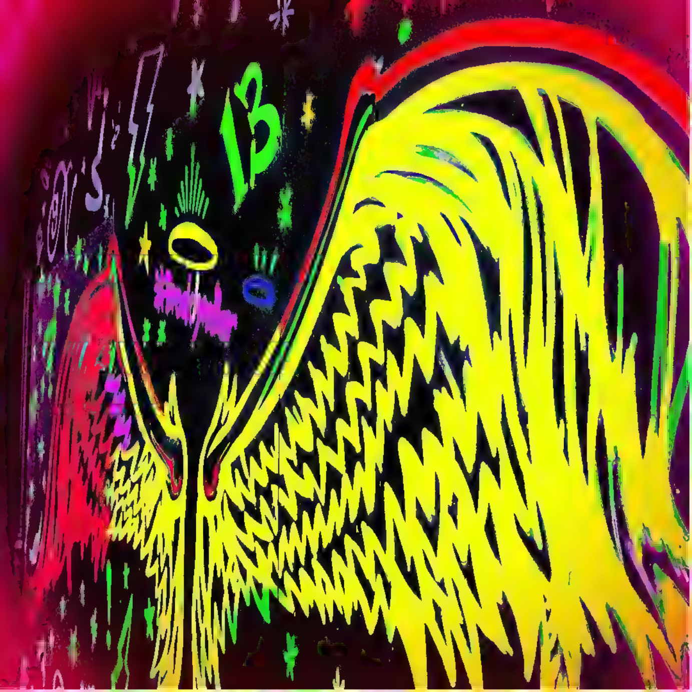
COLD BEER
BIÈRE FROIDE
CAUTION AUTOMATIC DOOR STAND CLEAR
Cheers to
150
years!
LCBO

SID LEE
ENTRANCE
SID LEE
952 Queen Street West

Collecting Food for the
Parkdale Food Bank
thank you A ok A
ThomaS Canning

Ossington Av

in St
dangerous
dangerouss.com


13

Our Lady of
Loretto

NO
EXIT

THE BROCK LOFTS
27

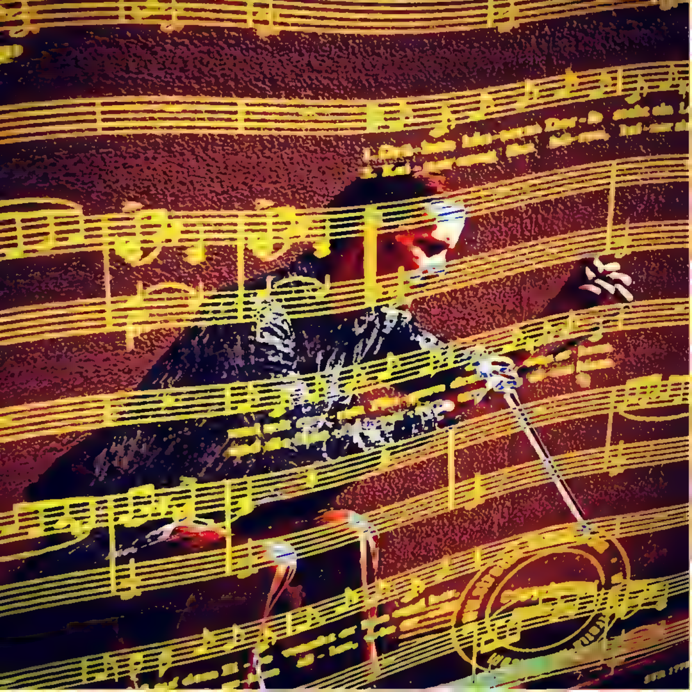
INDIAN MOTORCYCLE
1901
Indian
MOTORCYCLE

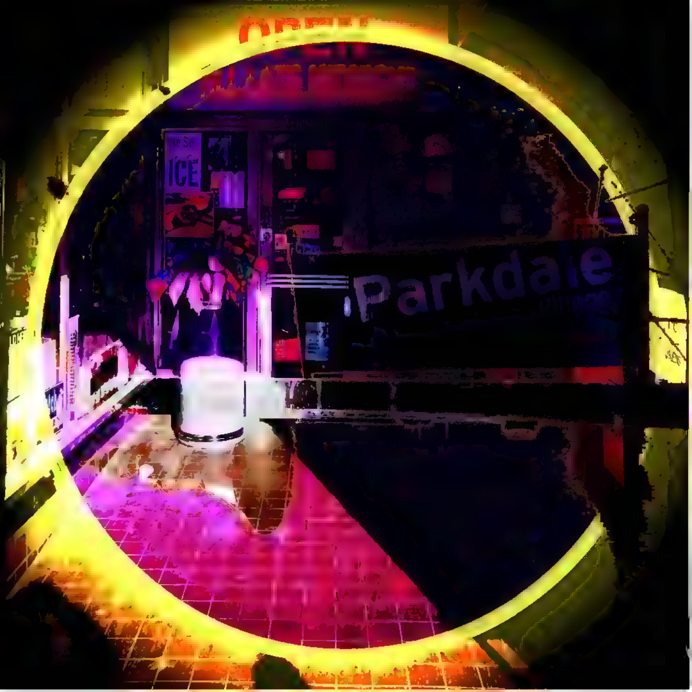
ALEXANDRINA
BLOCK 1887

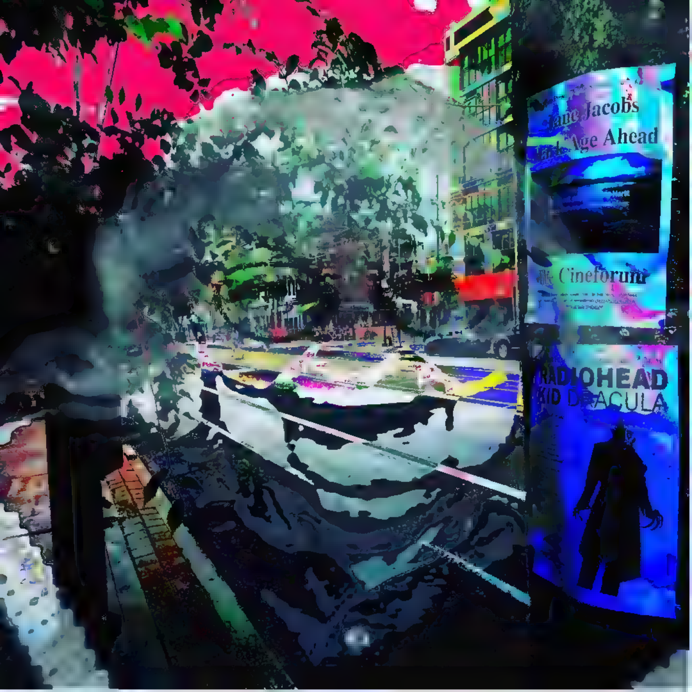
NORTHSH
79

THE
LAKESIDE
Rental Office
for
87, 90 & 91 Jameson Ave.
at 87 Jameson Ave.
416-536-7805
MetCap
LIVING
www.metcap.com

PARKDALE MANO
NO
RESPASSING
VATE PROPERTY




ICE
Parkdale


Jane Jacobs
Age Ahead
Cineforum
RADIOHEAD
KID DRACULA

Queen St E
SHAWARMAS KING
416-591-9767
SHAWARMAS KING
AFFORDABLE TWO STOREY
OFFICE SPACE
NOW LEASING

TORONTO POLICE
EMERGENCY
NO PARKING
ON THIS SIDE
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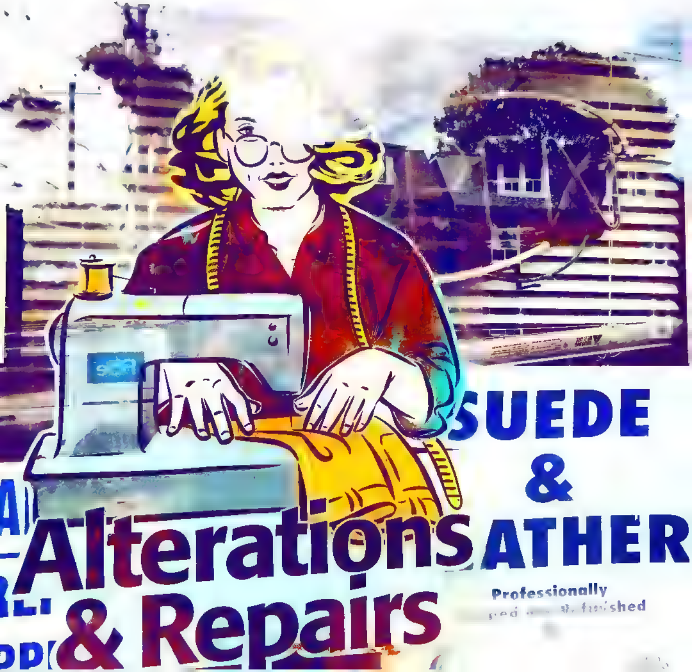
Chief of Police
OWERS
4814



Alterations & Repairs

SUEDE & ATHER

Professionally
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Alterations
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BEACH WATER
QUALITY
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FIRST AID

FIRST

TORONTO
POLICE
KEEP OFF

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW

TOMORROW BELONGS TO $CAMH

YOU'VE
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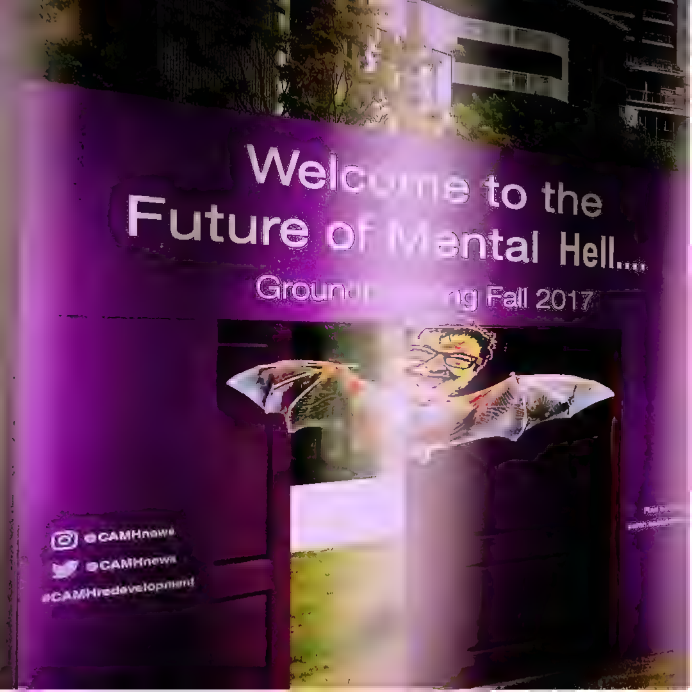
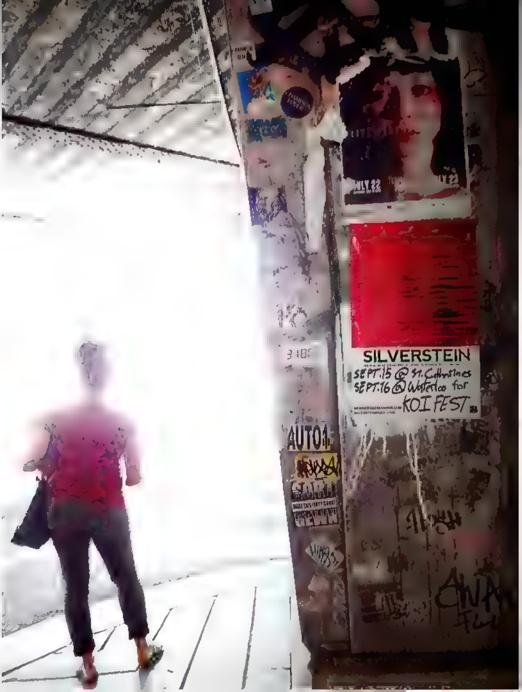
CONVENIENCE


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Hell....
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
@CAMHnews
@CAMHnews
#CAMHredevelopment

HOTEL


JULY 22
SILVERSTEIN
SEPT.15 @ St. Catharines
SEPT.16 @ Waterloo for
KOI FEST
AUTO1

HKR

DRAKE DEVONSHIRE
206KM FROM HERE
BUT SCAMH IS JUST DOWN THE STREET!

Welcome to the Future of Mental Health

Groundbreaking Fall 2017

camh
Downtown west Clinic / Clinique de l'Ouest du centre-ville
1451 Queen St. West / 1451 rue Queen Ouest
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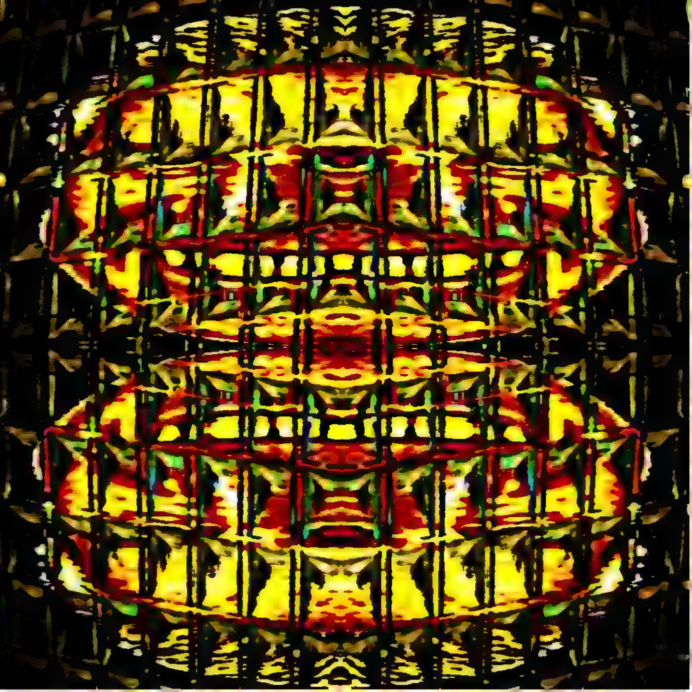
FRESH AIR ZONE
Please keep CAMH tobacco free

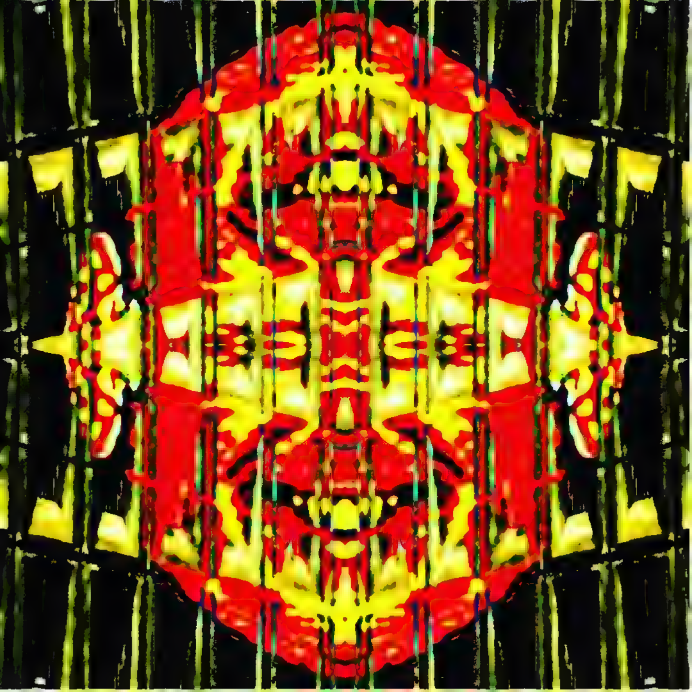
@CAMHnews
@CAMHnews
#CAMHredevelopment

Find out more:
camh.ca/redevelopment

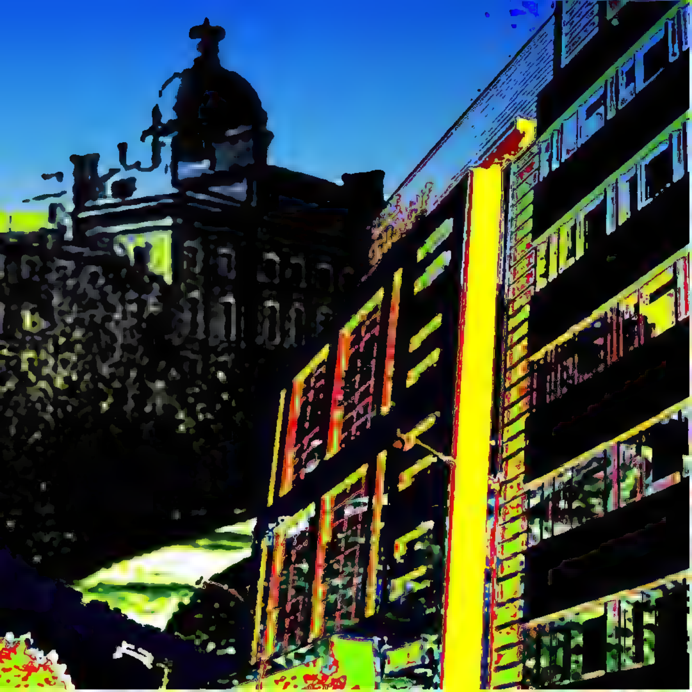
Queen St

Cracker
Ja





How can I help?
~ Dr David Goldbloom



Queen W

DOLLARAMA
$1

OCEAN
FRIENDLY
TUNA
Ocean's
BARTON
BIKE SHOP
FLEA MARKET
OPEN

RYAN REYNOLDS
SAMUEL L. JACKSON
THE HITMAN'S BODYGUARD
IN THEATRES
AUGUST 18
DO NOT SUPPORT
ALLAN RAYMAN
×
WAYHOME
2 CHAINZ
TRAP
KENDRICK LAMAR
DAMN
ALBUM OUT NOW
VIN HARRIS
WAV BOUNCES VOL. 1
OCEAN TRAVIS SCOTT KEHLANI
PHARRELL WILLIAMS KATY PERRY
JOHN LEGEND KHALID MIGOS
ARIANA GRANDE YOUNG THUG
NICKI MINAJ LIL YACHTY
PARTYNEXTDOOR SNOOP DOGG
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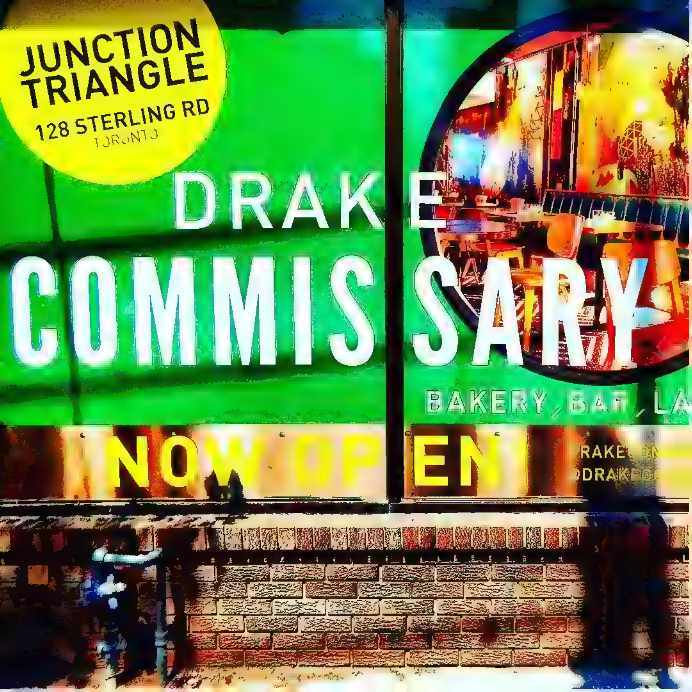
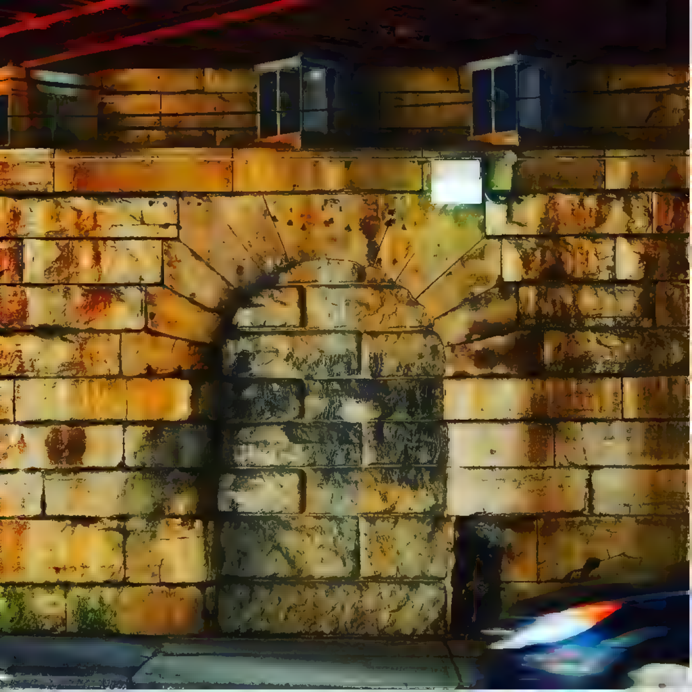
DRYERS
533-9903
107
all makes & models


JUNCTION TRIANGLE
128 STERLING RD
TORONTO
DRAKE
COMMISSARY
BAKERY / BAR / LA
NOW OPEN
RAKE
DRAKE

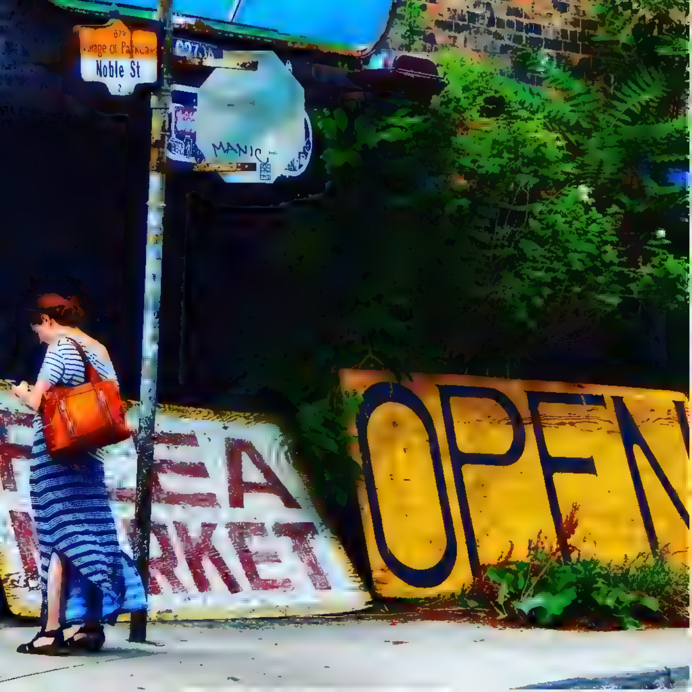
PINK
OPTICAL
THE DOCTOR IS IN MONDAYS FRIDAYS
COME IN
+
BOOK NOW!

TIN SIG
$15.00
EA
SAVE WATER
DRINK BEER

QUEENGLAD PAWNBROKER
BUY - SELL - TRADE CENTR



STOP
PAY HERE


879
Village of Parkdale
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Queen St W
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Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
@CAMHnews
@CAMHnews
Street

REC
ART HISTOR

ENTICE
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE!
(...AND GUCCI!)
DESIGNER CONSIGNMENT

IMAGE CHECK SYSTEM
Best Image
DIGITAL 1 HOUR PHOTO

JASON'S
COFFEE SHOP
BÁNH MÌ CÔ HANH
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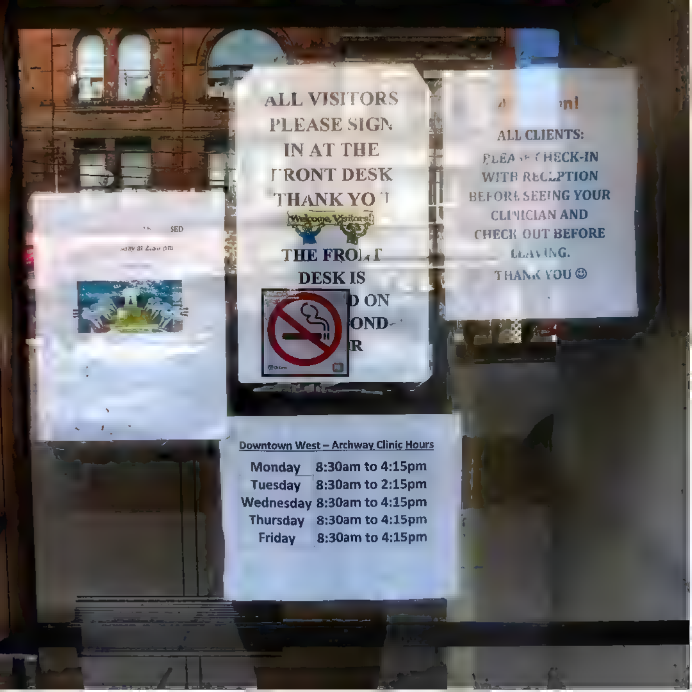
NO LOITERING

ALL IN YOUR ASS

Idiot Zahn Goes Ballistic....
Shoots the Moon
for Krembil Brain Disease....
North Korea Doesn't Have
It All....
ALL IN YOUR ASS
CAMH's Defaming Lies...

SHOOT THE MOON BITCH!
$CAMH understanding...



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ALL VISITORS
PLEASE SIGN
IN AT THE
FRONT DESK
THANK YOU

THE FRONT
DESK IS
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A[illegible]nt!

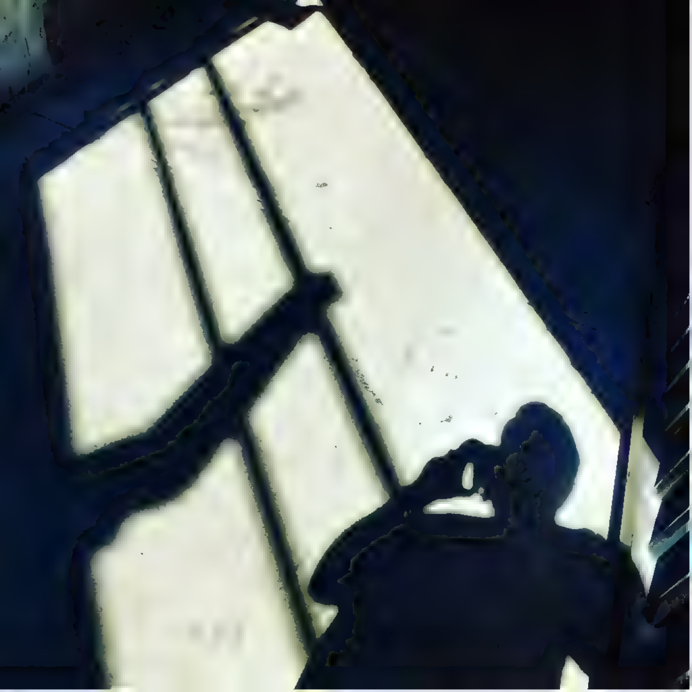
ALL CLIENTS:
PLEASE CHECK-IN
WITH RECEPTION
BEFORE SEEING YOUR
CLINICIAN AND
CHECK OUT BEFORE
LEAVING.
THANK YOU ☺

Downtown West – Archway Clinic Hours

Monday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Tuesday	8:30am to 2:15pm
Wednesday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Thursday	8:30am to 4:15pm
Friday	8:30am to 4:15pm

FRESH
AIR ZONE
Please
Keep CAMH
Tobacco Free
PULL

PARADISE
LOUNGE & GENTLEMAN'S CLUB
OOR ST. W | 416 535 07



Malabar
LIMITED
THEATRE & OPERA
STUMES

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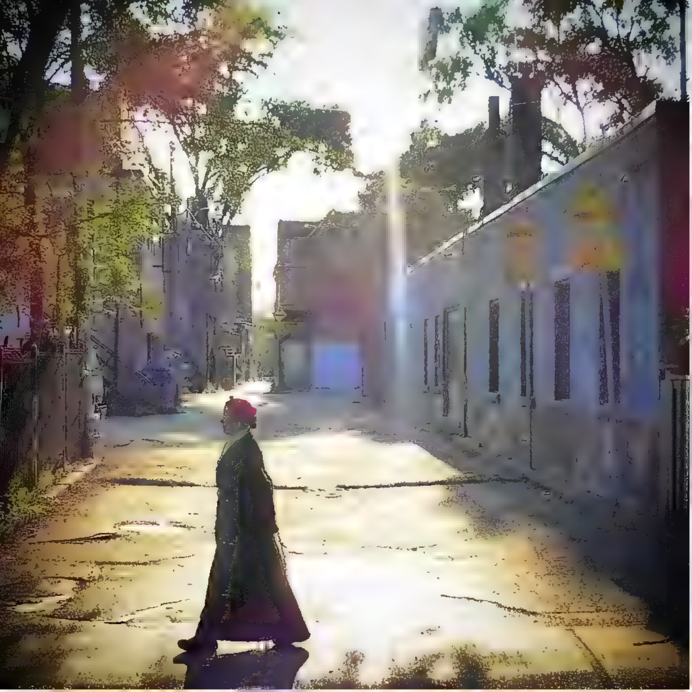
368



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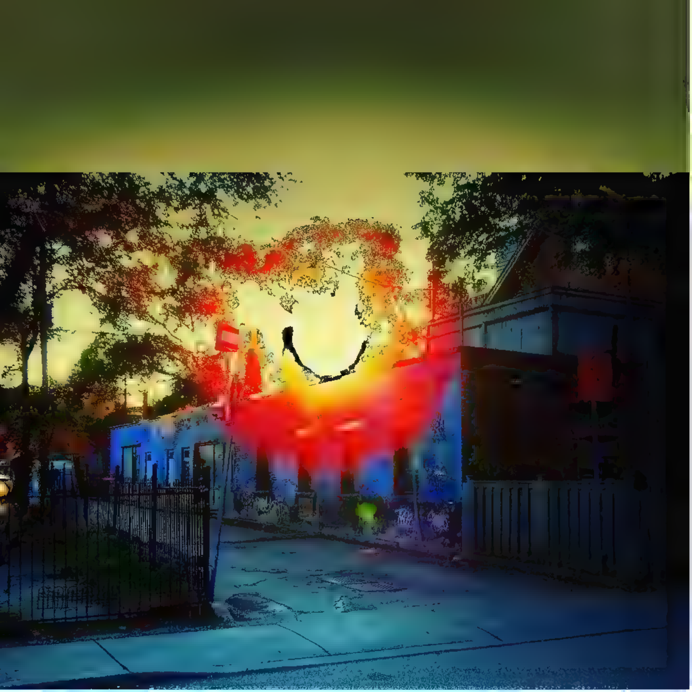
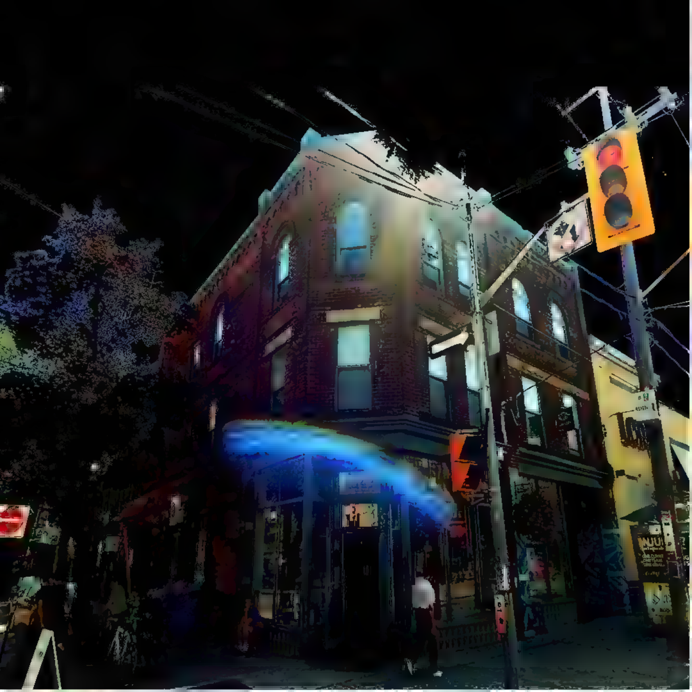
GOOD CREDIT, BAD C EM
GUARANTEE LOWEST INTEREST RATE
Karmjit
416.832.3490
Ethnic Snack

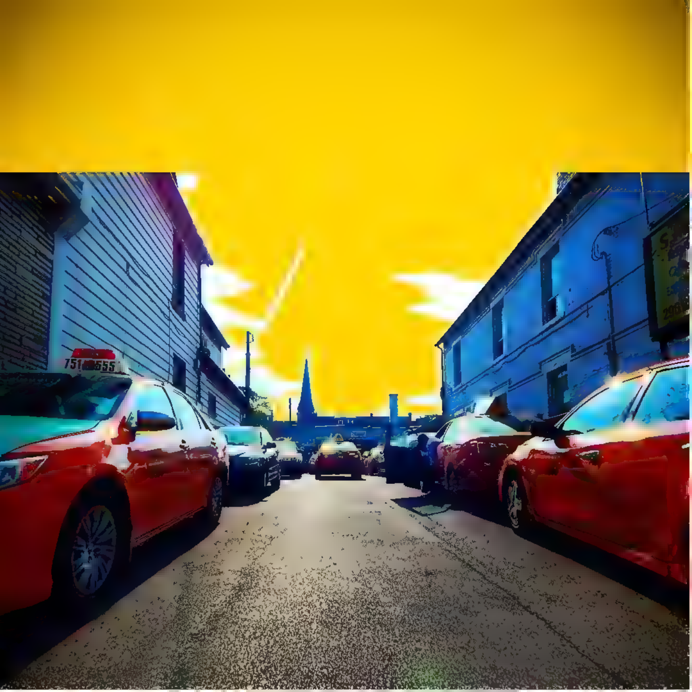
best convenience
WALK IN
PHARMACY

Freddi's
home for men

Skyline
RESTAURANT
967-11-1







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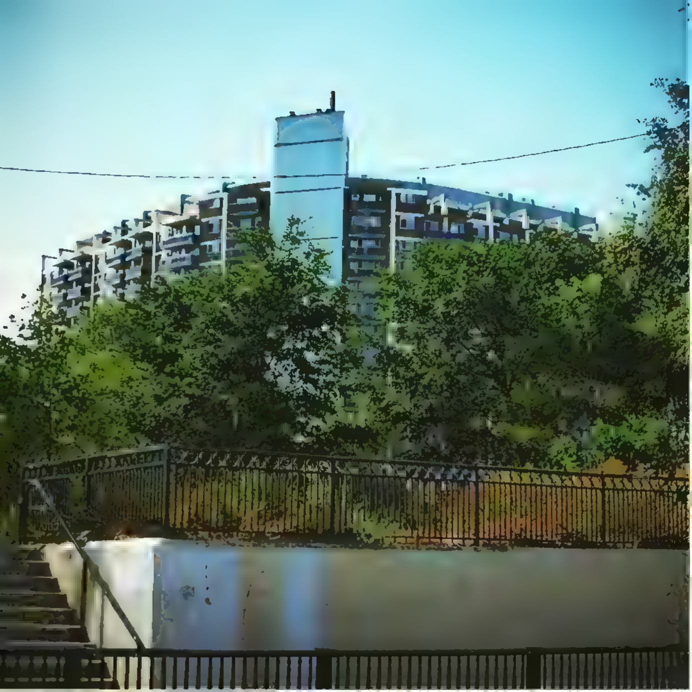

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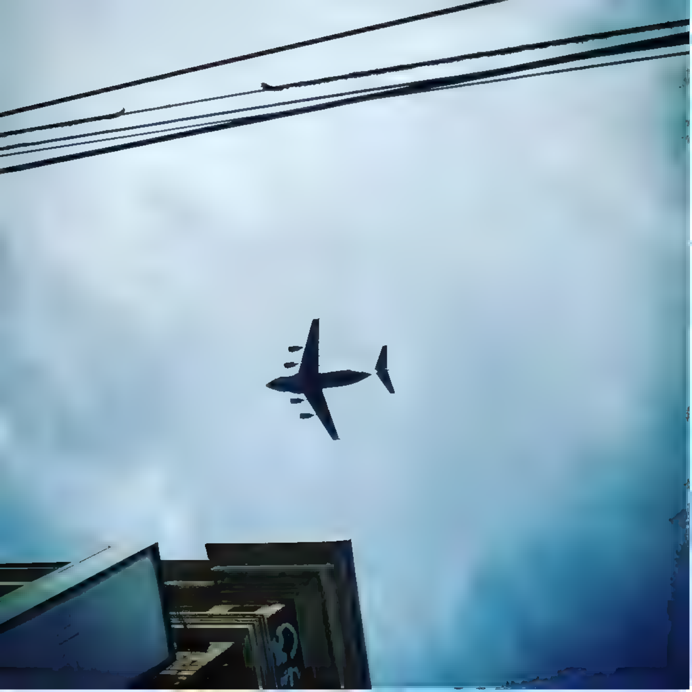

DOC SAYS

"STUDIES FIND OWNING A COOL LEATHER JACKET MORE REWARDING THAN RAISING CHILDREN."

726 QUEEN STREET WEST
DOCSLEATHERS.COM

HE
DRAK
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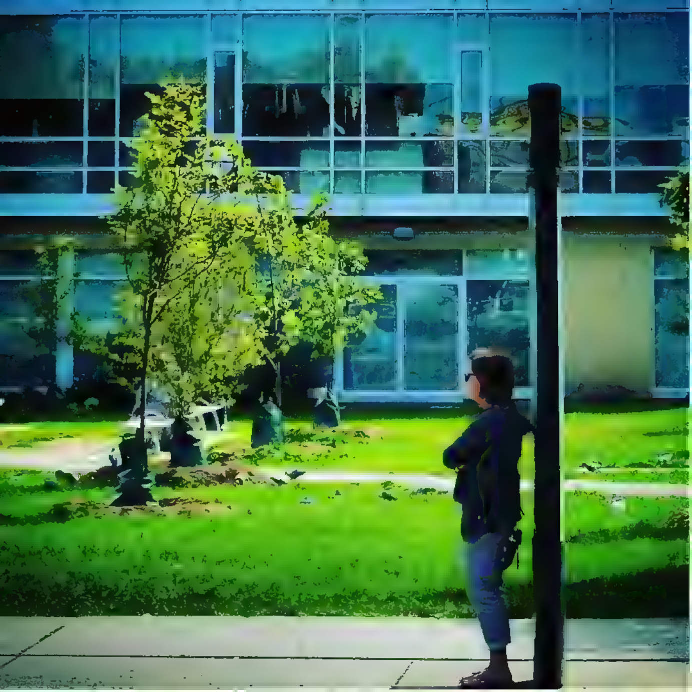

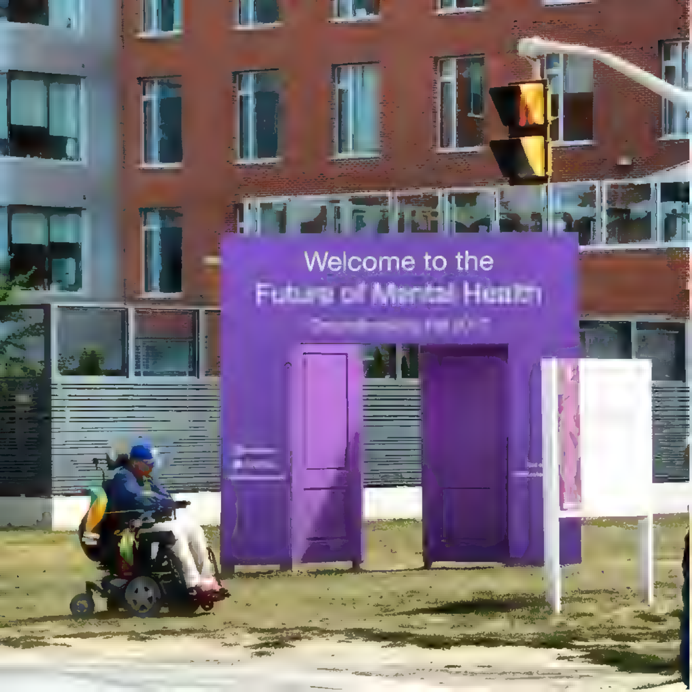
Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health

Coffee Milk Variety
WINNERS

Dundas W
FAIRPRICE
FAIRPRICE
Supermarket
FAIRPRICE
ATM
ATM

HOSPITAL
ZONE
PM
SAT
8:00 AM
SUN
1:00 PM
PLACE
TICKET

TRAFFIC CALMED
NEIGHBORHOOD
20 Km/h
TWO WAY
TRAFFIC

HOSPITAL ZONE
WATCH FOR PEDESTRIANS
MON - FRI
SAT
SUN
Litter

洋

BREAKING NEW GROUND IN MENTAL HEALTH AND ADDICTION CARE
For more information about our proposal for a new centre of care, prevention, education and research in an innovative neighbourhood development
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CHILDREN 'S WEAR
416.534.0624

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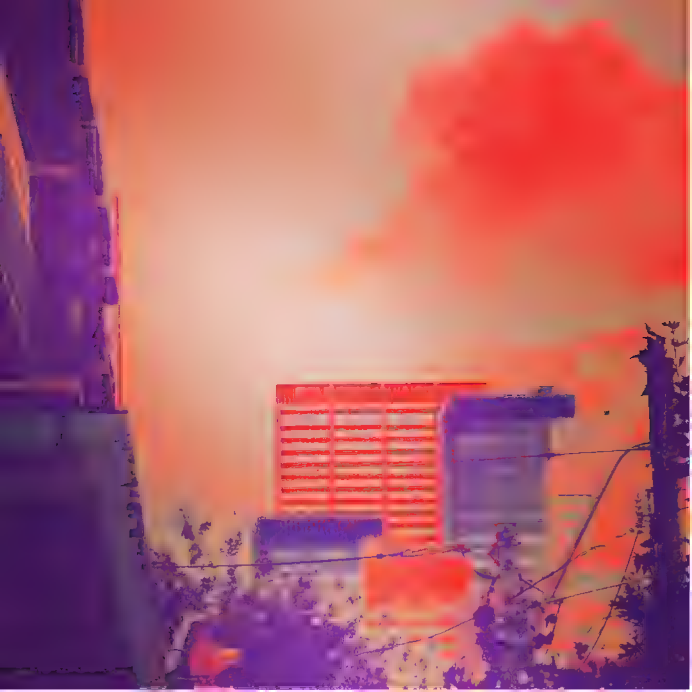
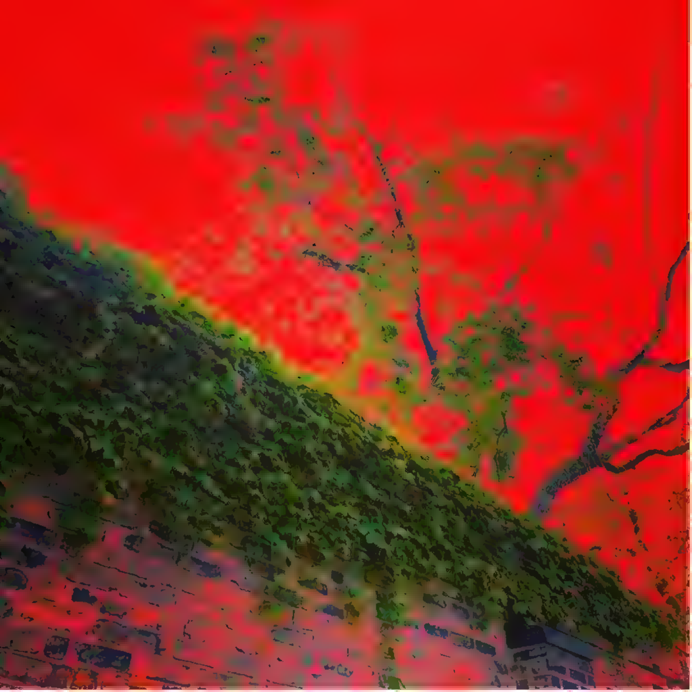
CARPET MFG. CO.
LIMITED

THIS IS THE
LIBERTY
OF RENTAL
LIVING

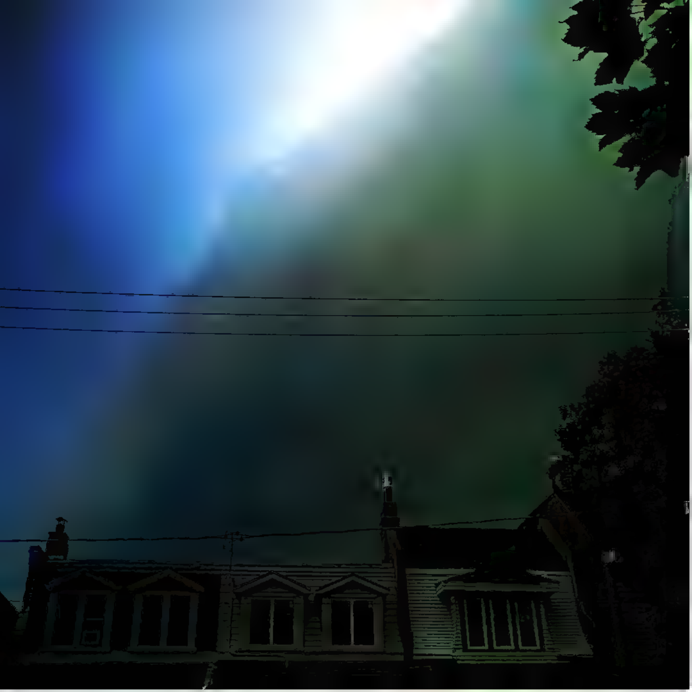




WANT TO
WIN A FREE
FACIAL?
COME INSIDE
AND
ASK US HOW
612.748.5538.

DI

SUBWAY
Star



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8500
SQ FT

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Authorized
Parking
Only

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FOXXES DEN
FOXXES DEN
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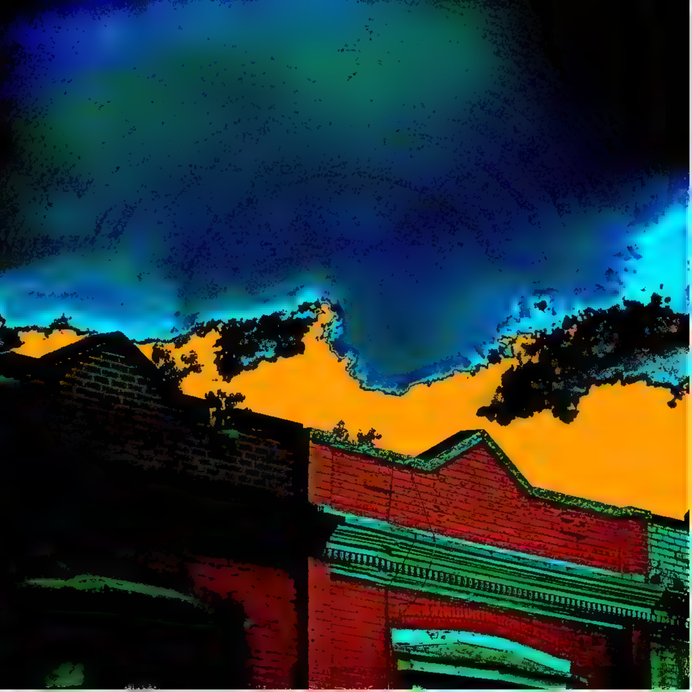
TRUST

THRIFT STORE
PARKDALE

KFC
PFK

1923
KERM
LAYS



STARBUCKS

Coke

pepsi

LCBO
Gallery

GALLERY
ASA KIT
ALL DAY BREAK
Featured item
On Side
$7.99
LUNCH SP
12 P.M - 4
Skyline
RESTAURANT

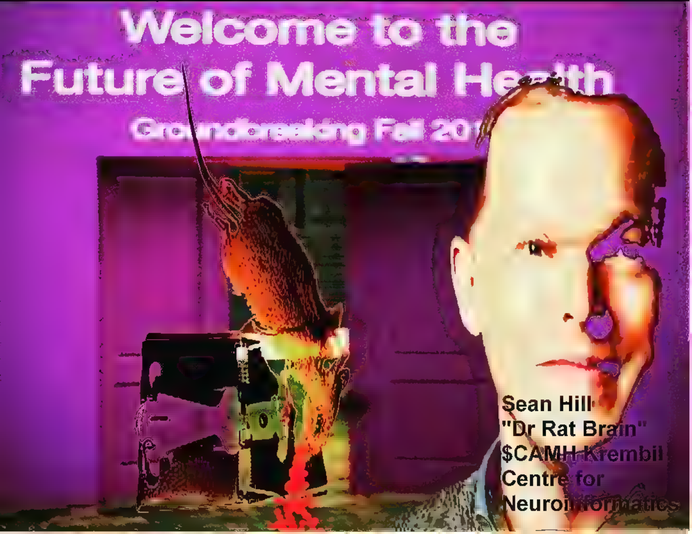
Skyline
RESTAURANT
Ali

CAUTION
CANADA DRY

$CAMH RESEARCH IS....
$CAMH UNDERSTANDING

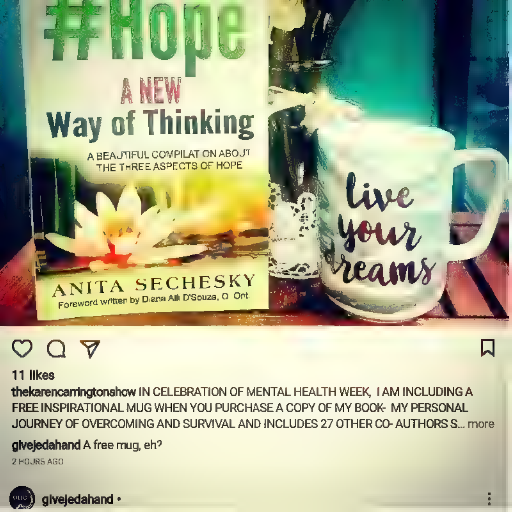
IN SUPPORT OF
camh
FOUNDATION
Thank you!
I am a CHANGE AGENT
DIADORA
I am a CHANGE AGENT

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: A BIGGER BETTER MOUSE TRAP: "TO MAKE PREDICTIONS ABOUT WHICH PEOPLE ARE MAYBE MORE VULNERABLE AND NEED SOME EXTRA HELP.... TO PREVENT THINGS FROM DEVELOPING FURTHER...."


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 201
Sean Hill
"Dr Rat Brain"
$CAMH Krembil
Centre for
Neuroinformatics

camh
RESEARCH

camh
RESEARCH


#Hope
A NEW
Way of Thinking
A BEAUTIFUL COMPILATION ABOUT
THE THREE ASPECTS OF HOPE
ANITA SECHESKY
Foreword written by Diana Alli D'Souza, O. Ont.
live
your
dreams

11 likes

thekarencarringtonshow IN CELEBRATION OF MENTAL HEALTH WEEK, I AM INCLUDING A FREE INSPIRATIONAL MUG WHEN YOU PURCHASE A COPY OF MY BOOK- MY PERSONAL JOURNEY OF OVERCOMING AND SURVIVAL AND INCLUDES 27 OTHER CO- AUTHORS S... more

givejedahand A free mug, eh?

2 HOURS AGO

givejedahand •

camh
RESEARCH

99¢
RECORDS
BOOKS

TORONTO

4201
NOT IN SERVICE
NOT IN SERVICE
4201
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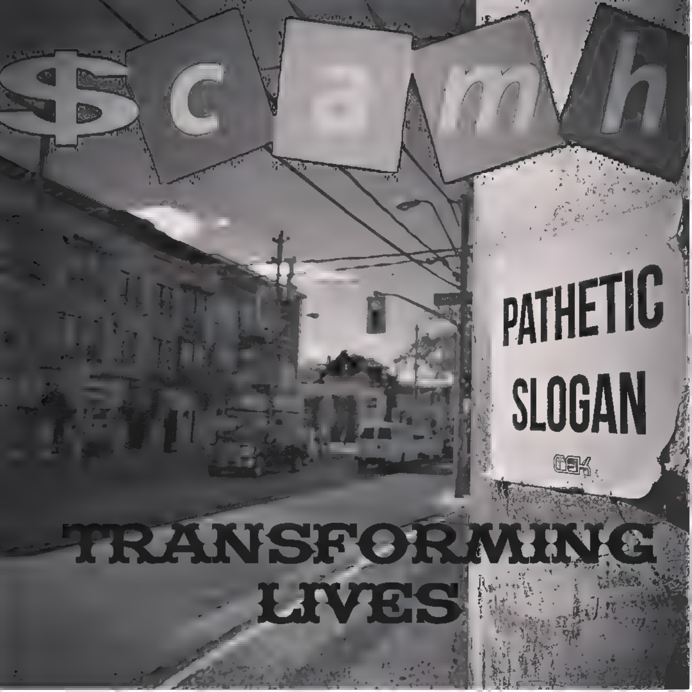
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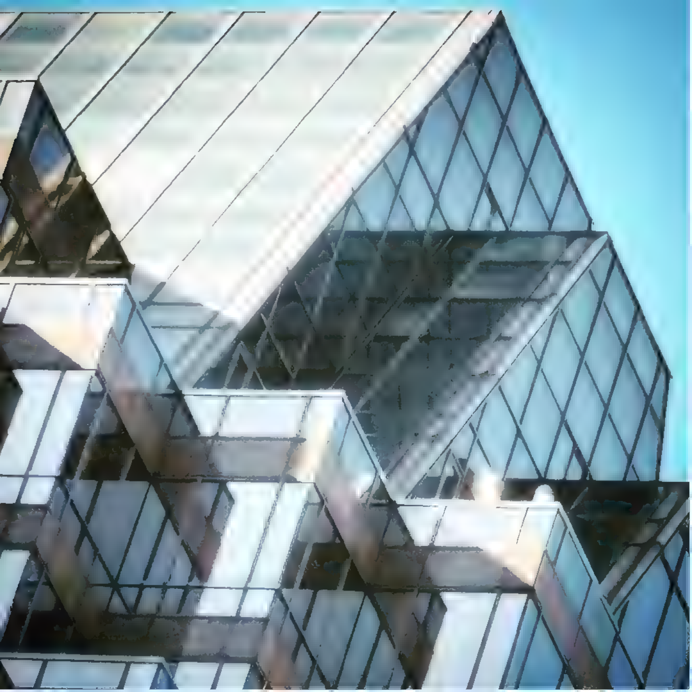
PATHETIC SLOGAN
TRANSFORMING LIVES

the
LOVE Walk
#theLOVEWalkWorld
A silent mindful walk
where love is the focus
Promoting peace joy and safety for all women
Join us as we grow the love movement
one step at a time!
WEDNESDAY
OCTOBER 11
PARKDALE LIBRARY
Outside at the
1303 Queen Street West, Toronto



camh
Archway Clinic
Clinique Archway

CENTRE FOR ADDICTION AND MENTAL HEAL
GIFTS of LIGHT
GET CASH NOW!
WE BUY
GOLD
SILVER
JEWELLERY

camh
Archway Clinic
1451 Queen St. West
Clinique Archway
1451, rue Queen Ouest
FRESH AIR ZONE
Tobacco Free

"WE NEED A BETTER UNDERSTANDING!"

- Get rid of the MILITANT LANGUAGE left over / imported from past failures like the WAR ON DRUGS....
- Reflect the current REALITY, which is that so-called "mental illness" is "chronic" or - if you prefer - the human condition and - so far as anyone can know - PERMANENT....
- Reflect that what YOU call "mental illness" is MY way of life - and be RESPECTFUL....
- Reflect this WAY OF LIFE in everything the pretends to be about me....
- STOP the SLIPPAGE at $CAMH from EDUCATION to PROPAGANDA - it's become a CATARACT....
- Be SKEPTICAL - as befits an institution that purports to be EVIDENCE BASED....
- Get RID of the maudlin SENTIMENTALITY - it's "STIGMATIZING" (YOUR word) - it's STUPID! (MINE!)....
- DON'T get CO-OPTED by BIG DUMB PR FIRMS - Dentsu / Dentsubos - ARE you LISTENING? NOOO....
- MOAN....

CAT
DANGER
CONSTRUCTION
SITE
NO TRESPASSING
MOPAL
LIMITED

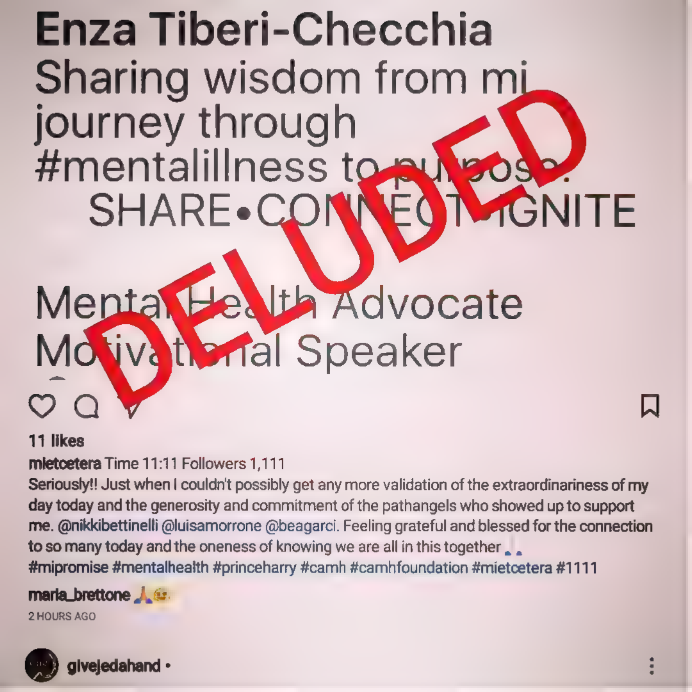
1617
PLEASE USE
SIDE DOOR
ENTRANCE
DRUMMOND
A LAWSON BRAND

CAT
PARK
CLOSED

Please have
some courtesy
Refrain from
smoking here &
quiet voices please

Family pizza
Shawarma
580 · 6666

CBRE
Retail For Lease
416.362.2244
HELLO?



Enza Tiberi-Checchia

Sharing wisdom from mi journey through #mentalillness to purpose.

SHARE•CONNECT•IGNITE

Mental Health Advocate
Motivational Speaker

11 likes

mietcetera Time 11:11 Followers 1,111

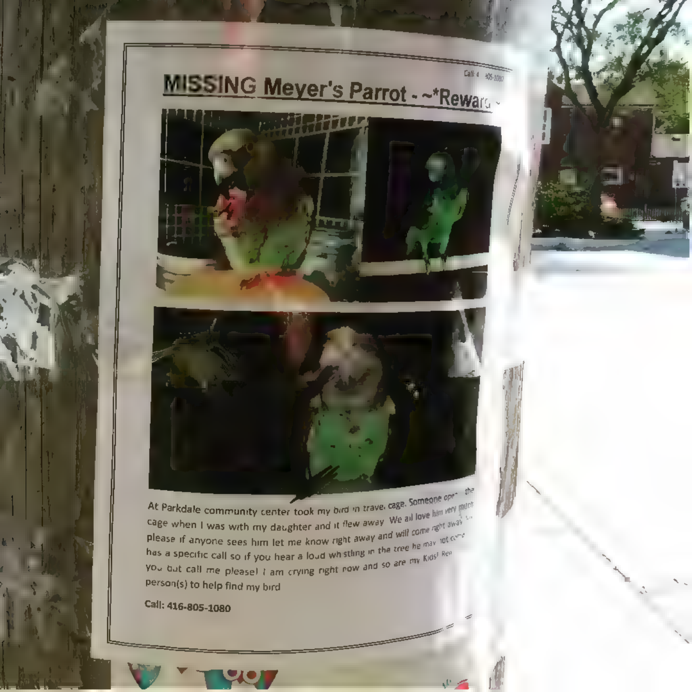
Seriously!! Just when I couldn't possibly get any more validation of the extraordinariness of my day today and the generosity and commitment of the pathangels who showed up to support me. @nikkibettinelli @luisamorrone @beagarci. Feeling grateful and blessed for the connection to so many today and the oneness of knowing we are all in this together 🙏 #mipromise #mentalhealth #princeharry #camh #camhfoundation #mietcetera #1111

maria_brettone 🙏😘

2 HOURS AGO

givejedahand •

DRAKE
CATER
ING



Call: 4 805-1080

MISSING Meyer's Parrot - ~*Reward

At Parkdale community center took my bird in travel cage. Someone ope the cage when I was with my daughter and it flew away We all love him very much please if anyone sees him let me know right away and will come right away has a specific call so if you hear a loud whistling in the tree he may not come you but call me please! I am crying right now and so are my Kids! Rew person(s) to help find my bird

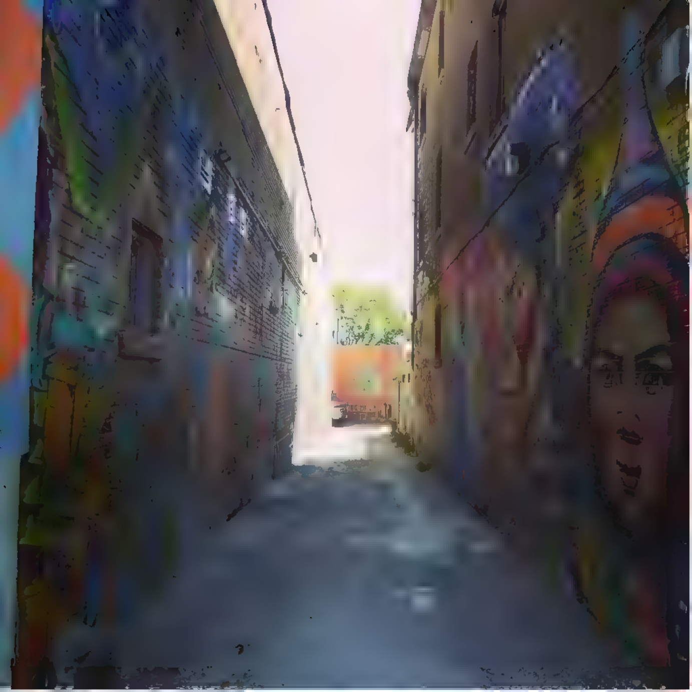
Call: 416-805-1080

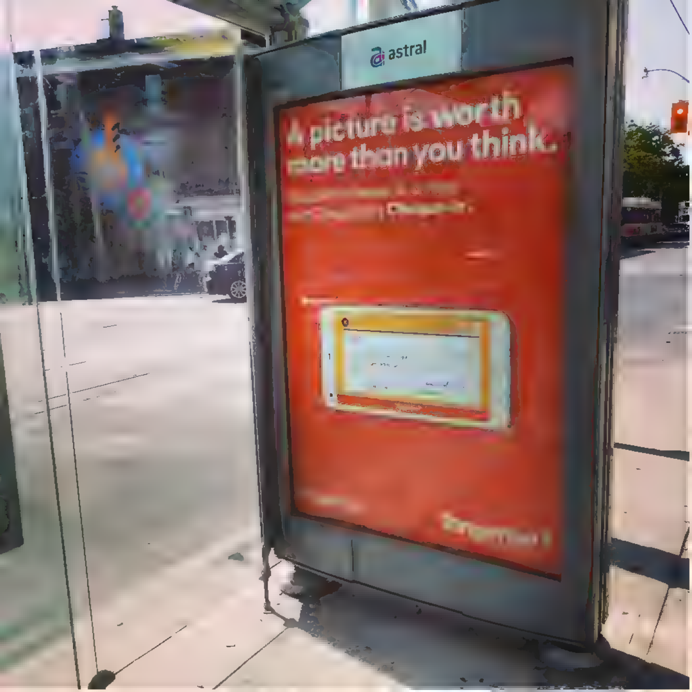
Fire Safety Plan
www.safetymedia.com
SOOS

TORONTO
THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S LAST METROPOLIS
THE BOOK OF JOAN
LIDIA YUKNAVITCH
MERCU
INTER-PLAN
TRANSIT COM

DALE COMMUNITY HEAL

3




astral
A picture is worth
more than you think.

Please have

Skyline
derm

PRIVATE PROPERTY
CUSTOMER
PARKING ONLY
1 HOUR LIMIT
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES
WILL BE TAGGED AND/OR
TOWED AWAY AT
OWNER'S EXPENSE
BY-LAW 675-79
A&W
HOME OF THE BURGER FAMILY

STEPHANIE NOLEN
28
STORIES OF
AIDS
IN AFRICA
Heartbreaker
KAREN ROBARDS
HILARY BOYD
Anne Tyler A SPOOL OF BLUE THREAD
ANCHOR CANADA
Perfect Girls, Starving Daughters
COURTNEY E. MARTIN
THE KILLING OF OSAMA BIN LADEN

MANKIND
MANKIND

4201
01 NEVILLE PARK
103

DONOR
WELCOME
CENTRE
Donate Today

EXHIBITION OF EROTIC ART

SMUTTY INSTALLATIONS

PROVOC PERFOR

EROTIC PAINTINGS

THE SUPER NAUGHTY SHOW

UPER WONDER GALLERY

OPENING RECEPTIONS

RIDAY 22ND SEPT · SATURDAY 23RD SEPT

COLLEGE ST. | 8PM – 2AM | DOOR $10

FTER OPENING WEEKEND, GALLERY HOURS 1pm – 10:pm DA

BUY TICKETS ONLINE AT:

WWW.SUPERWONDERGALLERY

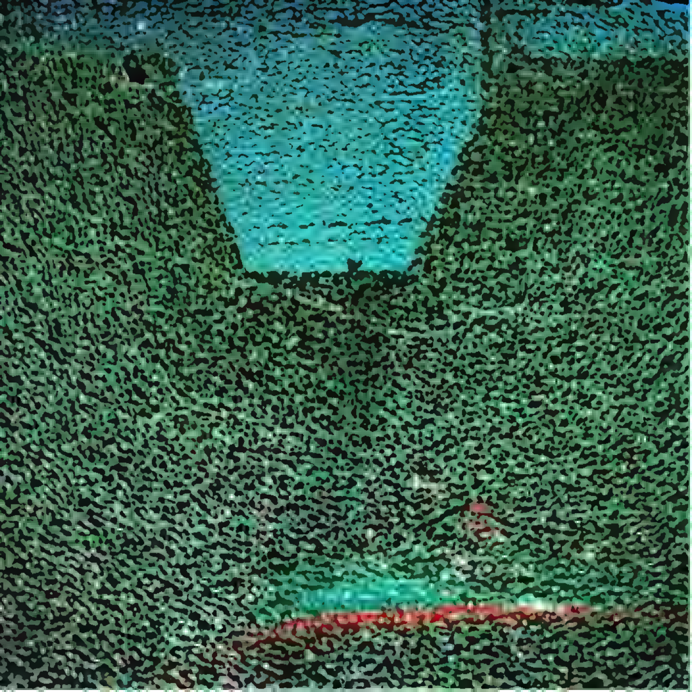
416

ENTRANCE

LETHAL
WEAPO
21

System information

W147
WHEEL-TRANS



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ELRY REPAIR
STUD
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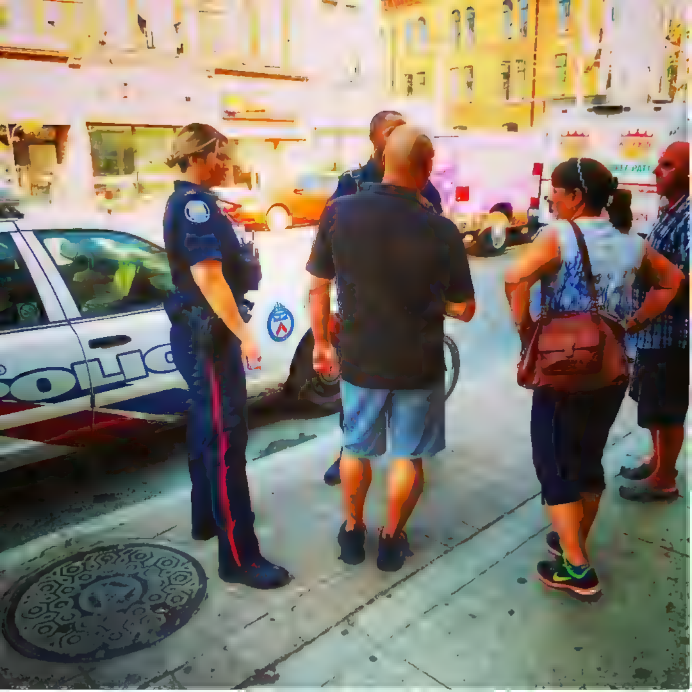

POLIC

finkel

"I was most overwhelmed by his passion for our cause, and the need to know and understand more," said Dr. Zahn. "The most evocative thing about his visit was the two or three people who had met his mother. One level was the personal, and another was his passion for the cause. He understood the relevance of what we're doing."

They talked about Lady Di - So what?

CANADA
ATM
ATM

ONTO

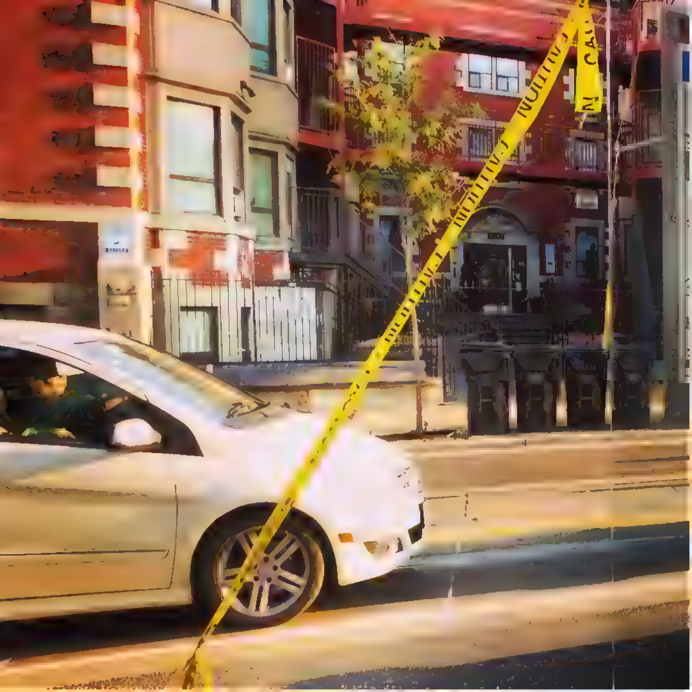
Vape Hustler
Lansdo ne

THRIFT
STORE
Asian Foods
John's Hairstyling Boutique
LAU DROMAT
-840-0116
Co puter
New & sed Systems

"Catherine, whooo faaar-ted?!"

Asked CAMH Foundation CEO
Darrell Louise Gregersen (right)

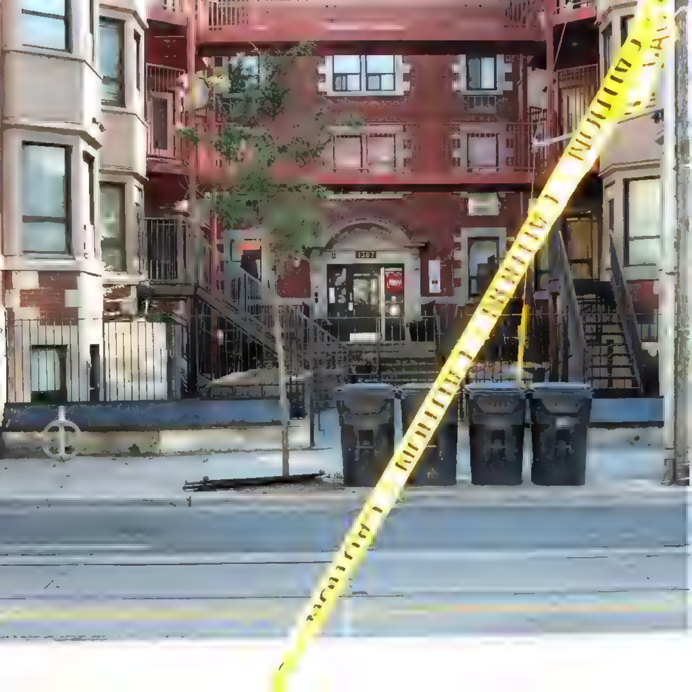
west
«queen
west


CAUTION

VOLTRON
CRACK!

RYERSON
ARTSPACE
Face to Face
WITH
A Nation
at Work

CAUTION
System in


1387

Dovercourt Rd
astral
GET 5 FREE
HOURS OF DATA

CRAFT
ONTARIO
SHOP

c
a
m
h

STORE
CURRY
brushes easels papers

Natrel & java u
Natrel
MILK BAR
java u

STOP
HERE
ON
RED
SIGNAL
STORE

SU

Latte

1
This Area Under
Surveillance
24 Hours a Day

WEREWOLF PIZZA
WEREWOLF PIZZA
WEREWOLF PIZZA
WEREWOLF PIZZA
WEREWOLF PIZZA
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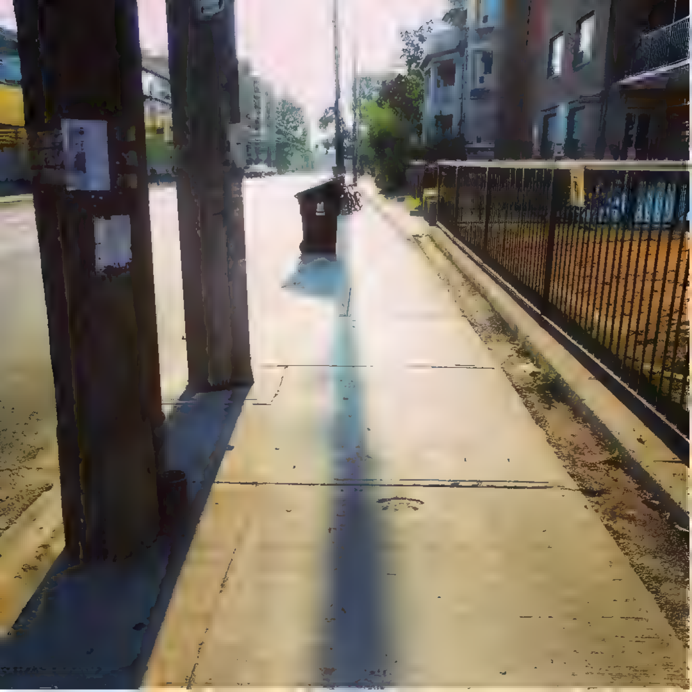
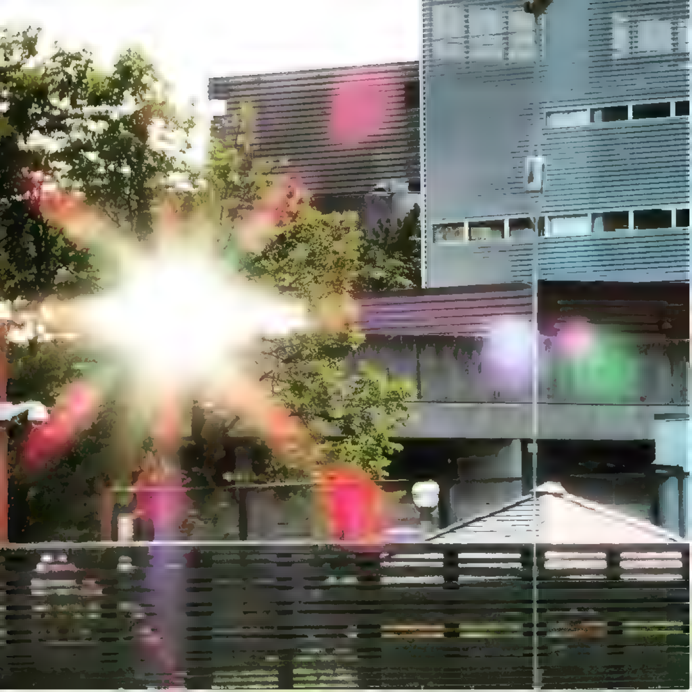
AVTN 020



ALL YOU
NEED IS
LOVE
DESIGNER
CONSIGNMENT

MARNI
NAKED AND FA
POMANDE
RACHEL CO
REIGNING CHA
SIMON MILLER
SOFIE D'HOORE
STUDIO NICHOLSON
WINGS
YOSHI KONDO



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Don't look! We're getting dressed.
thisopenspace

FRED PERRY

OrgasmO PublicO StupidO:
MY JourneY ThrougH Mental IllnesS
TO:

ME AnD FuzzY

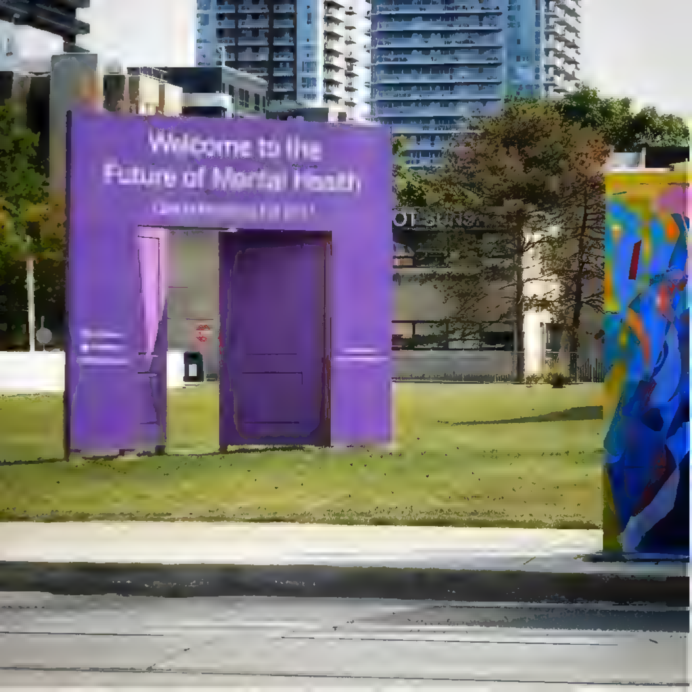
RaisinG AwarenesS OF UnclE BongO's "SuicidE" - ThaT IT Wasn'T a HiT!
HatS ON FoR StupidO!

DAYSALON
SALE!
davines

4211
Laya
sp
OMG! YOU DON'T
HAVE A MASSAGE

Cocktail Market
Bar Supplies
Bar Set
El Guapo
&
Co
Caesar Mix

gravitypope
grav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luvo
MONEY

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SMALLEY
HARRIS
A CELEBRATIO
SCIENCE & REASON
SUNDAY, SEP
SONY CENTRE
1 FRONT ST. E. TORONTO
Philosophy
6 DEGREES CITIZEN SPACE
Ai Weiwei
Margaret Atwood
Michael Sandel
Adrienne Clarkson
Kent Monkman
John Ralston Saul
Tyler Brûlé
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church.

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THE NEW ALBUM, OUT! NOW
OUTRAGE! IS NOW
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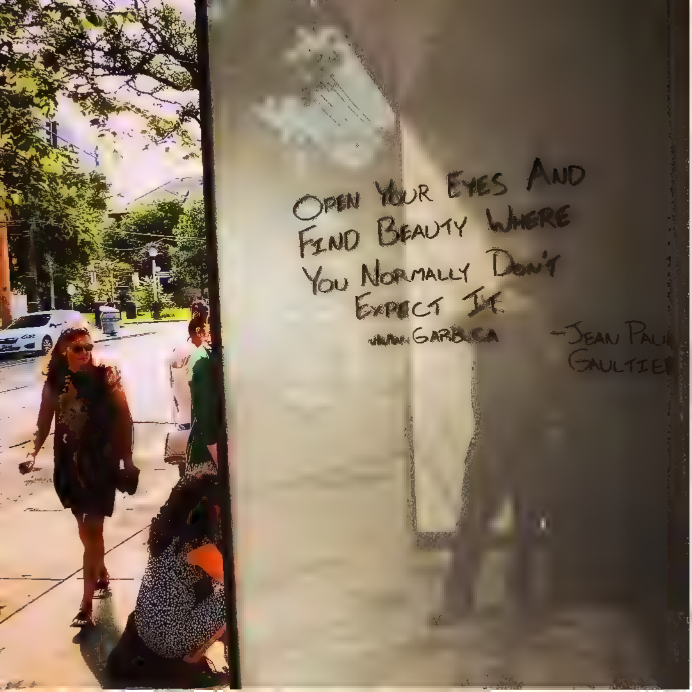
ANTISOCIALITES
SEPT 8
ALVVAYS
ANTISOCIALITES
SEPT 8

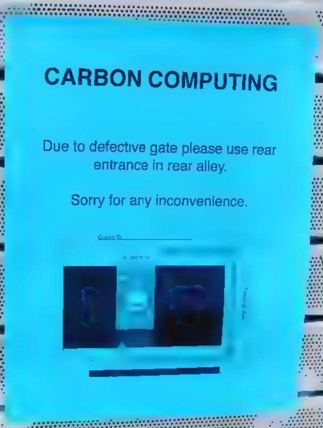


Open Your Eyes And
Find Beauty Where
You Normally Don't
Expect It.

www.GarB.ca

-Jean Pau
Gaultie

1084
THE WEDDING CO
BF
PRODIGY
48



CARBON COMPUTING

Due to defective gate please use rear entrance in rear alley.

Sorry for any inconvenience.

WEDDING CO

Queen St W
Pemberton

Natrel
MILK BAR

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+GALL
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EXHIBIT your collection
SELL your work
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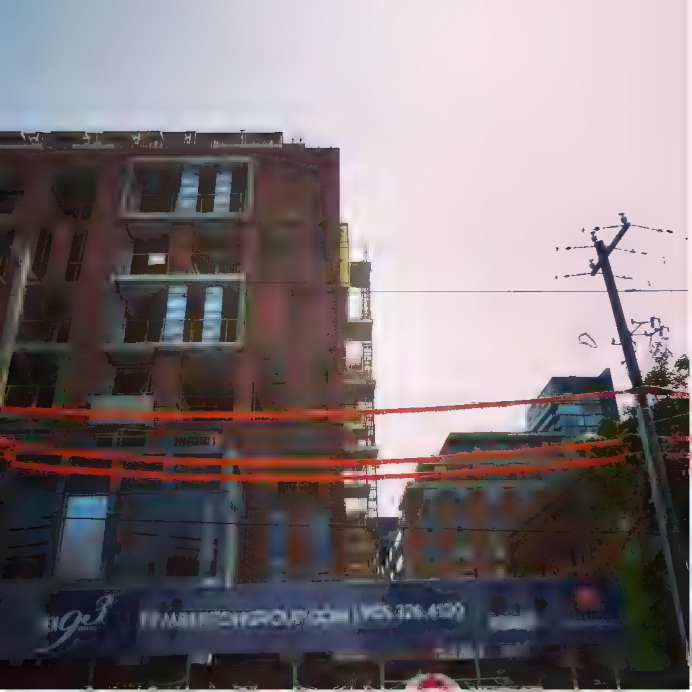

TWIST
GALLERY
Come up & see
KINOSPACE
ART by filmmakers
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Est 1987
DONER HOUSE

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off
Available online during the festival
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WORKS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS
THE HOT LIST
WRESTLING SHOW
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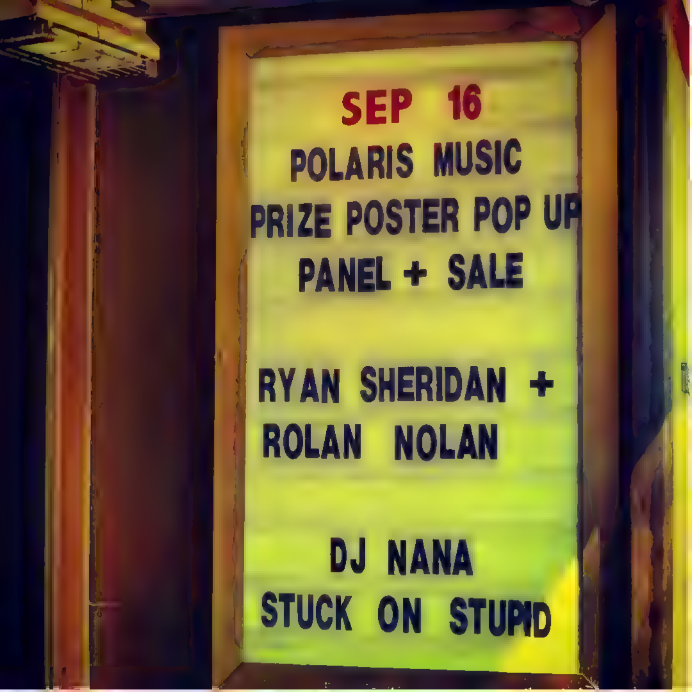

SEP 16

POLARIS MUSIC
PRIZE POSTER POP UP
PANEL + SALE

RYAN SHERIDAN +
ROLAN NOLAN

DJ NANA
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September 8 9 & 10 2017

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BOSS

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ARE
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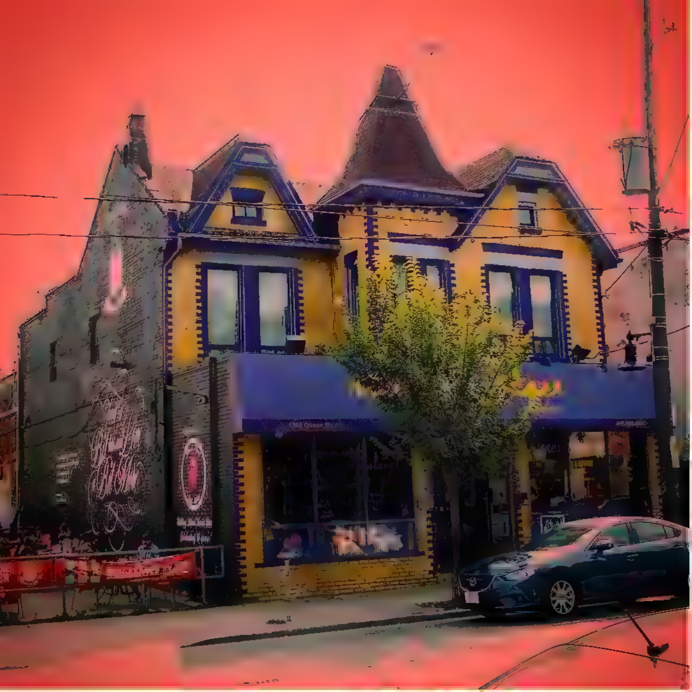
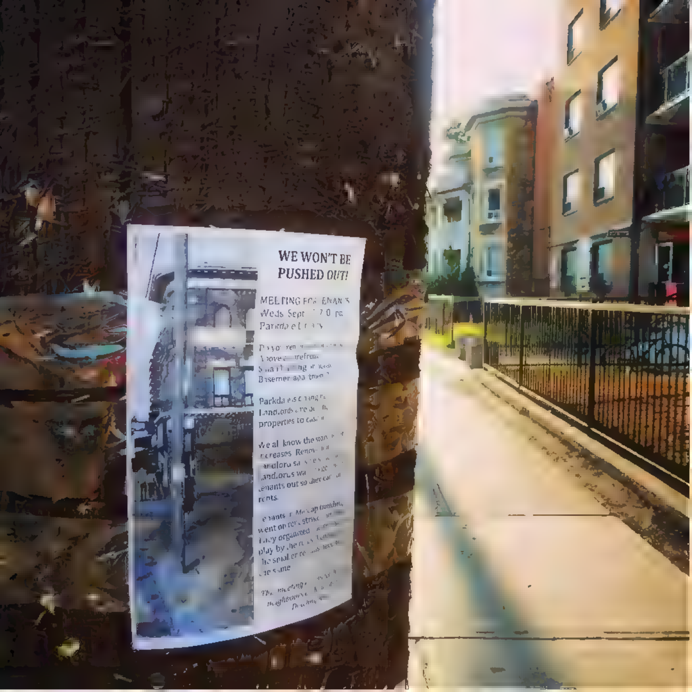
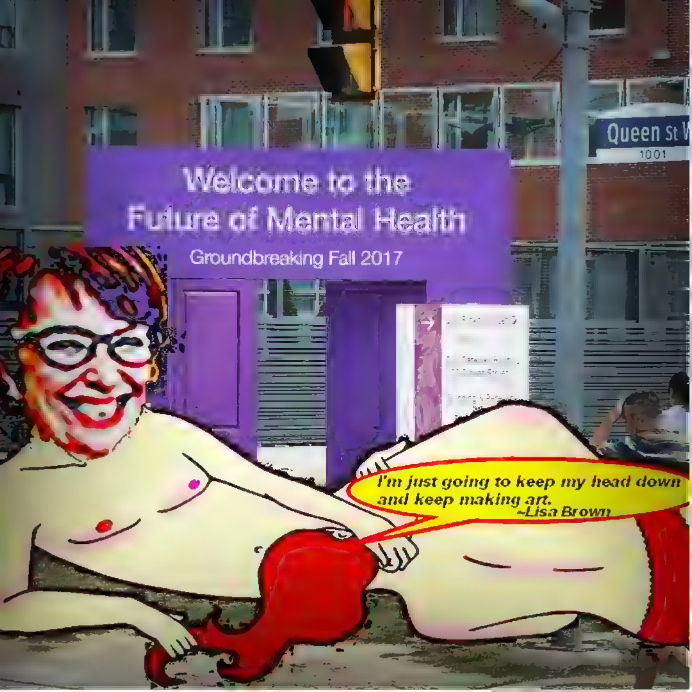
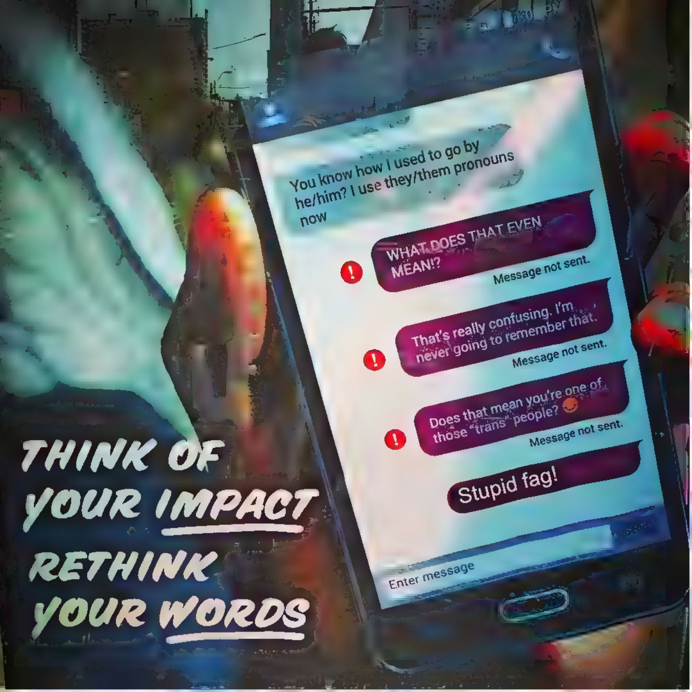


ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Queen St W
1032


WE WON'T BE PUSHED OUT!


Welcome to the Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
Queen St
1001
I'm just going to keep my head down and keep making art. ~Lisa Brown


THINK OF YOUR IMPACT
RETHINK YOUR WORDS
Enter message
Send

You know how I used to go by he/him? I use they/them pronouns now

WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN!?

Message not sent.

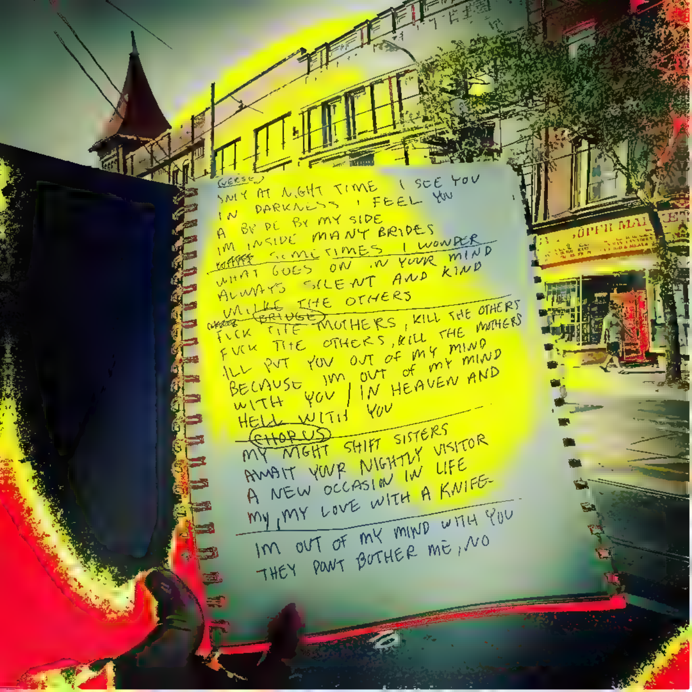
That's really confusing. I'm never going to remember that.

Message not sent.

Does that mean you're one of those "trans" people?

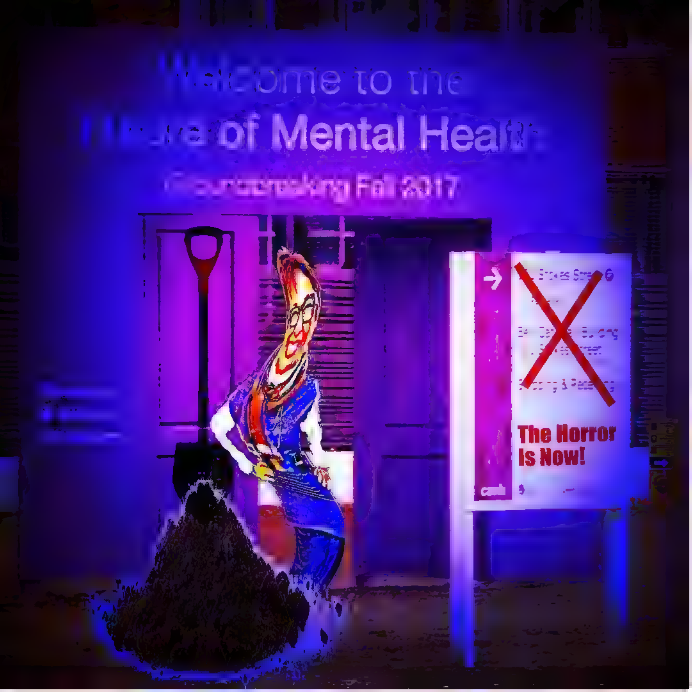
Message not sent.

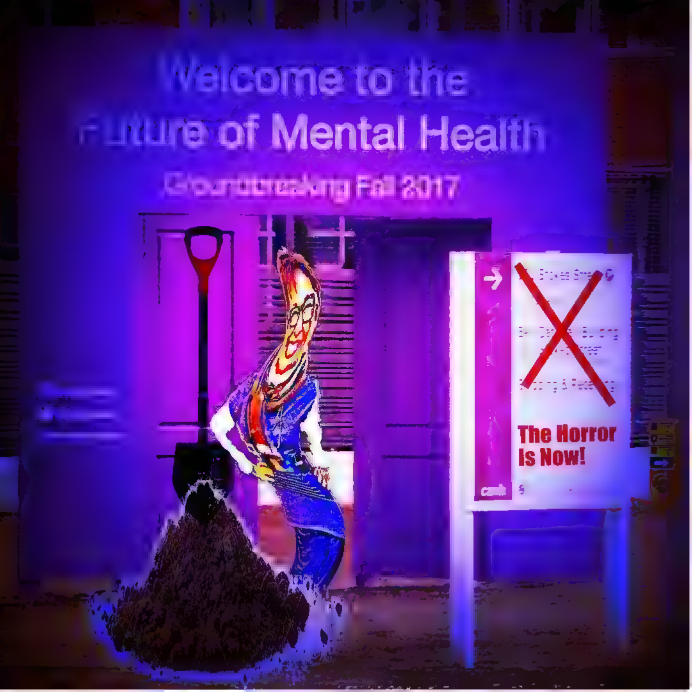
Stupid fag!

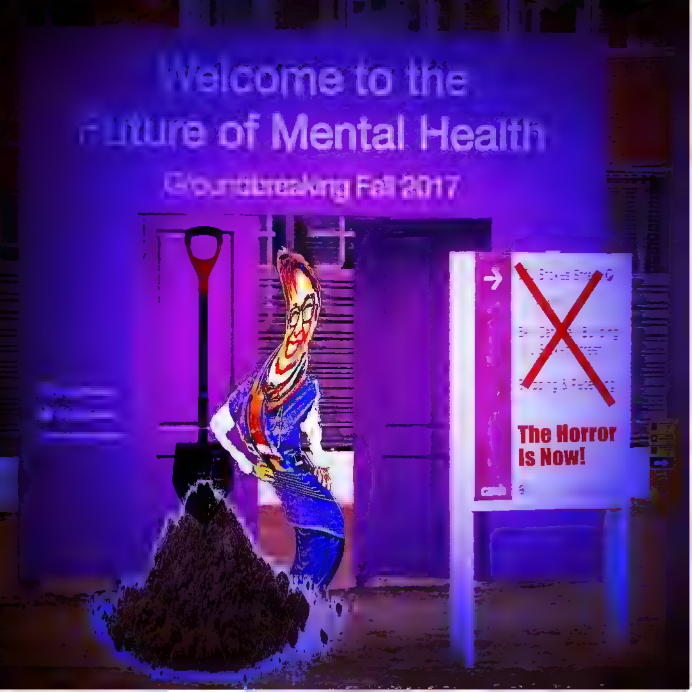


VERSE
ONLY AT NIGHT TIME I SEE YOU
IN DARKNESS I FEEL YOU
A BRIDE BY MY SIDE
IM INSIDE MANY BRIDES
~~[illegible]~~ SOMETIMES I WONDER
WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR MIND
ALWAYS SILENT AND KIND
UNLIKE THE OTHERS
BRIDGE
~~[illegible]~~ FUCK THE MOTHERS, KILL THE OTHERS
FUCK THE OTHERS, KILL THE MOTHERS
ILL PUT YOU OUT OF MY MIND
BECAUSE IM OUT OF MY MIND
WITH YOU / IN HEAVEN AND
HELL WITH YOU
CHORUS
MY NIGHT SHIFT SISTERS
AWAIT YOUR NIGHTLY VISITOR
A NEW OCCASION IN LIFE
MY, MY LOVE WITH A KNIFE

IM OUT OF MY MIND WITH YOU
THEY DONT BOTHER ME, NO


Welcome to the
House of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror Is Now!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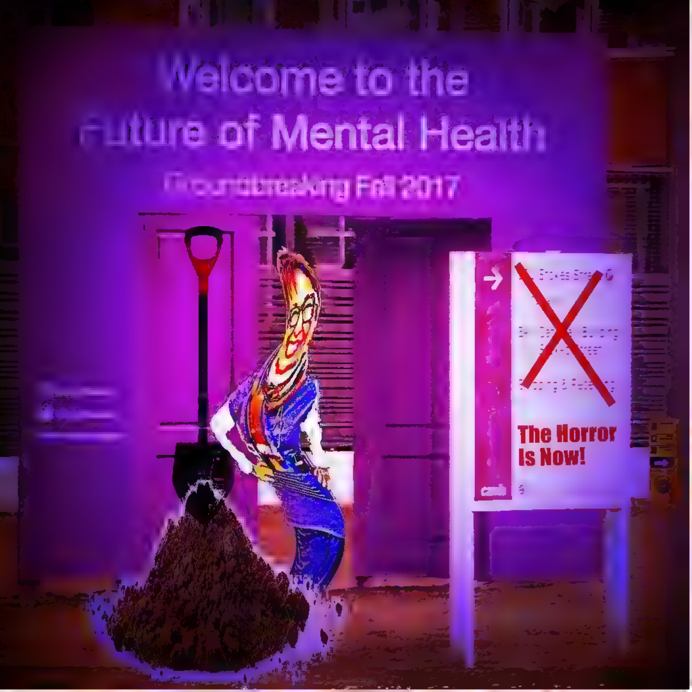
Is Now!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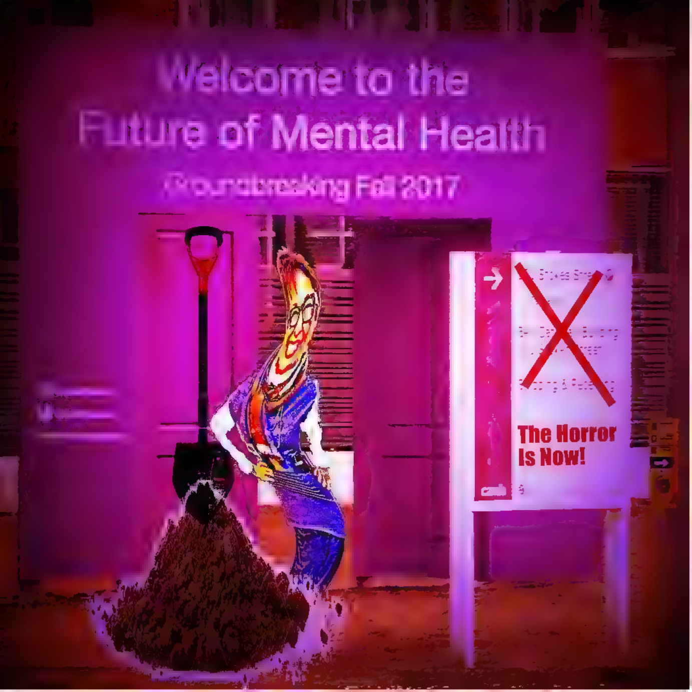
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!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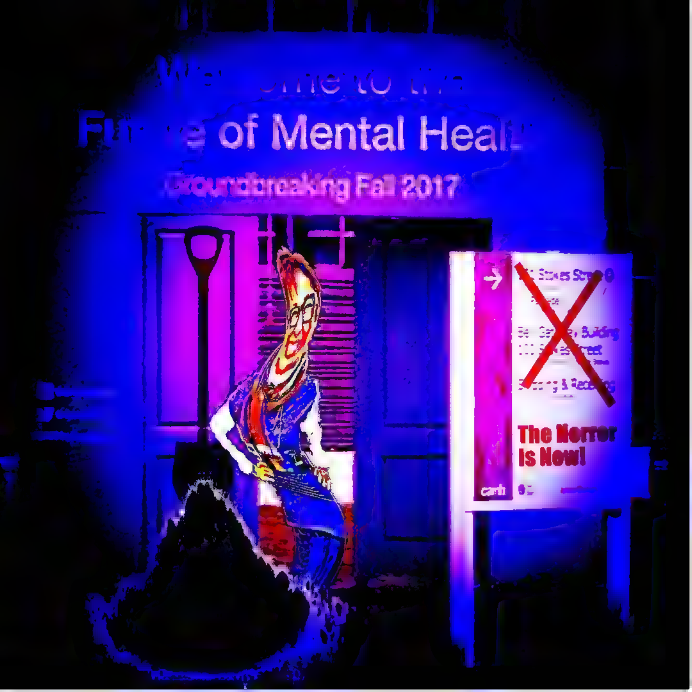
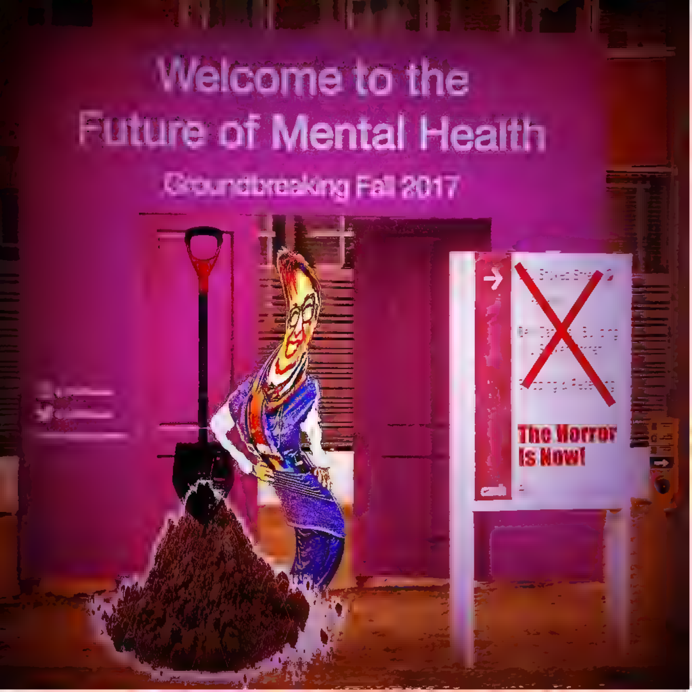
The Horror
Is Now!


Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
Stokes Street
Building
Street
The Horror
Is Now!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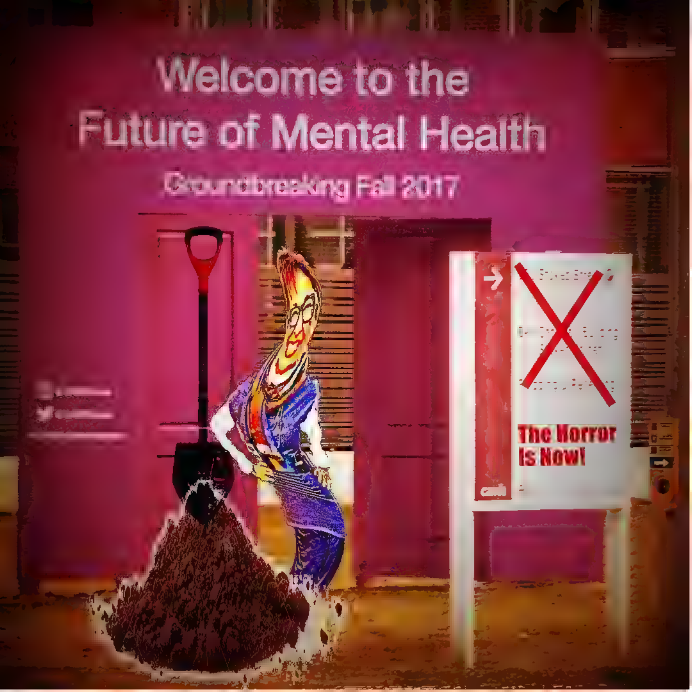
The Horror
Is Now!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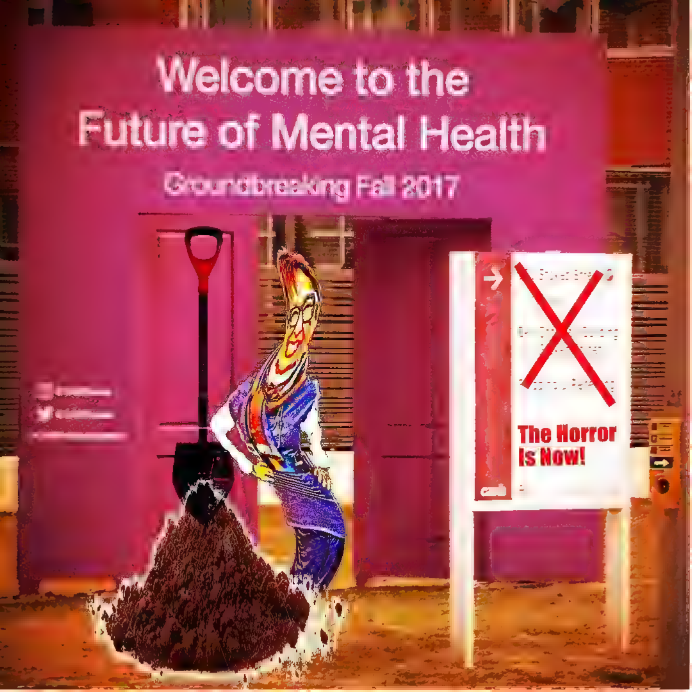
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!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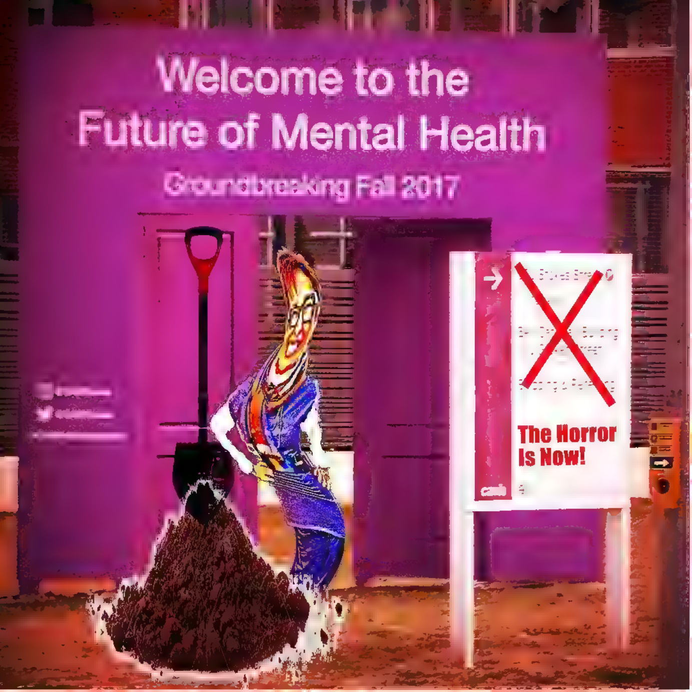
The Horror
Is Now!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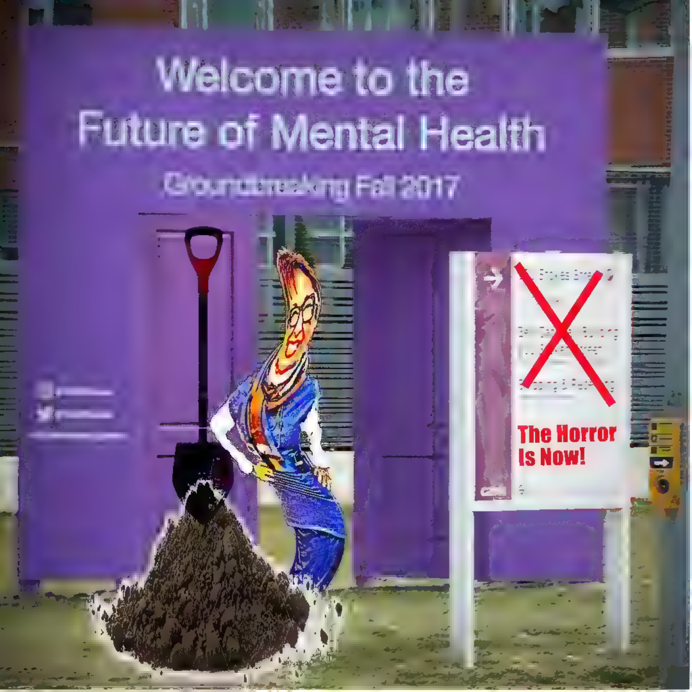
Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!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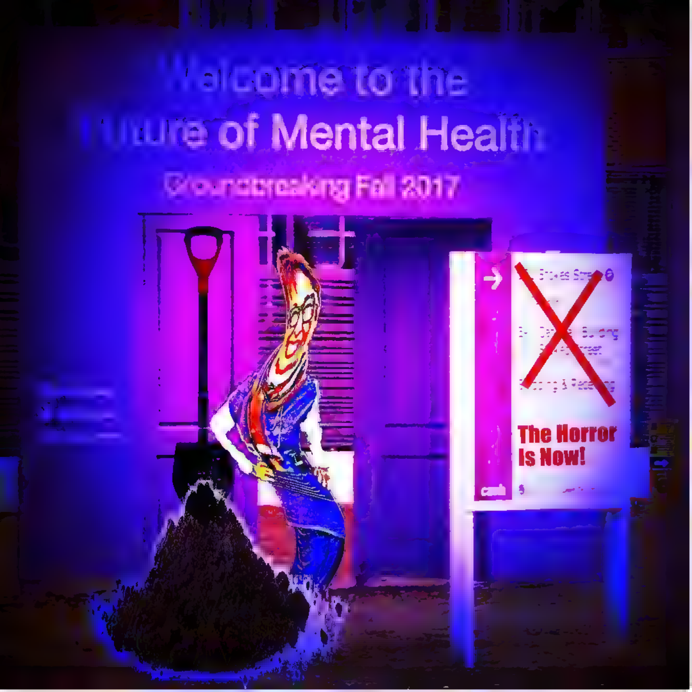
The Horror
Is Now!


Welcome to the
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Groundbreaking Fall 2017
The Horror
Is Now!

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WU
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Best Image

IT'S BETTER TO HAVI
LOVED & LOST
THAN TO LIVE WITH
THE PSYCHO
THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE
Wonder
Woman

JOBS
JOBS
JOBS
-General La
-Packaging
-Forklift Oper
416.516

ASE
OFF
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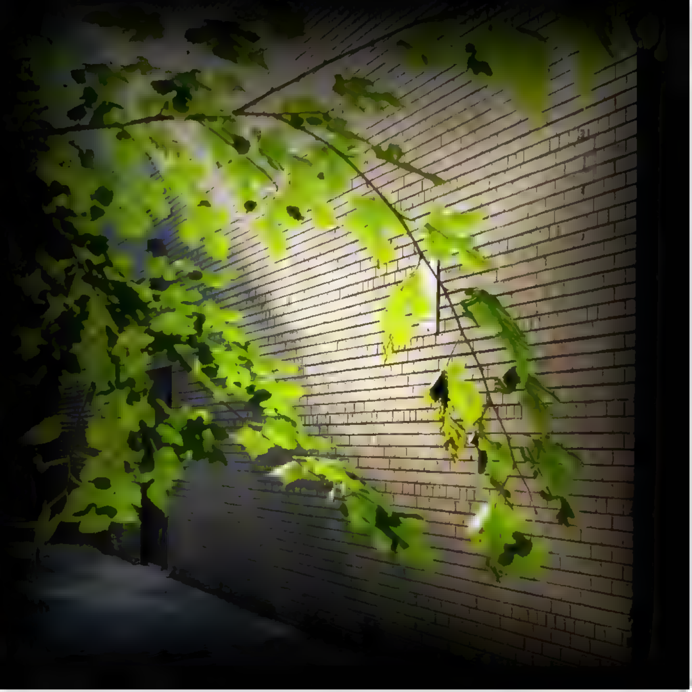

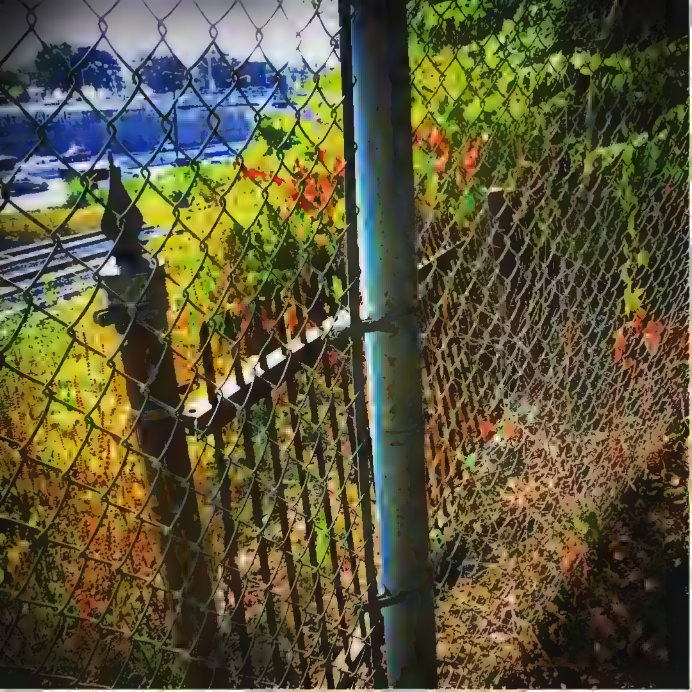

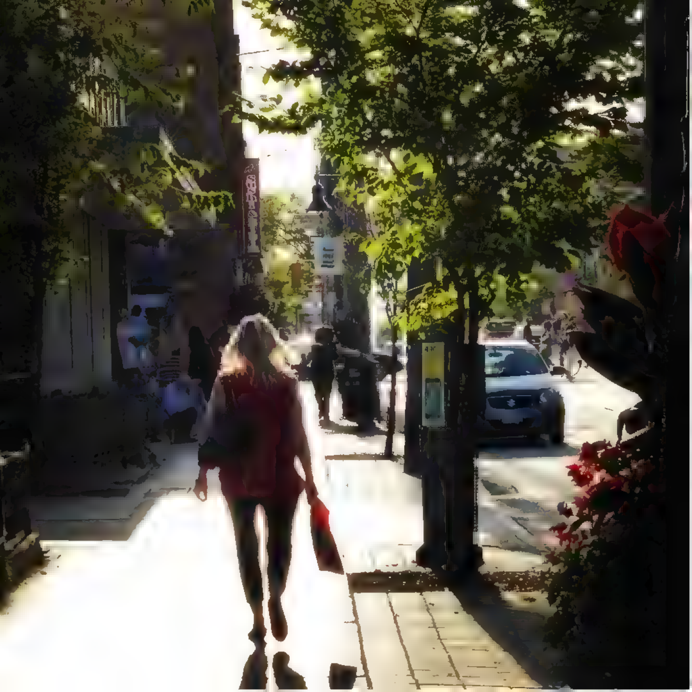

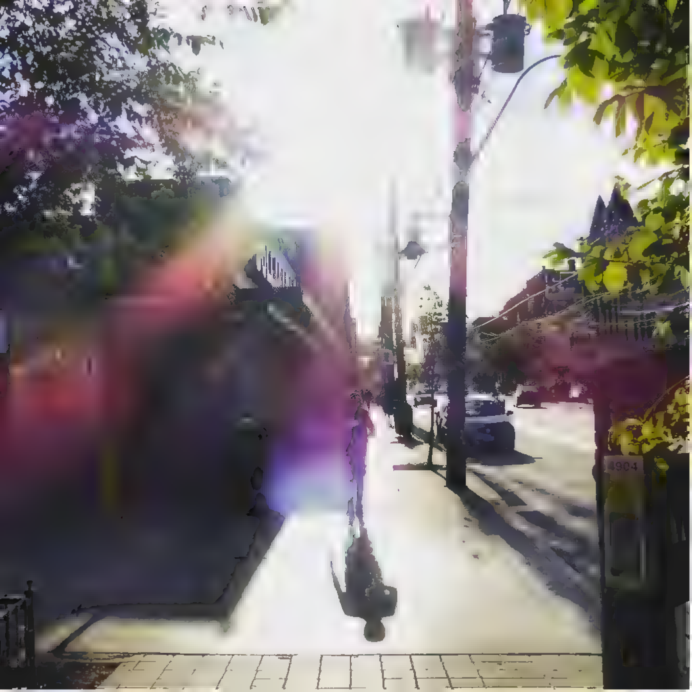
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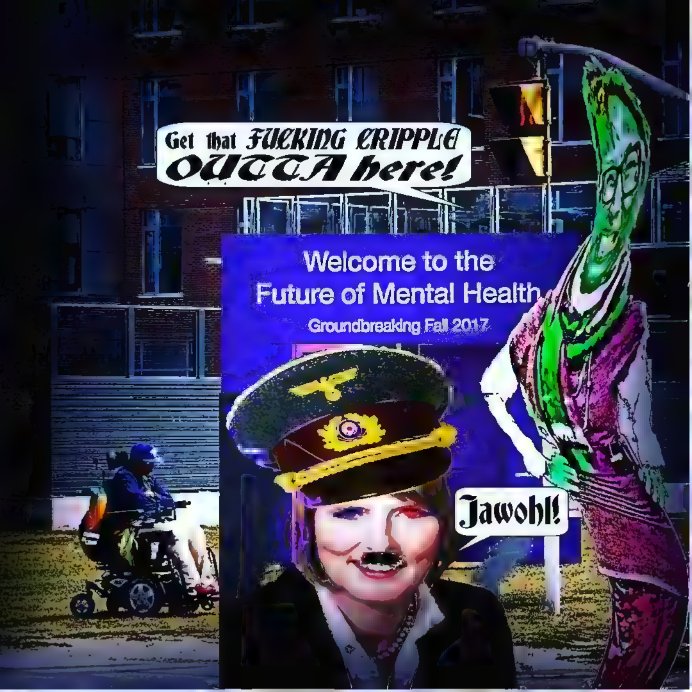
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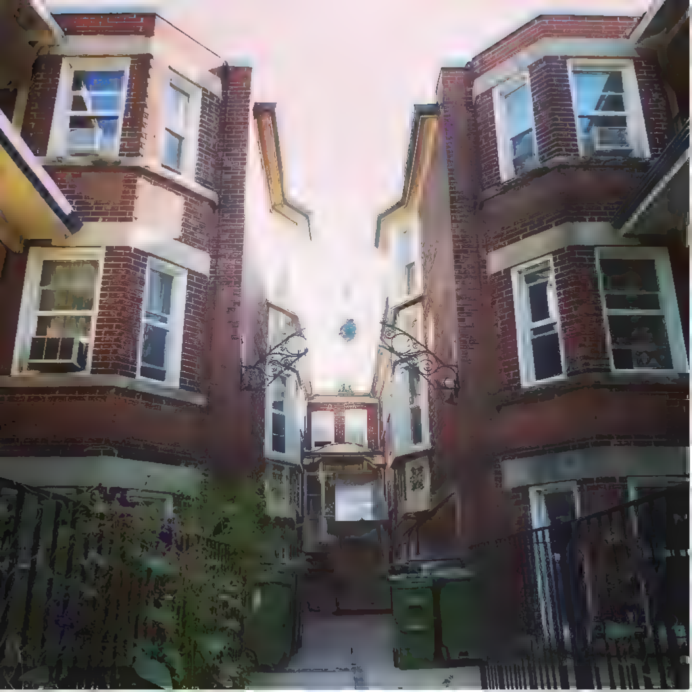

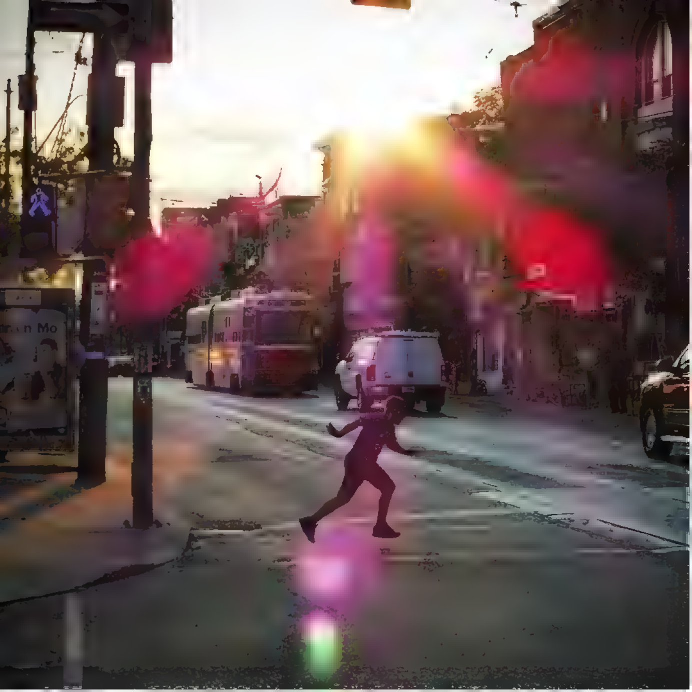
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HAPPY KIDS
D

Skyline
RESTAURANT
Ali Baba's
RESTAURA

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BAD BRAINS

IN THIS
LANE
NO DUMPING
Offenders will be prosecuted
and a fine imposed
Maximum Fine
$10,000
To report illegal dumping call

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Offenders will be prosecuted
and a fine imposed
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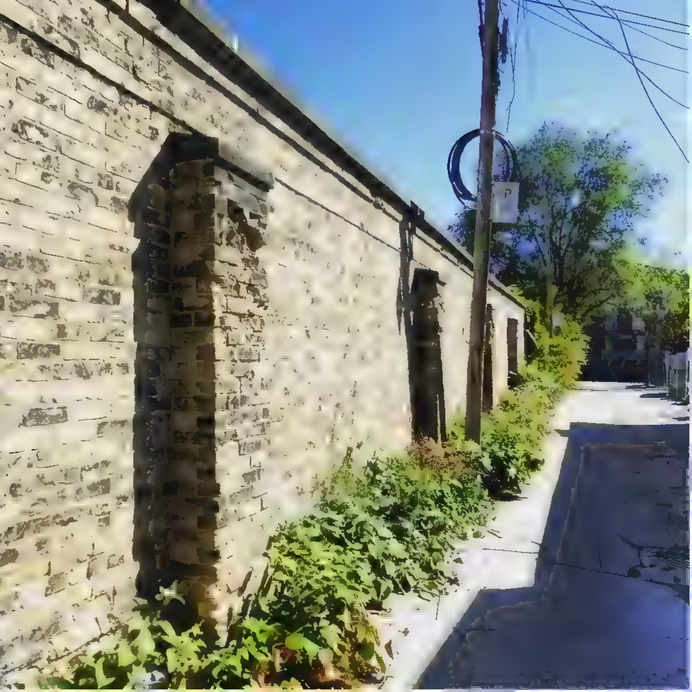
FASHION IS FOR FASCISTS...

Smoky

IN THIS
LANE



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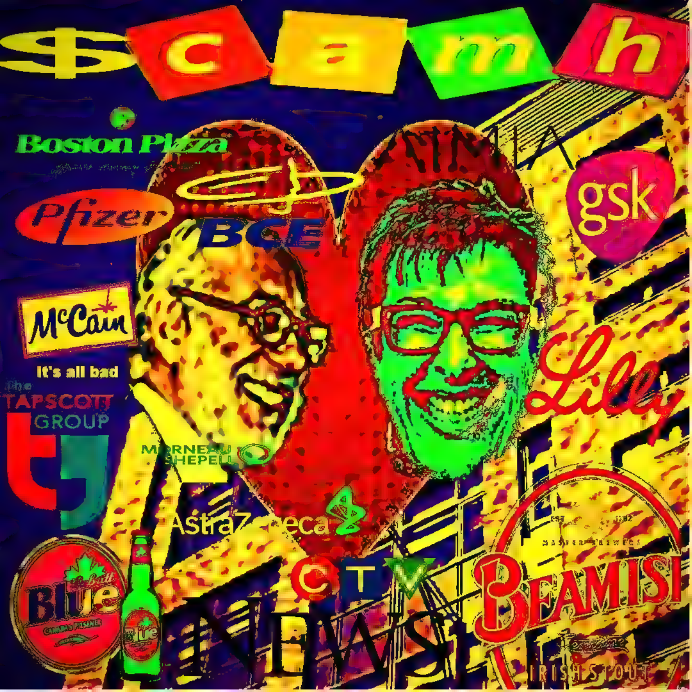
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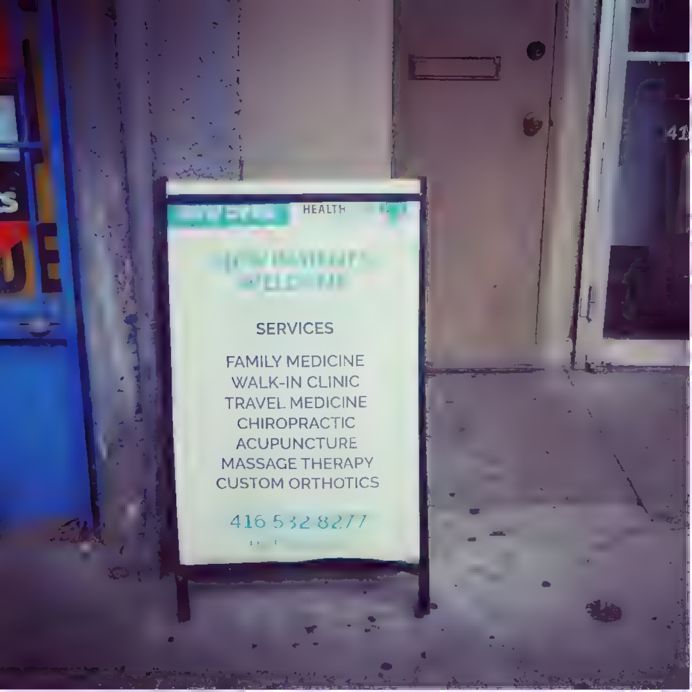
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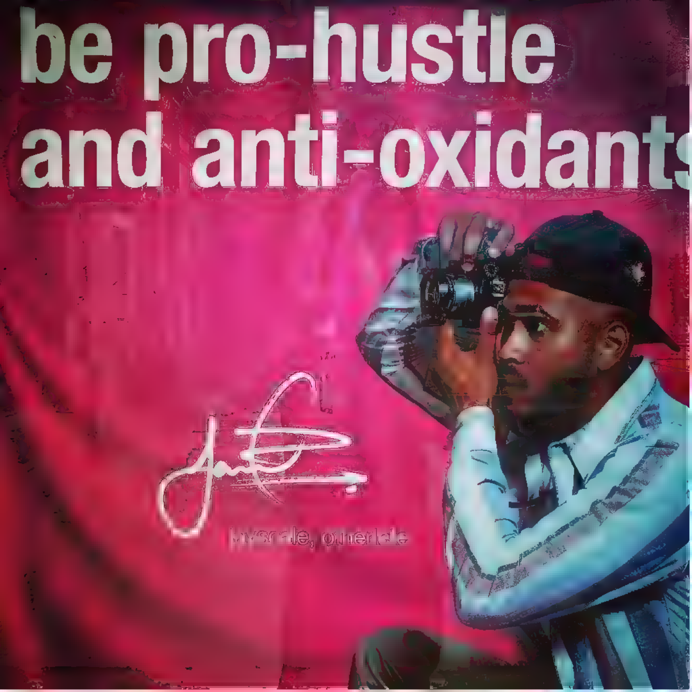
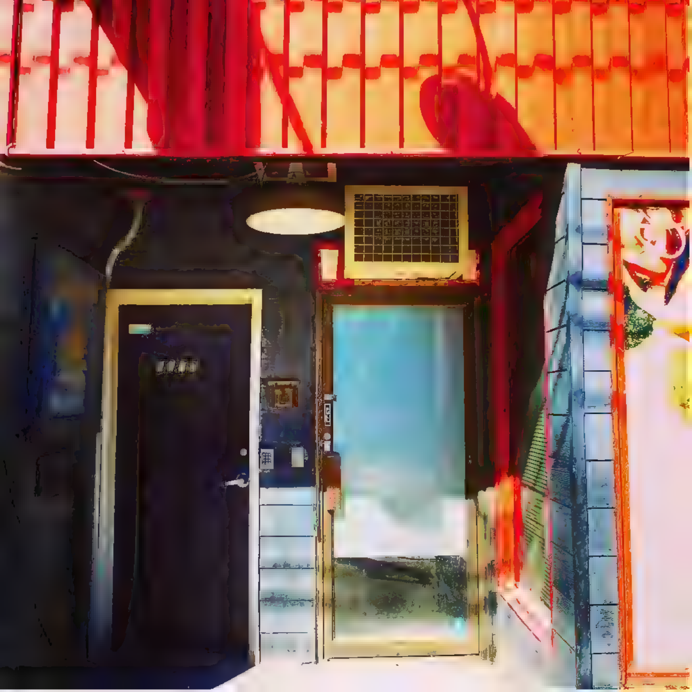
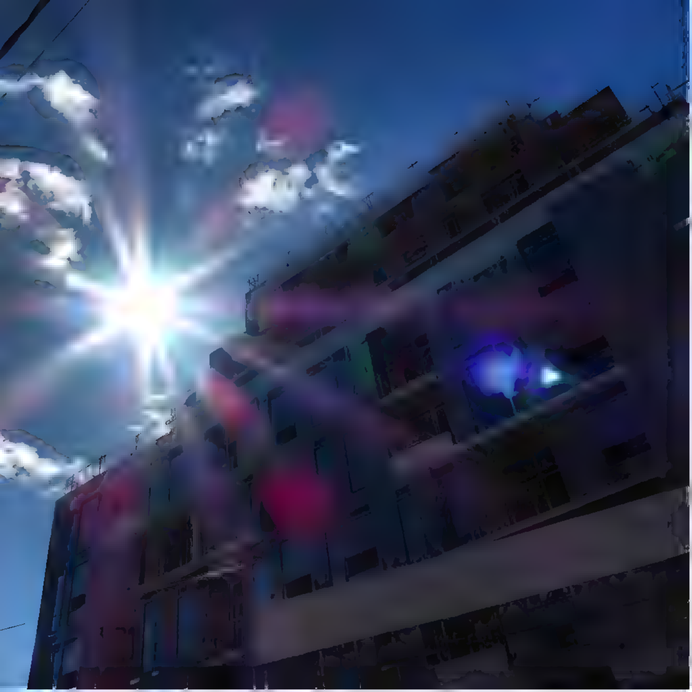

be pro-hustle
and anti-oxidants



THE DRAKE
1150 QUEEN ST W

THE
DRAKE
CAFÉ



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Centre de toxicomanie et de santé mentale
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MARVEL COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
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24 Hours a Day

558

JAMESON
SINE METU

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G2
155
Sudbury St

Gate #
G2
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2
18

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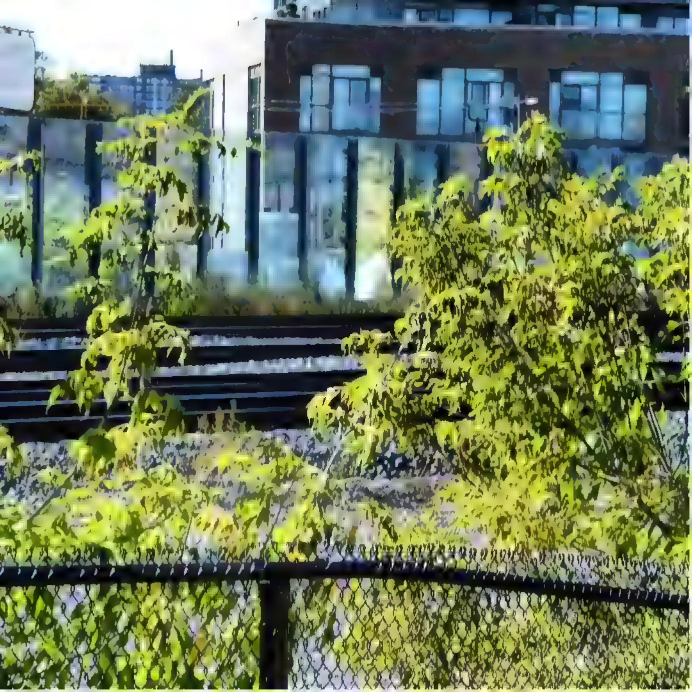
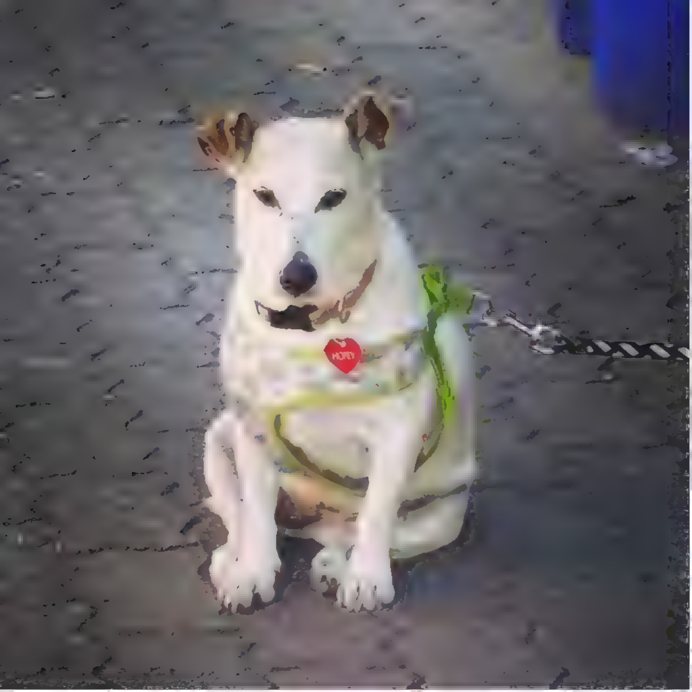
532-1690
RENTING
532-1690



RENTING
532-1690

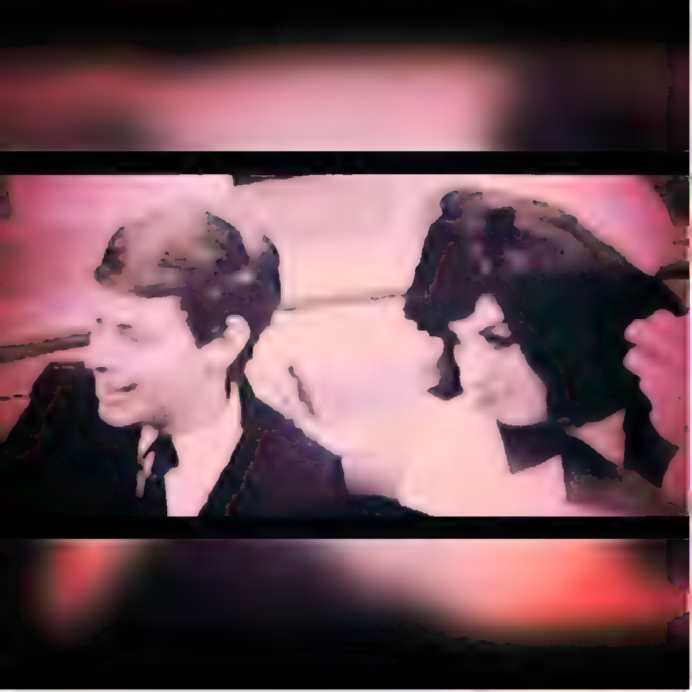


Kim Jong-un and Donald Trump are trading insults after the US president's UN speech

North Korea: Trump and Kim call each other mad

2 hours ago Asia

Kim Jong-un has said remarks by "deranged" US President Donald Trump



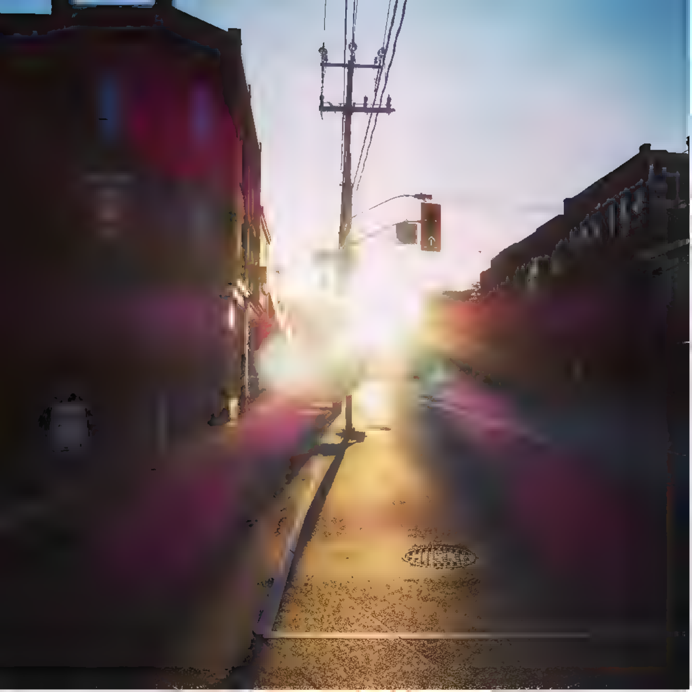
"Hope is an illusion created by politicians..."

- Pasolini

NOW
NDP LEADERSHIP
TORONTO
ONTO

GET CASH
NOW
WE BUY
GOLD
SILVER
EWELLER
WATCHES

BUMP
AHEAD

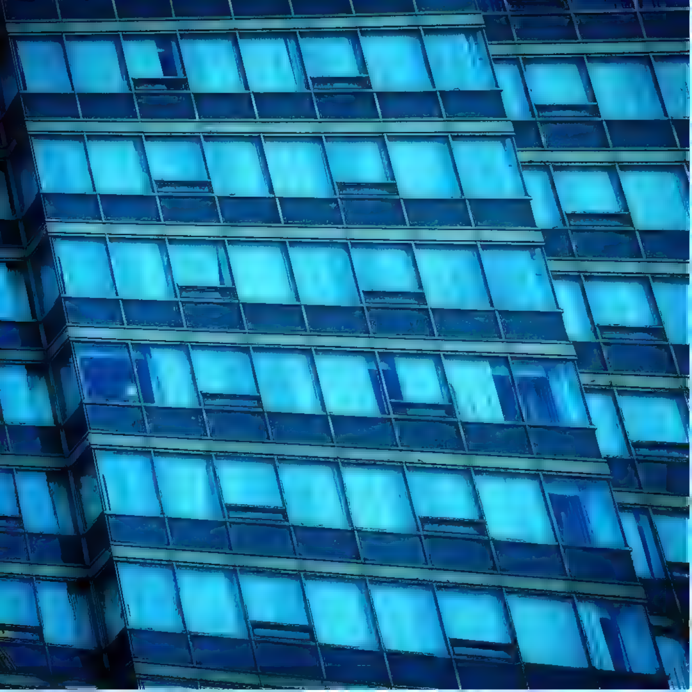


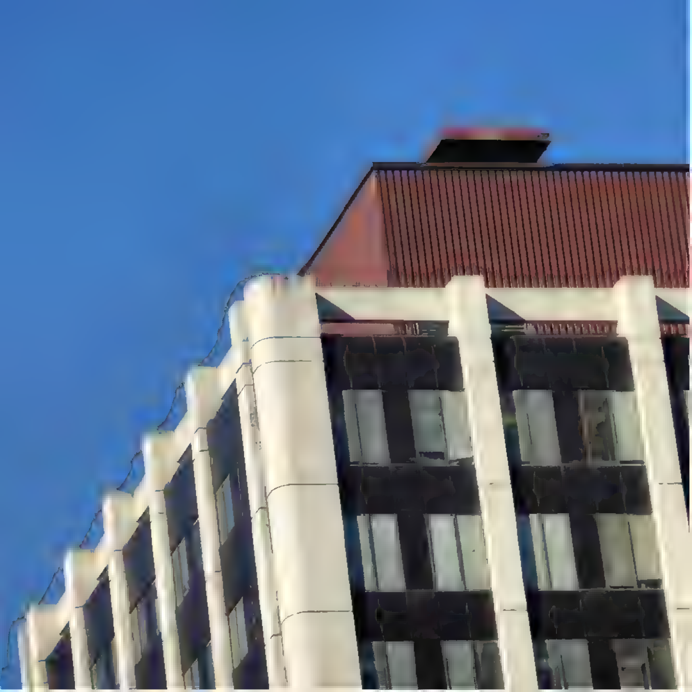
ATM
ckett

GET CASH
NOW!
WE BUY
GOLD
SILVER
JEWELLERY
WATCHES

17/3 - 231
CHANGE
AGENT

IT TAKES NERVE
TO BE A
CAMH FOUNDATION
CHANGE AGENT
elcome to the
uture of Mental Health
CHANGE AGENT
CHANGE AGENT





Espresso

S CAFE

FC
$10 CHICK N SHARE
TENDERS
& POPCORN
ERVANARIA LAGO AZUL

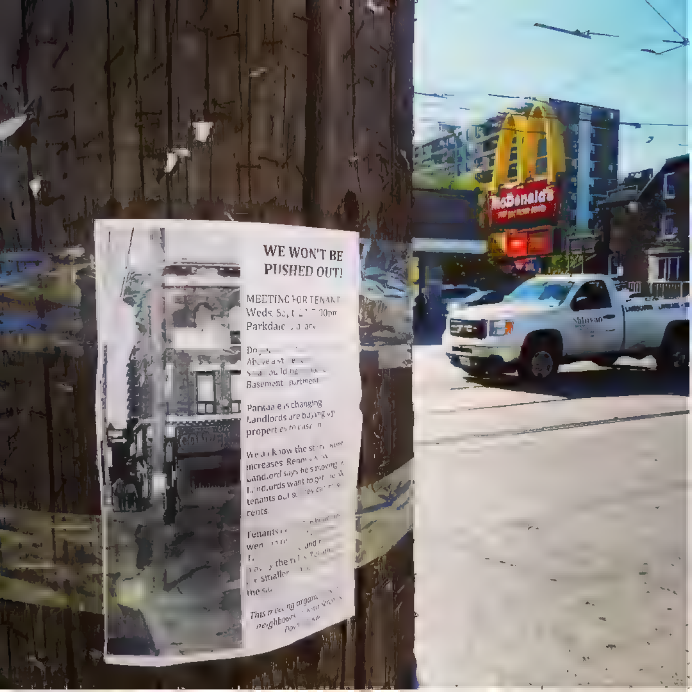
ENJOY SUMMER
GOD BLESS YOU!
Novas de Alegria
1653

MARGARET ATWOOD
ALIAS GRACE
9
cbc.ca/watch
OUTFRONT

S GET LETHAL.
THAL
APON

CHARLES PHARMACY
416-533-3122

1406



WE WON'T BE PUSHED OUT!

MEETING FOR TENANT[illegible]
Weds. Sept [illegible] 7:00pm
Parkdale [illegible]

Do [illegible]
Above a st[illegible]
S[illegible] building [illegible]
Basement apartment

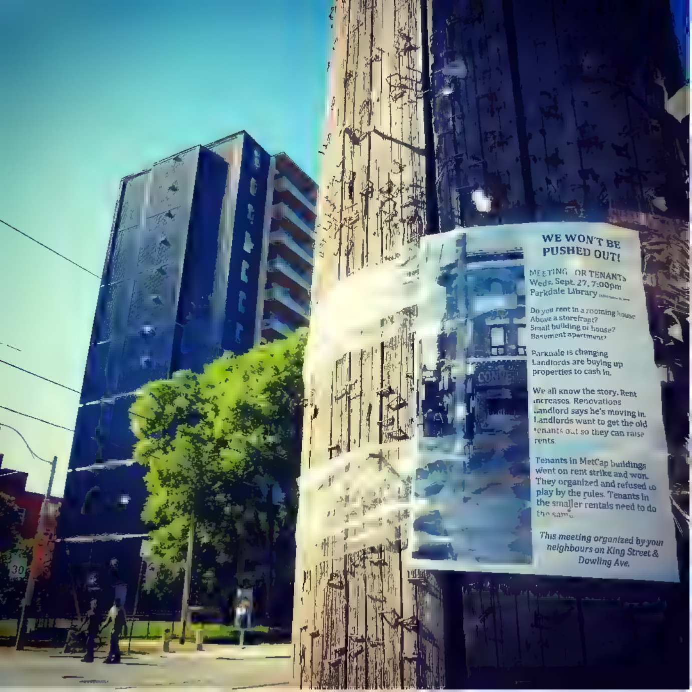
Parkdale is changing
Landlords are buying up
properties to cash in

We all know the st[illegible] rent increases. Reno[illegible] Landlord says he's moving [illegible] Landlords want to get [illegible] tenants out s[illegible] rents.

Tenants [illegible] wen[illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] smaller [illegible] the sa[illegible]

This meeting organ[illegible] neighbours [illegible]

WE HAVE MOVED
CIBC
AUTOMATIC
CAUTION
DOOR



WE WON'T BE
PUSHED OUT!

MEETING FOR TENANTS
Weds, Sept. 27, 7:00pm
Parkdale Library

Do you rent in a rooming house
Above a storefront?
Small building or house?
Basement apartment?

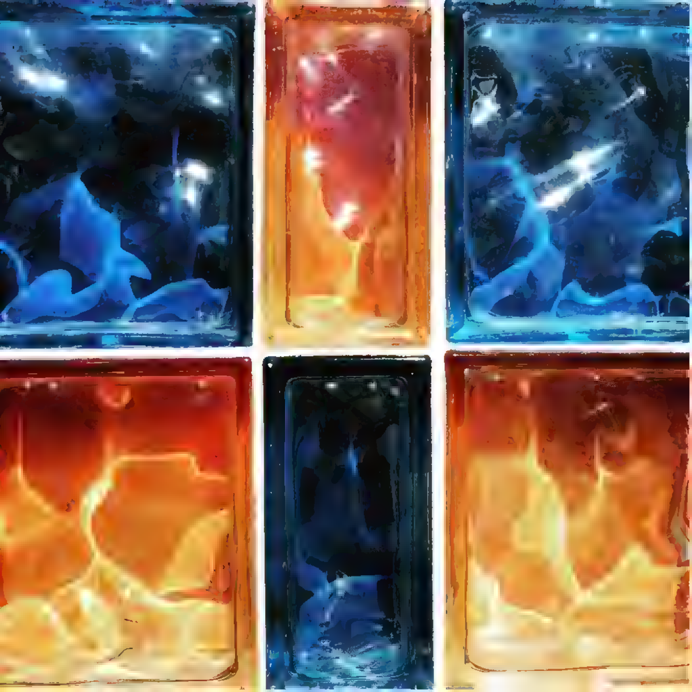
Parkdale is changing
Landlords are buying up
properties to cash in.

We all know the story. Rent increases. Renovations Landlord says he's moving in. Landlords want to get the old tenants out so they can raise rents.

Tenants in MetCap buildings went on rent strike and won. They organized and refused to play by the rules. Tenants in the smaller rentals need to do the same.

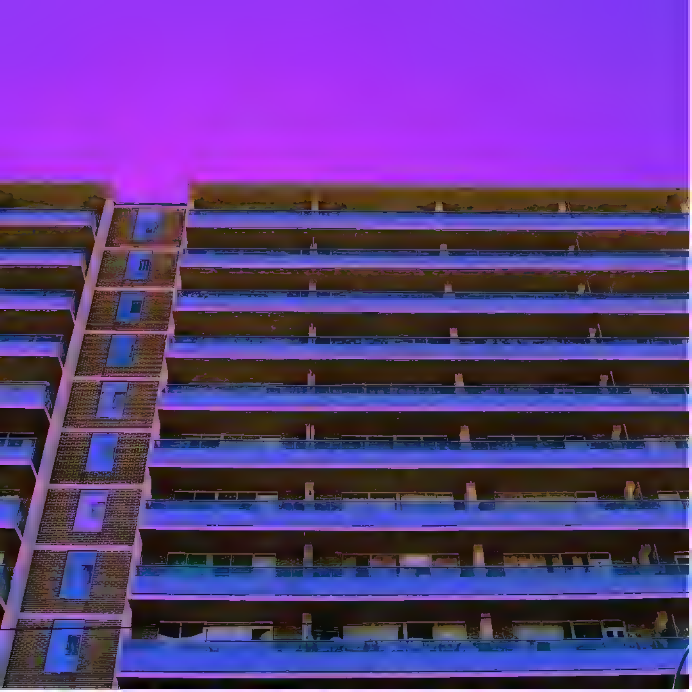
This meeting organized by your neighbours on King Street & Dowling Ave.

Galaxy
DONUTS
OPEN
24 HOURS
30
Galaxy



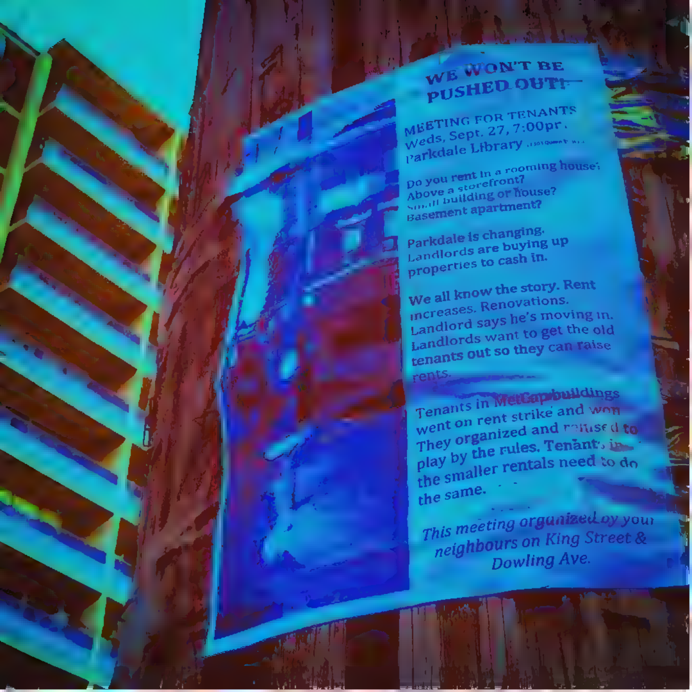
KING'S
COIN
LAUNDRY

Free Sign Ups



CLOSING
SALE
CLOTHING
UNDER $10
SALE

CLOSIN
SALE



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This meeting organized by your neighbours on King Street & Dowling Ave.

ART + DESIGN DISTRICT
Queen St W
1186

CAUGHT
CAUGHT
CRACKLIZARD

THE CANADIAN CRAFT BIENNIAL PRESENTS
AN INTERNATIONAL CERAMIC EXHIBITION:
ANTON
REIJNDERS
AGB

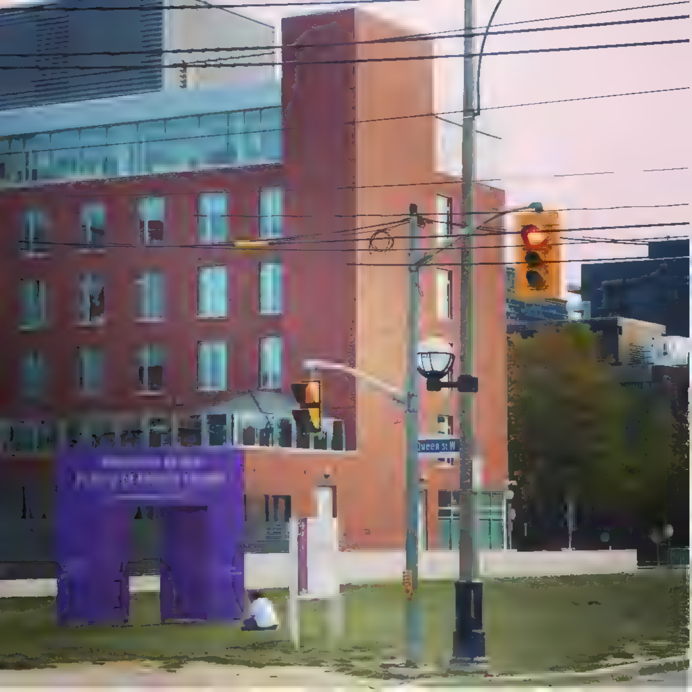
cil Conseil des arts
du Canada

IT'S OKAY
TO HAVE
A BAD DAY

MICHAEL BROS.
CAT

DEA
AND
TAXES
Mebel
hen feel so fine

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Groundbreaking Fall 2017


Queen St W

Welcome to the
Future of Mental Health
Queen St W

ADMITTING ENTRANCE

PLEASE
DO NOT PARK YOUR
BIKES.HERE
BIKES.PARKED HERE
WILL.BE.TOWED
AWAY

YONGE
STOP
STOP
PEOPLE

48
5

CAMBRIDGE SUITES

52

YONGE + RICH

54

APPETIZING
SICK-ROOM
·SUPPLIES·

Roy WoodS
Resto and Bake
Coming
to
OssingtoN
there goes the neighbourHOOD
MICH NEUN COON NELL
WE ARE HIRING!
SERVERS, BARTENDERS & COOKS
INFO@ROYWOODS.CA
WE ARE HIRING!
WE ARE HIRING!
WE ARE HIRING!
AGCO
Liquor Licence Application
Demande de permis d'alcool

GREAT SELECTION OF
SUITES AVAILABLE
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RUG
Since 1973
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DRUG MART
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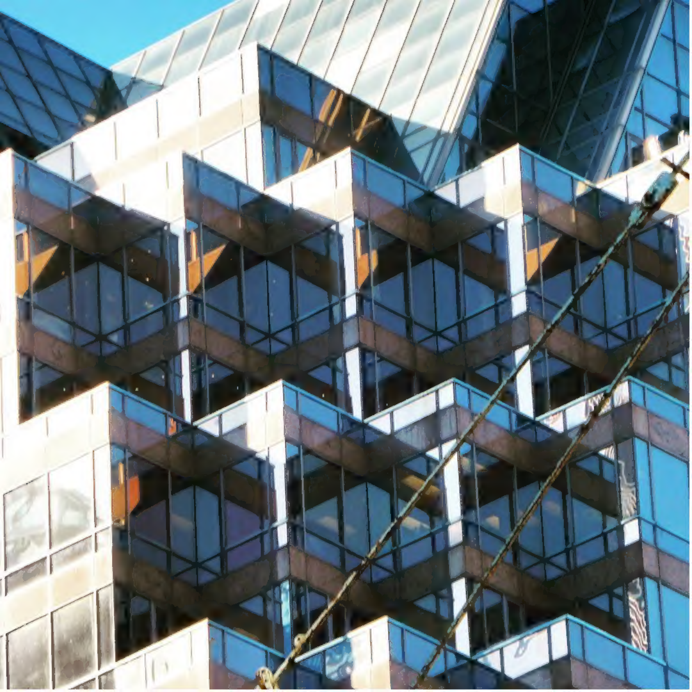
TTC TICKETS
POSTAL STAMPS

Caramel

OSSINGTON
THEATRE
DREAMGIRLS
AVENUE Q
98
RIDE
CYCLE CLUB

BY PRIVATE APPOINTMENT

PLEASE RESPECT OUR NEIGHBOURS AND KEEP NOISE DOWN
LA PORTE



ANTON REINDERS
KING'S COIN LAUNDRY
Welcome to the Future of Mental Health

Coca-Cola